Godey's magazine

New York[etc.] : The Godey company [etc.]

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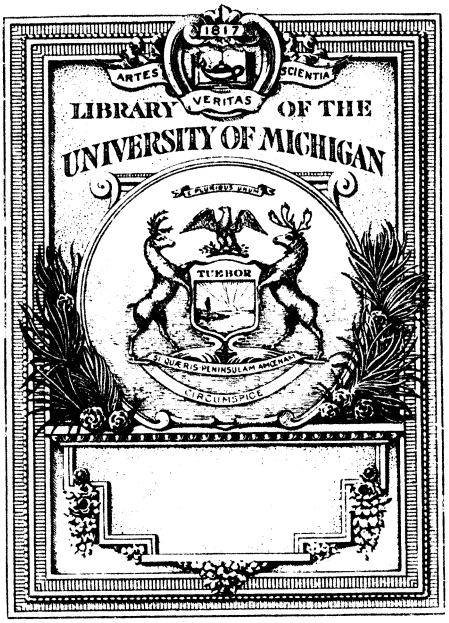

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PLATES MISSING
v.32

January
Syren
Polka ...

May
Summer fashions (?)

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GODEY'S

MAGAZINE

AND

LADY'S BOOK.

EDITED BY

MRS. SARAH J. HALE,
MORTON M'MICHAEL AND LOUIS A. GODEY.

VOL. XXXII.—FROM JANUARY TO JUNE,
1846.

PHILADELPHIA:
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GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1846.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

MISS ELIZA LESLIE.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

AMERICA owes much of her glory to the character of her women. During the long struggle of the revolutionary war, their devoted patriotism and cheerful sacrifices for their country's cause are matter of history. If none, like Joan of Arc or the heroine of Saragossa, went forth to combat or command, yet many, many there were who put in the hazard, lives they held far dearer than their own, and endured privations and sufferings—like Arria —with such firmness that it inspired unconquerable energy in the men of America.

That erudite and philosophical traveler, M. de Tocqueville, in summing up the causes of the present greatness and future prospects of grandeur for the American nation, declares that the chief cause is—the superior character of the women.

We cannot here even enter upon the discussion of this subject—only we would ask the reader to reflect on the vast amount which is contributed, both in money and time, by women, to aid the cause of Christian missions, Sabbath schools, and charities of every kind. How unceasingly woman is found in the field of every good work. Her influence and aid in literature have also been of great importance. Women are, in our country, the readers; and the moral delicacy of American writers is universally acknowledged. Much of this purity of taste is owing to the superior intellectual cultivation of the female mind, which, in its influence over the domestic circle, as well as in society, has driven the foul images, too often found in the literature of the Old World, "forever from our shores."

Then the direct aid of female writers has been very beneficial. The first periodical for children in our country was edited by a woman. The first periodical ever established for ladies was also edited by a woman; and the ablest and most popular writers, in the host of such works that now inundate our land, are women.

Among these female writers, who have given a decided character to our periodical literature, Miss Eliza Leslie must, deservedly, claim a distinguished place. She was early in the field; she has remained constantly at her post; she has devoted herself, heart and soul, to the cause of American literature and domestic improvement.

It would seem strange that with her strong American feelings, she should ever have been thought an English woman. Yet, when we bear in mind the character of her imaginative writings, we find the key to this seeming incongruity. Miss Leslie has chosen for her field of observation and improvement, the manners of social and domestic life. She finds some things which need correcting; and while exposing, as she must, these follies and faults of her young countrywomen, many readers have imagined that she was seeking for subjects of censure, with the feelings of a foreigner.

In order to obviate such a mistake for the future, we will here state, that her great-grandfather, Robert Leslie, emigrated from Scotland about a hundred years ago, and settled in Cecil county, Maryland. There the father of Miss Leslie was born, and resided till he was of age, when he removed to Philadelphia. He had married before removing, and the grand-parents of his wife were of Swedish descent; and thus Miss Leslie, so far from being an English woman, has "not a drop of English blood"—to use her own words—in her veins.

Her father, however, went with his family to London, when Eliza was a child, and she passed

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seven years there. Her brother, Charles Leslie, the distinguished artist, now resides in that city; and also a sister, Miss Anna Leslie, has passed much time there, so that the mistake has been strengthened by seeing notices of the family frequently introduced in connection with a London residence.

The writings of Miss Leslie are too well known to require description or enumeration. Who that reads the Lady's Book (and hundreds of thousands have read it) but is familiar with her life-like pictures? She has been its steady contributor from the first, and the greater portion of her "Pencil Sketches" originally appeared in our pages. That popular story, "Mrs. Washington Potts," was a prize Tale in the Lady's Book.

Besides these regular contributions, Miss Leslie has written several books for children which have been very popular; and her works on "Cookery" and her "House Book" are extensively sold. In all these writings it has been her aim to make improvements in the style of housekeeping and reforms in the manners; and that many have found her an useful as well as agreeable monitress, we have no doubt.

The beautiful engraving in this number of our Book is taken from a portrait painted by Mr. Sully, who is a second Sir Peter Lely in the art of giving handsome likenesses. Those who have the privilege of knowing Miss Leslie personally, may think this picture rather too flatteringly young; but an agreeable lady writer never grows old to the admirers of her works—and the artist was right in giving that expression to the countenance which, from a long and intimate acquaintance with the writer, he had found displayed in her mind.

To the numerous readers of the Lady's Book this plate will be welcomed as the face of a friend whom they have long wished to behold. It should be highly valued in this city, for Miss Leslie is a true daughter of Philadelphia, and does honour to her birth-place.

LINES TO ——.

LIKE the light of yon lone, lovely star,
That throws its glad beams from afar
To the soul of the sad mariner,
Is the light of thy love unto me:
Let the storm of man's worst destiny lower—
Let life glide on like a summer hour—
Indifferent all—naught hath the power
To wean my fond spirit from thee.

The green that in the desert springeth—
The fountain whose cool gush life flingeth
O'er the waste, to the pilgrim never bringeth
Such joy as thy love—love, to me:
Though the world's hot breathing should oppress me,
And the drear of life's wild waste distress me,
There's an Eden that shall ever bless me—
A fount of sweet solace in thee.—A. J.

THE POET'S DREAM.

I DREAMED, last night, of a lovely land,
And my fancy wandered free,—
Methought that I stood on golden sand,
And 'twas washed by the rolling sea.

Boldly and bright in the soft sunlight
Tall hills were proudly gleaming,
That grandly gave to the ocean wave
A barrier most beseeming.

The sky's soft hue was heavenly blue,
With fleecy clouds of purest white—
While here and there the day god threw
A streak of gold or crimson light.

The hand of Art had ne'er profaned
What Nature made so passing fair;
Deep valleys slumbered in the shade,
And towering mountains pierced the air.

'Mid the glories of nature, a wanderer lonely,
I travers'd that land over mountain and sea;
I stood on the hill-tops, rejoicing that only
My God and his wonders were present with me.

Sublimely the voice of the waters arose
In a deep-toned roar, that burdened the air,
As the cataract's floods o'er the rocks that upheld them
Swept down in broad torrents majestic and fair.

Wild flowers beneath my feet were springing,
That bloomed, like the rose, spontaneously;
Sweet music in my ear was ringing—
'Twas the wild wood's choral minstrelsy.

"I'll dwell," I cried, "'neath those drooping trees,
Where the silvery waters flow—
I'll make my home where all is bright
As heaven's own radiant bow.

"And my song shall be of love and joy,
As the forest bird wild and free,
And the sorrows that darken the path of the bard
Will all be forgotten by me."

But, alas! as I spoke, reason quickly resumed
Her empire or mental dominion,
And my wayward thoughts were recalled from the tour
They were taking on fancy's light pinion.

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RUINS OF JAMESTOWN

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RUINS OF JAMESTOWN.

(*See Plate.*)

No spot in the whole range of our broad and varied territory is suited to awaken so rich a train of historical associations in the mind of the contemplative beholder as that which is marked with the venerable ruins of Jamestown. Here were first planted the religion and civilization of the land of our forefathers in the land of our birth. Here the hardy band of cavaliers, whom Raleigh's lofty spirit of enterprize had stimulated into activity, planted the oldest English colony of North America, the Ancient Dominion. Here the redoubtable Captain Smith opposed his valour and address alike to the mutinies of the colonists and the treacherous hostility of the Indians. Here were the cradle of the future Republic, the earliest American altars to the true God, the first fruits of American colonial enterprize. The ruins of Jamestown furnish a rich theme for poetry; and we are happy to present some lines by one of our first American writers, worthy of so exalted and interesting a theme.

ODE TO JAMESTOWN.

BY JAMES K. PAULDING.

Old cradle of an infant world,
In which a nestling empire lay,
Struggling awhile ere she unfurl'd
Her gallant wing and soar'd away;
All hail! thou birth-place of the glowing West,
Thou seem'st the towering eagle's ruin'd nest!

What solemn recollections throng,
What touching visions rise,
As, wandering these old stones among,
I backward turn mine eyes,
And see the shadows of the dead flit round
Like spirits, when the last dread trump shall sound!

The wonders of an age combin'd
In one short moment Memory supplies;
They throng upon my waken'd mind
As Time's dark curtains rise:
The volume of a hundred buried years,
Condens'd in one bright sheet, appears.

I hear the angry ocean rave—
I see the lonely little barque
Scudding along the crested wave,
Freighted, like old Noah's ark,
As o'er the drowned earth 'twas hurl'd,
With the forefathers of another world.

I see a train of exiles stand,
Amid the desert, desolate,
The fathers of my native land,
The daring pioneers of fate,
Who braved the perils of the sea and earth,
And gave a boundless empire birth.

I see the sovereign Indian range
His woodland empire, free as air;
I see the gloomy forest change,
The shadowy earth laid bare;
And, where the red man chased the bounding deer,
The smiling labours of the white appear.

I see the haughty warrior gaze
In wonder or in scorn,
As the pale faces sweat to raise
Their scanty fields of corn;
While he, the monarch of the boundless wood,
By sport, or hair-brain'd rapine, earns his food.

A moment, and the pageant's gone;
The red men are no more;
The pale-faced strangers stand alone
Upon the river's shore;
And the proud wood-king, who their arts disdain'd,
Finds but a bloody grave where once he reign'd.

The forest reels beneath the stroke
Of sturdy woodman's axe;
The earth receives the white man's yoke,
And pays her willing tax
Of fruits, and flowers, and golden harvest fields,
And all that nature to blithe labour yields.

Then growing hamlets rear their heads,
And gathering clouds expand,
Far as my fancy's vision spreads,
O'er many a boundless land,
Till what was once a world of savage strife
Teems with the richest gifts of social life.

Empire to empire swift succeeds—
Each happy, great and free;
One empire still another breeds—
A giant progeny,
Destined their daring race to run
Each to the regions of yon setting sun.

Then, as I turn my thoughts to trace
The fount whence these rich waters sprung,
I glance towards this lonely place,
And find it these rude stones among:
Here rest the sires of millions, sleeping round,
The Argonauts, the golden fleece that found.

Their names have been forgotten long;
The stone, but not a word remains;
They cannot live in deathless song,
Nor breathe in pious strains:
Yet this sublime obscurity to me
More touching is than poet's rhapsody.

They live in millions that now breathe;
They live in millions yet unborn;
And pious gratitude shall wreathe
As bright a crown as e'er was worn,
And hang it on the green-leaved bough
That whispers to the nameless dead below.

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No one that inspiration drinks—
No one that loves his native land—
No one that reasons, feels or thinks,
Can 'mid those lonely ruins stand
Without a moistened eye, a grateful tear
Of reverent gratitude to those that moulder here.

The mighty shade now hovers round
Of HIM whose strange, yet bright career,
Is written on this sacred ground
In letters that no time shall sear;
Who in the old world smote the turban'd crew,
And founded Christian empires in the new.

And she! the glorious Indian maid,
The tutelary of this land,
The angel of the woodland shade,
The miracle of God's own hand,
Who join'd man's heart to woman's softest grace,
And thrice redeem'd the scourges of her race.

Sister of charity and love,
Whose life-blood was soft Pity's tide—
Dear goddess of the sylvan grove—
Flower of the forest—nature's pride—
He is no man who does not bend the knee,
And she no woman who is not like thee!

Jamestown and Plymouth's hallow'd rock
To me shall ever sacred be—
I care not who my themes may mock,
Or sneer at them and me:
I envy not the brute who here can stand
Without a thrill for his own native land.

And if the recreant crawl *her* earth,
Or breathe Virginia's air,
Or in New England claim his birth
From the old pilgrims there,
He is a bastard if he dare to mock
Old Jamestown's shrine or Plymouth's famous rock.

THE SYREN.

(*See Plate.*)

THE Syrens of the World no more
Hold their dominion on the main;
The Steam-King rules from shore to shore,
And from his iron lungs the roar
Would drown their Circean strain.

But o'er the Earth their magic power,
With three-fold cords, is bound—
For now to Song, their ancient dower,
The loving Bird, and lovely Flower,
To form their spells, are found.

TO A CHILD.

BY * * *

THY spirit is fresh from Heaven, sweet child!
Thine open brow and thy glance so wild,
And the joyous soul which shines through all,
Undimmed, as yet, by its earthly thrall,
Are tokens blest of a home above,
Where the light of the soul is the breath of love!

My heart doth beat with a warmer glow,
More deep than thy thoughtless youth can know,
When I sit with thee in the orchard shade,
And thy bright-locked head on my breast is laid,
And with thoughts whose every hue is bliss,
Thou hast given, unasked, the guileless kiss.
I bless the spirit that bids thee rest
Thy childish griefs in another's breast—
The heart which can cast its sorrows by,
And the joy that laughs in thy glancing eye;
For I know that when youth comes gliding on,
And the sunny hue of thy years hath gone,
Thy brow will be marked with deeper thought,
And thy glance with a sadder tone be fraught.
I know that toil and unending strife
Will darken and stain thy lot of life—
And pray, with the strength of my wayward heart,
That the light of thy soul may ne'er depart—
That a lofty hope may gild thy brow,
And angels speak to thee then, as now.

Like a sunbeam lighting a stormy sky,
My heart is gladdened when thou art nigh;
Thou bringest again from the gloom of years
The hopes which I now recall with tears—
When my soul, with the world around in tune,
Leaped, glad as a woodland stream in June.
I hear the blast of the distant horn
When the dew-drops glowed in the early morn,
And the shout that marked the wild winds glee
When the nuts rained down from the leafless tree.
I see the ray of the evening star
That looked o'er the hills by my home afar,
And feel the joy of a child untold,
When the early violet burst the mould,
And the dim, strange awe which the spirit weaves
When the summer wind sighs through the forest leaves!

I pray that thy after years, sweet boy,
Will take their hue from thy present joy;
That the bitter lessons the world will teach,
To sadden thy spirit, may never reach—
But rising stronger from every blow
Given thee here by the arm of woe,
Thou wilt be, when thy life-long toil is o'er,
In a brighter realm, a child once more!

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Wales, as soon as he is old enough to take his seat in it."

"Who is the Prince of Wales?"—interrupted Theodore.

"The eldest son of the British sovereign is always called the Prince of Wales"—Miss Ainslie condescended to explain. "The present Prince of Wales is still a very little boy. On the left of the throne is a similar chair for Prince Albert when he accompanies the queen to parliament——"

"Who is Prince Albert?"—again interrupted Theodore. "Is *he* a little boy, too?"

"Oh, no"—replied Juliet—"he is the queen's husband."

"Why don't you call him the king, then? Ma', when I want to remember a king, why can't I think of Prince Albert."

Miss Ainslee continued—"Fronting the throne is the woolsack, the seat of the lord-chancellor. It is a sort of divan, covered with crimson cloth; the cushion (which has a tassel at each corner) being stuffed with wool."

"What for?"—asked Theodore. "Why is it stuffed with wool?"

"The only reason I have heard"—replied Juliet—"is that the woolsack is to remind parliament of their duty to protect the wool-growing and wool-manufacturing interests."

"What is parliament? What is wool-growing? What is wool-factoring?"—demanded Theodore.

"There!"—said Miss Fenner to Juliet—"you have inquiries pouring in on you by wholesale. Go on, Miss Ainslie; and years hence, when Master Theodore Tracy is old enough to comprehend parliaments and manufacturing interests, he will doubtless learn what they are."

Mrs. Tracy coloured highly, and said to her hopeful boy, in a voice of peculiar tone—"Theodore, my son, remember this night, before you go to-bed, to ask me to explain every one of these things to you."

"Suppose you can't"—said Theodore. "And what am I to remember by?"

Miss Ainslie continued—"In the centre of the room was a long table covered with red cloth, and at each of its two corners nearest the gallery, stood a lawyer in his English costume of a black gown and three-tye wig. At the sides of this table, three or four deep, were ranged the seats of the peers."

"Why do they sit at the sides of the table? Who are the peers?"—demanded Theodore.

"On the right hand of the throne, and near the woolsack"—proceeded Juliet—"is a box for the foreign ministers, among whom I recognized Mr. Everett, who had not yet departed on his return to America, and his successor Mr. McLane, who had just arrived. They both wore the very becoming court-dress adopted by Americans when in the presence of European royalty on state occasions. This dress is a blue cloth coat with a standing collar embroidered with gold; and a gold stripe up the sides of the pantaloons; a chapeau, and a sword complete the costume. Opposite is a similar box for the ladies of the ambassadors, and over that is a box for the attachés. Under the gallery in which we sat, were seats for the Commons. The former parliament-house having been burnt, and the new one not yet finished, the temporary accommodations in Westminster Hall are not sufficiently spacious. Therefore, on this occasion, most of the peers gave up to the peeresses their seats in the body of the apartment. The place of each peer was designated by a large card with his name on it; this card being slipped under a cord tied round the crimson cushion of his seat."

"What are peers and peeresses?"—asked Theodore.

"My dear"—replied his mother—"peers are lords."

"Then why an't they called lords and lordesses?"—said Theodore. "Say, Miss Ainslie"—pulling at her—"why an't they?"

"My dear Miss Ainslie"—said Mrs. Tracy—"will you oblige me by simplifying your language a little? Though Theodore is a boy of wonderful mind, you know he is still but a child, and has not yet learnt everything. Will you use plainer expressions?"

"Don't"—said Miss Fenner, in a voice not sufficiently low. "What matter if he does not understand? Pass over his foolish questions without deigning to notice them."

"What o'clock was it all this time?"—inquired Theodore.

"The whole scene was very imposing"—proceeded Miss Ainslie. "And it was really a beautiful sight to look down upon such an assemblage of elegant women; all splendidly dressed, and with those finely-formed shoulders and arms, in which, I think, the English ladies far excel those of America; though, in regularity and delicacy of feature, the advantage is certainly on the side of our countrywomen."

"What countrywomen?"—asked Theodore. "Did they let in country people?"

"About one o'clock the company began to assemble very fast"—continued Juliet. "The Duke of Wellington came in, wearing his gray surtout over his uniform. Then we saw the Duke of Cambridge, (the youngest of the queen's two surviving uncles,) in his crimson velvet robe and ermine cape. He was accompanied by his son, Prince George of Cambridge, in a scarlet uniform. He is a pale, thin young man, with reddish hair, and by no means handsome. The Marquis of Westminster, Lord John Thyune, and other noblemen now came in; all wearing their robes. The Duke of Cambridge talked loudly to the gentlemen about him."

"Did you distinguish anything he said?"—asked Miss Fenner, eagerly. "It is something to hear a royal personage talk."

"Yes"—said Miss Ainsile, smiling—"we distinguished this much. At a quarter before two, when a gun gave the first intimation of the queen's approach, her uncle of Cambridge said—'Now she

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has left Buckingham palace.' There was another gun, and he said—'Now she has arrived.' There was a flourish of trumpets, and he said—'Now she is robing.' "

Miss Fenner took out a pocket-book and pencil and made a memorandum of these three sayings of royalty.

"Did not the man mean robbing?"—asked Theodore. "Why did he call it robing?"

"He meant"—replied Juliet—"that the queen was putting on her robe of state, in a private room appropriated to that purpose. Exactly at two she made her entrance. The Duke of Wellington headed the procession, carrying the sword of state. He had exchanged his gray surtout for a crimson robe. He looks quite old, (his age being seventy-six,) is very thin, and stoops much in his shoulders. The Duke of Argyle carried the crown upon a crimson velvet cushion. It was afterwards reported that he had accidentally let it fall in the anteroom, and that several pearls dropped from it."

"Why did he let it fall?"—inquired Theodore. "Say, Miss Ainslie"—twitching at her dress—"tell me why that man let the crown fall."

"The next was Lord Willoughby d'Eresby carrying the sceptre"—proceeded Juliet. "Then came the queen with Prince Albert on her left, she holding his hand. Her train was borne by four pages in scarlet and gold, the sons of noblemen. Next were the ladies in waiting; then the Bishop of London; and then the lord-chancellor bearing the seals of state."*

"Were they great big seals, or very little ones?"—inquired Theodore. "Say, Miss Ainslie, say, were they big or little?"

"On the entrance of the queen every one rose"—continued Miss Ainslie. "She took her seat on the throne, and motioned for all present to be seated."

"Oh, do tell us how she was dressed!"—exclaimed Miss Fenner.

"The queen"—said Miss Ainslie—"had a dress of white satin with lace over it; a crimson velvet robe lined with white satin, and an ermine cape; a small crown set with diamonds, and a diamond necklace and ear-rings. The whole appearance and manner of Victoria were dignified and graceful. Prince Albert wore a scarlet military coat embroidered with gold; white cassimere pantaloons; and horseman's boots reaching above his knees. The insignia of several orders hung at his breast, affixed to red, blue and white ribbons. Presently came in the members of the House of Commons, headed by the prime minister Sir Robert Peel."

"Had the minister his black gown or his white one?"—asked Theodore. "And was there a prayer-book in his hand, and did he preach any sermon?"

* Lord Lyndhurst, the present chancellor, is a son of Copley, the celebrated American artist who flourished in Boston before the Revolution; and after his removal to England painted the Death of Lord Chatham and the Sortie of Gibraltar.

"Theodore is a dear, pious child"—said Mrs. Tracy—"and has but one idea of a minister. He does not know that there are two sorts."

"Sir Robert Peel made a short speech"—continued Juliet. "Afterwards some new acts of parliament were read; and at the close of each the two lawyers that were stationed at the corners of the table, turned to the Commons and proclaimed in a loud voice—'*La reine le veut.*'"

"There now, Theodore"—said his mother—"there's some French for you. Translate that, my son; put it into English. You know you have been learning French ever since you could speak."

"That an't French"—said Theodore.

"Miss Ainslie"—said Mrs. Tracy—"I wish my child to have every possible chance of cultivating his French. Oblige me by repeating those words over again—slowly, very slowly, if you please."

"No matter about the French"—said Miss Fenner. "Miss Ainslie, please to go on."

"Really"—persisted Mrs. Tracy—"I cannot allow any opportunity to slip by that may improve my child. The first duty of parents is to their children. Miss Ainslie, pray be kind enough to say that French slowly—a word at a time. You will then hear how Theodore can translate it."

"*La*"—said Miss Ainslie, smiling.

"*La* means *she*"—said Theodore.

"*Reine.*"

"She reigns."

"*Le veut.*"

"He sees. That's it. She reigns, he sees."

"Nonsense!"—exclaimed Miss Fenner. "'*La reine le veut*' means 'the queen wills it.'"

"Ma'"—cried Theodore—"she calls my French nonsense."

"Really, Miss Fenner"—said Mrs. Tracy—"this is very extraordinary. Theodore is always correct in his French. What can be more clear? Her husband Prince Albert sees that the queen reigns."

"No doubt he does"—said Miss Fenner. "But, dear Miss Ainslie, do try to go on."

"I must confess"—proceeded Juliet—"that the frequent repetition of these words, '*La reine le veut*,' soon began to sound ridiculously—at least to my unpractised ears. After this, the queen rose; and from a large paper she had brought with her rolled up in her hand, she read the speech that had been prepared for her."

"How large was the paper?"—asked Theodore. "Miss Ainslie—Miss Ainslie"—jerking her skirt—"tell me how large it was."

"Something larger than a music-sheet"—replied Juliet. "Queen Victoria reads charmingly, (having one of the sweetest voices I ever heard,) pronouncing every word clearly and distinctly; and always emphasizing properly."

"I wish you could hear Theodore read"—said Mrs. Tracy. "Theodore, my son, take one of those books from the table, and read a few pages to the ladies."

"Not now—not now, I entreat"—interposed

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Miss Fenner. "We will take your word for his reading, Mrs. Tracy."

"Having finished her speech"—continued Miss Ainslie—"the queen rose; Prince Albert took her hand; and the procession formed again, and left the house."

"What did they go away for? Where did they go?"—inquired Theodore, twitching again at her dress. "Where did they go, I say?"

Miss Ainslie continued—"All the spectators now quitted their seats; some leaving the room; others walking about and chatting with their friends, while waiting for their carriages to draw up in succession. We came down from the gallery; and my brother joining us, we had, below, a near view of the magnates of the land, and learnt who most of them were. The persons who had all this time been seated in the ante-room had liberty to come in to the grand apartment, as soon as the queen and her suite had quitted it; and of this privilege they now availed themselves, moving promiscuously among the nobility."

"Who are the nobility?"—asked Theodore.

"The lords and ladies, my dear"—replied his mother.

"What! lords and ladies again! Who are they? Where do they live? What are all their names? Tell me, Miss Ainslie—tell me."

"You see what an inquiring mind he has"—said his mother, looking round triumphantly.

"Rather too inquiring for the peace and comfort of those about him"—observed Miss Fenner—only half aside.

"Having waited a considerable time for our carriage to draw up"—proceeded Juliet—"we got home about four o'clock, much gratified with the magnificence and novelty of the spectacle we had just witnessed. Though I must confess, it appeared to me so much like a scene at the theatre, that there were moments when I could scarcely persuade myself it was all solemn reality."

"That, perhaps, was because you were an American, and 'not to the manner born'"—observed Mrs. Luton.

"Ma', is not it wicked to go to the theatre?"—asked Theodore. "Miss Ainslie says she has been at the theatre."

"No, no, my dear"—replied his mother—"she only says that all she has been telling us reminded her of a scene at the theatre."

"How does she know that, if she never was there?"—asked the boy.

Mrs. Tracy winked significantly at the other ladies, saying—"How acute he is. You see now the effects of exercising the minds of children at an early age. That last remark of his is real logic."

"I did not learn it out of my logic book"—said Theodore.

"No, no—it is entirely your own. We all understand. Come now, my son; take a book, and let us hear you read. What will you have to read out of?"

"No story-book, ma'"—said the child, affectedly. "Stories are all lies and nonsense. I prefer history. Mrs. Luton, have you Gibson's Declining and Falling of the Ruins of Emperors? That's the book I'm studying, now."

"Then you had better go home, and study it there"—said Miss Fenner, losing all farther patience. "We wish to listen without interruption to Miss Ainslie, who will tell us something more about the queen and the nobility."

"Miss Fenner"—said Mrs. Tracy—"if you were not well known to be a privileged person, I should say——"

"What, madam?"

"What I will *not* say."

"So much the better."

"You know not how to appreciate my Theodore. You don't seem to enter into his character."

"Yes, I do, exactly."

"Ma'"—said Theodore—"she always seems to have a spite at me."

"There is some shrewdness in that remark"—said Miss Fenner.

"Nobody can deny that Theodore makes excellent observations"—said his mother—"and his mind is always on the stretch for knowledge. Think of the questions he asks."

"Think of them, indeed!"—said Miss Fenner.

To the great relief of the other ladies, a message was now brought in to Mrs. Tracy implying that Master Theodore's Latin master had come, and was waiting at the house. The young gentleman was, as has been stated, undergoing an education at home; in most cases a bad plan for boys, though generally a very good one for girls. Had he been sent to school he would soon have been made to find his level.

The hopeful youth now held back, declaring his unwillingness to go, and his preference to staying where he was. But his mother protested, that as Mr. Gradus was paid a dollar a lesson for coming to her house, the dollar should not be lost; and she finally enticed him home by the whispered promise of some powerful bribe. On departing, he gave a hard pinch to Miss Fenner's arm, looked impudently in her face, and said—"I hate *you*."

Miss Fenner shook him off, and he disappeared with his mother.

"For this relief much thanks"—ejaculated Mrs. Luton. "I could scarcely trust myself to speak, all the time they stayed, lest I should forget that I was in my own house."

"If you had ordered them out of it you would have deserved the thanks of the company"—said Miss Fenner. "They are the nuisances of the neighbourhood. They often come over to our house, visiting people that board there. The gentlemen all clear off at the sight of them. But what are they pottering about in the entry all this time?"—added Miss Fenner. "I have not heard

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the front door shut, and I have not seen them pass the windows on their way home. What are they at?"

The parlour door opened. The boy with the inquiring mind put in his head, and called out—"Miss Ainslie, ma' says as you are to spend the day here, she'll come in with me again in the afternoon."

A SABBATH ON THE SEA.

(EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.)

BY MRS. HALE.

On Valparaiso's barren beach,
As closed the eye of day,
A crowd of listless loungers stood,
While, sweeping from the Bay,
A noble ship passed proudly forth;
And when the morning sun
Ushered the holy Sabbath in,
And churchward, one by one,
Those idlers of the eve before
Passed to their orison,
Each thought of that brave ship, and looked
To see if she were gone.

That morning, over sea and sky,
Quivered a lust'rous glow,
As though a living beam from heaven
Had reached the world below;
And while, in dalliance with her sails,
The wooing breezes play,
That noble ship, all bathed in light,
Went sweeping on her way.
High o'er her deck the Freeman's Flag
Flung out its broad, bright folds;
Beneath its sway a thousand hearts
That Star-sown Banner holds,—
The pulsing blood from every heart
Like crimson rain would flow,
Ere their own glorious Banner furled,
Went down before the foe.
But now, like Messenger of Peace,
It clasps the loving air—
For now those brave, warm hearts are bowed
Before their God in prayer;
And as the deep response goes up,
Which thousand voices share,
"Hear us, good Lord:" "grant us thy peace;"
They feel that God is there.

Oh! welcome to the wearied earth
The Sabbath resting comes,
Gathering the sons of toil and care
Back to their quiet homes;
And, like a portal to the skies,
Opens the house of God,
Where all who seek may come and learn
The way the Saviour trod.
But holier, to the wanderer, seems
The Sabbath on the deep,
Where on, and on, in ceaseless course,
The toiling bark must keep,
And not a trace of man appears
Amid the wilderness
Of waters—there it comes like dove,
Direct from heaven, to bless.
And now the list'ning winds have caught
A clear, melodious strain—
And now their soft wings fold it o'er
The bosom of the main;
Old Ocean's heaving heart is hushed
Beneath the holy spell,
And so, in measure with the song,
His billows sink and swell.

Oh, what are temples, made with hands,
Compared with such a tent!
Its floor the deep-laid, boundless sea—
Its roof the firmament;
And not a shadow of decay
O'er all the circuit lies,
For water is the eye of earth,
And opens on the skies.

SONNET.

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH, AUTHOR OF "THE SINLESS CHILD."

"She was worshipfully pended, honestly brought up, and very wel maryed, saving somewhat too *soone*."
SIR THOMAS MORE, 1513.

Thou hast bereft me of my golden days—
My heart calls backward for those girlish hours
Of which thou didst defraud me, and always
I feel the pang of wrong upon my head.
Oh! the crushed garlands and the withered bowers
Which only have been mine; their bloom's all dead:
I, the pale statue when the feast is o'er,
Hung with seared leaves of yester's bouquet flowers,
The long lost days of gladness I deplore—
Untasted joys for ever from me fled.
Oh, Earth! canst thou not fashion forth a balm
For hearts like mine? hast thou no potent spell
To seal up all the past? no mighty charm
By which we may encounter wrong, and say, "'tis well?"

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PRECIPITATION.

BY MRS. P. W. B. CAROTHERS.

"AND you are really going to be married, Bell?"

"Yes."

There was a pause of several minutes, and both girls looked embarrassed. Isabella Clayton turned to the dressing-glass and hid the confusion that suffused her beautiful brow and burnt upon her crimson cheek, by arranging her glossy hair anew, though the moment before she had turned away apparently satisfied with the arrangement of her jeweled tresses. Mary Ellett sat still on the low ottoman she occupied, her arms gradually sunk down by her side, her head drooped, and the long silken lashes fell over the ashy pale cheek, and but that the lace rose and fell with every swell of her bosom, she would have resembled some fair specimen of statuary brought from those southern European climes where woman's loveliness inspired the poet and the sculptor with the genius to perpetuate its glory.

The bride stole a glance at her companion, and the carnation deepened on her cheek—another, and neck and brow were glowing with the bright carmine that sometimes flushes the alabaster complexion of youthful beauty; but neither girl spoke. The one was the triumphant, the affianced bride of one of those favourites of fortune whom the world flatters into a belief of superiority; the other was the gentle companion of his boyhood, the trusted, but then neglected friend of his youth. Ah, sweet Mary Ellett, thy thoughts are away in the deep wildwood of thy early home; the tinkling of the sheep-bell is in thine ear, and the soft gurgling of the brook over its pebbly bed; but most musical of all is the gay ringing voice of Theodore Morton, thy orphan cousin. Keep the picture bright in thy memory, gentle limner, for nothing in after life will ever prove so fair, though much will be as false.

Isabella was city born and city bred, and no such reminiscences of girlhood came to pale the bright hues of health and hope upon her cheek. Taught from her cradle the artificial conventionalisms of fashionable society, she resembled nature as little as the roses that adorned her bonnet. Early initiated into the world's maxims, she believed the first object of pursuit was the securing a good match that would allow her an establishment within the circles of *good society;* and without this she believed life not worth having. Several men of fortune had already presented themselves and received successively that degree of encouragement that fashionable ladies can bestow or withdraw at pleasure without committing themselves—for Isabella was scrupulously *correct*, and, little as she cared for paining a manly heart, would have been shocked at being accused of bestowing *one* more smile or waltzing *once* more with a gentleman than was strictly allowable. At length young Morton presented himself in the hemisphere of fashion, and his handsome person and half a million of dollars at once secured him the approbation of its stars. Caught by the transcendent beauty of Isabella, and charmed by the brilliance of her manners, he followed in the magic dance of pleasure, and, almost before he was aware, the tide of burning and passionate admiration had been poured into willing ears, and words had been spoken that could never be recalled, and pledges exchanged ere the delirium of excitement had passed away to give place to the calmer daydreams of happiness that for years, in the old college groves, had made Mary Ellett their theme. True, no word of love had been spoken, no pledge of the betrothal exchanged, but they had grown up one in heart and soul, and both had loved, as none ever love again, while they were nature's children; and now that he was no longer nature's, but the world's and fashion's, Mary was forgotten in his temporary idolatry of the proud beauty. So fascinated was Theodore by the round of frivolities, that seem so charming in the eyes of the young novice, and by which the votaries of fashion try to hedge out the fiend *ennui*, that he remembered not his venerable uncle, his more than maternal aunt, the tender nurse of his infancy, nor the quiet and beautiful home of his youth, until an accidental conversation brought them back in all their power to the heart of the bewildered boy.

In Mr. Clayton's parlour some morning visitors were sustaining a lively conversation with Isabella, and much gay *badinage* was exchanged between the girls in reference to a naval officer who was but just arrived, and who had been the star of attraction at the springs the last season.

"Ah, Bell, it was too cruel to treat the gallant tar so unmercifully," said a lady, with an audible sigh, while a smile struggled still to display her white teeth.

"Indeed, you were mistaken," replied Bell, gravely; "it was Mary Ellett, the pale girl who always walked with her father, who was the object of the gallant tar's addresses."

"Yes, indeed, I recollect," said another young lady. "Many thought she had caught him, but I believe he slipped through her net."

"That was the girl for whom the rich Georgian proposed," observed the first speaker, "and the silly fool rejected him because he was old and

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yellow, and she poor and certainly not handsome."

The gliding in of a new circle of visitors and the departure of the first, allowed Theodore time to reflect. His thoughts revenged themselves for their temporary oblivion, and vividly rose before him the images of his beloved and neglected relations. "And I have ventured to make so important, so momentous a step, without even the poor compliment of bestowing my confidence on my dear and faithful old guardians. And thou, too, Mary!" But we have not time to soliloquize with the youth of two-and-twenty, who, just emancipated from college restraints and possessed of large fortune, was already giddily driving in the round of folly. Passing through the city in his way home, from which he had been absent for years, he determined to spend a few weeks in participating in its pleasures, and ere a few days had expired, he had forfeited his so lately acquired liberty. He had not paused in his mad career of passion to consult his friends, but now that he heard their names pronounced by strange lips, an undefinable emotion of jealous regret took possession of his heart, and he that a moment before had hung entranced over the instrument from which Isabella was drawing sounds that he thought might charm an angel to linger at her side, was now impatient to be gone. Isabella had marked the gloom that settled over his brow, but unknowing the cause, she waited till the departure of their last guest, and then, with the graceful ease of girlhood, she passed her arm through his and walked through the now deserted apartments. Her winning tenderness awoke the slumbering spirit of passionate adulation, and for a few minutes he again poured forth those accents so dear to her vanity; but soon the shade passed over his eyes, his colour changed, and though he walked beside her, his air was so abstracted that Isabella, piqued at his neglect, reproached him for becoming tired of her society already.

"Nay, dearest, that could not be; but I heard names to-day that recalled me from the delirium of love in which I have existed for the last fortnight." Then altering his manner, as if some painful thought stung him, he abruptly turned towards Isabella. "Do you know Mary Ellett?"

The deepest crimson that can blush through the transparent cheek of woman dyed Isabella's as she replied, hastily—"No—yes—that is, she was the passing acquaintance of a temporary association at the springs last summer. But why do you ask?" she said, raising her eyes that had drooped beneath his keen, nay, almost stern scrutiny.

"Because she is my own dear Mary, my uncle's daughter, the daughter of her who nursed me into life in her maternal bosom. They spoke contemptuously of her to-day. I must return directly to my uncle's. I was on my way thither when I met with you, Isabella, and you have made me forgetful of all I most value."

Isabella was thunderstruck. Once before Mary Ellett had crossed her path and snatched from her the proudest trophy in her garland of conquests. It was not to be endured; but the rich prey must not be suffered to escape, and she bent her fair head in seeming sympathy with Theodore's feelings as he poured out the full tide of all his latent fondness for his relations, and while internally wishing her at Jerusalem, was contriving some scheme to keep them separate until their engagement should become irrevocable. It was at length arranged that Theodore should proceed to his uncle's, bearing a letter to Mary praying her instant presence as bridesmaid to consult as to the thousand etceteras of a bride's toilette. Instantly sitting down to her task, Isabella penned so affectionate a letter to Mary, that she fancied she could not resist her appeal, and with an uneasy and beating heart she bade him farewell, and then putting on her bonnet walked out to make some purchases. Meanwhile Mr. Ellett had been called to the city on some business, and Mary wishing to make some additions to her wardrobe before the return of "dear Theodore," had accompanied him. She was deeply engaged in pricing silks and muslins when a fair hand grasped hers, and the silvery tones of Isabella's voice brought back the memory of her beautiful Spa acquaintance of the last season. Cordial greetings were exchanged, and so pressingly did Isabella insist on Mary's accompanying her home, that Mr. Ellett yielded, and arm in arm the two lovely girls returned to Mr. Clayton's just as Theodore, after dispatching an early dinner, had gone on board the steamer that was to convey him to his uncle's.

Reflection had now time to awake regret at his precipitation. Should she prove ill-tempered! Should she, the idolized of a crowd, not prize the pleasures of domestic life! Theodore felt he was made to be happy at home, and he now sighed to remember in what a giddy round of amusements Isabella was continually engaged. The beautiful scenery of the Hudson passed unnoticed, and when he found himself actually landed at his uncle's, the home of his childhood, the play-place of his boyhood's holidays, the fount of long-suppressed feeling was unsealed, and as his good and kind aunt folded him to her bosom, hot tears gushed to his eyes. The absence of his uncle and Mary he felt to be a positive relief, and as he unbosomed himself to his aunt, he felt for the first time in his life the want of that cordial sympathy that, from her, at least, had ever been his. When, on Mr. Ellett's return on the third day, he stated that Mary had earnestly begged to visit her aunt, who resided a few miles from the city, to be convenient to attend Theodore's nuptials without encroaching on the hospitality of the Claytons, her mother felt the propriety of her arrangement, and hastening to join her daughter, left Theodore and his uncle to finish the few preliminaries consequent upon entering into possession of his fortune.

"It was not thus I used to be welcomed home," he ejaculated between his teeth, as his aunt waved

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her adieu, while lonely he wandered through the old haunts where he and Mary had sported, as careless of the future as happy in the present, and all too late he *felt* he had been too precipitate.

Hastening back to the city barely in time to make the bridal purchases, he carried the conviction pressing on his heart, that no cup presses our lip undashed by the bitter that is man's allotted doom.

The guests were gathered in the handsome mansion occupied by Mr. Clayton, and every eye was strained to behold the beautiful bride and not less strikingly handsome groom, who entered attended by a train of superbly dressed bridesmaids and men. All that wealth and fashion could do to embellish the charms of Isabella had been done, and as she proudly stood arrayed in her bridal robes, a lovelier woman could not have been seen among the daughters of earth. Why, then, do the eyes of her chosen wander, and why does his gaze settle on the cold, white, tranquil brow of the fair girl who stands beside his magnificent bride? Her cheek is as white and transparent as the chiseled marble, and no mark or sign of recognition on that calm brow, save a slight compression of the ruby lip and a rather deep shading of the silken lashes over the downcast eye, could have told to one who *knew* that Mary Ellett had ever before beheld the bridegroom of Isabella Clayton. And when, after the ceremony, the cousin came with quivering and hot lips to press the colourless cheek for one short instant only, the dark violet eyes were raised to his—and then she turned calmly away and mingled in the crowd. The bridal was over, and the *happy* pair were whirled off in their new and splendid equipage. Mrs. Ellett and Mary also had made their parting adieux, and entered the plain coach to return to their peaceful home.

"Mary," said Mrs. Ellett, in the soft, compassionate voice of love—a *mother's love.*

"Mother!" and Mary was sobbing on her mother's bosom and folded close to her heart. For several minutes she gave free vent to her feelings, and then raising her eyes, like violets bathed with dew, she kissed her mother, and whispered—"Forgive me this once, mother, and you shall never see me shed another tear for *him.* Henceforth I shall be firm."

Vexed as Mrs. Ellett felt at Theodore's conduct, still she could not but feel alarmed for his happiness when she, with the keen-sightedness of a mother, marked his wandering gaze and fluctuating cheek, and mournful were the feelings with which she pressed the hand of her daughter; but she was assured her well-regulated mind would teach her to triumph over this first wound inflicted on her heart, while, perhaps, Theodore's more feeble spirit would suffer in the conflict—for she had also marked the proud glance of the mortified bride and the lightning glance with which she regarded Theodore as he approached Mary; and too truly she fancied that it had proved gall and wormwood to the haughty temper of the undisciplined child of prosperity.

Years vanished and time had done his work. Mary Ellett had glided into mature and graceful womanhood. Mr. Ellett had been gathered to his fathers, leaving a virtuous fame to console his friends, and the poignant sorrow of his good wife had softened into that tender regret we feel for the good who are gone. Mary had supplied her father's place as well as a daughter might, and their small but well-managed estate permitted them to live in ease and comfort. Mary had learned to use time aright; and time, in return, had made her happy. True, vague reports came that Theodore Morton was a ruined gambler in Paris—for the cities of the Union had been too narrow a sphere for his spoilt and beautiful wife, who was only happy when surrounded by a crowd of flatterers, and he had lived for years abroad—but such stories wanted confirmation, and Theodore remained obstinately silent. At length a city paper came, and as Mary read the announcement of Isabella Morton's death, a strange thrill passed through her nerves that awoke her to a more intense anxiety for the fate of her childhood's companion. Still he came not, and his name rarely passed her lips.

One evening Mary had been visiting a neighbour's sick children. Among them was a little orphan whose mother was just dead, and as it rested its soft pale cheek on Mary's bosom, an indefinable emotion awoke in her heart. "I shall never be a mother," was her involuntary thought, and the tears fell from her eyes on the pale brow of the little babe.

Holy nature, thou art strong in woman!

The emotions this little incident had called up had rendered her pensive, and as she slowly walked home, twilight had gathered over the woodland through which lay her path. Suddenly a stranger enveloped in a cloak emerged from a clump of trees, and placing a child of a year old in her arms, as suddenly disappeared. Frightened and breathless, she ran to the house, and abruptly entering the sitting-room, where lights were already placed, dropped the child in Mrs. Ellett's lap. The cloak fell back from its face, and there sat the softened image of Theodore just as he had looked twenty-five years before, when first Mrs. Ellett clasped her sister's little orphan to her heart. The same large hazel eyes, luminous with their own light, the same flowing brown curls and white brow, but softened into feminine beauty.

Again a restless light beamed in Mary's eye. Month after month rolled over, and no letter, no token came from Theodore. Mary's figure grew lighter in its proportions, her cheek more etherealized in its transparent purity, and sometimes when the fringes were too suddenly withdrawn, her dark eyes were humid and heavy. The little Theodosia had grown too dear to both.

Another month and a sealed packet with a foreign post-mark came to the anxious Mrs. Ellett. It ran thus—"Think not, best beloved friends of

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my soul, that forgetfulness or estrangement caused me thus long to remain silent. Oh, no; when I felt most anguish, I was fettered and might not complain. Suffice it, I was not a happy husband, and she who is gone could only receive happiness in that which was to me a living death, and I felt compelled to yield to her whatever could gratify her even at the sacrifice of my country. Two years since I became the father of a little girl, but, strange to say, that which yielded such exquisite and yet mournful pleasure, was only a source of annoyance to my wife, who, after her seclusion from society, rushed with brightened zest into the dissipations of this most dissipated city, and neglecting a cold caught after her confinement, was taken ill and died. The day previous to her death she caused the nurse of our child to come to her apartment, and sending every one else away, was alone with her an hour. The next morning nurse and child had disappeared, and from that hour no tidings have reached me of either, though I exhausted all methods that ingenuity could invent and have traversed half Europe. To-morrow I set out on my journey to the United States. Will my beloved aunt, will Mary receive the poor prodigal, and permit him to die at home? Home—blessed word!"

A week went by, and Mrs. Ellett smiled quietly to see how anxiously Mary arranged the little Theodosia in her most becoming finery, and how familiarly the little cherub talked of her papa. A fine, quiet autumn evening, and Mary, almost sick with "hope deferred," strolled down the old wood-path in the opposite direction from the approach, and there, at the spring, by an old root, sat Theodore.

RUDOLSTEIN; OR, THE ROMANCE OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

A MINNE LIED.

BY CHARLES G. LELAND.

"Nachtigal ich hör dich singen
Das Herz möcht mir im Lieb zerspringen."

Nightingale, that sing'st so sweetly
On the linden's topmost bough,
Tell me of my own dear lady,
Say—where is the maiden now?
Dwells she still
By the hill,
In the dale where flow'rets blow?

In the wood green leaves are springing—
On the trees small birds are singing;
Many a dale hath flowers, I trow;
Say—what damsel meanest thou?

Nightingale, thy gentle warbling
Hath a soft and plaintive tone;
But the music of her singing,
Bird, surpasseth far thine own:
Dwells she still
By the hill,
Where the shallow brooklets flow?
In the dale where flow'rets blow?

As I flew o'er Picardie,
Many a league beyond the sea,
Where the wide-spread vineyards grow,
And the earliest roses blow,
Once I heard a maiden fair
Singing slow a plaintive air;
And, Oh! the music of her voice!
My tongue could never tell
With what a wond'rous melody
The sound of her sweet minstrelsy
Re-echoed in the dell;

But this I tell thee, Rudolstein,
Of this thy love—if she be thine—
That her sweet voice surpasseth mine,
As do the glorious stars, that shine
In silent majesty,
Surpass the dim, uncertain sign,
Which gleams reflected in the brine
Of the wide, rolling sea.

By a massy fountain stone
Sat the maiden all alone;
And, while plaiting garlands gay,
Thus she sang her roundelay:

"Oh, tell him love is with me yet;
Ah, me! the summer flowers!
Oh, tell him I can ne'er forget
Ah, me! those golden hours!
I would the Count were by my side,
Ah, me! the summer flowers!
In all the glow of youthful pride,
To claim me as his willing bride,
Ah, me! the summer flowers!"

Fly back to the maiden once more, my bird,
And say that my wand'rings are o'er;
Ere the roses be gone, or the vintage hath come,
The Count will return to his love and his home,
And wander afar no more:
And thus endeth the lay of Count Rudolstein—
How like you the ditty, fair lady love mine?

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CATHERINE SEATON.

BY ANGELE HULL.

"As the rose tree is composed of the sweetest flowers and the sharpest thorns; as the heavens are sometimes overcast, alternately tempestuous and serene, so is the life of man intermingled with hopes and fears, with joys and sorrows, with pleasures and with pains."—BURTON.

CHAPTER I.

CATHERINE SEATON found herself, at the age of nineteen, an orphan, penniless, without friends, and the sole dependence of a young sister, whose excessive grief on the death of an idolized mother had first roused her from her own share to the consciousness of their lonely situation in the world of care and misery, which few escape.

A long, lingering disease had consumed the scanty pittance with which, by strict economy, Mrs. Seaton had continued to maintain herself and children since her widowhood. A journey to a watering-place, a permanent change of climate, the expense attending the wants of an invalid, the physician's bill, a startling array of visits and prescriptions, and, lastly, the costs of the funeral—all these properly settled had left poor Catherine with nothing on earth but the talents she had cultivated, and the accomplishments she happily possessed. These, then, were to be made the source of a maintenance for herself and Jessy. Alas! had she but known the bitterness, the utter thanklessness of such a task, even her strong mind would have shrunk from encountering its many trials! The wayward humours of spoiled children, the tyranny of proud parents, the insolence of the ignorant and vulgar, the insults and humiliations of the rich *parvenu*, were all unknown to her generous heart; and when, after some time, she found herself at the head of a numerous school, she had but the one joyful idea—"I have secured a home for Jessy—for my mother's darling child." On this young sister, the sorrow of whom she hourly endeavoured to dissipate, did she centre her hopes and affection. Gladly she watched the smiles returning to her lately pale countenance, and many were the prayers offered on High that she might restore the cheerful temper and contented mind which the loss of an exemplary mother had destroyed. On her, too, depended the eternal welfare of the innocent girl and her future capability of dispensing happiness to others. Anxiously and deeply she pondered on this sacred duty, this heavy responsibility, and her heart rose lightly above all selfish fear or dread of failure. A companion hitherto, she suddenly found herself with a mother's task upon her. To no one could she apply for counsel. Relatives they had none, and the constant occupation of nursing an invalid had prevented their making any acquaintances in the place so lately their home. To Heaven she consecrated her work of love, and when she saw the bright glance returning to Jessy's dark eye, there was a world of strength within her heart, and a prayer of thankfulness upon her lips.

Jessy was but fourteen, a gay, laughter-loving creature, ere misfortune clouded her young brow. Her purity of soul and guilelessness of heart, her gentle disposition and winning address, were alike irresistible; and, docile as a lamb, she transferred to her sister all the affectionate submission she had ever shown her mother.

Catherine was beautiful; her wide, open brow, her large gray eye, beaming with intellect, the oval face, the delicate profile, the graceful contour of the head, joined to a perfect form, made her look as Jessy said, "like an eastern queen." As though, by contrast, Jessy's beauty lay in a variety of expression, a countenance lit up by every emotion. Her sunny ringlets shaded a pair of merry black eyes, and their long fringes swept a cheek whose clear brown wore that exquisite colour found on the inside of a shell. Her mouth was small, and the short upper lip the very outline of Cupid's bow, while the parting of its coral displayed a row of pearls the envy of many a lame-toothed spinster in the gossip-loving place of M——.

A busy day it was that preceded Catherine's "presentation," as Jessy laughingly termed it. She ran about from one room to another blithe as a bird, her sweet, clear voice ever and anon swelling into some familiar strain that gladdened the heart. A picture in one place, a vase of flowers in another; the bird-cage hung advantageously; pieces of music scattered here and there as if by accident, gave an air of comfort and ease to four walls as unadorned as peeling whitewash and loop-hole windows could make them. However, Jessy played fairy in a dull place, and none but a woman's hand could have arranged a few plain chairs and an old settee, to give such an habitable appearance to such an *un*inhabitable looking place. So thought Catherine as her sister's light form flitted around her, and she could not suppress a sigh at thought of so much loveliness and worth *literally* wasted "on the desert air."

But now mothers and aunts, uncles and guardians, came pouring in to try the new teacher, the old one having been banished by an ostracism a

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few months previous. All came with the ostensible purpose of serving Miss Seaton, but many were there to serve themselves, and discover, if possible, a cheap means of educating children. People always go on Paddy's principle of reducing his horse's food with regard to the suffering race of teachers. Every new one is tried with the view of limiting charges "to a straw a day." Truly, Job's patience was tried, but he never had to keep a school.

Poor Catherine entered the room with beating heart and trembling step, but her self-possession was so perfect that none could detect the gnawing vulture beneath. Still she was utterly unprepared for the meanness of all—the insulting air of patronage of some, the unfeeling questions, extortions and objections of others. Orestes could not have been more horrified with the furies after him than Catherine with the gibbering crowd around her.

"Your charges are too high," said Mrs. Jewall.

"Oh, enormous!" echoed Mrs. Holdtight. "Why, my little girl is only eight years old."

"And Julia but six," said Mrs. Knight. "Could we not strike a bargain and you take my three little ones, deducting a third?"

Poor Catherine had never yet received the proposal "of striking a bargain!"

"I will pay you in potatoes, Miss Seaton," said Mrs. Pinch, who owned a plantation of no little extent. "It will be a great advantage."

Catherine had heard of "potatoe hills," but not of "potatoe bills." She was growing dizzy.

"You must use Worcester for Mary, Miss Seaton. She never learned any other at Mrs. Bumbleaddy's. An excellent school, by-the-by."

"Well, you must make out as you can with Eliza's books, Miss Seaton. I have no idea of getting new ones for every teacher, especially with such demands as yours. Really, it takes a fortune to educate children now-a-days."

Catherine's cheeks flushed painfully, and she inwardly thought—"How glad I am that my poor Jessy is not here."

"I would like to send Elizabeth one day and Minora the next," said Mrs. Sham. "Would there be any difference in your charges, Miss Seaton? It would come to the same thing in the end, and be quite a variety. I would wish you to practise before Isabel, so as that she can catch your style. I will send her for an hour a day. Of course I do not expect you to ask anything, as I give you two scholars."

Catherine declined educating Misses Minora and Elizabeth by a co-partnership, and vainly hoped the ordeal was at an end.

"Miss Seaton," said a lady belonging to that class of people emphatically called *mushrooms*, of the genus insolent and presuming, "pray, attend to Julia's writing very particularly. She received the premium last year, and her father wishes her penmanship to be perfect. And, also, be careful of her complexion. I do not wish her to run in the sun without her bonnet. I am very particular about her skin, (it is so easily tanned,) and I wish you to be so likewise."

Here Catherine replied, somewhat haughtily, that she had not offered herself as nurse to her pupils. Her perfect self-command had never yet been so tested. But when one paused another began.

"Miss Seaton, Octavia Antonia must learn geometry, astronomy, mathematics and the fine arts, besides Johnson's Dictionary," said one, who, having heard of such things, wished to impress the "schoolmistress" with an idea that her education had not been neglected. "And, please, pay attention to Tullisha Ann's feet—they turn in somewhat. And Calphurnia Jane must be corrected of sucking her thumb. I depend on you."

In vain Catherine protested against being answerable for Tullisha Ann's feet or Calphurnia's thumbs. Poor Pliny! Little dreamed he of the future race of unclassical Calphurnias when he immortalized his fond and faithful wife!

"Well, Miss Seaton," said Mrs. Somers, a sweet-looking woman, who had been a silent and pitying spectator of Catherine's trials, "if you will be kind enough to teach Alice anything, I will be grateful for it and so will her father. She is a sad romp, and will be, I fear, troublesome to you, but she has too good a heart to be wilful. Anything you like to give her will content us, and I am well convinced that it will be her fault if she fails. Good morning; we have trespassed inconsiderately upon your time."

Catherine looked up gratefully as the speaker extended her hand. Hers was the first kind voice she had heard, and the flush on her cheek became less painful as she thanked her. When she was alone, a burst of tears relieved her, and she hurried to her room. There she found poor Jessy, who had been driven away from the window where she had playfully taken her stand, unprepared for the scene which ensued.

"To think that *you*, Catherine Seaton, should be subject to such mortifications!" was her passionate exclamation.

"In truth, 'tis a noble name, dear Jessy," said Catherine, somewhat bitterly; "but what have we to do with fine names, now? This is no time for pride, my child; and school your mind to the apprenticeship of poverty or dependence."

"Dependence!" murmured Jessy, as she sank into her sister's arms; "'tis a little word, my Catherine."

"But the labour is a sweet one, my dear Jessy, if it can make you happy," said Catherine, as she clasped her sister closer to her heart.

* * * * * * * *

It would be useless to recapitulate the many petty mortifications which, like the drops of water on the criminal's head, were slowly but surely beginning to sadden the young heart of the orphan. Catherine's "occupation" had begun, and although the more laborious part devolved on her—

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hearing lessons and making what was easy enough appear easier still—Jessy had the equally unpleasant task of drilling hardened ears to gamuts and waltzes, and counting semibreves and minims to dull children—stubborn children, and conceited, impudent misses of her own age. Her once buoyant spirit sank beneath the fatigue of her daily exertions, and many remarked that both sisters became thinner and paler as time passed. Neither spoke to the other of suffering or weariness, but Catherine's loving eye detected the feverish pulse and languid step of her darling with feelings of the deepest anguish.

One morning as she took her seat in the schoolroom, she remarked Jessy's cheek paler than usual.

"Are you well, Jessy?" said she, affectionately, passing her hand over her shining hair. "Go and walk awhile, my love, and I will supply your place in your absence."

And many of the girls saw the tears steal down Catherine's cheek as she pursued her avocations that morning. With unflinching patience, she accomplished her own and her sister's share of their daily duties.

"There is only one more, Miss Seaton," said Alice Somers, rising from the piano. "Do rest awhile, and let me get you a glass of water."

"Thank you, Alice," replied Catherine; "but send Marian Selby for her lesson. I will give Jessy a whole day's rest," thought she, as she imagined her enjoying the fresh morning air and returning with her cheek less pale.

"Marian says, please let her finish copying, Miss Seaton," said Alice, coming to the door. "She begs to wait until Jessy is here, as she is behind the rest of us in dictation."

"Very well, Alice; but Marian's lesson must not be forgotten;" and Catherine went back to her school-room.

Jessy returned with a headache, and throwing herself on her little bed, fell asleep. Too happy to have her rest, Catherine at her hour of dismissal again called her remaining lesson.

"No—no, Miss Seaton," said Marian; "you are too tired, and I can do without my music lesson for once—so good-by, ma'am;" and the child ran out of the gate as fast as she could, to put an end to all further argument.

The next day Catherine was surprised at not seeing Marian. A second and third morning passed, when Alice Somers came to the cottage flushed and agitated.

"Miss Seaton, that little wretch, Marian Selby, told her mother that you refused her a music lesson when she reminded you of it, and she has left school."

"Is there not some mistake, Alice?" said Catherine, both astonished and shocked.

"No, ma'am; I heard Mrs. Selby tell mother so a moment ago."

Catherine had yet to experience the ingratitude and duplicity of school girls. More than one event of this kind occurred; but for Jessy's sake she complained not, and many were the slights she received of which her sister never heard.

One Saturday—(it is hard to determine whether pupil or teacher loves holiday best)—one Saturday, as Jessy sat listlessly gazing from the window on the scene without, she saw one of the school girls enter the house, while a servant followed bearing a dish.

"Well, Mary, how are you this morning?" said Catherine's sweet voice.

"I'm very well, ma'am, I thank you. Mamma sends you her compliments and these sausages, and told me to bring my music and see if you would not give me a lesson to-day, as I missed mine yesterday?"

"Why did you not come, Mary, and take your lesson?" said Catherine, by no means grateful for the present so disinterestedly offered.

"It rained so, ma'am, that I could not come; but ma just received these sausages and thought you would like them."

Jessy was half inclined to return the gift, and felt provoked at Catherine for submitting so quietly to an imposition. But her sister sat down to the piano, and having given her lesson, dismissed the child and returned to the little parlour. She could not help laughing as the dish caught her eye.

"You do not appear to relish the bait, Jessy," said she, with a mischievous smile. "What are you thinking of?"

"I am wondering if this is not what Rogers calls the 'dull impertinence of life,'" replied she, somewhat pettishly.

Oh, what a pang crossed Catherine's heart as she remarked the tone of fretfulness in which this was said! It was a sad proof of suffering when Jessy's sweet temper grew ruffled.

"Oh, Catherine!" said she, clasping her hands, "this all seems very ridiculous, but it is not so to me. How long must this continue? How long, indeed?" and she sank back into her chair. "Already a year has passed, and still——"

"And still, my dear sister, we have managed to live, incurring no debts. The rent is paid; Rosanna's wages also—and yet there is too little left to cease our labours. Do not repine, my darling Jessy; for Heaven's sake, keep up your spirits. We have but these to depend on; then do not distress me by asking how long this must continue."

"I will not, Catherine, I will not," said Jessy, throwing herself into her sister's arms. "But, oh! how bitterly have I felt the change from my mother's and your tenderness to the false-heartedness of self-styled patrons!"

"Rise above adversity, my child," said Catherine, kissing her; "it is sent for some wise purpose, and it is our duty to receive it gratefully. Remember 'the jewel' it contains, and rejoice that we are chastened. None have ever been so good and so great, or raised themselves so high as to be above the reach of troubles. Our Lord 'was a man of sorrows.' And now come with me over

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your garden. There is a cluster of tea-roses worth all Mrs. Dunn's sausages!"

And with returning smiles, Jessy wound her arm around her sister and forgot her grief!

* * * * * * * * *

Days passed, and one by one Catherine's little girls left her. Mrs. Selby had sent for an opposition governess, and used every effort to deprive the orphans of their daily bread.

"How strange it is," said Jessy, one Sunday, as she leant on Catherine's arm returning from church—"how strange it is, Catherine, that people look coldly on and shun us since a few months. It is no shame to be poor, if we are honest."

"Ah, my dear, there you are very much mistaken," said a voice; and turning around, she saw Mr. Testy, a caustic old bachelor, who hid a world of benevolence beneath his sarcasms. "My dear Miss Jessy, have you no idea of what constitutes aristocracy here? Do not your neighbours sell molasses by the pint and cheese by the half-pound? And are they not rich?—are they not honoured? Have you no desire of so distinguishing yourself?"

"'Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?'" said Jessy, with a smile.

"My dear," continued Mr. Testy, striking his cane on the ground, "you and your sister there have made a great mistake in choosing for yourselves. You should have applied to me for advice. Now, Miss Jessy, if you will but sell milk or vinegar, retail gingerbread and beer, if you will shave bills and get a premium for coppers or sixpences, you will find your consequence increase. But to teach, to make use of your intellect for a support! What have these people to do with talent, think you! Pshaw! 'Throw *talent* to the dogs.' Invent receipts. Mr. Trebat married his cook, and see how proudly his daughter—holds her head. Let Catherine keep a shop, and you will hand cider to the customers. Mrs. Middle did the same fifteen years ago, and who drives a finer carriage than Mrs. Middle's sister? Clean bonnets; that is more pleasant than teaching. Ah, my dear child," continued Mr. Testy, as Jessy's merry laugh sounded in his ear, "you will think me a sad gossip, I fear; but when I look back into the past and see the origin of those who proudly look down on such as you and your noble sister, I cannot help giving vent to my indignation. Your gentle blood, your refinement, your beauty, all to be lost in such a place as this for want of the wealth you should enjoy. Well, well; fortune plays 'fantastic tricks' sometimes, and your turn will come. Good-by, my dear young ladies; pray, forget my scandal."

* * * * * * * *

"If we could but leave this place," murmured Jessy, as they sat one evening sadly wondering what was to become of them. Alice Somers alone remained true to the orphans she had learned to love. But what was the trifling sum they received from her! Catherine found herself at the end of another year with failing strength and bursting heart. Close confinement had chased the colour from Jessy's cheek, and a weight seemed upon her spirits. Catherine sank back in utter hopelessness as she marked the bitterness of her sister's once glad tones, and bowing her head on her knees, she wept aloud. Her strong mind had borne up like the oak before the storm, but when she saw that young spirit crushed and broken, she gave up almost in despair.

At last Jessy fell sick, and Catherine sent in haste and alarm for the physician.

"Nothing will do but change of air, my dear young lady; and, if I mistake not, change of scene," said Dr. ——. "Your sister's malady is more of the mind than of the body."

"Change of air? Oh, God, then she must die!" was Catherine's exclamation, as she fell upon her knees. "Oh, Jessy, my faded flower, must I then see thee go when but a small sum would relieve thee!"

Frantically she snatched a watch from the table. It had been her mother's; and hurrying on her bonnet, she almost flew to the gate. There she met Mr. Testy.

"Do not stop me," said she, as he caught her cold hand in his; "I must not be detained."

"But, my dear young lady," cried he, "I cannot let you leave me thus. Your face is as pale as snow—your hands like ice. What on earth has happened?"

"Jessy—is ill, and wants change of air," gasped Catherine; and covering her face with her hands she burst into tears.

"Come, my dear child," said the kind-hearted old bachelor, leading her as gently as an infant, and seating himself beside her on the cottage-step. "Is there not air enough in the world for your sister that you should thus agitate yourself? Tell me all about it, my dear; let me see what is to be done."

It was soon told, and as Catherine finished, she put the watch in his hand.

"Keep it, child, keep it," said Mr. Testy, returning it. "There is no use to part with it, no use at all. Let me think. Can you be ready tomorrow morning at six o'clock? Get all your coats and pantaloons—pshaw! what am I saying—get all your frocks and laces together"—(poor Mr. Testy had a very confused idea of a lady's wardrobe)—"and wrap Jessy up in some of your flannels, and I will call for you in my little vehicle. Some miles from here I have a sister, a kind-hearted soul as ever lived; you shall go to her, and be sure of a welcome."

Catherine looked up gratefully through her tears, but could not speak. Mr. Testy pressed her hand and turned away, but as he walked to the gate the warm drops coursed down his cheeks.

"Poor things!" grumbled he—"poor things, I could not help it, upon my soul! But what will these cursed village folks say when they see me driving two females in my barouche? Well," continued he, looking up to the windows of a large

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house, before which he stood, "who—the d——l cares! Some ten years hence yon very young lady, the vain, fashionable Miss Trebat, after waiting that long for some of her beaux to 'pop,' would be too glad to get me—old Testy. But," said he, after a pause, "I'll be hanged if she shall;" and he walked quickly away.

CHAPTER II.

"The day it came
Is noted as a white day in *their* lives."—ROGERS.

THE place to which I beg my readers to transport themselves was a splendid mansion, whose noble appearance indicated the vast wealth of its owner. Far and wide lay cultivated fields, hanging vineyards, and gay parterres, while beneath the broad trees that shaded the avenue leading to the house, were herds of deer browsing in the noontide sun, or resting quietly until some noise would cause them to lift their graceful heads and bound away, scared by the rustling of a leaf. Fountains played here and there before the house, while behind, the raised windows of a wide conservatory displayed the rare exotics within. A gentleman of distinguished appearance stood abstractedly gazing upon the bright scene without. In his absence of mind he had scattered hundreds of brilliant leaves at his feet. His features were not regular enough for a young lady's beau ideal, but the *tout ensemble* was perfect. The high noble forehead, the clear blue eye, the curved mouth, were all expressive of the *mind* within; and amid the waving masses of dark hair around his brow, one or two silver threads might have been detected, as though he had not passed unscathed through time's rough stream. Left an orphan at eighteen, Horbourne St. Clair had arrived at the age of thirty, and still remained (to the disappointment of many a fair one's hopes), a single man. Many a bright lip has smiled on him, but he doubted its truth. Many a soft word had been lavished on him, but still he was skeptic enough to dream of insincerity. And yet, as he passed through a long suite of rooms solitary and alone, he could not help exclaiming, with Cosmo de Medici—"Questa e troppo gran casa à si poco famiglia."

"Myself—myself, wherever I turn," continued he, as he saw his form reflected on every side in the immense mirrors that reached the floor. And as he put back the rich velvet curtains and gazed upon the lovely landscape around, a deep sigh told how the proud owner of it all yearned for some "kindred spirit" with whom to share its wealth.

A piano stood closed in one of the recesses, while at Horbourne's side a harp neglected and unstrung turned tell-tale on what once had been the thought of its master. His elbow struck the loosened string, and the deep discordant sound swept through the apartment.

"Pshaw!" said he, as he stepped forward and pulled the bell, "perhaps my bride's voice might one day have proved as tuneless as the harp I purchased in my dreams of happiness. Ay"—and there was a bitterness in his tone—"if I had had less of all this splendour, I might have been loved for some merit of my own.—My horse," said he, as the servant opened the door.

"Well, what is it, Thomas?" asked he, perceiving the man remain as if anxious to speak.

"If you please, sir, Johnson has just returned from Rose farm and wishes to see you."

"Tell him to come in, then," replied Horbourne, sinking into an arm-chair. "I am never alone!" and he burst into a laugh as the impatient phrase fell from his lips. "A pretty lover I would make, surely, with my whims and my lady's, too!"

"I beg pardon, sir," said Johnson, an old family servant; "but Thomas told me to come up."

"Yes, Johnson, I sent for you here. What do you want?"

"Knowing as how you knowed everybody, Mr. Horbourne, I come to show you something I found as I was ridin' along early this morning. You see, sir, I was comin' on slowly, (not that I would have you think that I am anyways idle, sir,) but I was riding along very early this morning—I think it might have been about five o'clock, 'cause, you see, Mr. Horbourne, it wan't very far from Rose farm—although it's a good sixteen mile from here; so, as I was ridin'——"

"Well, what did you find, my good Johnson?" and Mr. St. Clair's tone of voice was somewhat indicative of impatience.

"You see, sir," returned Johnson, not in the least disconcerted, "it was about five o'clock this morning; and as I had already made two mile from Rose farm, and the horse is a little lame, too—(I must tell you, sir, how he got lamed, for I don't wish you to imagine me in any way hard on a dumb animal.) As I passed the milestone this side of Rose farm, there was a man settin' down on a log, and he had on——"

"But what did you find?" exclaimed his listener, rising hastily out of his seat. "Do you not see me waiting here while my horse is at the door?"

"Oh, I beg pardon, sir; I found a lady on the road," said Johnson.

"A lady?" repeated Horbourne, laughing.

"Yes, sir, a lady," said Johnson, drawing himself up with great dignity; "and here she be, all in a gold case, and her own hair at the back of her head."

"A miniature," said Horbourne, taking it from him. "What a lovely face!" and still gazing on it, he again exclaimed, "what a lovely face! Where can such a treasure lie hid?"

"It was pretty well kivered up with sand, Mr. Horbourne; but as I told you before, I found it two mile this side o' Rose farm, just as I was comin' slowly along, about five o'clock this morning. You know the lady, sir?" said Johnson, inquiringly.

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"No, Johnson. I do not," said Horbourne, still contemplating the picture. "That leaves us but one way of discovering the owner, and I must advertise it."

"Oh, disert it by all means, sir," said Johnson. "Maybe the lady's sweetheart might have lost it, and he'll be in great distress, poor young gentleman."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. St. Clair, testily.

Johnson had quite interrupted a pleasant train of thought into which he had unconsciously fallen while a pair of dark eyes were fixed on his.

"I havn't told you, sir, how the horse got lamed," and Johnson looked up for permission to continue his story.

"I never beheld a finer eye," was the answer.

"Why, as for that, sir, Jenny's eyes be much finer, 'cause the other's——"

"Jenny! Who are you speaking of? What Jenny—or rather Jane, for it appears to me, Johnson, that you are somewhat familiar in calling a lady by her name. Nay, sir, you are impertinent."

"But I wan't talking about ladies, Mister Horbourne," replied the man, smiling, as he scratched his head; "*I* meaned the black mare Jenny."

"You can go, Johnson," said his master, after looking at him for a moment. "Tell Thomas to lead my horse back to the stable; I shall not ride to-day."

"Yes, sir;" and once more Horbourne was alone.

"Beautiful—oh, beautiful! And this is no common portrait; there is an air of high-breeding about the head, an elegance in the nose, gentle blood in the slender white throat and small hand; nay, the cashmere that is negligently cast around her, tells a tale of the fair beauty's refined taste. Sweet one, do not madden me by the gaze of those bright eyes! The original, where can she be? Can I not find her, and then——? Pshaw!"

Horbourne's thoughts would fly off to their revolving point, and after exclaiming at his madness, he took his hat and strolled down to the intelligence-office with the miniature in his hand.

"Is there no mark upon it, sir, by which it could be better recognized?" asked the clerk.

"I do not know, indeed," said Horbourne, forgetting that he had not once turned it over. "There may be a spring."

"I think I see some letters on the back, Mr. St. Clair," said the clerk, somewhat amused as he watched his attempts to find an opening in the glass.

"Ah, indeed? Yes, here are initials;" and beneath a lock of fair hair like golden threads, were engraved the letters "C. D."

* * * * * * * *

"A gentleman, sir," said Thomas, opening the door of the room wherein Horbourne St. Clair sat musing, with a book in his hand.

"My name is Testy, sir, Mr. Nathaniel Testy, of——"

Horbourne bowed; the servant placed a chair and withdrew.

"I came, Mr.—St. Clair is the name, I think?" and the old bachelor drew out a paper from his pocket-book, and waiting until he had donned his spectacles, repeated his question—"Your name *is* St. Clair, if you are the gentleman who advertised a miniature?"

"How do you do, Mr. Testy? I really am delighted to see you!" exclaimed Horbourne, starting up.

Mr. Testy pushed his spectacles back to get a better view of his host.

"Really," said he, looking surprised; and then suddenly pausing—"Oh, how do you do? I am very well, I thank you."

"I am delighted to hear it, Mr. Testy. You came to inquire about——"

"About Miss Seaton's miniature, sir, found on the road to ——, about two miles," and here Mr. Testy drew out the paper to read the advertisement once more—"about two miles from Rose farm."

"Miss Seaton? *Miss* Seaton, I think you said, sir?"

"I did, Mr. St. Clair. Miss Catherine Seaton is the lady to whom the miniature belongs. The initials are——"

"'C. D.' beneath a lock of hair," interrupted Horbourne, suddenly cast down from the pinnacle of delight on which he had for a moment stood.

"The miniature is of Mrs. Seaton. It belonged to her sister, Catherine Douglas, and was sent by her for her niece to copy."

"To copy? Ah!" and recollecting himself, Horbourne paused. "I wish that I could possess a copy of so beautiful a countenance," he continued, wondering in his own mind how he could discover more respecting the daughter of a mother so lovely; and drawing the locket from his bosom, he gave it reluctantly into Mr. Testy's hand.

"Catherine herself, by all that is perfect!" exclaimed the old bachelor, delighted. "I had never seen this miniature, Mr. St. Clair, but it was lost by Miss Seaton while she was traveling with me a few miles from ———, and seeing your advertisement, she bade me claim it."

"Is such beauty as that wasted on ——?" asked Horbourne, with a smile.

"Wasted, indeed!" said Mr. Testy, with a bang on the chair. "Would you believe it, sir, that Catherine Seaton and her sister might have died——"

He stopped suddenly, recollecting that he had no right to betray the confidence of the orphans. And yet before night, Horbourne St. Clair, without even asking another question, knew their whole history, while Mr. Testy sat ensconced in the most comfortable seat to be found in St. Clair manor, as cosily as though he were settled for life.

"Then you will not remain longer?" said Horbourne, as they sat at breakfast the next morning.

"I promised to be at my sister's to-night, sir, or I should be most happy to stay and explore the beauties of your splendid *possessions*. If you will allow me, I will go for my horse?"

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"My dear sir, pray let the horse follow my carriage. I will be delighted to accompany you on my way to Rose farm, and you will find yourself much less fatigued, I do assure you."

"I do not doubt it," replied Mr. Testy, quite won by St. Clair's winning politeness. "Sixteen miles on horseback *are* somewhat too much for an old man, and I gladly accept your kind offer."

* * * * * * * *

"Will you not come in, Mr. St. Clair?" said Mr. Testy, as his young host descended to assist him in alighting from the carriage.

"Not this evening, I thank you, but to-morrow I shall do myself the pleasure of calling upon you." And Horbourne's proud equipage swept along the secluded road, the owner dreaming within of a lovely form that might be won to sit by his side and end his loneliness.

* * * * * * * *

Two months after a lady and gentleman were gazing together from the window at St. Clair manor. Nothing could exceed the splendour of the newly-furnished apartment. Paintings and porcelain, statues and carving, the magnificent hangings, the broad silver frames around the mirrors, all told how much had been expended to greet the bride who was mistress of it all. But as Catherine St. Clair's face was turned to view, none dreamed of aught else but its rare beauty.

"How lovely she is!" exclaimed Catherine, as Jessy was seen on the walk with her arm in Mr. Testy's. "Do you not think so, Horbourne?" and she turned to her husband.

"Ay, sweet Catherine; but I was thinking more of the soft eyes before me. Oh! you cannot tell how deeply I feel the happiness of possessing a companion so loved as I love you! I am no longer the solitary master of all this magnificence. You are mine, my guardian angel, ever since I first beheld the miniature, the blessed miniature, that sent you to me. And to know you love me, Catherine!"

"Ah, Horbourne," said his wife, pressing the hand that held hers, "how happy I am to hear you speak thus. You know full well that the wealth you shower on the penniless orphan is nothing compared to the noble, generous heart I am proud to have won. And yet," continued she, as the tears sprang in her dark eyes, "how few, how very few would have trusted as you have done."

St. Clair pressed her to his heart—but who could have doubted Catherine Seaton!

* * * * * * * *

"Mother, the cottage windows are open," said Alice Somers.

"Here is a letter, Miss Alice," said the servant.

"From Jessy!" screamed the child, tearing it open with delight. "'St. Clair manor—dear Alice.' Oh, mother—mother, Catherine is married!"

The letter contained the news of their change from gloom to happiness, and a few lines from Mrs. St. Clair, begging the "opposition governess" to take her place and accept the cottage as it stood.

"Married to Mr. St. Clair? Upon my word, that *is* doing well for a poor schoolmistress," said Mrs. Selby. "Is she coming here at all, Alice?"

"Yes, ma'am; Jessy writes that they are coming to take me home with them, if mamma likes."

"Ah, indeed; then I shall do myself the pleasure of calling. Write word so, Alice."

"Yes, ma'am," said Alice; but if Mrs. Selby had seen her message written in italics and followed by notes of admiration like a volley of sky-rockets, she would probably have preferred another messenger!

THE DEAD BOY.

BY L. A. GOBRIGHT.

THE darkness of the silent night
Had scarcely passed away,
And beams of summer morning's light
Were blending into day,

When sweetly in his mother's arms,
His head upon her breast,
The dearest idol of her love
Sunk sweetly into rest!

And there he lay, as beautiful
As though life's pulses played—
It seemed not that the hand of Death
Upon his heart was laid.

The smile of heav'nly innocence
Was still upon his cheek—
His lips were op'ed as though his tongue
Has melody to speak!

The locks that rested on his brow
Were glossy, curled, and bright,
And seemed to mock the weary lids
That closed upon his sight!

And soon his little comrades came
To see their friend in death;
But no wild laugh was heard, as when
They played upon the heath!

The cause of sorrow dimmed their eyes,
Forbade their feet to tread
With heedless pace, lest they should break
The slumber of the dead!

They took their sad and last farewell—
Ah! 'twas a world of pain;
They kissed the cheek that they, perhaps,
May never see again!

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BUDDING AND BLOSSOMING.

BY JOHN NEAL.

CHAPTER I.

1830.—BUDDING.

A YOUNG and saucy, though rather shy-looking girl—such as you may have romped with fifty times in your life, when the old folks were out of the way, or Aunt Polly fast asleep in the great arm-chair, with her spectacles dropping off—was sitting near a large open window, with her pen lifted, her left hand half buried in a mass of dark shining hair, half put up, and falling about her neck—her eyes half shut, her eye-lids drooping and trembling, her lashes glistening, and a sheet of soiled and crumpled paper spread out on the table before her.

A heap of wet roses and half-opened flowers, dripping with dew, a magnificent piano, with the rich purple covering pulled awry and trailing on the floor, a half-finished drawing, a half-written letter, a half-read book lying on its face in a tilted chair, and just ready to slip off; a morning wrapper half put on, draggled and wet, and powdered with golden dust, and bordered, six inches deep, with tangled grass and torn butter-cups, and scented with clover blossoms—are enough to show what sort of a girl she is, and what she has been doing for the last half hour.

After fidgeting awhile in a chair large enough to hold three of her, and kicking over the footstool two or three times, and losing first one slipper and then the other, and hunting them, now with one toe and now with the other, all round a circle of three or four feet in diameter, she starts up and runs to the open window, through which the sunshine of a new day has just entered the room like a spirit from another world, filling the whole house with joy; and lets down the long white muslin curtains "of mist and moonlight mingling fittully," down, down, till they lie in heaps upon the floor, and whirl about in the morning wind like a sudden flirt of snow in midsummer. And now she stands listening and shivering, and almost breathless; and now, shaking loose her abundant hair, and looking out through the pale shimmering mist, as if she saw something, or heard something in the sunshine beyond, she leans forward; her lips move, and she seems about to speak—and now her face changes, her eyes flash, and after listening a few moments longer, she steals back to the chair a tip-toe, and falls a writing. Mercy on us, how she does write, to be sure!

Scribble, scribble, scribble! tear, tear, tear! till the passionless creature, who passed before you but a few minutes ago like transparent statuary, is trembling from head to foot; and you may hear a low, sweet, musical voice singing to itself—

> "Through shattered roof,
> And warp and woof
> Of honeysuckle woven thick."

And now she comes to a full stop. And now—rip, goes another half sheet of paper; and away goes the slipper that has been tittering on her toe for the last five minutes, half across the room; and away goes one foot after it, while the other is feeling for its fellow under the chair, and trying to shoe itself in the dark, heel foremost without any body's help. And now she leans her head upon her hand, poor thing! and now she bites her lips, and catches up a handful of damp roses, and plays the very mischief with them, spattering the dew all over the paper as if she had been crying. And now she nibbles the tip end of her pen, and pushes her unfinished drawing out of the way as if she hated the very sight of it; and now she jumps up and gives the piano cloth a twitch, and upsets the tilted chair. And now she falls to work anew, with her nose almost touching the paper, as if she were making lamplighters for the magazines—at five dollars a bunch. And now she tears off what she has just written for the fortieth time, with the greatest possible care, and gives it a spiteful twist and flings it smack at the window curtain, and falls a-writing again as if she hadn't another minute to lose—beating time with her slipperless foot, and shaking her head the while, and murmuring as if rather more than half asleep; with her eyes fixed upon a bit of paper, sprinkled with large flower dew and scented with half-blown roses, on which is written—

> "A creature in the shape of MAN
> Stood wondering on the silent shore;
> Thoughtful and beautiful he stood,
> As listening to the ocean roar."

"Yes—yes, that'll do to begin with—'A creature in the *shape* of man'—of course, therefore, *not* a man. Heigho! I wonder if impromptus are always so very hard to manage? 'A creature in the *shape* of man, stood *wondering* on the silent shore.' If they should happen to print it *wandering*, now! 'Thoughtful and beautiful, and—*innocent*.' Oh, that I could get the word 'innocent' there! Of course, then, everybody would see that I didn't mean a man—a real, downright, good-for-nothing man. How beautifully it might be finished then, without any of these abominable repetitions that father scolds about so much. 'Thoughtful

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and beautiful, and *innocent*, a listening to the ocean roar!'"

And now, having emptied her heart, up she jumps and runs to the window, and looks out with eyes brimful of dampness and light, just in time to see her father pass almost within reach of her hand. How her little heart did thump, to be sure! And then, too, how suddenly it stopped, when *he* stopped and appeared to be listening! She was afraid to move, almost afraid to breathe; and when he turned hastily, and, seeing the curtains dropped, put his hands upon them, as if to know the reason why, she grew desperate, and gathering up all the fragments of paper within her reach, swept them carefully underneath the table, and flung her apron over them.

"Ah, *Julia*, is that you?" said her father, pushing aside the curtains and looking in with a smile. "You are up early this morning. At the piano, hey?"

Poor Julia coloured and looked foolish.

"At your drawing, too? Thank you, my dear child. I do really want to see that drawing finished. And the letter to your Cousin Martha—you have begun that, I hope?"

"Yes, father."

By this time her father's eye had taken a survey of the whole room, and the smile vanished. And just then, the confounded papers under her apron began to rustle; and when she set her foot upon them they only rustled the harder, and began to untwist of themselves very slowly, as if they would be taken notice of. So thought poor Julia, and she never forgave them.

"Ah, what's that?" and as he spoke he stooped, but Julia was too quick for him. A little more, a single hand's breadth, and that scrap of poetry she had torn off and flung at the window with such violent emphasis a few minutes before—the only fragment worth mentioning she had happened to overlook while gathering up the rest, and the only one she thought much of, since she had forgotten what it was—would have been slowly untwisting itself before the very eyes of her father, the only man on earth she ever cared a snap for.

What an escape! No wonder the poor thing turned pale and dropped into a chair, and looked as if she had just been sprinkled all over with a watering-pot or fished up out of the deep sea. But when her father reached out his hand to her, and she saw that he was in earnest, and that the earth would *not* open and swallow her up, though she had wished it half a dozen times within the last five minutes, and the paper was put into his hands with averted eyes, and he had but to open it in her very presence to become acquainted, perhaps, with the only secret she had ever kept from him in all her life; and when, instead of opening it, he kissed her—not upon the forehead, but upon the mouth—and said to her, laying his hand reverently upon her head—"*Julia*, no; if it is proper for your father to see what you have written, you will never withhold it. If otherwise, my dear, he has too much confidence in your heart, notwithstanding all the faults of your head, ever to ask it."

"Father, *dear* father," she cried, throwing her arms about his neck and sobbing violently, "I have been very foolish—but you will forgive me, won't you?"

"Forgive you? And for what, my dear?"

"Read it, father," handing him the little twisted paper without looking at it herself.

"Read what, my dear—a lamplighter?"

"Oh, father, how *can* you?"

Seeing which way the wind blew, he untwisted the paper and read as follows, with poor Julia watching his countenance and wondering when he *would* get through, and growing paler and paler every moment till she was just ready to drop out of the chair.

"Nonsense, Martha! I am not in love, nor likely to be. That I was out of temper, I acknowledge, for—

> '———— in the tranquilest climes,
> Light breezes *will* ruffle the flowers sometimes.'

And who wouldn't be out of temper to find herself so strangely and cruelly misunderstood? But that I was either mortified or disappointed, I deny. That unprincipled woman, flirting with everybody she comes near, married or unmarried, and lavishing her caresses—not her blandishments only, but her *caresses*—upon everything alive that wears a hat. Upon my word, Martha, I am ashamed of her, and of myself that I ever liked her. But then she is a great fortune, you know, and such people may behave as they like."

By this time poor Julia was ready to jump out of the window. Of course it couldn't be the poetry she had been writing, half-a-dozen or a dozen lines at most, which kept him occupied so long, and made him look so *very* serious. But then what could it be? She would give the world to know. Glancing at the table at this moment, she missed that unfinished confidential letter to her cousin Martha. A half-smothered scream escaped her, and she was just ready to snatch the paper, when she recollected herself, and sat pale as death, waiting the issue, and wondering at her father's forbearance, while he read on, and on, and on, without once looking up or appearing to know that she was watching him.

"Is he handsome?—you ask. Upon my word, Martha, I hardly know what to say. That he is good-looking, easy and natural, I am willing to acknowledge; and that, on the whole, I rather like that seriousness which others call haughtiness and stateliness, and that reveling eye and thoughtful forehead which others complain so much of; and that exceedingly changeable mouth; to say nothing of his 'fine, shapely hands,' which I think too small and too womanly by far; of his 'large brilliant teeth,'—rather too large, by the way, and his 'bewitching smile;' but I do not acknowledge, and I rather think I never shall, that he is either a 'magnificent fellow' or 'the handsomest creature

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upon the face of the earth,' whatever that mischievous, naughty, foolish woman may say to the contrary."

The father smiled here, and Julia began to hope for the best, and left off pulling the roses to pieces.

"Enough for me to know that he is unhappy—disappointed, perhaps—with extraordinary talents ——"

Here the father began to breathe hard.

"With principles not to be questioned."

Here he turned and looked at poor Julia for a moment or two, as if about to speak, but after a short struggle with himself, he appeared to change his mind and went on reading—with a contraction of the mouth and a look about the eyes that frightened her.

What can it be? Will he *ever* get through? But for the life of her she couldn't fix her mind for a moment, nor remember a syllable she had written. Hot flashes kept coming over her at every change of her father's countenance, and she wished herself at the bottom of the red sea over and over again—but all to no purpose. Would he *never* get through? Oh, dear me!

"I care nothing for the opinion of others. Thank Heaven, I am old enough to judge for myself."

Here the father drew a long breath.

"A woman of sixteen, dear Martha—I am in my sixteenth year, you know, fifteen last May—might well be supposed to have some experience of the world, and to know something of herself and of the human heart. Shouldn't you think so, dear? Mother was married at my age——"

Here the father stopped short and pulled out his pocket handkerchief, and wiped—first his eyes, poor fellow! and then his forehead.

"Goodness me, how I do run on, to be sure! What I was going to say, though, was this—that the understandings of women are acknowledged to come sooner to maturity than the understandings of men; and that, in *my* opinon, where experience may be wanted and reason fails in these affairs of the heart, instinct may be safely trusted—the holy, the unquenchable instinct of woman's nature! as father himself calls it—for, after all, what can a woman ever know of a man beyond what he may choose to tell her."

"*The jade!*"

"Did you speak, father?"

"Yes, my child," looking at her with eyes brimful, and a heart running over. And then he drew her upon his knee, and putting one arm round her waist, pointed to the following postscript—

"I am no longer a child, Martha. *Heigho!*"

Poor Julia! The sight of those few words—only light in the whole—was like a flash of lightning to the benighted traveler. It showed her where she was, the path she had left, and the precipices all about her.

Everything was clear now. She remembered everything, she saw everything! All that she had ever whispered, or written, or thought amiss, in all her life, burst upon her now, in that dread momentary glimpse of heaven and earth—of abused power, a forgotten mother, a wronged father, and a sullied conscience, a disappointed faith and a presumptuous hope; and she slipped through the encompassing arms of that dear father, while his tears were falling into her upturned face like summer rain, and he was whispering to her to be comforted even while he shook with unutterable emotion, and bowing her head upon his locked hands, murmured—"Father, *dear* father!" and then was speechless.

Whereupon her father lifted her up, and questioned her for a few brief minutes, and then kissing her again and again, bidding her be of good cheer, and uttering no word of reproach, but saying merely, as they parted for the day, and he was straining her to his heart—"My child, I tremble for you; you are a woman of genius, and everything depends upon the next five years," left her in peace.

And lo! the following letter went to Cousin Martha by the next mail.

"Dear Martha—I am not in love, but my heart is broken. I shall never be married. I have told everything to my dear father—much that you never dreamed of, nor could have thought possible. I am left free, with the solemn assurance that if I continue unmarried for five years I shall be ashamed of all my present opinions and feelings. I know better, Martha; but I yield, because my dear father deserves it for his goodness, notwithstanding what I must call his deep-rooted, unconquerable prejudices.

"When I am in my grave, Martha—and I feel that I am going to it very fast—he may understand my true character, perhaps, and pity and love me for the sacrifice I have determined to make for his pleasure.

"I am weary of life, Martha. How gladly would I throw myself down upon that bed there, never to rise again, if I was only fit to die. And after all, what is there worth living for? He tells me—and I declare to you that I have hardly patience to bear it even from such a father—he tells me that poor Frederick is a fortune-hunter, a coxcomb and a simpleton, and that long before five years are over I myself shall acknowledge it. Poor Fritz! a simpleton and a fortune-hunter!

"Five whole years, Martha! Heigho! Where shall we find ourselves at the end of five years, when, if I live, I shall be in my twenty-first year? He says, moreover, that no unmarried woman of twenty ever looked upon the man she loved at fifteen without a feeling of astonishment and shame, unless where the growth of her mind was stopped forever by the companionship. I give you his very words, Martha. Heigho!

"Farewell. JULIA.

"P. S.—You are never to mention his name to me, nor speak to him of me, should you ever become acquainted—nor ever show this letter to anybody till I am in my grave."

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CHAPTER II.

1835.—BLOSSOMING.

"DEAR MARTHA—I write you this morning, I hardly know wherefore. My dear whimsical father has just called me into the study, where he has been at work for the last hour in all sorts of mischief, and placed a sheet of soiled and crumpled paper before me. Mercy on us, what will the man do next? While I am writing you at his own desire, he empties a half bushel of wet roses upon the table before me, kicks over a footstool, upsets a couple of chairs, flings a new book upon the floor, face down, spills a pitcher of water into my lap—I believe in my heart on purpose—brings forth an old unfinished drawing I haven't seen since I was a child; pulls out my comb and lets my hair all down about my shoulders. I declare I have no patience with the man! And now, would you believe it, he gives the piano cloth a twitch and leaves it dragging on the floor—litters the whole room with bits of torn paper. You know how I detest all these untidy habits. And now he manages to tumble my new wrapper, so that I shall be ashamed to go to the breakfast table. And now he lets down the long muslin curtains all of a heap on the floor;—they were newly got up on my birthday, only five or six weeks ago. And now he has just reminded me of a foolish letter I wrote you as long ago as I can remember, about one Frederick—I believe his name was Frederick—Frederick somebody—that he wants to persuade me I was in love with, and almost dying for, when quite a child. I dare say it is the simpleton I used to flirt with, who married Poor Annie Pease for her money. He vows, too, that I used to make verses about him. How preposterous! And it would make you die a-laughing to hear him repeat something about love in a cottage—

> 'With shattered roof,
> And warp and woof
> Of honeysuckle woven thick!'

which he says I wrote. He says, too, that I used to call him poor *Fritz*, and speak of him as 'a *creature* in the shape of man;'—and properly enough, too, if it's the creature I'm thinking of, who used to go about dropping his pocket handkerchief—with such an air!—at the feet of all whom he thought worthy of his attention. The greatest coxcomb you ever saw! Of course, you don't believe a word of the story. * * * *

"Stay—there must be some strange mistake at the bottom of all this. My dear father is not a man to be trifled with, and he has just laid a bit of crumpled paper before me, on which I find written the very words, 'A *creature* in the shape of man,'—did you ever?—'Thoughtful and beautiful, and *innocent!*' I declare I have no patience with myself. What could have put such things into the head of a child of fifteen! And now, after looking over my shoulder, with a smile I cannot for the life of me understand—we have no secrets from each other now, dear—and after reading all I have written, he lays two of my own letters upon the table before me. They are both directed to you. I declare I never saw either of them before in all my life; and I have told him so—that is, I have told him that, although the handwriting is mine, and the signature, I have not the least recollection of ever having written them. But stay; let me run my eyes over them. Such a pack of nonsense, Martha! What must you have thought of me! And then to see father sitting there and watching my looks with that strange smile about his mouth, and eyes brimful of fun, and every now and then jumping up and running to see what I have written. I declare it's *too* bad! And now, would you believe it, Martha, he begs me to read them all through, every word of them, and one is three mortal pages long, and write you just as I feel; after which he promises to explain. To explain what? What is there to explain? Stay; I have just glanced at the date. Both were written but the other day—only five years ago—and yet how entirely forgotten is every word of both. Ah, I have just come to a passage I had overlooked before, and all the circumstances flash upon me as if they happened but yesterday; and one thing after another comes up afresh, and the room is full of spectres and rubbish, and I see myself on my knees before my father, blushing and crying as if my heart would break, and almost afraid to get up or to look him in the face, though he had only whispered to me, 'My child, I tremble for you! My dear child, be comforted!' Yes, I see it all; I remember it all;—I want no explanations now. My cheeks burn with self-reproach and shame, and I could cast myself at his feet now, and implore him to forgive me again and again for my childish folly and worse than childish deceit and wickedness; and now I could fall a-crying for joy. There he sits, Martha—the dear old man—looking happier than ever, and younger than he did ten years ago. And he *is* younger, Martha, much younger than he was ten years ago, and will live longer. Don't laugh at me—I mean what I say. He has a place for everything now, and everything in its place. I have left off scribbling poetry. I wear my shoes up at the heel. I have done littering the carpet with scraps of paper half twisted and lamplighters that won't lie still. I keep my hair brushed smoothly; my morning wrapper is always fit to be seen; and better, perhaps, than all this, in the eyes of the good old man himself, who has been preaching to me ever since I can remember upon that very subject. I never undertake anything now without well considering the consequences. I never do anything in a hurry; and whatever I undertake, *I finish*. In a word, I am cured of my slovenly habits—and have no idea of being married in a hurry."

"Bravo!" said her father. "But go on—read that first letter through before you give up."

"I will, father;" and she did. And having read

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it through, added another page to the volume she was writing.

"Only to think of it, Martha. I have just finished that everlasting letter I mentioned a few minutes ago. Indeed and indeed, I am astonished at myself. But he tells me now that you have never seen it—that the second, a reasonably short one, was packed off to you instead of it. Nevertheless, my dear, you shall see it, and for my sake, too. I want you to understand my true character. I want you to know and feel how much I have altered for the better.

"To talk about my knowledge of the world, of myself, and of the human heart, and of being married, too—*at sixteen!* Was there ever anything half so preposterous? Nay, not sixteen—for I was only a month or two over fifteen. Oh, Martha, *Martha*, if the proof were not staring me in the face, I never could believe that I had been so foolish; and even now I hardly know whether to laugh or cry. To fancy myself dying—dying, too, of a broken heart! a martyr to the 'unconquerable prejudices,' *the deep-rooted, unconquerable prejudices* of my dear, good father! And for whom and for *what?* Grant me patience!—for a good-for-nothing whippersnapper, without a thimbleful of brains, and hardly wit enough to keep himself out of fire and water—with nothing on earth to recommend but his pretty hands, his beautiful teeth, his 'bewitching smile,' the second-hand airs of an attorney's clerk or a shop-boy at a watering-place, and a few scraps of poetry, which he never failed to misapply (so father says).

* * * * * * * *

"I know not how you may feel, dear Martha, when reminded of your girlish attachments, the whimsies of your childhood; but as for myself, I can safely say that I never think of the past but with astonishment and shame. Babies are mothers now, and mothers babies. You leave the little creatures playing on the steps of the door; you but turn your head, perhaps, to see what the rest of the world are doing, and lo! when you look again, they are married, with live babies in their laps! Do you wonder it makes me sorrowful, Martha? Do you wonder that I feel angry and bitter when I hear the little pert things talking so flippantly about marriage and courtship, and first love, and all that. First love, indeed! Father says that instead of a woman's first love being always her last love, her last love is always her first. And I believe him. Don't you?

"But I must finish, or you'll be tired to death. I hate long letters, and so do you. And all I have to say now, is, that my very blood runs cold and my flesh creeps when I think what an escape I have had, and of what might have become of me if I had been allowed to have my own way at fifteen. Perhaps, however, I might have been dwarfed by the companionship of that simpleton. Yes, father was right; the man was both a simpleton and a coxcomb, and might never have understood or felt the helpless and hopeless misery of my lot. And so with you, dear Martha. Instead of being the women we are, what humble drudges we might have been for the rest of our lives! *Now*, if we ever marry, it will be with the approbation of our understandings as well as with the choice of our hearts, and not because we are obliged to marry—obliged, I mean, by the fear of being overlooked in the world. Yes, dear, and it will be to MEN, not dandies; and the business of our lives will not be 'to suckle fools and chronicle small beer,' but to help one another in shaping the destinies of our country, in building for the furthest hereafter, in fashioning legislators and statesmen, and orators, and mighty men of peace.

"Farewell, dear Martha.

"Yours, JULIA."

THE PAST.

BY E. G. SQUIER.

ONCE more, and but once more, Oh, mystic Harp!
To high and solemn themes I tune thy strings;
Once more beneath my slow and trembling touch
Thy sad and mournful tone responsive rings.

* * * * * *

Hail! Monarch of the mighty Past, all hail!
Dim broods thy form upon a murky sea,
Whose awful surges heave with noiseless swell,
Whose distant bounds are only seen by thee.

All hail! dark Spirit of that fearful Deep
Upon whose crumbling shores I trembling stand,
The midnight waters eddying at my feet—
I watch the wavings of thy shadowy hand.

I see thy beckoned victims silent plunge,
One after one, within their ghastly grave,
With livid brows, and cheeks all pale and wan,
Swept in the gloom by each receding wave.

Perchance, among the crowd that wait thy beck,
When some more noble victim leaves the shore,
The voice of praise a moment sounds, but ere
The echo rings it dies—'tis heard no more!

And thus the everlasting surge pours on—
On sweep the myriads to thy stern domain;
Vain, vain the short, illusive voice of Fame—
The struggles of the Soul, all, all are vain!

* * * * * *

I come, dread Spirit of the Eternal Sea—
Above, around the midnight waters roll;
Oh, mystic Shadow! is there naught but thee,
None mightier, to save the Human Soul?

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FAMILY TIES.

BY MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN.

PHILOSOPHERS have written much to favour the cultivation of the natural affections as a means of happiness. Mr. and Mrs. Weaver, like hundreds of their neighbours, knew little about philosophy, and if they had reasoned at all upon happiness, it is quite likely they would have concluded it to be more derivable to themselves and their children from the boxes and barrels of their warehouse, than from such abstract things as the affections. They were good sort of people, in middle life, satisfied to get along quietly in the beaten track, which track led through the following scenes.

"You and Bingham have made short work of it, husband," said Mrs. Weaver. "Have you got through the whole business already?"

"A matter of that kind can be easily dispatched, my dear, when there is no objection on either side, particularly by two persons as fond of coming to the point as Bingham and myself," replied Mr. Weaver.

"Of course, you let him understand that he was not to expect a fortune with Sarah?"

"Certainly; I stated plainly that as I had a large family about me, and, besides, had lately been at considerable outlay to extend my business, I was not in circumstances to divide a portion to her."

"And how did he receive that?"

"Oh, as coolly as I could have desired—merely observed that he and Sarah were both moderate in their wishes, and that in his new, flourishing country, the means of living were so easily obtained, that no prudent, industrious man need make money an object in marrying; and then he took up another part of the subject."

"Well, that's very satisfactory," responded Mrs. Weaver, resuming her darning needle, whose operations she had for a few minutes suspended. "Altogether, I think we may consider ourselves fortunate in getting Sarah off our hands without any sacrifices, for even in the way of clothes a very small outfit will be required for her, going to an obscure country town in Ohio. We could hardly have expected her to do so well at her age and with her plain appearance. Girls of twenty-five, here in the city, without beauty, fortune or accomplishments, are almost beyond hope. For two or three years past, I did fancy that Bingham had his eye upon her. You remember you more than once remarked that he never waited for an invitation to call at the house, as your country business friends generally do. This season, however, I was under the impression that he might transfer his attentions to Letty or Bell. The older an old bachelor gets the more likely he is to have a notion for young faces. I am not sorry that I was mistaken, though for want of other offers, he might have done very well for either of them."

"He will get a capital wife," observed the father. "Sarah was always a good girl."

"Very true. Did he say how soon he wished to have the marriage over?"

"He named a month from this. He goes to the north to-morrow, and expects that his business will keep him away for three or four weeks. He urges that he may take his wife home with him without unnecessary delay after that. He says he proposed it to Sarah, but that she hesitated, thinking we would not be willing to part with her so soon."

"And why not? Sarah has no time to lose. If it should be put off till his next trip to the east, there is no telling what may happen in the meantime. I am always suspicious of long engagements. There's many a slip betwixt the cup and lip, you know. If Sarah should miss the present opportunity of settling herself, we would have an old maid of her to a certainty. For my part, I never had much expectation of anything else. No, no; I am perfectly willing that she should take him now, and I have some reason to be anxious to keep her at home. Indeed, if it were not that, as a mother, I am above all selfish considerations,"—and Mrs. Weaver gave a heroic sigh over her heaped-up work-basket,—"I might object to the sacrifice. She is an excellent dependence to me in my housekeeping. When I lose her, you will have to be the marketer yourself, Mr. Weaver. You know I never could stand the fatigue. As to Letitia and Bell, there will be no peace with them about the sewing. They never could get along with even their own, unless she was behind and before. She could fit their dresses like a mantuamaker."

"It will be very well for them to have a chance to depend upon themselves a little," said Mr. Weaver. "It seems to me you indulge those girls too much, my dear."

"Oh, they are just like other girls—fond of idling and amusing themselves. As to Sarah, she was always like a little old maid, even when a child, so tidy and orderly. I never had any trouble to get her to do anything. She will be a loss to the two children; she was so well calculated for the charge of them. We must look out a school for them."

"Why can't Letty and Bell take them in hands?"

"Because, my dear, they are not qualified. I don't pretend to know much about those things, but I can see that the children don't trust to their instruction."

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"And yet each of them costs me twice as much for schooling as Sarah."

"Sarah often told them that they were not making good use of their opportunities; but they are good-looking and out-setting, and if we bring them forward properly, they will be a credit to us. It is well we are getting one out of the way. Three grown-up daughters to be provided for and two younger coming on, are rather too many for persons in our circumstances."

The principal object of this parental colloquy was, meanwhile, spending the first hour of her acknowledged engagement in assisting an untrained and unwilling domestic in the preparation of the family dinner, and it would have been difficult to believe that beneath her heated cheeks and watchful eyes all the anxious yet happy feelings of womanhood, incident to her new position, were concealed. The eldest of many children, of whom four besides herself were now living, endowed with a yielding, patient, and an affectionate spirit, and adopting, from natural inclination, habits of order and industry, Sarah Weaver was the material ready from her earliest years to be moulded into the efficient and uncomplaining drudge of a selfish and exacting household. She had been taken from school when a mere child, because her mother thought that "such a sensible, womanly little thing" would be of great service in the government of the younger children, and she was precluded from other means of improvement on the discovery that she could mend and darn instinctively with the skill of a practised housewife, and shape and fit almost as well as a professed seamstress. She had seen little of society, because her mother had long given up visiting, and because having so much of the housekeeping to look after, she could not have well attended to its duties and to the entertainment of young company at the same time. She was sparingly provided with dress, for as she seldom went out, not much was needed, and she was considered as having no taste for recreations proper to the young, because on occasions when they would have been permitted, she was too much fatigued in body and mind by sedentary labours, and by cares and calculations unsuited to her years, to be able to enjoy them. Too conscientious and unselfish to ask for indulgences which she took it for granted were withheld through a necessary economy, at twenty-three she had become faded and meagre in person, and in her attire was as much addicted to dusky colours, and to the use of odds and ends, as any spinster of the most uncertain age. Mr. and Mrs. Weaver never perceived their own agency in this; they remarked it to each other as the effect of some indeterminate natural infirmity in Sarah, and they sometimes listened with but half-concealed smiles to the girlish ridicule which it excited in their younger daughters. That she was "cut out for an old maid," as her mother remarked, was indisputable, and there was nothing in this certainty to produce a melioration of her burthens. Letty, the next in order, grew up to young ladyhood, and the house was no longer closed to company. There was no inconvenience in having visitors when Sarah looked so well after the domestic affairs. Letty went out a good deal, and therefore it was necessary she should dress a good deal, to which there was no objection while she could do it at half the usual expense, as Mrs. Weaver insisted was the case, from Sarah being so good at making up her dresses. Sarah was, of course, nobody to Letty's visitors, who might have frequented the house for a year without discovering that there was an elder sister; and it was quite as much to avail themselves of her assistance as to contribute to her gratification that she was sometimes called upon by her father and mother to be introduced to theirs. Among these was Mr. Bingham, a western merchant, a man of plain person and manners, but of sound sense and high moral character, who saw in those qualities through which her family imagined they could read her destiny to single-blessedness, many which he regarded as the most desirable in a wife. He made the most of his opportunities during several annual visits to the city, and when at length he proffered his hand, it was without hesitation accepted.

The result of the interview between Mr. Bingham and Mr. Weaver had been duly announced to the family by Mrs. Weaver, and the father opened his purse to the bride elect to enable her to supply herself with an outfit suitable to her approaching epoch. The first time afterwards that the sisters were together in their chamber, Sarah observed—"I shall want you, girls, to go out shopping with me," and a deep blush covered her pale face; "I have a good many things to buy, and I should like to have your advice, as you know more about the fashions than I do."

"Dear me," laughed Bell, who had lately turned seventeen, "who would have expected to hear sister Sarah begin to talk about fashions at her time of life!"

"Why, Bell, you are always careful to keep mother up to the fashions," observed Sarah, good-humouredly, "and her time of life is considerably in advance of mine."

"Don't you know the reason of that?" said Bell. "When one's mother looks stylish she is a credit to her daughters."

"And after having been plain all your days, it seems odd that all at once you should take it into your head to cut a figure, particularly when it can do you no good," interposed Letitia.

"I have no thought of going to any extreme of fashion, Letty," returned Sarah; "but as I must now have a greater quantity of clothing than I have been accustomed to getting at one time, it will certainly be reasonable to get such as will look new the longest."

"Have you made up your mind what you are going to get?" asked Bell.

"I should think, Sarah," again interposed Letty, assuming the calculating tone she had caught from

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her mother, "you needn't be at any great trouble either as to the quantity or the quality, merely to go to that out-of-the-way place in Ohio. You don't expect to dress much in the backwoods, do you?"

"Mr. Bingham says that the society of the town is good, Letty, and that the ladies dress pretty much in the same style as among us."

"But you have never dressed any to signify here in the city, you know," pursued Letty; "and I should think it hardly worth while for you to begin now, when your fortune is made. There has been lecturing enough in the house about spending money, habits of expense, and all that."

"As I never came in for a share of it, I may with the greater justice claim the privilege of departing a little from my usual habits now," returned Sarah, with a degree of spirit so unwonted, that Letty elevated her eyebrows in amazement, and Bell suppressed a laugh.

"Do you want us to go out with you to-day?" asked the latter. "We may as well, for we have nothing particular to do."

"If we go with you, Sarah, for mercy's sake don't put on that scant, turned silk; I'm sick of seeing it," said Letty.

"You forget I have nothing else to wear of which you have not complained quite as much," answered Sarah, with her usual mildness.

"I believe I won't go to-day, after all," said Letty. "I told mother I wouldn't be seen till she got me a new veil, and I won't."

"Well, you can be of quite as much service to me by helping me with my work at home," said Sarah. "Here is some ruffling that I would like you and Bell to hem and gather for me. I have not time to do it myself, for mother wishes me to finish the set of linen I have on hands for father before I commence my own sewing."

"Anything in the world but asking me to work for you!" exclaimed Bell; and Sarah having been called from the room, Letty remarked—

"She has grown quite independent and dignified on her engagement. I shouldn't wonder if we were soon to hear that she had set up for giving parties and leading the *ton* out there in the wilderness. I dare say that fusty old Bingham has been putting some new notions into her head. I can't abide him. He seems to have his eye on everything at once. Why didn't you take him off for his sly impertinence to you last night, as he deserved?"

"What—for offering me his arm to go out to the other room for my bonnet when I had told Sarah to bring it to me? I was more amused than angry, for I knew he was right. Sarah is a good soul, and if I did not like my music and doing nothing a great deal better, I shouldn't object at all to helping her with her sewing. For one reason, though, I shall be glad enough at getting her out of the way. We will have the satisfaction of giving our dresses out to be made, as we can do nothing with them by ourselves. I do detest home-made dresses."

"Yes; we will have a chance to live more like other people. She always seems to think it her duty to oppose anything out of the prim, dry, saving way she was brought up in. It would be absurd to be setting her off with a load of finery she would hardly know how to put on. As sure as she gets it, we will suffer in our winter dresses; and not only that, but we will have to give up all thoughts of giving a party. I know how father is."

The marriage took place at the specified time. As Sarah had not many acquaintances, her mother decided that the trouble and expense of any wedding festivities would be useless. The ceremony was, therefore, performed in the morning, in time for an early departure on the long bridal journey. Tears came into Mrs. Weaver's eyes during the leave-taking, but not enough of them to fall, and then she cautioned Sarah to lay aside her new traveling dress when they left the more public part of the rout, and to wear a dark calico frock instead. Mr. Weaver pronounced a sincere wish for his daughter's happiness, and hurried through it to talk about the transportation of a lot of merchandize with his new son-in-law. The two young ladies were too much occupied in doing the agreeable to a brace of beaux who had bantered them into an invitation, to have time for any other feeling on the occasion; and the two little girls cried loud and heartily at losing their sister, but were pacified by liberal slices of wedding-cake. And thus the first link of the family circle was broken.

"I can't stand this any longer, husband," said Mrs. Weaver, one day, looking very tired and very cross; "you'll have to advertise again for a servant."

"What?—again, my dear? We have had more trouble the last two months with servants than we had in seven years before. What is the reason?"

"That they are good for nothing," replied Mrs. Weaver, shortly.

"Is your new cook going to leave you?"

"Yes, unless I can keep an extra servant. You can't get one now-a-days who is willing to cook and to do anything besides."

"We always got along very well, my dear, with two servants, until lately," said Mr. Weaver.

"So we did; but that was because Sarah had her hand in everything, and did half the work herself, which I can't do."

"Letty and Bell, though, might do her share between them, I should think."

"Don't talk about Letty and Bell! They wouldn't move a little finger if they saw me half dead. They are so cross and heedless if I even try to teach them that I would rather do all the work myself."

"But you say, my dear, that you are not able to stir about so much."

"The long and the short of it is, Mr. Weaver, we must keep another servant. We ought to be able to afford a little extra expense, now that we have got one of our daughters off our hands."

"That one, however, saved more than she cost

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us," would have been Mr. Weaver's answer, but seeing that the temper of his helpmate was ruffled, he forbore to reply.

"The girls insist that they must give a party this season," observed Mrs. Weaver, a short time after the accession of the third servant.

"Is there any absolute necessity for it, my dear? We have got along very well, so far, without giving parties. These girls are becoming so expensive that it is time there was a stop put to their demands. They have spent enough this season to have lasted them a year or two, and have grown so fine that I can hardly recognize them when I meet them out of doors."

"I know it, husband, but we can't help ourselves. There is no peace with them unless they have everything their own way. To be sure, they have one excuse to be a little less economical—their sister being provided for."

"I am tired of that excuse; there has been too much of it already. I can't see that the decrease of a family is any argument for its becoming more expensive."

"Then there is another reason, my dear, which you will, perhaps, like better. If we manage properly, we will the more readily get Letty and Bell off our hands."

"We got their sister off without any management that I know of—at all events, without spending money to accomplish it."

Mrs. Weaver fidgeted at the impracticability of her husband, yet answered submissively—"So we did, my dear; but as to the party—that is our subject for the present—I really think we should allow them to give one. They have accepted so many invitations that it is nothing but proper and fair they should return them."

The female voices carried on the party question. At the end of another year, whether through Mrs. Weaver's system of management or some other influence of which we are not cognizant, Letitia really was engaged. Her lover was a Mr. Ludlow, a young merchant of agreeable appearance and good standing, and she was regarded as making an excellent match.

In due time the purchase of wedding finery was discussed in the family council, and Mr. Weaver handed to Letty the sum he supposed was needed.

"Why, pa, I hope you don't suppose that is sufficient for my purposes?" exclaimed she, with a look of offended dignity.

"It is as much as I gave to your sister, and you all assured her she had a very liberal allowance," replied Mr. Weaver, in much surprise. "I can't perceive, child, how you are entitled to more than Sarah."

Mr. Weaver was a strictly honest man, and as such had a keen perception, at least in money matters, of justice and its opposite.

"Circumstances alter cases, my dear," interposed Mrs. Weaver. "Sarah was going among strangers, where it was not of so much consequence whether she had little or a great deal; but Letty will remain among her acquaintances, who will notice and talk about everything she gets."

"And if I am to make this reach for common clothing," said Letty, "what am I to do for a handsome bride's bonnet and shawl, and worked pocket handkerchiefs and collars and laces, and fifty other things, to say nothing of a white satin wedding dress."

"Did Sarah get a white satin wedding-dress? I saw nothing of it," said Mr. Weaver.

"You forget, my dear," again explained his wife; "Sarah had no need of one. She was married in the morning quite privately. Letty, on the contrary, must have a large evening party. Wedding parties are altogether the custom among her friends."

"I see no necessity for one. I have not yet got over the remembrance of the toil and expense of that large party you bored me out of last winter."

"I must say you are very unreasonable, husband," said Mrs. Weaver, looking as if she felt great regret in giving utterance to the sentiment. "If I am willing to make the sacrifice to my children of my time and ease, and to risk my health by undertaking the labour of preparing for company, you should at least be willing to furnish the means."

"Well, well; let us hear how much more you want, Letty."

Letty's observation of the paternal policy had been, that when little was asked less was presumed to be sufficient, and that whoever clamoured the most fared the best. Accordingly she answered—"I suppose I will need three times as much, and besides that I ought to have some handsome jewelry. It is nothing more than my right, considering what you have laid out on Bell for music teachers within the last two years, to say nothing of her other lessons."

"I wonder if you hadn't your music teachers, too, Letty?" said Bell, satirically. "But perhaps you have forgotten, as you never learnt anything from them."

"I never had Berghersh at thirty dollars a quarter, nor Madame Fière at a dollar a lesson," retorted Letty.

"Now, girls, be done with this snapping," interrupted their mother; "there is nothing but quarreling and jealousy between you if one receives a cent's worth more than the other. You ought to take it into the account, Letty, that if more has been spent in finishing Bell's education than yours, you have always dressed a good deal more than she has."

"Which was nothing less than proper, as I am the elder," returned Letty.

"About one thing, Letty, you may as well satisfy your mind," said Mr. Weaver, peremptorily; "you are to get no jewelry from me. If your husband, when you get one, chooses to indulge you in such trumpery, that will be his own concern; but I sha'n't set the example."

"You were right about the jewelry, my dear,"

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said Mrs. Weaver, when alone with her husband. "What few trinkets are absolutely required, Letty has already, and it will be necessary for you to save up your resources a little on account of buying furniture for her."

"Furniture?" repeated Mr. Weaver.

"Certainly, husband. Ludlow's new house will be completed against the marriage, and it would appear to be acting very shabbily if we should give our daughter nothing to take into it."

"You were very ready to argue with me that we could not afford to assist in furnishing Bingham's new house, and took great pains to convince Sarah that it was not necessary."

"Nor was it, my dear. Bingham was well able to furnish a house."

"And so is Ludlow. If I thought him such a fool as to build a house to live in without having the means to furnish it, he should have no daughter of mine."

"That, however, was not what I intended to say, Mr. Weaver. Away out in the west where Sarah has gone, who knows anything about our circumstances, what we could afford, and what we have or have not done for our daughter? But here, if we should not give Letty some sort of a beginning, what would be thought of it? Don't you see the difference? There would be no end to the talking of the Ludlows, and all that set. Indeed, we should be very thankful that we are getting her settled so well. There will be the better opening for the next one."

"If getting them off causes an increased expense with each one," grumbled Mr. Weaver, "I shall be as glad as yourself when we are rid of them all."

Everything at Letty's marriage went off according to the *comme il faut* of her circle, with fine dresses, handsome entertainments, and a suitable establishment of the young couple.

Bell was now in the ascendant. She was a very pretty girl, with considerably more talent than the rest of the family, and a corresponding share of ambition. Her intimate associates she had always chosen from those of her acquaintances who were the "best up in society," and to these she now exclusively confined herself, hoping to use them as a ladder to a still higher elevation. The house, at least that part of it which came principally under her domination, the two parlours, began to assume an aspect of elegance they had never worn before, copied from the domestic arrangements in favour among her more refined visitors. Letty noticed the various changes with a jealous eye, but forbore comment, until a pair of velvet carpets and a splendid new piano, worried from Mr. Weaver by dint of the sharpest of scolding and the softest of wheedling, graced the paternal mansion. Her long pent up dissatisfaction then broke forth.

"You have not said what you think of the new carpets, Letty," said her mother.

"They are a good deal finer than any I expected ever to see in this house," was the reply. "One would have thought that the old ingrain carpets, which were good enough to be seen by my visitors, might have answered for Bell's also."

"Carpets don't last forever," returned her mother; and to that truism she added the argument which chiefly had prevailed with Mr. Weaver, "though the old ones might have lasted a good deal longer than they did if they hadn't been too hard tried at your wedding. What with dancing on them, and the grease of cake and the stains of wine and fruit, they were hardly fit to be seen afterwards. We were obliged to get new ones, and it was the best economy to get good ones while we were about it. These will last all my life, and with care will look quite fresh when the children grow up and go into company."

"If you keep on improving," observed Letty, sourly, "they will go into company with advantages I could never have had if I had cried my eyes out."

"Yet you made a very good match, and have got a very suitable husband without them," returned Mrs. Weaver, pacifically.

"No thanks to any one but myself," muttered Letty; and looking at the piano, she continued—"The old piano, at least, was not worn out at my wedding. It was good for nothing a year before. I often and often begged that it might be exchanged, but I never could have the gratification of a new one. I was many a time ashamed of that shabby old thing."

"Your father and I consented very reluctantly to the expense of this, but so many persons remarked that Bell could not do justice to her fine musical abilities on the old one as to make us ashamed of it ourselves."

"'Bell's piano' it seems to be called exclusively by all of you. I suppose if Bell were to get married she would have the privilege of taking it away with her?"

"That has not been thought of yet, Letty. There is no prospect of Bell's being married."

"I should have been satisfied if a much less elegant one had been given to me."

"Why, Letty, a piano would be of little use to you; you seldom thought of playing when you were at home, and often said you did not like music. Though we had teachers for you, you have always complained you could not learn. Bell is the only one of the family who has any turn for music, except, indeed, Sarah, who, though we never had her taught the piano, used to sing very well in the church choir."

"A piano is always of use in entertaining company," persisted Letty, when the younger of the two little girls came into the room with a rich gold chain and pencil on her neck. The Argus eyes of Mrs. Ludlow instantly caught them. "Come here, Lizzy, and let me look at that chain," said she. "Whose is it?"

"Why, don't you know it?" exclaimed the little girl. "Don't you see it's sister Bell's?"

"Bell's? Where under the sun did Bell get that?"

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Mrs. Weaver winked significantly at the child, and answered, affecting to laugh—"From one of her beaux, to be sure;" but Lizzy had not received her cue, and she replied promptly—"Ma gave it to her, and coaxed pa to buy her the pencil-case to put on it."

"Children and fools always speak the truth," said Letty, also affecting to laugh, but her voice was full of the most unamiable bitterness.

A shade remained on Letty's face, which the sight of her husband and of her comfortable home could not dispel. Mr. Ludlow inquired the cause, and she gave it without hesitation.

"If you think you need a piano, Letty," said he, to console her, "I will get you one with pleasure."

"Not by any means, George," she returned, quickly; "I don't want you to lay out so much money. You know we have made up our minds to try to save a fortune. But I am provoked that pa has not given me one as well as Bell."

Mr. Ludlow tried to change the subject, but she seemed to find satisfaction in dwelling upon it, and, at length, he joined her in throwing reflections upon her parents for their injustice, in preference to stopping to consider whether the complaints of his wife might not have arisen from her own selfishness.

Bell, as we have said, was favoured with greater natural endowments than her sisters. Possessed of a showy style of beauty, sprightly manners, intelligence enough to bear her part gracefully in general conversation, and considerable taste and skill in music, she was not only noticed but caressed in the circles to which her tact gained her an admittance. There were some actual suitors among her admirers, and from them her selection was a Mr. Lloyd, a young lawyer of such character and abilities as could not fail to elevate him in his profession, and the additional attraction of a fortune sufficient for a genteel maintenance until that should be attained.

Mrs. Weaver now rejoiced in being "rid" of her third daughter, and as the two youngest girls were not old enough by several years to give her further concern than about paying their school-bills and keeping their clothes in repair, she congratulated herself that there was now an interregnum in which she might hold herself exempt from her accustomed wear and tear of body and mind. To prepare herself for this, it was necessary that she should give up housekeeping, and she had no difficulty in inducing Mr. Weaver, who was as intent upon saving money as she was upon saving herself, to accede to the measure. To keep up a common home, where their scattered flock might sometimes reunite and lay aside for a season the worldly cares from which few are exempt; where, in affliction, the cloud might be brightened, if not exhaled, in the genial glow of family affection, and where even happiness could become deeper and richer through an abundant sympathy: this was one of a class of ideas which had never found entrance to their deliberations. The little girls were sent off to a distant school, and, established in a comfortable boarding-house, Mrs. Weaver began at once to batten on good housekeeping, which she could contemplate without trouble, and good living, which she could enjoy at a very reasonable expenditure.

The husbands of Letty and Bell flourished preeminently in their several vocations. The sisters lived near enough to each other for almost daily intercourse, yet they seldom met without finding occasion to exhibit some of the manifold forms of selfishness which from their infancy had been allowed to spring up in their character unimpeded by the culture of any nobler growth. Letty was in command of what, from her peculiar disposition, she was well fitted to enjoy—a rapidly accumulating fortune; and Bell had been gratified in the objects of her ambition, advancement and success in society—yet the prosperity which, in common acquaintances, would have been regarded with indifference by either, now proved to the other a source of jealousy, rivalry and sarcastic detraction. If the rooms of Mrs. Lloyd displayed some elegant trifle in the way of ornament, the pocket of Mr. Ludlow was forthwith taxed that Letty might parade a corresponding possession of a cost which the prudent use of her sister's more limited income would not allow. If Mrs. Ludlow received from Bell the details of a fashionable entertainment, of which she had been a participant, she, in return, numbered for her, by the hundred, the invitations she was preparing, herself, to send out, and repeated the orders she had ready for confectioners, upholsterers and musicians. If the table of Bell boasted some distinguished guest, that of Letty was sure to have a set-off in a valuable accession of plate or of French china.

"Did you remark the new chandeliers, Edward?" said Mrs. Lloyd to her husband. "I would not have said so to Letty for the world, for she would have taken it as nothing else than envy, but I thought them exceedingly vulgar, clumsy-looking things. And they were hung at least a foot too high, though neither she nor Ludlow had the judgment to perceive it. Notwithstanding the number of the lights, a pair of our bracket-lamps in each room would have had almost as much effect. The ceilings had the whole benefit of them, and that they received in the way of smoke. If an article is but marked with a high price, Letty asks no other recommendation for it."

"She has become insufferably purse-proud," observed Mr. Lloyd.

"And were there ever such intolerable pictures? Ludlow told me, when I inquired where they came from, that he bought them principally on account of their splendid frames. So it is with such people!"

"By-the-by, my love, have you invited them for Thursday?"

"I have not done so yet. Why do you ask?"

"Do you intend to?"

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"They know we are to have a large dinner-party, and of course they will expect it."

"Do as you please, my dear; you know I never pretend to influence you in such matters. But, candidly, Ludlow is a drawback to my enjoyment on dinner occasions. He is not known to my friends, and his manners are as new to them as his face. And he *will* talk. Those pet expressions of his, 'all of a piece,' 'dyed in the wool,' 'extra-superfine,' with fifty others that smack of the counter, are perpetually setting my teeth on edge."

"I understand it all, Edward; but how are we to relieve ourselves of it? If we omitted to invite them it would be held as an unpardonable affront, and that would be unpleasant."

"Is it less unpleasant to submit to Letty's 'sly cuts,' as she calls them, and to Ludlow's low-breeding? But, of course, my dear Bell, if you can put up with it, I will."

"If we could devise some decent excuse to leave them out," said Bell, thoughtfully. "I might say that we were obliged to send out several invitations we were not aware of until after our arrangements were completed, and that as we could not seat a larger party comfortably, we thought it would be better not to ask the pleasure of their company until our next dinner, when we would be less inconveniently circumstanced, and to make an explanation to them in the meantime."

"Very well; that would do."

"It will arouse their spirit, I know, so that they will never come to another; but one must do disagreeable things sometimes."

Ten years had now elapsed since the marriage of Sarah, and she had never seen a single one of the "old home faces" during all this time. Delicate health, the care of young children, and want of leisure at the seasons most suitable for traveling, had always been her reasons for not returning—reasons voluntarily given; for, though she had repeatedly urged that she might have visits from different members of the family, her solicitations were sparingly reciprocated. It would not—they argued among themselves—have been pleasant to stay at her parents' lodgings with her children, for some of them she must necessarily have brought along; and Letty, who had none of her own, loudly proclaimed what would be her horror to have the trouble of other people's brats in her house. As to Bell, she was too fashionable to be at all desirous of the company of such plain people as Sarah and her husband.

A letter was now received by Mr. Weaver from his son-in-law, saying that Sarah was in health so feeble as to leave little grounds to hope her recovery, and was deeply anxious to have her mother with her. Mr. Bingham expressed himself with much earnestness and feeling, and, as if he entertained no doubt that the summons would be complied with, he pointed out minutely the most eligible rout for the journey. Sarah added a postscript in a broken and scarcely legible hand, begging that her mother would permit no avoidable delay.

"If the worst come," she wrote, "that I must soon part with my children—and I have little cause to expect it will be otherwise—it would be an unspeakable comfort to me to have her near me in my last hour, and to have her assurance that I should not leave them quite motherless."

Mr. Weaver, in real concern, proposed that his wife should set off immediately, but his wish was overruled by her determination to wait a few days, rather for reflection than preparation.

"Have you made up your mind about going to Sarah's, mamma?" asked Letty, when the allotted few days were over.

"Yes; I believe I shan't go, at least just now. I have looked over the letter carefully, and it now seems to me Bingham does not mean she is as bad as it at first struck us. From what he says, I conclude she has the consumption, and that, you know, is a very uncertain disease. One day life seems almost gone, and the next the patient is quite comfortable and in good spirits. I always suspected Sarah had a tendency to consumption. Don't you remember she sometimes had a cough?"

"Dear, no; I can't remember. It's so long ago, I almost forget how she looked."

"If I should determine to go, I am sure I would be half dead before I could get there," resumed the mother. "I am very little used to traveling, and I never undertook such a journey in my life. My health is so good now, at last, that it would be a sin to risk it, unless I was absolutely needed, and in this case they can do very well without me. The Bingham family, and all the neighbours were always kind to Sarah—she often wrote that they were—and of course they will now do everything that can be done for her. As to the children, I would have to take the whole care of them upon myself if I should go, and I really don't know how I would get along with them. It is so long since I had anything to do with children, that they would worry me as much as if I had never had any. Of course, the housekeeping also would fall upon me, and that would be just as trying. Half the time out there in the west, servants can't be had for love or money, and after having lived in ease and comfort so long, how should I stand the exertion? I'll wait, at all events, till they write again, and then if I must go—why I must."

During this conversation, the fourth daughter, who had been taken from school, and was now at the boarding-house with her parents, ready to come out, returned from a walk with a letter which her father had sent from his place of business. It was another from Mr. Bingham, in which he stated that Sarah had grown much worse, so much so that there was no hope she would survive until his communication had reached its destination.

"Poor Sarah!" said Mrs. Weaver, covering her face; and after she and her daughters had sat in decorous silence for some moments, she added—"It happened for the best, you now see, that I did not go. It would have been a great inconvenience to me, without being of any service to her."

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"Mamma," said the young lady, "I stopped at Madame Franchi's and saw a bonnet, such as will suit to send to Lizzy, and besides that, a lovely one that is the very thing I have been looking for, for myself. Hadn't we better get them to-day? To-morrow they may be gone."

"No, my dear; wait a while longer."

"I think I have waited long enough, mamma. This is almost the first of November, and I have not got a single thing for winter yet. I'm quite ashamed to show myself."

"My dear, if we should lose your sister we will have to go into mourning. We must wait and see. It is very well you have not yet got your winter things."

"If Sarah should die, I wonder if it will be indispensable that we married sisters should wear mourning?" said Letty. "Our friends would hardly discover that we had lost a relation. None of them were acquainted with Sarah, and it is so long since she left home that those few persons who did know her have very likely forgotten her. I have got all my fall and winter clothing, and I assure you I should be very sorry to give up my embroidered bonnet and my hundred-dollar crape shawl. And I know it would go against Bell to lay aside that new velvet mantelet she seems so proud of, and her white marabouts. She had better hurry out her invitations before we receive any worse intelligence, or she will have to keep them back altogether, at least for some months. As this is the first affair she has undertaken worth the name of a party, that would be rather too bad. I have not called in for a month or two, but I'll step in on my way home and ask what she thinks about putting on mourning."

Sarah did not die. Her husband's second letter was written at the crisis of her disorder, and after that was past, her health was gradually restored. In the intelligent, self-respecting and happy matron who presides with dignity as well as gentleness over her charming home, it would be difficult to identify the silent, care-worn girl who so meekly bore the heaviest share of every one's burthens in her father's house. Her character rapidly developed after she had become the honoured companion of a man whose actions and opinions were always governed by reason, principle and right feeling, and qualities that had remained latent under the depressing influences of her early position, now showed themselves in her as crowning excellencies. Her past experience is not forgotten, but is remembered only that the errors from which it resulted may be avoided in the training of the young flock to whom she devotes herself with the fullness of a mother's affection. Their hearts and minds she regards as a solemn trust committed by their Creator to her hands, and the beautiful precept, "Love one another," she ever holds before them as one which leads to the purest enjoyment of the things of the present life.

THE MOUNTAIN BOY.

BY THE LEYDON BARD.

"Ich bin der gnab von berge."
"I am the mountain boy."—GŒTHE.

THE rosy-god smiled on Helvetia's clime;
The minster had pealed its awak'ning chime,
And heralded day with its hoary tongue,
As morning its glimmers on Jura flung;
Through Switzerland's valleys was heard the song
Aloud, of her light-hearted peasant throng—
Whilst forth o'er the hills to his glad employ,
Was gayly seen tripping the Mountain Boy.

His task was to follow the fleecy flock
That browsed on the brink of the cascade rock,
From whose high summit, in clouds of dew,
The avalanche wildly its torrents threw;
He smiled as he gazed on the scene below,
From his native home 'mid the mountain snow;
And deep were the feelings of heart-felt joy
That thrill'd through the soul of the Mountain Boy.

A victor might envy his noble look
As he stood upheld by his sceptre-crook,
And glanced around on the deep, blue sky
With a musing brow and a smiling eye:
How feeble earth's mightiest splendours shone
When viewed from the steps of his mountain throne!
And where was the boon that could e'er decoy
His heart from the home of the Mountain Boy?

His revery ceased—he had turned to hear
A ravishing voice that enslaved his ear;
Its melody now in sweet raptures stole
O'er his fancy's dream, and entranced his soul.
Yon voice was the idol of his pure heart,
Whose life it from infancy formed a part;
And often its tone, as an arch decoy,
At morning had fettered the Mountain Boy!

A form soon emerged from the dark glen's side,
Escorted by Fido, a faithful guide,
Now leaping—then fawning in sportive play
With the snow-white hand that beckoned the way.
Young Isey was fair as the new-blown rose,
And fresh as the breath of the breeze that blows;
They met—and but death can alone destroy
The vow her lips breathed to the Mountain Boy.

But a few days more and the dawn of May
Was marked as their blissful bridal day;
On the flowery sward of the village green,
The young and the gay in their glee were seen:
There stood the young shepherd, and at his side
Was Isey the lovely, his smiling bride—
While happiness, merriment, peace and joy
Crowned the bridal feast of the Mountain Boy.

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A SABBATH IN GLASGOW.

BY THEO. LEDYARD CUYLER.

SCOTLAND has long been famous for the sanctity of its Sabbath. If we except our own New England, there is no other country on the globe where the day is hallowed by so entire a renunciation of every-day amusements and occupations. On your way to the kirk, throughout the rural districts, you will see no symptoms of secular labour. The plough stands in the furrow, the sythe lies on the "tedded grass," the cattle stand dozing quietly beside the hedgerows, and from every cottage door and old "clay biggin" the gude man, followed by his bairns, comes forth to the summons of the bell which is ringing out over mountain and lea. The Scotch are eminently a thoughtful, well-ordered, religious people. The good old spirit, nurtured among the "strength of her hills," still lives. The Sabbath is still revered. The Bible is still read. The parish school flourishes. From many thousand family altars ascends the daily incense of thanksgiving and praise, and while other nations have decayed or fallen, *Scotland stands* in a strong, healthful, unchanging vigour.

In the cities the Sabbath is not, of course, kept so quietly, but all labour is suspended. In looking out at the tall, dark chimneys which tower above the whole city, I could see no clouds of black smoke pouring out into the lurid heavens, and I knew that the toiling thousands, begrimed with soot and filth, who had laboured through six wearisome days, had rest. The streets were filled with groups of well-dressed people. Occasionally a Highlander, in full equipment of plaid and kilt and broadsword, would saunter by; and many a smart-looking fellow in scarlet coat and glazed hat, belonging to the regiment stationed in the city, was taking vast delight in displaying to his comrades the charms of the flaxen-haired beauty that hung upon his arm. Some of the operatives of the factories were meanly dressed, but the great body of the people in the streets were paying outward respect to the day by a change of apparel.

On inquiring for the most noted preachers of the city, I ascertained that the celebrated *Melville* was stopping in town, and would be most likely to preach for Mr. Montgomery at St. Jude's; and I determined to go there. The venerable *iron* church was close by my lodgings. Every one has heard of the old iron church in which Chalmers delivered many of those magnificent discourses which will perish only with the language of which they are such enduring ornaments. I could hardly pass by the door without thrusting my head in to see if I could not discover the venerable old figure with the noble intellectual features once more in the pulpit. The memory of the great and good man, whose fame is now transferred to a rival city, is warmly cherished by the people of Glasgow. They love to talk about him, and praise him, and recall his old familiar form as he walked thoughtfully, with downcast head, and in a dress common, often as common as that of a day labourer, through the streets, and his Christian kindness and benevolence won all their hearts. By the way, there is an anecdote which they tell to this day, to illustrate his peculiar carelessness of attire. One morning he took a bundle under his arm at a very early hour, and set off for a steamboat to some neighbouring place. He was shabbily dressed, and one of the city watch meeting him, insisted on taking him to the watch-house as a vagrant. Dr. C., with some displeasure, informed him who he was. This only increased the watchman's suspicions of him. "No, no," said he, "yure by no means Dr. Chalmers; he's nae such a mon as you, and he'd not be strolling about at such an hour!" Dr. C., finding it useless to resist, accompanied the man to a police office, where he was soon recognized and discharged. Old Christopher North, who delights in a ragged coat and shocking bad hat, often meets with most ludicrous adventures of this kind.

The church of St. Jude, in which Mr. Robert Montgomery (or "Satan Montgomery," as he is often called), vents his bad rhetoric every Sabbath, is in the upper part of the city. It is a small building, but the audience seemed a very respectable one. I noticed among others a very *sprucely* dressed negro, in the middle row of pews, who sat beside rather a dandyish young man and overlooked the same prayer-book. It was one of the first examples of the perfect absence of prejudice against colour which I had remarked in the country, and I was somewhat surprised. I afterwards saw several of the same kind. Indeed, an eminent professional friend—an American—saw one of the most beautiful women in the room, at a soiree of the nobility, walking arm in arm with an elegantly-dressed negro of wealth from the West Indies. He confessed his surprise to a friend standing by, who was in turn equally surprised to find that such a thing would not have been tolerated in an American drawing-room. It is easily explained by their association always with a lower place of servility, and natural inferiority, in the mind of every American. An Englishman would have been equally shocked at seeing the lady in company with a handsome ruddy-faced white man if he had happened to be the coachman or the butler of his host.

It will hardly be necessary for me to give any

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description of Mr. Melville's *style* of preaching while his sermons are so widely read among us. His sermons can be read with nearly as much pleasure as they can be heard. His delivery is good, but by no means striking or impressive. His tones are sometimes offensively theatrical, his gestures are not ungraceful, and he speaks with much distinctness. He is a handsome man of about forty-five; his hair is an iron gray, and he has a fine expressive eye. He is immensely popular. His church in London is thronged, and whenever he preaches in any other church, his people are sure to follow him. To those who have read his sermons the causes of his popularity are very evident. He is not only a very evangelical man, and a learned man, but he unites to these essentials a fine imagination and great purity of diction. Every sermon that comes from his pen is most carefully elaborated, with no sparing of the pumice stone. It is even said that most of his discourses are rewritten two or three times.

In the afternoon I heard the far-famed Montgomery. This Montgomery is as different a character as possible from the old Christian poet of Sheffield, who wrote so many of our best devotional hymns. He is a young buckish fellow, with a profusion of dark hair, brushed out ambitiously on each temple, and an expression of most imperturbable assurance looking out from every pore. He has a fine form, and a "dacent notion" of showing it, too. He is the most astonishingly voluble man I ever listened to. His sermon was a continued flow, or rather *rush* of words of all possible varieties, sizes and origins; sometimes, however, very happily used. It was one unwearied, ever-increasing torrent, until, at the close, he worked himself up into a great fever against French atheism, poured out his huge vocables with more fury than ever, and in the very extremity of his indignation, which seemed entirely overpowering, he shut his Bible violently, and dropping on his knees, closed the services before his audience had hardly time to recover from their surprise.

The real name of this gentleman is *Gummere*, but the name being plebeian in his neighbourhood, he added the prefix which it now bears; and his enemies say further that he did it in order to catch a portion of the popularity which already belonged to his elder namesake. I am not surprised that he felt distrustful of his own power to establish a legitimate fame, for a more watery, vapid, extravagant poetaster does not exist. By help of newspaper puffs, which were shamelessly blazoned through the land, his first feeble inanities were sustained through many editions, but after North and Macaulay, and several of the best critics came down upon him and exposed the empty imposture, his name, poetically, has sunk into a by-word. His principal and most *notorious* productions are "Satan," "Luther," and the "Omnipresence of the Deity."

The celebrated Dr. Wardlaw preached in the evening at the dedication of a new chapel. He is now a very venerable old man of about seventy-five, and his natural force seems somewhat abated. I was disappointed in him, though it was too much, perhaps, to expect that he would equal the performances of his best days.

In the Scotch churches there are two or three primitive customs retained with which I was greatly pleased. One is, the habit of singing in all parts of the house. The precentor sat in a desk beneath the pulpit, and hung out a little board on the front of his desk bearing in large yellow letters the name of the tune to be sung. The collection of *boards* was not very large, and each one had been hung out so often that the congregation were all familiar with it. All the audience joined in the singing, which was very spirited, and the devotional tendency was good. Another custom which I observed with great pleasure, was the frequent use of the Bible during the service by the great majority of the people, who followed the preacher in his readings and references.

I heard many of the most celebrated preachers both in Scotland and England, and generally with great pleasure. But I am happy to find that I am not alone in the opinion that in proportion to the *numbers*, (saying nothing of the comparative *advantages* of both,) the American clergy stand higher in talent and eloquence than the British, though they may not in learning. The most striking points of difference between them appear to be these—the American preacher generally possesses more warmth, energy and *naturalness*, while the English preacher is more learned, dry and formal, and has vastly more deference for *authorities*. In Scotland this is too often the case, and the sermons of many Scotch divines have been aptly compared to a winter evening—long, clear and cold. The American preacher labours to *persuade*, while his English brother is oftener content merely to *convince*. The former runs oftener into intemperate zeal, but he rarely lingers with the latter in frigid metaphysics or dead morality. As to *manner* there is no comparison. We, in America, very properly pay much attention to elocution in early education, but in Great Britain they pay very little or none at all. We have, therefore, a large number whose pulpit *manner* is very pleasing and often highly finished, while the great majority (there are some brilliant exceptions) of English discourses are delivered with a hum-drum monotony which is tedious and unimpressive to the lowest degree. The character of Scotch preaching, which has always been remarkable for its force and intellectuality, has undergone some modification by the late revolution in their national church.

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MARY PIERSON.

BY MISS MARY ORME.

THERE is a large class in the world who never knew the luxury of retiring to rest thoroughly tired. This class has many divisions, and subdivisions. Some of these torture the piano and guitar, others read all novels that are sickly and sentimental enough. Then there are those who work worsted, distribute tracts, and attend all the revival meetings, and now and then one goes about to warn people that "the time is short and that Mr. Miller says so."

Oh woman, in thy idleness thou hast sought out many inventions, besides making pin-cushions, working worsted, and getting up fairs for everything conceivable! But industry is better than idleness, however frivolous or objectless the industry may be. Many proverbs have been made upon idleness, but none in its praise. My dear lady reader, have you taken my story and lolled on to the sofa or couch to read for the sake of having something to do? And do you, moreover, feel guilty because you are not a professional novel-reader, but a church-goer? I tell you it shall be no fault of mine if you get not Heaven-directed instruction. I will read you homilies if such be your pleasure, or if you consider it your duty to listen to such, albeit it is not your pleasure. First I will give you a piece of good advice, which, if you are habitually idle, will be most likely exactly to suit your case—for it is the idle who brood over that sickly sentimentalism misnamed love. If, then, you fancy yourself deeply in love, if your heart is eating itself as a canker, and you are sure that you cannot live separated from one who realizes your idea of perfection—I say if all this is crowded into your lot, cast about you for some occupation as active and attractive as you can find. Don't curl your pretty lip, my pretty dear, and look at your soft white hands, that have, mayhap, helped to make your father a bankrupt or a knave. Better spoil the beauty of those hands and win quiet for your soul, than live on a prey to misery that no one can know but yourself, and which you could never describe. But I can say nothing that will profit you as much as a plain tale, which was told me the other day by a medical friend. It is fresh and living from his experience, and I earnestly hope it may be blest to some sick spirit—for all are not idle or trifling who "*fall* in love."

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

Well do I remember a case that came under my care some years since. Beautiful Mary Pierson! how thy light form and thy gay laugh and jest linger with me! Her free and graceful form comes before my mind's eye, and I seem to have more of life and bliss from the recollection. No word but the Tory word "queenly" could satisfy me in describing Mary's beauty. She possessed a form that in our imagination answers to the soul that is capable of swaying the destinies of nations.

I was a frequent visitor at her father's, and the three sisters and a brother and myself would stray into the woods, and they had so many beautiful spots to show me, so many clear streams and shady nooks, and rustic seats, and natural arbours, and they were so much like fawns in their freedom, that they almost cheated me into the belief that there was genuine freedom in this world. But do not think I laboured long under this mistake. A return to the city dissipated the illusion at once. But there was one thing about Mary that troubled me. It troubled not others, for they saw not its import or its portents. There was a still dreaminess in my young friend, a brooding in silence over all that she hid in her heart. No one shared with her in aught but her gladness. This peculiarity was to be traced to the management of her mother, who never confided in her children. Mrs. Pierson was a professed Christian, but she was one of that class who always made a Sunday atonement for a week of irritability and fretfulness, not to mention other aberrations from the blessed spirit of the Gospel. Nothing could have been more exquisite or better managed than the home of the Piersons, as far as outward things went. The beautiful and industrious Mrs. P. was the envy of the women, and the beau-ideal of the men. "Such a wife as Mrs. P." was the remark of all classes. Poor Pierson knew what it was to have "such a wife."

I had noticed in my occasional visits at Willow Lodge that Mary was more abstracted than usual, that she excused herself from walks and drives under various pretexts, and that she kept much in her chamber. She shunned her beautiful virago mother most sedulously. But my readers must not think too ill of Mrs. Pierson. Many of the evils of her temper seemed the consequence of her peculiar position. She had married Albert Pierson because in her youth he was "a nice young man," and had broad acres adjoining her father's. They were in no wise suited to each other, but this neither discovered till they had been a year married.

"No after thought when once a wife—
The die is cast and cast for life."

The greatest of all mistakes, and one which involves not only the happiness of the parties, but of

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unborn generations, can never be corrected. Mrs. Pierson was wise by instinct. She felt that she was not in her place: that there was nothing in common between her and Albert Pierson. Mr. Pierson was sure that his reason was given him to find out the best way for soul and body, and that happiness was the sure result of right doing, if we do not fret ourselves because of evil-doers, which he took especial care not to do. Mrs. Pierson did not reason—she felt. Her heart told her that she needed atonement, that she was not at peace. She wanted something to make peace between her and God. Her aching, unsatisfied heart turned to what she called religion;—in truth, she turned to the ceremonies and observances of religion. She had no place for her heart to rest in her husband or her children. Was it wonderful that her life was bitter, and that her feelings became so?

Mary Pierson shunned her mother, because there was nothing in common between them. Oh, had the springs of Mrs. Pierson's heart been unlocked, had she loved as she was capable of loving, the sweet Mary would have had a resting-place on her bosom unlike any other out of Heaven!

I was called to Mary, and assured by Mrs. Pierson that she was moping herself to death, that she could make her do nothing, and as a last resort she resigned her to my medication. I found the poor girl truly represented by her mother. She was standing by her dressing-table in her room, where she shut herself up day after day, though no one knew the value of exercise better than she.

I paused to look at her as I entered. Could Chantry have modeled her form, he would not have said, when about the work, "I had rather be fishing."

She aroused herself, extended her hand, and said—"I am sorry mother should be so mistaken as to send for you. I assure you, doctor, I am quite well."

"Why keep house, then?" said I.

Her lip curled, and with the pettishness of a sick child, my usually noble friend replied—"Am I your slave that I must give you reason?"

"As you please, Mary," said I; "but perhaps no harm may come of our reasoning together—though, after all, perhaps a visit to 'Happy Valley,' with a merry party, may be the best medicine."

Mary sunk into a chair and burst into tears. I could not draw her into conversation; I could only look at a heavenly harp out of tune, and sigh over the mischief which the mother confidently expected me to cure. There is a kind of knowledge which is called intuitive—often vaguely enough. I have much of this sort of knowledge.

"Mary," said I, "you know, and I know, that no medicine but that which can reach the soul can do you any good. I can leave you some 'powders' for your mother's peace, but will you not fix a time for me to call on you and advise you?"

"Call at this hour to-morrow, doctor, and I will try to be calm enough to talk with you."

I left some *loaf sugar powders* and took my leave. Next day I found my patient quiet as if by a great effort. She began, as the day before, with regret that I should think her ill, and ended with a paroxysm of tears.

"Hear me, Mary," said I; "the true minister, be he priest or layman, is he who speaks words of comfort to our need. There is a treasure of affection in your soul, welling up from the deep fountains of your being continually. You have inadvertently allowed this precious fountain to overflow upon one who gives you no return. You think that you love him, and yet your pride, your sense of womanly propriety exclaims against it, and you fain would die that you may escape from yourself and the passion that is consuming you. Hear me, my dear child; turn not away in anger because I have read your heart. I will tell you what you do not know. You do not love him. You believe you do, but you do not, else he would return your love. You love an idea, and that one passion has come to a degree of activity altogether disproportioned to the activity of your other powers. The true wisdom is, then, if you have still the power, to will, as all have who are not reduced to insanity, to will strongly, to call into action some other passion or passions. This you can do. I pledge myself that health and peace shall be yours if you will take my advice. There is Ellen in her new home at Happy Valley. You must go to her directly. You must rise at six o'clock in the morning and go into a cold bath. After this I advise a walk. After breakfast you must be very domestic, and work two hours. Then you must study some language for two hours. Then you may help Ellen till your one o'clock dinner. I shall not insist upon any labour of the hands in the afternoon, but it will not hurt you. In the evening you must read some good book, and write some of your thoughts for me to see. Study a language with or without a teacher, though I would rather you would have assistance—but remember any language can be learned by yourself so that you can read it. Can you, will you rouse yourself to do all this? If you can, success is certain, and in six months you will tell me what is most true, that you have only loved an 'ideal.'"

Mary promised that she would try to do as I desired, but I knew full well, that to form an idea of her sufferings, one must have been under the dominion of the tyrant passion. Be sure it is a thousand times better to fight than yield. The very activity of the soul necessary in resistance, is health restoring. But after all it is crucifixion at best, to pluck such a sentiment from the heart, and your still brooding dreamers are the world's saddest sufferers. Mary happily had the power to will. Let no one complain who can make a promise and keep it.

The next time I saw Mary was at her sister's house, at Happy Valley. I saw at once that she had walked mechanically through all that I had told her to do. A scrap of paper lay on her table,

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on which she had been writing some of her thoughts. Morbid as was the effusion, I copy it.

"I have no eye for the green hills and laughing vales,
For flowers or trees, or brooks that tell their merry tales.
The hovering air, that's rich with all earth's sweet perfume,
I breathe not in, or only breathe because it is my doom.
The glancing sunlight, drinking up the pearly dew
At morn; the evening shutting in the earth from view,
While diamond stars bespangle all the court of heaven,
Not all are half so sweet to me as sins forgiven.
And why is this fair earth so stain'd and dimm'd to me?
Sin clouds my vision that I may not, cannot see
What God hath made to bless His children's healthful sight,
A world of green, and glowing beauty bath'd in light.
And what is sin? I ask to know. Tell me who can—
All that is hurtful to the complex creature man.
Whatever can advance the soul or body's good,
Is virtue, and to us is needful daily food.
Whatever law we break in God's eternal chain,
Comes with its penalty of sad unrest and pain,
Spreads all the earth with gloom, puts out the light of heaven,
And spoils or hides from man the gifts so kindly given."

But I will abridge my tale by saying that I saw Mary faithfully follow all my directions. I saw her mind unfold and strengthen and regain its balance. I saw her garner up her treasures of affection in her still, quiet heart, and when next she bestows her love, if it is not done wisely, it will not be from want of bitter experience.

LITERARY CRITICISM.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Wiley & Putnam's Library of American Books. No. IV. THE WIGWAM AND THE CABIN. By William Gilmore Simms. First series.

MR. SIMMS, we believe, made his first, or nearly his first, appearance before an American audience with a small volume entitled "Martin Faber," an amplification of a much shorter fiction. He had some difficulty in getting it published, but the Harpers finally undertook it, and it did credit to their judgment. It was well received both by the public and the more discriminative few, although some of the critics objected that the story was an imitation of "Miserrimus," a very powerful fiction by the author of "Pickwick Abroad." The original tale, however—the germ of "Martin Faber"—was written long before the publication of "Miserrimus." But independently of this fact, there is not the slightest ground for the charge of imitation. The thesis and incidents of the two works are totally dissimilar;—the idea of resemblance arises only from the absolute identity of *effect* wrought by both.

"Martin Faber" was succeeded, at short intervals, by a great number and variety of fictions, some brief, but many of the ordinary novel size. Among these we may notice "Guy Rivers," "The Partisan," "The Yemassee," "Mellichampe," "Beauchampe," and "Richard Hurdis." The last two were issued anonymously, the author wishing to ascertain whether the success of his books (which was great) had anything to do with his mere name as the writer of previous works. The result proved that popularity, in Mr. Simms' case, arose solely from intrinsic merit, for "Beauchampe" and "Richard Hurdis" were the most popular of his fictions, and excited very general attention and curiosity. "Border Beagles" was another of his anonymous novels, published with the same end in view, and, although disfigured by some instances of bad taste, was even more successful than "Richard Hurdis."

The "bad taste" of the "Border Beagles" was more particularly apparent in "The Partisan," "The Yemassee," and one or two other of the author's earlier works, and displayed itself most offensively in a certain fondness for the purely disgusting or repulsive, where the intention was or should have been merely the horrible. The writer evinced a strange propensity for minute details of human and brute suffering, and even indulged at times in more unequivocal obscenities. His English, too, was, in his efforts, exceedingly objectionable—verbose, involute, and not unfrequently ungrammatical. He was especially given to pet words, of which we remember at present only "*hug*," "*coil*," and the compound "*old-time*," and introduced them upon all occasions. Neither was he at this period particularly dexterous in the conduct of his stories. His improvement, however, was rapid at all these points, although, on the two first counts of our indictment, there is still abundant room for improvement. But whatever may have been his early defects, or whatever are his present errors, there can be no doubt that from the very beginning he gave evidence of genius, and that of no common order. His "Martin Faber," in our opinion, is a more forcible story than its supposed prototype "Miserrimus." The difference in the American reception of the two is to be referred to the fact (we blush while recording it), that "Miserrimus" was understood to be the work of an Englishman, and "Martin Faber" was known to be the composition of an American as yet unaccredited in our Republic of Letters. The fiction of Mr. Simms gave indication, we repeat, of genius, and that of no

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common order. Had he been even a Yankee, this genius would have been rendered *immediately* manifest to his countrymen, but unhappily (*perhaps*) he was a southerner, and united the southern pride —the southern dislike to the making of bargains— with the southern supineness and general want of tact in all matters relating to the making of money. His book, therefore, depended entirely upon its own intrinsic value and resources, but with these it made its way in the end. The "intrinsic value" consisted first of a very vigorous imagination in the conception of the story; secondly, in artistic skill manifested in its conduct; thirdly, in general vigour, life, movement—the whole resulting in deep interest on the part of the reader. These high qualities Mr. Simms has carried with him in his subsequent books; and they are qualities which, above all others, the fresh and vigorous intellect of America should and does esteem. It may be said, upon the whole, that while there are several of our native writers who excel the author of "Martin Faber" at particular *points*, there is, nevertheless, not one who surpasses him in the aggregate of the higher excellences of fiction. We confidently expect him to do much for the lighter literature of his country.

The volume now before us has a title which may mislead the reader. "The Wigwam and the Cabin" is merely a generic phrase, intended to designate the subject matter of a series of short tales, most of which have first seen the light in the Annuals. "The material employed," says the author, "will be found to illustrate in large degree, the border history of the south. I can speak with confidence of the general truthfulness of its treatment. The life of the planter, the squatter, the Indian, the negro, the bold and hardy pioneer, and the vigorous yeoman—these are the subjects. In their delineation I have mostly drawn from living portraits, and, in frequent instances, from actual scenes and circumstances within the memories of men."

All the tales in this collection have merit, and the first has merit of a very peculiar kind. "Grayling, or Murder will Out," is the title. The story was well received in England, but on this fact no opinion can be safely based. "The Athenæum," we believe, or some other of the London weekly critical journals, having its attention called (no doubt through personal influence) to Carey & Hart's beautiful annual "The Gift," found it convenient, in the course of its notice, to speak at length of some one particular article, and "Murder Will Out" probably arrested the attention of the sub-sub-editor who was employed in so trivial a task as the patting on the head an American book —arrested his attention first from its title, (murder being a taking theme with a cockney,) and secondly, from its details of southern forest scenery. Large quotations were made, as a matter of course, and very ample commendation bestowed—the whole criticism proving nothing, in our opinion, but that the critic had not read a single syllable of the story. The *critique*, however, had at least the good effect of calling American attention to the fact that an American might possibly do a decent thing, (provided the possibility were first admitted by the British sub-editors,) and the result was first, that many persons read, and secondly, that all persons admired the "excellent story in 'The Gift' that had actually been called 'readable' by one of the English newspapers."

Now had "Murder Will Out" been a much worse story than was ever written by Professor Ingraham, still, under the circumstances, we patriotic and independent Americans would have declared it inimitable; but, by some species of odd accident, it happened to deserve all that the British sub-sub had condescended to say of it, on the strength of a guess as to what it was all about. It is really an admirable tale, nobly conceived and skilfully carried into execution—the best ghost story ever written *by an American*—for we presume that this is the ultimate extent of commendation to which we, as an humble American, dare go.

The other stories of the volume do credit to the author's abilities, and display their peculiarities in a strong light, but there is no one of them so good as "Murder Will Out."

ASTRONOMY.

WRITTEN ON VIEWING JUPITER AND HIS SATELLITES.

BY JAMES ARLINGTON BENNET, LL.D.

THAT twinkling star which now adorns the night,
In heaven's blue vault, seems but a fainter gleam
Of thy effulgence, RULER of all worlds;
But when we point the glass and catch its phaze,
A pond'rous globe like this our earth appears!
With all variety of light and shade,
By hills and dales and sylvan waters strew'd,
Unfading wonders to our ravish'd eyes!

Then mute we stand, while music of the spheres
Enchants to ecstasy our humbled soul!
We catch the strain, as from angelic hosts
It comes—and, bow'd to heaven, the God adore!

Who would not gaze on yonder glorious sight,
To gain such inspiration from high heaven?
Who would not soar by that pure sid'real light,
To view the wonders which are nightly given?

Who would not draw his knowledge from above,
Where all is mercy, wisdom, power and love?
Who loves astronomy was born to rise,
For such a soul is kindred to the skies!

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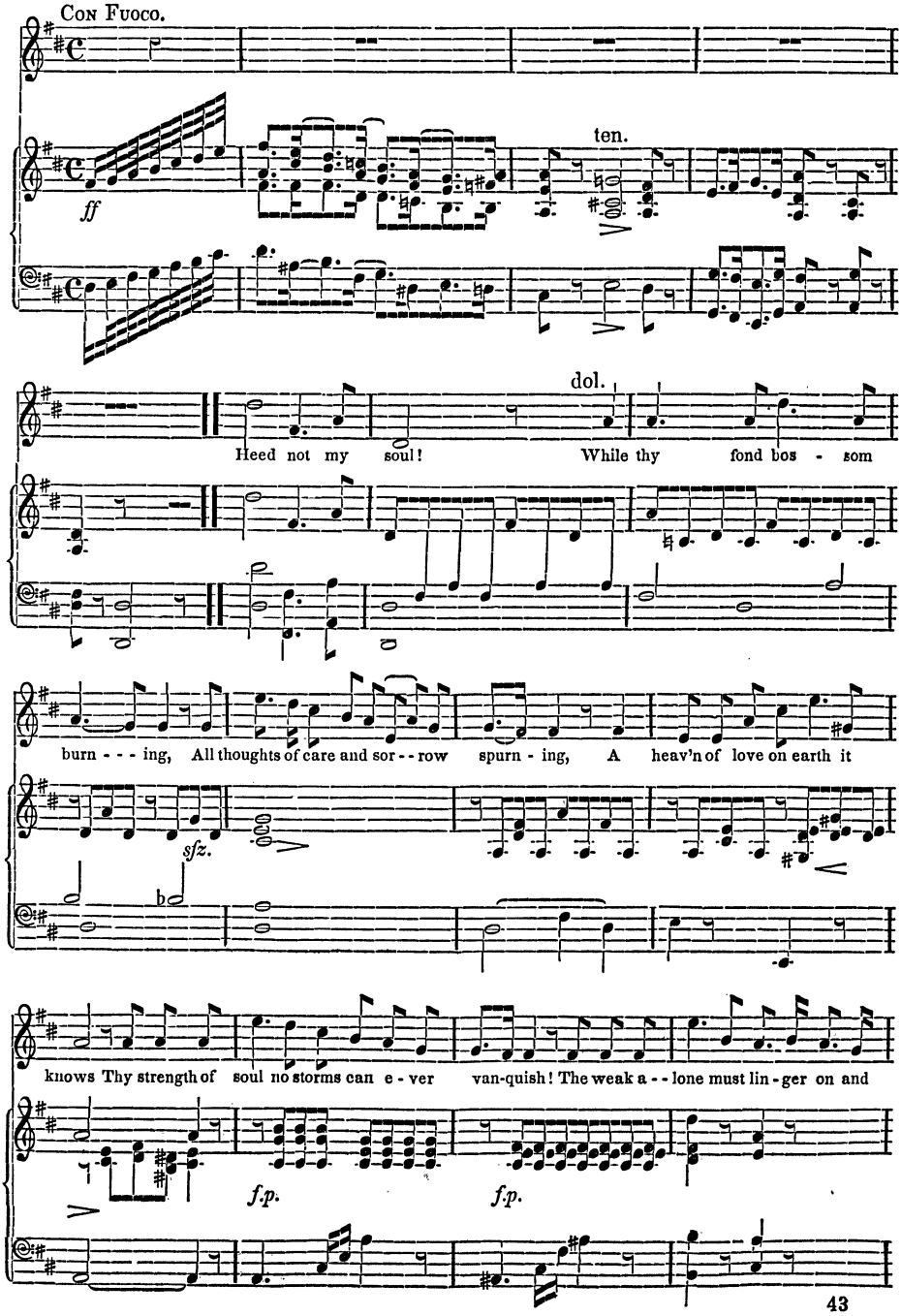
HEED NOT MY SOUL!

WORDS WRITTEN AND ADAPTED, BY

J. T. S. SULLIVAN,

TO A GERMAN MELODY BY

CHR. SCHULZ.



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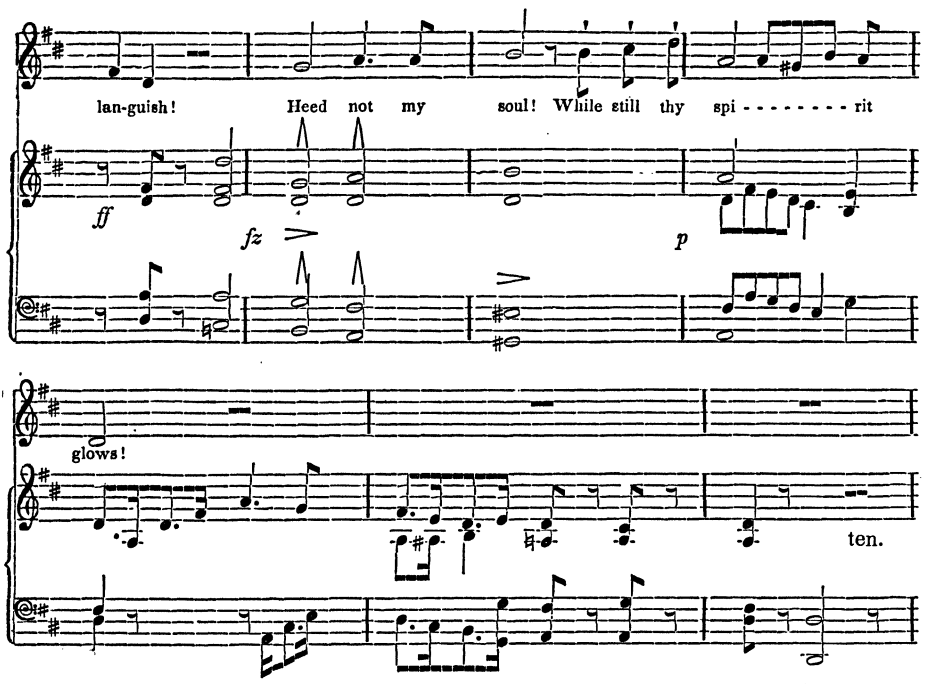

Come weal—come woe! Tho' tempests o'er thee lower,—
Tho' Fate should frown with threat'ning power,—
The morn dispels the gloom of night!
The rock of *Faith* will stem the tide of sorrow!
With patience wait the dawning of *the morrow!*
Come weal, come woe! while hope is burning bright!

Heed not the world! Tho' rank and wealth deride thee,
There's joy in store, whate'er betide thee,
There can be no eternal night!
The pomp of rank is but an idle story!
The wealth of mind is man's sole pride and glory!
Heed not the world! Thy soul will prove its might!

BOUDOIR MELODIES. No. I.—THE TIMID FLOWER.

BY JOHN K. LASKEY.

The Lobus, the Lily of Egypt, is a native of Lake Mœris, and is one of the most beautiful flowers known. At the approach of a storm, when the surface of the lake becomes agitated, it hides its head in the bosom of the water till the winds have ceased.—*Travels in the East.*

THERE is a flower, a timid flower,
That owns some gentle spirit's power;
It reigneth, like a lonely star,
On the blue face of Mœris far—
As on that ever-sunny lake
It sleeps in bloom till tempests wake,
And then it sinks its head to rest
Beneath the billow's snowy crest.

Till wind and wave are hushed and gone
The timid flower is all withdrawn;
And then it lifts its lily head
The amber surface for its bed,
And basks again in gleams of light,
In roseate bloom all changeless bright,
An emblem of a form more fair,
Where light and storm are ever there!

Yes, I have thought, thou timid flower,
How like to thee is woman's hour!
Arrayed in Nature's holiest charms,
She's joy like Beauty in Love's arms:
But this cold world hath many a storm
To beat upon her timid form,
And then she seeks her head to hide
Beneath life's dark and stormy tide!

Not like the flower she lifts her head
When life's tempestuous storms have fled,
And leave its ocean calm and bright,
Like Summer with her gorgeous light!
Ah! some rude wave that form has broken,
And fades she with a wound unspoken;
Life's angry storms she could not brave—
She blooms, but 'tis *beyond the grave!*

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EDITORS' TABLE.

"To-morrow is an old deceiver, yet his cheat never grows old," said Doctor Johnson. We may apply this to the New Year, with only the difference that the new hopes it awakens are as novel this five thousand eight hundred and forty-ninth year of the world as when the first New Year dawned upon the unparadised pair.

We are all looking eagerly onward to the future, hoping some great thing will occur which we shall live to see, and which will bring us pleasure and advantage.

If we only thought as often and earnestly on what we could *do* as on what we should *enjoy*, how much more usefully would our years be passed! And here another remark of Johnson's is very appropriate. One day when, by much exertion, he had pulled a nail out of the bark of a plum-tree, he exclaimed, "There, I have done some good to-day; the tree might have festered. I make it a rule to do some good every day of my life."

Who follows his example? It would be a good act to begin such a course to-day; and this New Year would mark an epoch which, when Time shall have ended to us, will be remembered with more pleasure than though we could have the gift of all the keepsakes which will be distributed.

"It is well, in all things, as we go on, to look behind us—but what advance can we hope to make with our faces constantly turned backward?" is the remark of a great painter in regard to his own art; and we think equally wise as regards improvement in all our pursuits. But this reminds us—referring to painting—of a letter we have lately received from a friend, who has kindly promised to give some notice of American artists abroad, for the gratification of the readers of our Book. The writer has resided at Rome and Florence, and knows intimately our distinguished countrymen there. We feel sure the information given will be valuable as well as interesting. In the fine arts, particularly sculpture, the American artist Powers now stands at the head of his profession. He is, undoubtedly, the first sculptor in the world. Those who have had the great privilege of looking on that perfectly beautiful specimen of his art—the Proserpine—now in the possession of Miss Carey, of this city, will not doubt his claim—and a high honour it is to the American nation to have produced such a genius. But the letters of our friend. We give this first one a place in our Table, as it is short and did not reach us in season for insertion elsewhere.

LETTER FROM ROME.

Rome, Nov. 18——.

My Dear Madam,—I left, with others, the *Lazzaretto* at *Civiti Vecchia* yesterday morning, heartily tired of its cheerless accommodations. Our welcome into the town was given by a host of officers, porters and beggars. I paid some ten or twelve for various services before I could get away from the police office and custom house. I then wandered about the streets for an hour or two, but saw nothing very interesting to the stranger—though the location upon the sea is fine, and was pleasing to me after my three days' quarantine. The celebrated bandit *Gasporoni* is confined here. He was the chief of the last organized band of bandits in Italy. I passed near the prison. One of the prisoners had a string with a cup attached dangling out of one of the upper windows, and begged for a few sous. I did not inquire whether he shared with the government or not. My feelings were now bent on the long-wished-for sight of Imperial Rome. We were a party of four—G. and two other gentlemen whose acquaintance we had made in the Lazzaretto. We sought a vetturino, and during our searches my taste for the antique was much gratified by the specimens we found. In what century they were built, or to what uses they had been placed, no one knew. We finally procured a good vetturino, after being assured that we would be allowed to pass the gates of Rome in it. When the horses were brought, we were agreeably surprised—they being a handsome span, jet black. We left late in the afternoon—the day quite warm and sunny. Wild flowers and shrubbery grew in abundance by the roadside—and, as our road lay upon the banks of the Mediterranean, we would frequently pass old bridges, ruins and towers of ages long gone by. During the night I could not sleep, but lay and watched the shadows as we passed—listened to the murmuring of the sea as it slightly ebbed and flowed—and now and then obtaining a glimpse of some picturesque fishing smack lying moored near the shore. Early in the morning the dome of St. Peter's was in sight, and soon after, upon an eminence, I looked down upon the *campaniles* and purple roofs of the great city! We rode in silence through several narrow and crooked streets, and were driven to the custom house. I asked the officer to change a Napoleon: he retained some small part for his trouble, but did not disturb my trunks. G. and myself had lodgings engaged in *Via Bocca di Lione* (Lion's Mouth st.). I was rather pleased to arrive in Rome upon the Sabbath. There was a quiet here which contrasted pleasantly with the noisy streets of Paris, to which I have so lately been accustomed. But the day has been passed in excitement, and my hand slightly trembles as I sketch these few lines for you. The weather is soft and beautiful, and breathing to *me* is a luxury. I feel cheerful, for I feel that I shall like my residence here, and all my fears have vanished.

Towards evening I went to St. Peter's to hear the chanting of vespers. When I entered the door the light of the departing sun streamed faintly through the windows. I could see, through the broad and dusky aisles, here and there a stranger or a worshiper walking or kneeling before some altar. I joined a crowd in one of the chapels, where priests were chanting an evening hymn. Their voices, blended with the rich notes of the organ, fell sweetly on the ear, and then seemed to mingle with the air and die away in the vast recesses of the great temple. You know how fond I am of Italian music, and can judge the effect upon me.

I shall write you soon again.

In our December number we gave some remarks on the management of children, which were, as we have reason to think, very kindly received. We were struck by a remark in the "Diary of Lady Willoughby," (a book which we wish all our friends would read,) in regard to her children. We give the passage.

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"This forenoon my little daughter Fanny showed so wilful and froward a spirit, refusing to do that she was told, that I was forced to correct her with some severity. She hath of late fallen away from the ready obedience wherewith she did formerly attend to my bidding, and I do much reproach myself in that I have been neglectful of my duty towards her and the others; thus occasioning trouble to them and grief and disappointment to myself. Sorley tried by divers anxieties, I have too much looked to my dear little ones for present joy and comfort, and haply, in my forlorn state, with an increasing tenderness, have been led to overlook the beginning of unruly and disobedient conduct, which ought to have met with correction.

"As I stood and looked on the little face so lately disturbed by angry feelings, now quietly asleep, I bewailed the effects of my own selfishness."

How many mothers might make the same reflections—that their own faults have caused the faults of their children! Though this consideration must not hinder the parent from checking and correcting the faults of the child, it should make the former more earnest to set good examples than to punish.

Some one has written that "a good thing is never done twice," but, in the degrees of comparison the scale is ascending; from *good* we may go to *better* and *best*. So, although we hope our friends have all been satisfied that our Book for the past year has been in the first degree, yet we trust that those who sit at our Table during the coming year will find that it is—*better!* We have an enlarged list of contributors, the best writers in America, and many abroad will contribute. The excellence of the illustrations will, we trust, be unrivaled, though our cotemporaries are earnest in their endeavours to keep pace with our improvements. We are glad of this. The real improvement of literary taste, as well as raising the tone of morals and promoting mental advancement, are objects of such vast importance, that we rejoice at every indication of the good work. There is room enough for all; work enough for all, and we will trust that the public will say—there shall be ample rewards for all.

The duty of the Editors of a Lady's Periodical are similar to the description so eloquently given by a recent writer of the power of his own profession.

"The world is full of glorious likenesses:
The Poet's power is to sort these out,
And to make music from the common strings
With which the world is strung; to make the dumb
Earth utter heavenly harmony, and draw
Life clear and sweet and harmless as spring water,
Welling its way through flowers."

And again he says, so truly—

"We live not to ourselves, our work is life;
In bright and ceaseless labour, like a star
That shineth unto all worlds but itself."

That "ceaseless labour," how truly it exemplifies the task of an Editor! And has there not gone forth, from this our "Book," light which has brightened the path of many a "wanderer on life's way," and made them look for the coming of the month, which would bring a new number, with more earnestness than they watched for that of the the new moon, the queen of the stars?

To such friends, to all our friends, we give the warm hand of greeting with this our New Year's number, and assure them that. while their smiles lend us the sunbeams of success, our "Book" will reflect the light, and continue to increase in brightness and beauty.

Our Correspondents, on this New Year, will accept our cordial wishes for their happiness. We hope to hear from them often. The following articles are on file for publication. "On the Death of a Young Child," "Spring," "Stella," "The Absent One," "The Knight and the Maid," "Past Life—a Fragment," "A Dream," "Steamer Formosa."

There are several for which we have no room. "I'll not Describe," &c., "A Voice from the Country," "Female Education," "Anacreon," "An Essay on Married Life," (had better be sent in the form of a letter to the lady for whom it was designed,) "No More," "Italia," "To Mary," and several "Sonnets."

EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

"*Trifles in Verse; a Collection of Fugitive Poems.*" By Lewis J. Cist. The author of this work is well known to the readers of our "Book." His contributions always evinced refined taste and pure moral sentiment, and thus gave a value to the "trifles," as he modestly styles them, which was highly estimated. We are glad to see these poems, with many others, collected in this volume. It is a beautiful and an interesting book of poetry, and will find much favour with all true lovers of moral excellence and noble and tender feelings. Robinson & Jones, Cincinnati.

"*The Whip-Poor-Will*," by George P. Morris, is a most attractive *bijou* for the season of "Gifts," and we presume has been very extensively circulated. We should like to know the number of bright eyes that have overlooked its beautiful embellishments, and united with the poet in sympathy for the poor plaintive bird. It is a graceful poem exquisitely depicted, and reflects much credit on author and artist.

Messrs. Carey & Hart have published a splendid edition of one of the most popular of the American poets—H. W. Longfellow. The poetry consists of his choicest productions, illustrated by splendid steel engravings from the paintings of an illustrious American artist—Huntingdon. No poet of our country has ever seen his works got out in such an elegant style as this. The book will bear comparison with "Rogers' Italy," "Rogers' Poems," and "Campbell's Poems," which are the pride and boast of the London press.

Messrs. Paine & Burgess have published "*The Songs and Ballads of George P. Morris. First complete edition.*" This is a neat pocket volume, and, containing the choicest gems of American song, will find its way into every well appointed boudoir and drawing-room in the country.

Messrs. E. H. Butler & Co. have published "*A New Dictionary of the English Language.*" By Charles Richardson. The publication of Johnson's Dictionary, with the quotations on which he founded his definitions, was considered as a great era in English literature. But here we have a dictionary far superior to Johnson's great folio, on a similar extensive plan, and at a price which would have ruined the learned doctor and his bookseller, too. It

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fills two enormous quarto volumes, and comprises within itself a complete *thesaurus* of words and authorities—a sort of history of the English language and literature. This dictionary originally composed a part of that great national work, the Encyclopedia Metropolitana. It is considered the standard of English philology, and no library can be considered complete without it. The Preliminary Essay alone was sufficient to fix the reputation of the author in England as one of the most learned and able philologists of the present century. For authors, teachers, professors in colleges, divines, jurists and physicians, as well as for general readers who wish to form their style of writing and conversation on original authorities, this work is of inestimable value.

Messrs. Paine & Burgess have published "*Trippings in Author-Land*," by Fanny Forester, consisting of a choice collection of her stories. For vivacity, feeling and *naiveté*, Fanny is unrivaled among living writers.

Messrs. Lea & Blanchard have published a "*History of the Huguenots*," by W. S. Browning, which is greatly approved by critics for force of delineation and liveliness of narration. The characters of Coligny, Conde and the other great generals of the time of Charles IX, are very forcibly sketched in this work, and the whole sad tragedy of the religious wars of France is splendidly exhibited.

Messrs. E. Ferrett & Co. have published several additional novels of their cheap series, among which we notice "*The Quiet Husband*," by Miss Pickering, "*The Groves of Blarney*," by Mrs. S. C. Hall, and "*The Widow*," by Theodore Hook, and "*Three Nights in a Life Time*," by the author of "Inshairlack."

The same publishers have added to their list of cheap music, richly embellished, "*Little Nell, a Romance*," by Charles West Thomson, adapted to an air from Norma; "*Weep Not*," a companion to the "Old Arm Chair," poetry by Charles Jeffreys, music by Henry Russell; "*The Light of Other Days has Faded*," by Balfe; "*It is better to Laugh than be Sighing*," from Donizetti's Lucrezia Borgia; "*Rose Atherton*," with a splendid picture; "*Some Love to Roam*," ballad by Mackay, music by H. Russell.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have published "*The Sufferings of Christ*," by a Layman, a work of great learning and ability, which would do honour to any of our theological writers.

The same publishers have issued a cheap edition of Mary Howitt's "*Author's Daughter*," one of her best stories, and "*Amaury*," by Dumas, the liveliest and least exceptionable of the French novelists; "*Life in Denmark, or Only a Fiddler*," by Mary Howitt; the illustrated edition of the "*Wandering Jew;*" "*The White Boy, a Tale of Ireland*," by Mrs. S. C. Hall; "*The Illustrated Bible* (nearly complete), Nos. 42 and 43; "*Cosmos, a Survey of the Universe*," by Baron Von Humboldt, Nos. 1 and 2.

Messrs. Carey & Hart have published the long-expected "*Narratives of the Merovingian Era, or Scenes in the Sixth Century, with an Autobiographical Preface*," by M. Augustin Thierry, author of the "History of the Conquest of England by the Normans." The "Quarterly Review," speaking of this work, says, "In which we have a narrative uniting Walter Scott's liveliness of detail and dramatic effect with the observance of historical truth." Eulogy can go no farther than this, and the authority is first rate.

The same publishers have issued "*George Cruikshank's Table Book*," edited by Gilbert Abbott à Becket, with twenty-two illustrations by George Cruikshank. A good cure for low spirits. The same remark will apply to another recent publication of the same house. "*The Mysteries of the Back Woods*," by T. B. Thorpe, author of "Tom Owen the Bee Hunter," with original designs by Darley.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have published a new edition of "*Pilgrim's Progress*," with Adams' splendid illustrations. Also, as a third number of their "New Miscellany," "*The Philosophy of Mystery*," by Walter Cooper Dendy, an extremely interesting book, notwithstanding its forbidding title. By the way, we would like to be informed where the Messrs. Harpers obtain this exquisite white paper, with such a satin-like surface, to print their "New Miscellany" on. To read ghost stories on such paper and print is a real treat.

Messrs. Thomas Cowperthwait & Co. have published a new edition of Mr Picot's "*Scientific Narrations in French*," No. 5 of his series of school books. Our opinion of Mr. Picot's general merit as a professor of the French language and literature and an educator of the young, has already been expressed. He has no superior in his profession. A practical teacher of such eminence was precisely the man best qualified to make a series of school class books, and Mr. Picot has surpassed all his predecessors in the excellence and popularity of his French series. The volume before us consists of instructive pieces, relating chiefly to scientific and to other interesting subjects, intended for reading, translation and particularly the school exercise technically called *narration*, i. e., a recitation of the substance of any chapter or piece in the pupil's own French—an exercise, by the way, admirably calculated to increase the pupil's stock of French expressions and his confidence in conversation. This volume not only has the advantage of classical authority, being drawn from the best French writers, but it embodies a large amount of recent and important scientific and literary information. Such books are of inestimable value to the pupil, and they afford satisfaction to the faithful teacher, who always wishes to give his scholars the largest possible amount of benefit from his instructions.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., of New York, and Mr. Geo. S. Appleton, of Philadelphia, have published a brilliant specimen of embellished literature, entitled "*A Booke of Christmas Carols.*" It is printed in the illuminated style of the middle ages, with twenty-four beautiful borders in colours and gold. The designs, which consist of fruits, flowers, birds, quadrupeds and human figures, are copied from the choicest manuscripts of the sixteenth century preserved in the British Museum. Among the designs are four beautiful missal pictures, viz., the angels appearing to the Shepherds, the Adoration of the Magi, the Nativity and the Annunciation. The literary portion of the work consists of a selection of the best old English carols and gems of devotional poetry of the elder time. This is the finest specimen of chromo-lithography ever produced in this country.

The same publishers have just issued "*Narrative of the Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains in* 1842, *and to Oregon and California in* 1843–4." By Brevet Captain J. C. Fremont, of the Topographical Engineers. The importance and interest of this work are well understood by the public. It is sold at twenty-five cents per copy.

Messrs. Appletons have just reprinted their beautiful edition of "*Edgeworth's Moral Tales*," three volumes in one, with Darley's designs, a fine present for young people. They have also issued "*The Mass and Rubrics of the Roman Catholic Church*," translated into English, with notes and remarks by the Rev. John Rogerson Cotter, A.M. This book will gratify a curiosity which many must have felt while attending the services of the Roman Catholic Church, all, of course, in Latin.

Messrs. Appletons have published "*The Book of the Colonies; comprising a History of the Colonies composing the United States, from the Discovery in the Tenth Century until the commencement of the Revolutionary War.*" Compiled, from the best authorities, by John Frost, LL.D., author of the "Book of the Army," and "Book of the Navy." This is a delightful book—the narrative clear, lively and cheerful—the information comprised in a small

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compass, but, at the same time, complete and important, and the embellishments of engravings numerous and beautiful. It will, of course, follow the "Book of the Navy" and "Book of the Army" into all well-appointed school and social libraries and private reading circles. Another volume of the same school library series is entitled "*The Book of Good Examples*," drawn from authentic history and biography; designed to illustrate the beneficial effects of virtuous conduct. This work is invaluable in a moral point of view. The narratives are highly interesting, and richly illustrated with engravings. It should be in every young person's hands who desires to become eminent and happy by upright and virtuous conduct.

The same publishers have put forth the most perfect and accurate edition of the "*Common Prayer Book*" that has ever appeared. It has undergone the authoritative revision of several distinguished prelates, and appears with recommendations from a long list of eminent clergymen. In paper, print, binding, engravings, illuminations, &c., it is unrivaled.

Messrs. Wiley & Putnam have added to their "Foreign Library," No. 3, "*The Rhine*," by Victor Hugo, one of the most able and popular of the living French writers, who describes the scenery and recounts the legends of the Rhine with all the enthusiasm and graphic power of an artist and the feeling of a poet.

Messrs. Wiley & Putnam have added to their "Library of American Books," No. 6, "*Wanderings of a Pilgrim under the Shadow of Mont Blanc.*" By George B. Cheever, D. D. A delightful book, written with a true feeling of the beauties of natural scenery, and abounding with personal anecdotes of distinguished men, in his intercourse with whom the author discovers that reverence for high moral and religious traits which wins our sympathy and commands our esteem. No. 7, "*Western Clearings*," by Mary Clavers, (Mrs. Kirkland,) author of "A New Home —who'll follow?" &c. One of Mrs. Kirkland's most piquant and lively works, full of those inimitable touches of nature and traits of character which have won for the author so enviable a reputation among our native writers. No. 7, "*The Raven and other Poems*," by Edgar A. Poe, a collection of fugitive pieces which fully sustain the high reputation which the author had previously gained by his prose works for power of imagination and command over the English language. Indeed, Poe's masterly facility in diction may be supposed to have occasioned the only fault which we perceive in any of these poems, an appearance of careless wantonness in rhythm, which, perhaps, after all, may be merely the independent freedom of one who cannot but feel his own power. All the publications of Messrs. Wiley and Putnam are to be found at the bookstore of Mr. J. W. Moore, in Chestnut street below Fifth.

Mr. Moore himself has just published "*Household Verses*," by Bernard Barton, with two exquisite steel engravings by T. G. Bentley, from original designs by Thomas Churchyard. The pure spirit of the poet and the great beauty of execution in this book render it an extremely appropriate present to a young lady.

Messrs. Lea & Blanchard have published "*The American Electro-Magnetic Telegraph*," with the reports of Congress and a description of all telegraphs known employing electricity or galvanism. Illustrated by 81 engravings. By Alfred Vail, Assistant Superintendent of the Electro-Magnetic Telegraph for the United States.

Messrs Wiley & Putnam have added to their "Library of Choice Reading," Nos. 31 and 32, "*Proverbial Philosophy*," by Martin Farquhar Tupper, the richest prose work which has appeared since the times of Jeremy Taylor—rich in thought, in language, in imagery and in the pure gold of its moral and religious sentiments. No. 35, "*The Life of Conde*," by Lord Mahon, one of the noblest subjects in history treated in a masterly style. We wish that more books of this particular class were reprinted in this country. The last half century has produced a mass of valuable history and biography in Europe which has been totally neglected in this country. Messrs. Wiley & Putnam are doing good service to our American literature by enriching our libraries with sterling European books. Another valuable portion of their "Library" consists of Nos. 29 and 30, "*Specimens of English Dramatic Poets who lived about the time of Shakspeare, with notes.*" By Charles Lamb. Some of the choicest parts are here brought together of the works of Ford, Daniel, Greville, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Massinger, Shirley and others who adorned the best age of British dramatic literature. Such books are worth having.

Messrs. E. Ferrett & Co. have published "*The Heiress*," by T. S. Arthur, a sweet domestic tale in the author's happiest vein. They have also published "*The Visionary; from the Papers of the Count de O——.*" A tale from the German of Schiller, well known as a classical production of the illustrious German. Also, a new edition of "*Stories of the American Revolution*," with fine engravings, beautifully bound and gilt.

Mr. Herman Hooker has published an extremely useful little volume, entitled "*Lessons on the Liturgy for Sunday Schools.*" Also, a cheap edition of Tupper's most popular work, "*Proverbial Philosophy.*" Also, a very profound metaphysical work, entitled "*An Examination of President Edwards' Inquiry into the Freedom of the Will.*" By Albert Taylor Bledsoe.

Messrs. Walker & Gillis have published, "*Kriss Kringle's Raree Show for Good Boys and Girls*," a splendid quarto juvenile annual, with embellishments on a grand scale and extremely entertaining matter. It will be very acceptable to the young folks.

The same publishers have also issued "*Nursery Rhymes, Tales and Jingles*," in a fine illuminated and embellished style, which will make the eyes of the little children sparkle with delight.

Messrs. Walker & Gillis have published No. 11 of "*Dr. Frost's Pictorial History of the World.*" This number commences the History of the Middle Ages—a most interesting and romantic period. The embellishments are truly splendid, especially that of the Emperor Theodosius asking pardon of St. Ambrose.

Messrs. Harpers have published "*The Life of Mozart, including his Correspondence*," by Edward Holmes, author of "A Ramble among the Musicians of Germany." This is a sensible and well-written book, and will prove extremely acceptable to the lovers of music and the admirers of the great classical composer, whose works are still considered among the best ever produced. The volume forms No. 4 of "Harpers' New Miscellany," and is to be obtained, together with all the recent publications of Messrs. Harpers, at the store of Messrs. G. B. Zieber & Co., Third street, below Chestnut.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., of New York, and George S. Appleton, Philadelphia, have published "*Sermons preached in the Chapel of Rugby School, with an Address before Confirmation.*" By Thomas Arnold, D. D. First American edition. This is truly a "young man's guide" in religion and morality, proceeding from a very high authority. The learned author of the "History of Rome," having been engaged for the greater part of his useful life in instructing youth, was peculiarly well qualified to produce a compendium of moral and religious duty for the use of young people. The manner and occasion of the delivery of these sermons were such that the author's best efforts were drawn forth for the benefit of his hearers. The style is plain and familiar; but, at the same time, serious, earnest and fervid, carrying conviction home to the conscience, and leaving no excuse for the neglect of religious and moral cultivation.

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F.P.Stephanoff. Al. Dick

THE FAIR CLIENT.

Engraved for Godey's Ladys Book

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GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1846.

THE FAIR CLIENT; OR, THE PACKET OF LETTERS.

(*See Plate.*)

"Oh, dear! Cousin Carry, father is going to marry that horrid Mrs. Dayton! What shall we do?" said Alice Clinton, as she ran into Mrs. Somers' breakfast-room one bright summer morning, followed by her younger brother and sister. "Won't you speak to father, Cousin Carry?" continued she, coaxingly. "You know you have more influence with him than any one else."

"Yes, do—won't you?" chimed in George. "We don't dare to speak to him about it. That dreadful woman! I never could endure her. I am sure we can never stay at home if she comes. I will come and live with you."

"And so will I," sobbed little Mary, crying out of pure sympathy for her brother and sister.

"What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Somers. Has anything happened lately? Only last week your father told me that the report of his intended marriage was false. It seems to me you alarm yourselves unnecessarily."

"Oh, no," replied Alice, a fair girl of sixteen; "she is coming here next week, and I heard father tell Uncle John this morning that he hoped his house would be a little more cheerful before long, for he thought of bringing home a bright presiding genius. Those were his very words;" and Alice leaned her head on Mrs. Somers' shoulder and sobbed bitterly.

"Well, well," said Mrs. Somers, at last, overcome by their united tears and entreaties, "I will exert all my influence in your favour, but I am afraid it will be useless when opposed by Mrs. Dayton's charms. How did your father become so infatuated by a woman he once disliked so excessively?"

"Oh," said George, bluntly, "she flattered him so much. I heard her tell him that he was one of the finest-looking men she ever saw; and she called him so dignified and stately, and then she looked at Mrs. Dale and laughed, but father did not see her."

"Stay! that reminds me," exclaimed Mrs. Somers, "I have an idea in my mind; but I fear it will hardly be right to act upon it."

"Oh, yes," said Alice, raising her blue eyes filled with tears; "anything would be right, it seems to me. Pray, do all that you can."

"Well, dearest, dry your tears and go home, and I will think about it," said Mrs. Somers, kissing her brow. "There, I see your father coming; run home through the garden and I will speak with him."

And Mrs. Somers stepped into the little grass-plat in front of her house and called to Mr. Clinton, who readily obeyed her summons—for he had been waiting for an opportunity of informing his old ward and favourite of his determination, and of justifying himself in her eyes for what he feared she would consider a rash step.

Long and earnest was the conversation. She recalled to his mind the dislike formerly existing between himself and his now worshiped Mrs. Dayton; asked him if he had forgotten that he had once thought her so heartless and worldly that he had forbidden his wife to visit her, and reminded him of a conversation he had overheard between Mrs. Dayton and one of her friends, in which he was ridiculed so unmercifully as almost to produce an open quarrel. But it was all to no effect. He listened with ill-disguised impatience, and said that she had been very much misunderstood; she had explained everything to him, and in a village like theirs so many unfounded rumours were flying about that he thought a person of sense should pay no attention to them. For his part, his determination was taken, and once formed, Mrs. Somers

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ought to know it was seldom changed. He had studied Mrs. Dayton's character with great attention, and the more intimately he knew her the more he saw to love. She had owned to him that she was formerly very much prejudiced against him, but now he hoped—indeed, he might say he was sure—she thought favourably of him; and Mr. Clinton rose to go.

"Promise me one thing," said Mrs. Somers, who could scarcely repress a smile at the Malvolio-like conceit of her old guardian—"promise me that if I can prove to you that her opinion of you is the same now as when you overheard that conversation, that you will discontinue your addresses?"

"I may safely promise that, I think," said Mr. Clinton, smiling. "Good morning;" and his slow step was soon heard on the gravel walk in front of the house.

Mrs. Somers stood for a moment in deep thought, and then threw on hastily her bonnet and shawl, and calling her pet Fidele, took her way to Mrs. Dale's, a careless, light-hearted, fashionable woman, who seemed to live only for the sake of amusing and being amused. She had been an old school companion and playmate of Mrs. Dayton's, and as her lively and piquant manner of talking and writing pleased Mrs. Dale, they had been constant correspondents for many years, and called themselves great friends. But Mrs. Dale considered her letters far too good to enjoy alone, and as Mrs. Somers was a favourite of hers, she often brought them to read to her—never seeming to think or care that she was betraying her dearest friend's confidence, or laying open her most secret motives to the eye of one who, to say the least, would not regard them favourably. It was in search of this very packet of letters that Mrs. Somers had gone, and having easily obtained them, she turned her steps towards Mr. Clinton's office, not without a little trepidation and sinking of the heart—for the part she had taken on herself was a most unpleasant one. To draw from under a man the pedestal on which he had been placed, and to make him feel that the hand which had elevated him had acted a traitor's part, and while pretending to desire his esteem, had been only seeking her own comfort, might produce effects more disagreeable than she was prepared to encounter. Besides, she had some qualms of conscience, which she stifled as they rose, about the propriety of betraying the private correspondence of any one. In the midst of these cogitations, she found herself at the door of Mr. Clinton's office, and the next minute was sitting by him, as she had often been in her girlish days when she had brought him letters from her lover, that he might sympathize in her happiness. Now her errand was so different a one that she might have feared to speak it if his air of perfect assurance and confidence had not provoked a smile and a slight feeling of vexation at his infatuation.

He could not repress, however, a slight emotion of anxiety as he seated himself to read the passages she pointed out; and gradually his face lengthened, the corners of his mouth were drawn down, and at last he took the letters from her hand, and turning his face so as to conceal it, read every one through, while she sat a little curious, a little impatient, and not a little frightened, trying to discover the effect of the communications.

There, in Mrs. Dayton's well-known hand, was a complete history of his courtship, from the time that she had smiled a sweet apology to him for brushing by him hastily, to the day that he had brought her a bouquet of most rare and beautiful flowers, and told her that hours would seem like days till he saw her again. There it all was, with her annotations and comments. Sometimes he was called her Adonis, at others her Holofernes, and many other sobriquets seemed to slip from her pen without a moment's thought. She spoke of the gay home she intended to have, and said she should soon be able to persuade the "Thunder-cloud" that the office would be the pleasantest place for him, and his sister's house the best home for his children, about whom, of course, she could not be expected to concern herself. And then she expatiated on the delights of a large income, and a home to which she could retreat after being weary of the confusion of a watering-place or the bustle of the city.

Without a word, the letters were returned to Mrs. Somers, who raised her eyes inquiringly to the giver. The epithet "Thunder-cloud" might well be applied to him at that moment, and Mrs. Somers feared lest the storm should burst on her head; but after a few moments he thanked her rather coldly for undeceiving him, promised, as she requested, perfect secresy as to the manner in which he had obtained his information, and declared his determination to act upon it.

The letters were safely returned, and neither Mrs. Dale nor Mrs. Drayton ever learned for what purpose they had been used. But Mrs. Drayton is Mrs. Drayton still, and the "bright, presiding genius" of Mr. Clinton's home is the blue-eyed Alice.

E. L. B.

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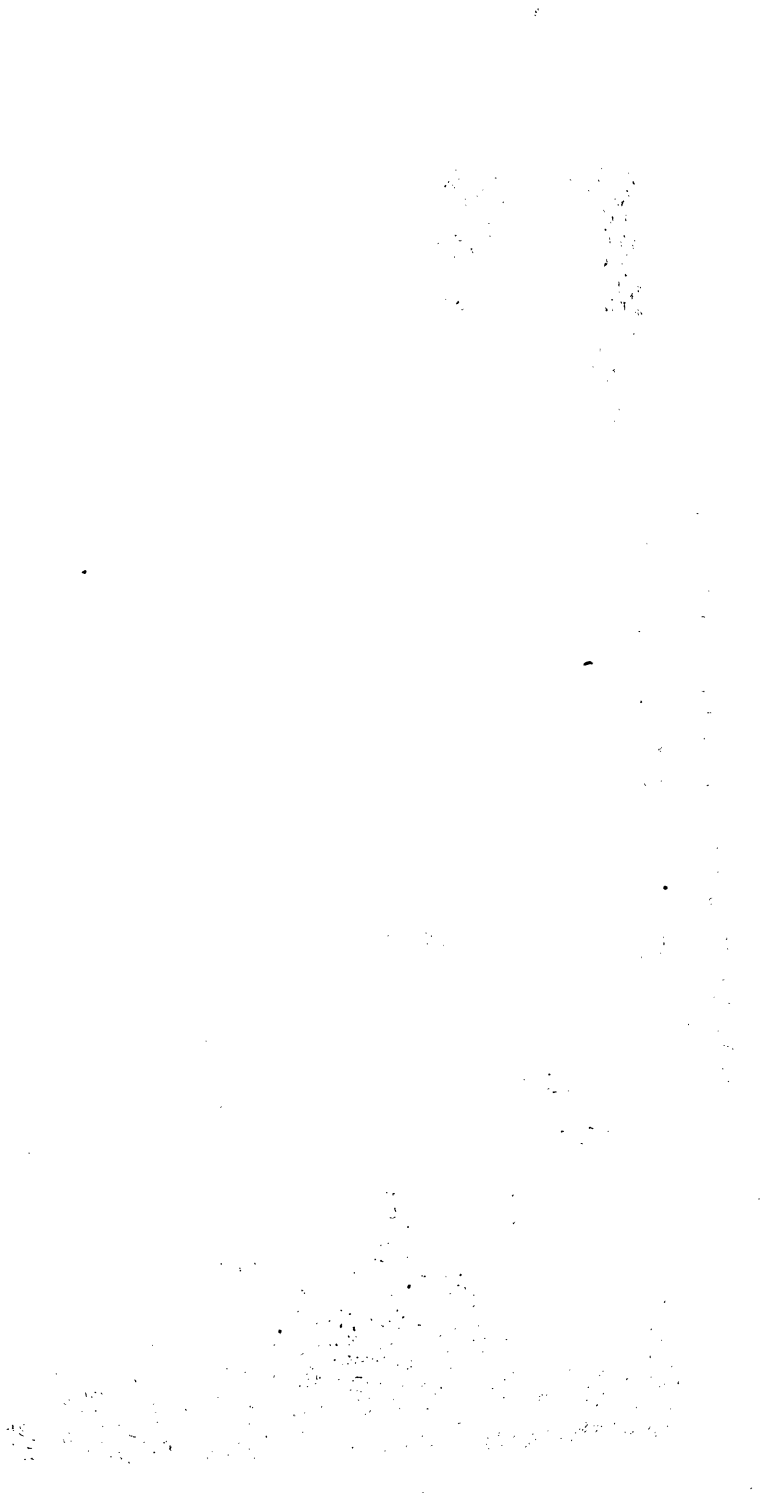

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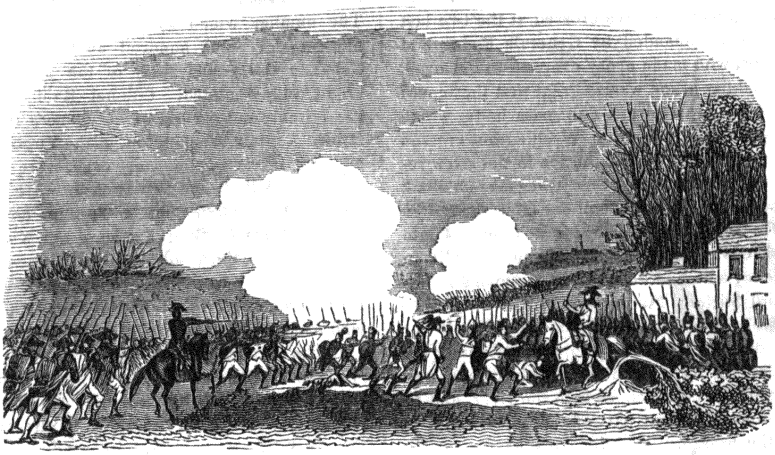

THE BATTLE OF TRENTON.

(*See Plate.*)

We present our readers with a beautiful plate representing a portion of the battle-ground of Trenton. It is a spot which will always interest the intelligent reader of American history. The battle of Trenton may be regarded as the turning point in the fortunes of the Revolution. Our affairs were at the lowest ebb, when this brilliant achievement of Washington gave new hope and spirit to the patriotic party, and laid the foundations of ultimate success. We copy from Professor Frost's "Book of the Army," a lucid account of the battle.

"In this period, when the American army was relinquishing its general, the people giving up the cause, some of their leaders going over to the enemy, and the British commanders succeeding in every enterprise, General Lee was taken prisoner at Baskenridge, by Lieutenant-colonel Harcourt. This caused a depression of spirit among the Americans, far exceeding any real injury done to their essential interests. He had been repeatedly ordered to come forward with his division and join General Washington, but these orders were not obeyed. This circumstance, and the dangerous crisis of public affairs, together with his being alone, at some distance from the troops which he commanded, begat suspicion that he chose to fall into the hands of the British. Though these apprehensions were without foundation, they produced the same extensive mischief as if they had been realities. The Americans had reposed extravagant confidence in his military talents and experience of regular European wars. Merely to have lost such an idol of the states at any time, would have been distressing, but losing him under circumstances which favoured an opinion that, despairing of the American cause, he chose to be taken prisoner, was to many an extinguishment of every hope.

"At this critical moment, the royal army in complete possession of New Jersey, and the republican troops, exhausted, dispirited, retreating, and numbering only five or six thousand men, the greater part of whom would be entitled to their discharge at the end of the year, Washington formed the bold resolution, before that time should arrive, to cross the Delaware and hazard an engagement with the enemy.

"Congress, seeing the dangerous situation to which everything dear to the friends of independence was reduced, had entrusted extraordinary powers to Washington. He was empowered to raise first eighty-eight and then sixteen more regular battalions, to give higher bounties and pay, and to act in other respects for six months as a military dictator. The men, however, were not yet raised, and present circumstances were little calculated to invite them into the service.

"Under these circumstances, to turn round and face a victorious and numerous foe, with his inconsiderable force, was risking much; but the urgency of the case required that something should be attempted, and Washington determined to recross the Delaware and attack that part of the enemy which was stationed at Trenton. When the Americans retreated over the Delaware, the boats in the vicinity were removed out of the way of their pursuers: this arrested their progress; but the British commanders, in the security of conquest, cantoned their army in Burlington, Bordentown, Trenton, and other towns of New Jersey, in daily expectation of being enabled to cross into Pennsylvania, by means of ice, which is generally formed about that time.

"In the evening of Christmas day, General Washington made arrangements for recrossing the

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Delaware in three divisions—at M'Konkey's ferry, at Trenton ferry, and at or near Bordentown. The troops which were to have crossed at the two last places were commanded by Generals Ewing and Cadwalader, who made every exertion to get over, but the quantity of ice was so great that they could not effect their purpose. The main body, which was commanded by General Washington, crossed at M'Konkey's ferry; but the ice in the river retarded its passage so long, that it was three o'clock in the morning before the artillery could be gotten over. On landing in Jersey, it was formed into two divisions, commanded by Generals Sullivan and Greene, who had under their command Brigadiers Lord Stirling, Mercer and St. Clair. One of the divisions was ordered to proceed on the lower or river road, the other on the upper or Runnington road. Colonel Stark, with some light troops, was also directed to advance near to the river, and to possess himself of that part of the town which is beyond the bridge. The divisions having nearly the same distance to march, were ordered, immediately on forcing the outguards, to push directly into Trenton, that they might charge the enemy before they had time to form. Though they marched different roads, yet they arrived at the enemy's advanced post within three minutes of each other. The outguards of the Hessian troops at Trenton soon fell back, but kept up a constant retreating fire. Their main body, being hard pressed by the Americans, who had already got possession of half their artillery, attempted to file off by a road leading towards Princeton, but they were checked by a body of troops thrown in their way. Finding themselves surrounded, they laid down their arms. The number which submitted was twenty-three officers and eight hundred and eighty-six men. Between thirty and forty of the Hessians were killed and wounded. Colonel Rahl was among the former, and several of his officers among the latter. Captain Washington, of the Virginia troops, and five or six of the Americans, were wounded; two were killed, and two or three were frozen to death. The detachment in Trenton consisted of the regiments of Rahl, Losberg and Kniphausen, amounting in the whole to about fifteen hundred men and a troop of British light horse. All these were killed or captured, except about six hundred, who escaped by the road leading to Bordentown.

"The British had a strong battalion of light infantry at Princeton, and a force yet remaining near the Delaware superior to the American army. General Washington, therefore, in the evening of the same day, thought it most prudent to recross into Pennsylvania with his prisoners.

"The effects of this successful enterprise were speedily felt in recruiting the American army. About fourteen hundred regular soldiers, whose time of service was on the point of expiring, agreed to serve six weeks longer, on a promised gratuity of ten paper dollars to each. Men of influence were sent to different parts of the country to rouse the militia. The rapine and impolitic conduct of the British operated more forcibly on the inhabitants to expel them from the state than either patriotism or persuasion to prevent their overrunning it."

FEMALE CHARMS.

BY S. R. H.

Oh, give me the form that is graceful and fair,
With a heart, full of feeling, that constant will prove—
With a beautiful brow never clouded with care,
And a lip ever lisping the language of love.

Give me one in whose eye I can fancy there's heaven,
Where the angel-affections are sweetly enshrined—
To which all the soul of expression is given,
A mirror of modesty, mercy and mind.

With a spirit that spurns at a tyrant's control,
When he tramples affection all gentle and true;
Let her be of that lofty, that virtuous soul
That would banish the wretch who to ruin would woo.

And yet I would have her so modest and mild
That she'd melt into tears when my sorrows I named—
That she'd blush when I praised, like a beautiful child,
And sigh on my lips when I lovingly blamed.

I would have her as pure as the snow on the mount—
As true as the smile that to infancy's given—
As pure as the wave of the crystalline fount,
Yet as warm in the heart as the sunlight of heaven.

With a mind cultivated, not boastingly wise,
I could gaze on such beauty with exquisite bliss;
With her heart on her lips and her soul in her eyes—
What more could I wish in dear woman than this!

To such a fair creature how blest could I kneel
And pour out the passion long lock'd in my heart!
An undying devotion my bosom could feel,
All pure and untainted by treacherous art.

If angels are such in the high halls above,
As gentle in spirit, as faithful and fair,
Oh, who would not bow to the bondage of love!
And who would not wish, ah! yes, sigh to be there!

If there's aught on the earth that can rapture impart,
That can clothe a bleak world in a mantle of bliss,
'Tis the charms, 'tis the exquisite soul, 'tis the heart
Of a woman as lovely and charming as this.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF LISBON.

BY MISS LESLIE.

It was a soft hazy morning early in November, that, after a long and disastrous voyage from London, we came in sight of the Burlings, (as the English call them,) being the Berlinga islands, two rocky hills that s and out in the sea, and, in coming from the north, are generally the first land descried on the coast of Portugal. We saw their peaks looming through the mist, and shortly after found ourselves sailing along a chain of mountains among which were the hills of Cintra, that paradise of Portugal. We had a distant view of the vast white marble palace of Mafra, built on a rocky platform almost impending over the sea; and the cork convent, the interior walls of which are said to be lined with sheets of cork, to remedy the perpetual dampness of the place. I was then very young, and had never before seen mountains either in my own country or in Europe; therefore I was highly delighted; particularly when a coming shower canopied their heads with clouds that rolled off when the returning sunbeams shone out upon the waves.

We saw several shallops, all with the pointed lateen sails of the south of Europe, these sails being generally striped broadly with black and red.

Our signal being up for a pilot, we were soon supplied with one. None but those who have voyaged on the ocean, can conceive how pleasant is the sight of the first pilot boat on approaching the land, or how melancholy the final view of the last pilot boat on quitting it.

Our captain had expressed a hope that in this boat there might chance to be an excellent pilot with whom he was well acquainted, and in whom he had implicit confidence. He was much disappointed when, on the skiff running along side, he saw the pilot that offered, and whom according to law he was obliged to take, as being the first that answered the signal. This pilot was our earliest specimen of a Portuguese, and unluckily he chanced to be a very unfavourable one; looking excessively dirty, and very unshorn and unshaven. It was not *then* the fashion for men who were able to buy razors, and had the means of procuring soap and water every day, to present themselves with heads and faces like those of "prisoners wildly overgrown with hair." He put us quite out of conceit of Portuguese pilots.

In those days, like many other very young girls of *that* time, I was passionately fond of novels and plays, and of those particularly where the scene lay in Spain, (that land of romance;) and I was aware that the shades of difference between Spain and Portugal were very slight. And so they are; yet, paradoxical as it may seem, Portugal is more like Spain than Spain is like Portugal. We have heard of a man explaining to another who had never seen a donkey, that a jackass was like a mule, "only more so;" and of a negro boasting that his two twin boys were "'zactly alike, especially Pomp."

In this our visit to Portugal, though caused by strange and unexpected circumstances, I anticipated nothing but delight; for it seemed to me nearly the same as going to Spain, and my juvenile imagination reveled in the visioned charms of orange groves, vineyards, olive grounds, fig trees and almond trees. Old castles and abbeys I had seen during a residence of several years in England; but I was now to be enchanted with the sight of convents, monks, perhaps nuns, and perhaps assassins. I was to see young ladies with veils and fans, walking out under the guard of duennas; and to hear guitars playing serenades under latticed balconies.

Our pilot somewhat disappointed me, for I had hoped he would look like a pirate. He was a short, thick man, with dull eyes that never could look fierce; a heavy, stupid face; and his hair, beard, and skin, all of one indescribable colour. His costume was a dirty brown jacket, and bare legs terminating in old coarse shoes with large silver buckles. However, he had a red sash round his waist, and though only of faded woolen, still a *sash* was something. He commenced by speaking a few words of what he believed to be English; but our captain understood Portuguese, and could confer with him in his own language.

At length we descried the Rock of Lisbon, and then saw the white and crimson flag of Portugal flying on the tower of Fort St. Julian. On rounding this promontory, and passing the isolated fortress of Bugio, which stands out on "a lonely isle," we found ourselves in the far-famed Tagus, the river of Madrid as well as of Lisbon. Though no longer "bright with golden sands," it is nevertheless a noble and magnificent tide; traversing a large portion of Spain, and the whole breadth of Portugal. At Lisbon, where it meets the Atlantic, the Tagus is ten miles wide. The southern bank is wild, mountainous, and thinly sprinkled with small villages, and here and there the ruins of an old chateau. Numerous windmills of a construction peculiar to the south of Europe, are scattered about the heights on both sides of the river. Our pilot ran us aground twice; on which occasions he made earnest efforts to get us off, by praying vigorously to a little image of his patron saint that he carried about him.

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The sun was near setting, when we anchored off Belem Castle. Provision boats were immediately alongside, from whence we obtained immense bunches of delicious purple grapes, with skins not thicker than that of a red currant; and some very bad fresh bread, which we then thought good, after the hard crackers we had been eating for several weeks.

We were not permitted to proceed to the city till the following morning, having first to undergo an inspection from the health officers. The captain sent up for an excellent pilot, who was well known to be the best belonging to the port. He arrived early in the morning, and his predecessor was dismissed as incompetent. The new pilot was a tall, slender, and remarkably handsome man. He skipped about with the lightness and agility of a rope-dancer, in his shining pumps and white silk stockings, white cassimere pantaloons, fine blue cloth jacket, trimmed with silver buttons and loops; and a crimson silk sash. The whole of his dress was exquisitely nice, and to crown all, he had a very new chapeau with a silver tassel at each corner. He spoke English perfectly, and had the manners of a polished gentleman. He put us quite *into* conceit of Portuguese pilots.

After the passengers and the whole ship's company had been drawn up on deck, and had our health inspected by two men who came along side in a boat, and sat and looked up at us, we were boarded by a pair of custom-house officers, who proceeded with us up to the city. We then passed the ancient monastery and church of Belem, the Westminster Abbey of Lisbon—except that it cannot boast of a Poet's Corner, "the dust that moulders here" being only that of kings and queens. The most interesting personages whose mortal remains repose within the vaults of Belem, are Juan, the *first* of the Braganza dynasty, and his daughter Catherine, the unhappy wife of England's second Charles.

As the city of Lisbon opened upon our view, its external aspect made a most favourable impression on all who now saw it for the first time. It is very large, and covers an amphitheatre of hills ascending steeply from the water side. It is built entirely of stone, and its almost universally white houses, rising one above another, tier over tier, with their green lattices and balconies, and roofs of red tile, give it a very gay appearance. The spires and church towers seem countless; the most conspicuous among them being the dome and steeples of a magnificent convent, built entirely of white marble, and dedicated by its foundress, Maria Frances Isabella, to "the Heart of Jesus." This lofty and splendid structure is one of the landmarks of Lisbon, as St. Paul's is of London.

We were all ready prepared for landing, and as soon as the anchors were let go, the business of disembarking commenced. My father having taken directions from the captain, went on shore immediately, in quest of lodgings, leaving the family on board till he came back for us. In the meantime, we were entertained with the proceedings of the two custom-house officers, shabby old fellows, with tie-wigs intended to be powdered; rusty cocked hats; and threadbare brown camlet cloaks that covered them from head to foot. Both the men and their cloaks were found very convenient to several of our passengers who were desirous of getting some prohibited articles secretly on shore, and who (on a hint from the captain) adopted the very safe plan of entrusting these little bits of smuggling to the guardians of the revenue, who were very willing to undertake it, and thankful for a small compensation in silver. It was amusing to see how carefully they concealed the things beneath their ample cloaks, and with what *sang froid* they walked after the owners as they proceeded up the quay.

My father having engaged lodgings, returned to take us on shore, and we set our feet for the first time on the great European continent. It being high water, we were on this occasion spared the usual way of landing when the tide is low, that of being carried through the mud and ooze on the backs of men who stay about the strand and get their living by performing this service.

Our apartments were in a very large house, in that part of the town called Buenos Ayres, from the salubrity of the atmosphere; and therefore much resorted to by strangers. This house was in the Rua do Prior, a street that runs along the brow of a lofty hill, the front windows looking down upon fruit gardens that then covered the declivity. Our balconies commanded a full view of the whole harbour, with the range of mountains on the opposite side; the forts at the entrance of the Tagus; and a glimpse of the broad Atlantic. The city of Lisbon (called Lisboa in Portuguese) is but eight miles from the ocean, though our ship was a day and a half in coming up; the wind being ahead, and our first pilot having (as aforesaid) run us twice aground; beside our being obliged to lie all night at anchor off Belem Castle. Let my readers bear in mind that this visit to Lisbon was a "long time ago." We remained there five months, returning to America in the spring.

Notwithstanding its prepossessing exterior, Lisbon is one of the dirtiest cities in the world; the streets (which are generally narrow) never being cleaned except when washed down by the rains. It is of antiquity so remote that its origin is unknown; and like Rome, it stands on seven hills. I recollect one street being so steep, that when walking, I involuntarily caught at the door frames and window shutters to save myself from falling. There are no sidewalks; the whole being paved with round stones, like our carriage ways, only much worse. The gutter runs down through the middle. All the refuse of the kitchens is thrown into the streets; and the dogs (which are very fierce and incredibly numerous) are the only scavengers. In many houses, the lower story (or, as they say in England, the ground floor) is the stable; the front door being large enough to admit horses and

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carriages; and the pavement within being of round stones like that in the street. It is very customary for a house to be protected from mischance by having, on the outside, a painted representation of the martyrdom of some favourite saint. These are small frescoes, sometimes near a yard square, painted entirely in blue on a white ground, and are about equal in execution to the scripture pieces on the blue and white Dutch tiles that formerly decorated the fire-places of old-fashioned houses.* Of the shops, those of the same sort are generally in the same street. The street of the jewelers and silversmiths contains an immense variety of rich plate and jewelry; the people of southern Europe having a great predilection for these articles; obtaining them frequently by the sacrifice of comforts that in America would be considered indispensable to a decent existence.

The house in which we passed our "Winter in Lisbon," had been built purposely for the accommodation of lodgers. It was rented jointly by an English and an Irish woman, who let it out in furnished apartments, and who converted the stables on the lower story into parlours and chambers for their own use and that of their servants. The two landladies, besides being of adverse nations, were, of course, each other's natural enemies; and before the winter was half over, the English woman returned to her own country, and the Irish lady became mistress of the whole house. Their feuds had given much disturbance to their lodgers, who were all glad to find the house under the sway of one sceptre rather than two. This house was four stories high. On each story were two complete and distinct suites of rooms; each suite comprising a very large parlour or drawing-room, four chambers, and a kitchen. Our family occupied a set of apartments on the second story or first floor. The adjoining set was rented by a Portuguese *fidalgo* who held a small place under the government, and with his wife, sister and children, led a life of pretension and poverty, show and dirt. The families that were inmates of this mansion boarded themselves: the single gentlemen (all of whom were English or American) had private tables, supplied by their respective landladies.

The drawing-rooms reminded us of those in the plates belonging to the old-fashioned editions of Gil Blas. So, indeed, did the streets, churches, carriages, and many other things. There was nothing that in the least resembled the Spanish dresses and scenery of our theatres. The furniture was of the fashion of the country, and more showy than comfortable. The walls were painted in panels; ours being of pale pink bordered with wreaths of flowers. The ceilings were very lofty, and so were the windows; each of which parted in the middle, and opened into a balcony. All the rooms, except the kitchens, were built entirely without fire-places, or any means of heating them except by the occasional introduction of a brazier of charcoal, in which case it was of course imperative to sit with a door or window open. And even then, the fumes produced such headaches that we thought it better to endure the cold. In the south of Europe, the lamentable scarcity of fuel is a serious drawback to any pleasure that may be derived from passing a winter in those countries. The houses are built as if for perpetual summer; but as (even if there is no snow) there is always in those climates abundance of chilly rain and bleak wind during the winter months, the absence of fire causes such sufferings from cold and damp as are rarely felt in the stern winters of America, where every house is well warmed. Let no one who is consumptive or rheumatic attempt a winter in Lisbon.

There were eight kitchens in the house belonging to eight suites of apartments. In these kitchens the fire-places (which were of stone) were built up high like an oven; the front being an open arch with a coved roof. On this platform the cooking was done on portable clay furnaces, and in skillets, stew pans, frying pans, pipkins, and other minor utensils. The fuel was charcoal, and narrow slips of wood about a foot long, tied up like bundles of large matches; and for kindlings, there were bunches of dead furze called something like *cancajo*, and dry vine twigs. All these materials for fire were to be bought at the small grocery establishments, denominated tinder-shops by our two landladies, the Portuguese appellation being *tendas*.

Though during the whole winter there was no snow that lay on the ground, and no ice thicker than a shilling, we had several weeks of almost incessant rain accompanied by cold driving winds; and afterwards occasional rain storms of three or four days. And such rains! a whole cloud seemed to descend at once. The streets (fortunately for them) were so flooded that at times they looked as if cataracts were rushing down between the two rows of houses. But it washed them clean.

Our door-windows fitted so badly, that the rain poured in at them through all sorts of crevices and open places; so that, at each of the three, large tubs had to be placed to catch the water that would otherwise have deluged the floor. After the first rain, however, my father contrived means to stop up these cracks so as to render the in-pouring less violent. But the dampness that pervaded the house, and all other houses in this fireless country, was without remedy. The shoes that we took off at night, were frequently in the morning found covered with blue mould. So also were the surbases, and the frames of the chairs and tables. Our clothes became mouldy in the bureaus and presses; the covers and edges of our books were frequently coated with mould in a single night.

To guard against the effects of this humid atmosphere which there was no fire to counteract, we had recourse to many strange expedients. Every

* Wherever a murder has been committed, a black crucifix is put up against the nearest wall. These mementoes of crime and death are fearfully frequent. Few of the streets were lighted, except by the candles burning dimly within the glass cases containing images of the saints; and these are to be found at almost every corner.

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morning, on rising, we dressed ourselves as if we were going to spend the day in the street; putting on as many under-garments as we could, and finishing with our pelisses or outside coats, and fur tippets. We wore our bonnets all day long; and my sisters and myself rejoiced in cottage beavers, tied in closely to our faces. My father (always in his great coat) likewise kept on his hat, and the two boys were made to keep on theirs. Several days were really so cold, as well as damp, that after breakfast we all went regularly to bed; remaining there the whole day, except at meal times. This we found a tolerably good plan, and *I* liked it very well, as I could then give myself up entirely to reading.

On these dreary days, there was nothing to be seen from the windows but the flooded gardens in front of the street; and here and there parts of the masts or spars of ships, looming dimly through the rain clouds that rested like a heavy fog upon the river; while others, yet to come, gathered in rolling volumes on the tops of the opposite hills.

One of the amusements of the juvenile part of the family, when our parents were not present, (with shame I speak of it,) was to peep through the keyhole, with a desire to be enlightened as to the manners and customs of the Portuguese people that occupied the adjoining suite of apartments; a door (always locked) being between their drawing-room and ours. We would not have acted so dishonourably towards persons of our own country, or even to British neighbours; but we regarded the Portuguese as "no rule." We soon ascertained that their general habiliments were old and slovenly, but that whenever a fine day tempted the lady-wife to walk out, she covered her dirty dark calico dress with an elegant blue satin cloak trimmed with ermine; and had a barber to come and dress her hair and decorate it with embroidered ribbons; bonnets not yet being introduced into Portugal. Keeping no regular servant, she for these occasions hired, by the hour, two maids to walk after her; the *suivantes* were habited in the prevailing winter costume of their class; a long brown cloth cloak, and a square or double white muslin 'kerchief, covering entirely their heads, so as to hang down over the back of the neck, with the two front corners pinned closely under the chin. An ungraceful *coiffure*. When any of her female friends came to visit our neighbour, *they* also brought their maids with them; and while the mistresses were conversing on the sofa, the maids sat flat on the floor in front of them, and kept up a whispering talk with each other.

Among other items of keyhole knowledge, we discovered that every day, about dinner time, our neighbours had a table set out in their parlour with clean damask cloth and napkins, pieces of bread, silver forks, spoons, castors, &c.; handsome wine-glasses, and goblets, and all the paraphernalia of a very genteel dinner equipage. The table stood thus during an hour or more; so that if visitors came in, they might suppose that the family were preparing to sit down in style *comme il faut*. But to this table they never *did* sit down; for when the time of exhibition had elapsed, all the fine things were taken off and carefully put away for a similar show the next day, and the next. Meanwhile (as we found by reconnoitring through the kitchen keyhole) the Portuguese family all assembled in the place where their food was cooked; seated themselves on the floor round a large earthen pan filled with some sort of stew; and each dipped in a pewter spoon and fed out of that same pan.

The rooms above were all occupied by gentlemen. The fourth story was called "up in the brander" by the Irish landlady, and "up in the brandises" by the Englishwoman. The etymology of these words we could not discover; but we suspect the first appellation to be the most correct—brandises, belonging to the same class as beastesses, postesses, and ghostesses.

In these brander apartments lived, while their ships were in port, two captains of the British navy. One of these gentlemen, afterwards Admiral Drury, commanded a seventy-four that had come in with a squadrom from the Mediterranean; the frigate of the other was the famous Arethusa, celebrated in song for her desperate conflict with the first Belle Poule; and also the subject of a sea novel. The Arethusa lay out in the stream, in full view from our windows. Captain Drury had with him his son a lieutenant, and his nephew a midshipman; both of them very young and very frolicsome.

There was a large stone staircase, common to the whole house. At the foot was a place paved with round street stones, into which the stables opened when the lower story had been used as such. This place was now a sort of hall or vestibule, and was entered from the street by a large front door. One day we were all brought out to the broad landing place nearest our rooms, by a strange and most unaccountable noise that seemed to proceed from below. We found Lieutenant Drury and his cousin. They had just returned from an excursion on donkeys, and were riding the beasts up stairs, and laughing heartily at the difficulty of getting them to acquiesce in this new sort of climbing. They had nearly surmounted the first flight of stairs, when the animals positively rebelled; refused to ascend another step, and stood stock-still; throwing up their heads, opening their mouths to a frightful extent, and braying with all their might. Reader, have you ever heard or seen the braying of an ass—for to hear it is nothing without seeing it. To those unaccustomed to the sound and sight, the combination of both is indescribably ludicrous.

Talking of animals—our house was supplied with milk in the usual Portuguese fashion; the fashion at least of that time. A dirty old man with a red woolen cap on his head, and round his ragged jacket a red woolen sash, to which hung several tin cups of various measures, drove before him a cow, two she-asses, and three or four goats,

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stopping to milk them at the doors of his customers, who thus had their choice of cow's milk, ass's milk, or goat's milk. The two last milks are considered good for invalids; English people of that unfortunate class being then in the habit of resorting to Lisbon for the improvement of their health. They have grown wiser since the whole European continent has been opened to them.

Our milkman, like all other Portuguese, took snuff *à l'outrance;* always stopping to regale himself with a pinch more than once during the process of milking into the tin mug, and then resuming with his snuffy fingers. A remonstrance from the person who stood at the door to take the milk, so offended his Portuguese dignity, that he immediately drove off his beasts in high dudgeon, and there was no milk that day. Next morning when he was caught with some difficulty as he passed grandly by, it required considerable coaxing and apologizing, and many promises of future good behaviour, to prevail on him to stop, and supply milk as usual. He was then the only milkman in that quarter of the city; therefore he knew his importance. With milkmen as with steamboats, opposition lines are very beneficial to the public.

The fashion of knee breeches, cocked hats, and hair tied and powdered, was retained by the Portuguese long after that style became obsolete in all other parts of the world. With their long and ample cloaks, there was no need of wasting money on good clothes to wear underneath; and linen was rarely discerned about their necks, for very good reasons. The working people, of course, could not be incumbered with cloaks all the time; so they appeared in jackets; and with those who could not afford a whole dress, there seemed to be a great disposition to decorate the head at the expense of the feet; the elegance that began at the top diminishing as it descended.

A large house was building next door to ours. Immediately in front, the street was chiefly occupied by a wide deep slough, or mud hole, where the paving stones had sunk or died away; and the councilmen, or aldermen, or selectmen, (if there are any such persons in Lisbon,) had taken no account of it. It has possibly been filled up by this time. When the weather was uncommonly bad, the carts that brought stone for the building generally stuck fast in this capacious hole. The Lisbon carts were of very primitive structure. They had no close sides; neither had they iron stanchions like those of drays to keep things from falling: there were only a few crooked sticks, stuck in here and there along the edges. Though wood is so scarce in Portugal, there was a great waste of it in the wheels, which had no spokes, but were solid and massy like grindstones; and the axle-tree revolved with them, groaning or rather shrieking dismally all the time. These carts were drawn by a pair of oxen which it always required two men to urge along. The dress of these carmen began by cocked hats, and powdered hair tastefully queued with blue or pink ribbon; cotton velvet jackets with tarnished tinsel-looking ornaments; faded breeches open at the knees; and their bare Portuguese legs ended, as usual, in old shoes with large showy buckles. Each driver carried a goad, and when the cart-load of stone got into the slough, while one man goaded the oxen, shouting violently something that sounded like "*shah!*" the other went to their heads, and endeavoured to frighten the poor beasts out of the mud-hole by making ferocious faces at them, and *shahing* also in a loud voice, and brandishing his stick threateningly. The workmen came out of the house to assist in this enterprise of extricating the cart; and they always had to do at the end what they should have done at the beginning, unload it of the slabs of stone; after which, the oxen and the empty cart were generally shahed out of the hole in less than half an hour.

Among the sights of Lisbon streets, those that have a taste for such things, may be treated daily with the gratuitous view of a pig-killing. If a man is driving a pig, and the animal seems to have more than his usual disinclination to "go ahead," the driver, to cut short all further argument, stops in the open street, takes out his knife, and deliberately kills the pig. Then getting some dry furze from the nearest shop, he makes a fire in the street, singes and scrapes the animal, removes the inside, and carries the carcass home on his shoulder, all ready for selling or cooking. The Portuguese pork is the finest in the world; being fattened on chestnuts and *sweet* acorns. This food gives a peculiar sweetness and delicacy to the meat, the fat of which is as mild as cream. The beef is far from good; and there is a law against killing calves; it being thought better they should live and grow up into larger and more profitable animals. Nevertheless, mysterious men came sometimes to our house, and with many and solemn injunctions to secresy, produced from under their cloaks a piece of veal, for which they asked an enormous price, as an indemnification to their consciences for having violated the law. Kids are much eaten in Portugal; but it is not altogether safe to venture on one, unless you are quite sure that it is not a cat. I am still uneasy with a misgiving, that at a table not our own I *did* eat a slice of grimalkin kid; and I can never be quite certain that I did not. I must say, however, that whether of the feline species or not, it looked and tasted well.

Great numbers of turkies are brought to the city in winter; not dead, but alive and walking. We frequently met them in large flocks conducted by a man who "marshaled them the way they were to go," by means of a long stick with a red rag tied to it.

The costume of the market women is a tight, close woolen jacket of green or blue cloth, with a petticoat of a different and highly contrasted colour. Their heads are covered with the usual double white 'kerchief, fastened beneath the chin. Upon the top of the 'kerchief, directly in front, is perched a small conical black velvet cap, with the

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peak bending forward. They ride to market on donkeys with high pack saddles, and panniers filled with fruit, vegetables, &c. The marketmen seemed to prefer walking, carrying a large basket in one hand; and over the other shoulder, a stick with a bag slung on the end. They were in the usual bare-legged costume; and many of these men had their long black hair confined in white nets, with a tassel hanging at the end. We saw a young woman riding in the safest possible manner. A man walked beside, to drive the donkey on which she was seated in an arm-chair, fastened somehow to the saddle; the chair (which resembled a child's dinner-chair cut short) had a foot-board for her feet, and a round bar thrust through the front of the arms to keep her from falling out. Among the country people that come into market, were also the wine sellers, each carrying on his back a borachio or goat skin, distended with new wine, the fore legs being brought round the neck of the man and tied together in front. Such were the wine skins that Don Quixotte attacked with his sword, mistaking them for an army of soldiers.

At the corners of the streets sit the chestnut women, who are generally Africans. They have before them a clay furnace with a small charcoal fire, and an iron pan on the top, in which they roast the fine chestnuts of the country, and then sell them at about twopence a dozen. They do them in perfection; cutting a slit in the shell of every one. When roasted, the inside is as soft as that of a well cooked sweet potatoe, which in taste and consistence they greatly resemble. These chestnuts are enormously large, and are eaten with meat, and introduced into stews and soups.

We bought oranges at about three cents a dozen —such oranges as we never saw or tasted before or since. They were of very large size; and having ripened on the trees and in a climate that was congenial to them, they were deliciously flavoured, very sweet, and with rinds as thin as paper. The lemons were equally fine; juicy, thin-skinned, and highly flavoured. The species called sweet lemons were very insipid, and neither sweet nor sour. We saw immense fig trees in the neighbourhood of the city. The figs were purple outside, and red within; but having no acidity, were too luscious to be pleasant. When dried, these Portuguese figs are excellent, and far superior to those of Smyrna; being much larger, softer, and richer.

There are beautiful walks and rides among the hills about Lisbon. We clambered rocks; entered caverns; explored ruins left by the great earthquake of 1755; looked at convents; saw monks everywhere; and were as romantic as possible. One of our favourite excursions was to the orange gardens in the valley of Alcantara, where for a testoon (a silver coin about the size of a ten-cent piece) we were all allowed as many oranges as we could eat, or carry away in pockets and handkerchiefs. In one of these gardens, we saw a spacious and elaborate grotto; among the shells and spars that covered its walls were introduced a number of large china plates of very fine Asiatic porcelain. Through this valley meandered a branch of the Alcantara river, in the form of a clear brook tumbling over a rocky bed. Here we always found a number of laundresses, standing in the water, and washing clothes in it, cold; using fuller's earth for soap. We saw some very pretty girls at this occupation; their skirts tucked up nearly to their knees, and their hair dressed and powdered, and ornamented with ribbons, artificial flowers, and gilt combs. The clothes, after being washed, were slapped down hard on the broad flat stones for a considerable time, to "bang out" the water. They were then spread about on the bushes to dry, where they were watched by men engaged for the purpose of seeing that they were not blown away or stolen. When dry, they are smoothed by rubbing them over with round stones. This mode of washing and ironing, of course, wears out the clothes very soon; which is probably the reason why the Portuguese wear so few things that "show dirt."

Across the valley of Alcantara stretches the famous aqueduct that conveys water to Lisbon. It it a lofty structure of granite, with pointed arches of immense height; and looks like a stupendous bridge. Along the top is a paved walk with a parapet, over which it makes one dizzy to look down; the people and houses in the valley below seeming like little puppets and toys. I remember in one of these walks, the full moon rose while we were still on the aqueduct; glittering on the stream below; touching with her silver light and dark shadows the towers of the city, and pouring a flood of quivering radiance on the distant waters of the Tagus.

STELLA.

She is made up of ev'ry joy,
With scarce a vestige of alloy;
Sweet Modesty adorns her face,
And air, and mind, with ev'ry grace,
To lure the subtle flame of love,
As kites the lightning from above.
How truly were her lover blest
With her, to cherish Love, their guest:
Though summer friends all kept aloof—
Though even 'neath the humblest roof—
Still Love would guard the nuptial cot,
And, like the angel-friends of Lot,
He'd strike with blindness Cares, the foes
Lurking without to vex repose.—L.

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AMERICAN AUTHORS ABROAD.

BY THEO. LEDYARD CUYLER.

When the infinitely witty Sydney Smith, many years ago, gave utterance to the celebrated and oft-quoted expression, "*Who reads an American book?*" there was certainly some point in the sneer. American literature was but in its lisping infancy. The Sketch Book was not yet; "*Long Tom Coffin*" and "*Natty Bumpo*" had not been created; Channing had not yet written the Essay on Napoleon, and Daniel Webster's eloquence was but in its splendid dawn. The only poets who had yet appeared are now almost entirely forgotten. One of them perpetrated a dull epic called the *Columbiad;* another wrote bad verses against Tories and "Britishers" over the signature (*his own name*, we believe,) of Philip Freneau; and another eminent divine, "whose baptismal name was Timothy," occasionally relieved his theological labours by writing various pieces, amatory and patriotic. The antiquarian reader will find them all in the introduction to Griswold's American Poets, piously interred side by side. Our country had produced several political and metaphysical treatises of a high order, but no very creditable histories, reviews, poems, or books of scientific research.

In process of time, as the wealth, education and refinement of the people increased, we began to have men of learning and leisure to write, and men of taste and substance to buy books. It was idle to expect this state of things while men were busily employed in hewing down forests, building cities, digging canals, and providing the necessaries of life. It was not yet time for the comforts, much less the *luxuries* of life. But we have now arrived at that stage of national progress when we may expect to have, and really do have a considerable number of men thoroughly devoted to art, science, and the pursuits of elegant literature. That number is as great as we have a right to hope for, and it is constantly increasing.

It strikes me that a great many absurd things have been written and said of late about an "American Literature." There are some who go off into ridiculous rhapsodies about what has already been done, and who arrogantly claim for American literature and science an equality with, if not a superiority to those of any other nation. Others quite as absurdly deny us any credit for the past, because we have had no Wordsworths, or Coleridges, or Scotts, or Wilsons, or Macaulays, and even among those who have gained any reputation, none who in their subjects and style have been *essentially American*. Now both of these classes are certainly mistaken. We have a literature—an *American literature*—and a very respectable one, too. We have among us a large number of "Native Americans" whose productions in the several departments of history, poetry, criticism and learned research, have not only given much occupation to American mind, but have also contributed largely to the reading and the studies of foreign men of letters.

During my late visit to Great Britain, I had abundant and gratifying evidence of this fact. I found *one American* name to be a household word by every English fireside around which the lovers of the mirthful and the picturesque were wont to cluster. Nearly every man who had read anything had read Knickerbocker and the Sketch Book. I found as great a familiarity with the name and writings of our great novelist as there is among the same classes at home; and once overheard, on top of a stage-coach, two very common-looking working men discussing the characters in the "*Pilot*" and the "*Prairie*." I found, too, another name as well known as either of the above, and *better known* than in our own country—a name which, from its connection with many of the most finished essays in the English tongue, has already taken rank as an American classic. I allude to Dr. Channing, whom I once heard the venerable Joanna Baillie characterize as the "first living essayist." This, from the first living authoress in England, was no faint praise. In the course of a speech which I heard Father Matthew deliver in the City Hall of Glasgow, he made an exceedingly happy quotation from the writings of Channing, and at the very mention of the name of our eminent countryman, the whole audience burst into loud applause. All this was *in spite* of his religious opinions, which are not widely popular in Great Britain.

The poetry of Bryant early gained an English popularity. His *Thanatopsis* was read before a literary club by the late Thomas Campbell, and received the highest encomia from all present. Willis is *notorious* all over Great Britain. The Oxford boys love to read his Scripture pieces, which are certainly his best; and every one seems fond of his dashing, racy sketches, "Pencillings," etc., with all their impertinences and affectations. *Longfellow* is just beginning to be known, and a handsome English edition of his works has been well received. "That Longfellow is a clever mon," Carlyle once remarked to me; "he is weel skilled in the toongues."

Within the last five years, Mr. Prescott has attained a reputation which rises above the shadow of any English cotemporary. His "Conquest of

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Mexico" is even eclipsing his "Ferdinand and Isabella," so that he has become his own most formidable rival. The "British Quarterly" contains, in a late number, a beautiful tribute from the pen of Dr. Hamilton; and the last "Edinburgh" says he "possesses a pure, simple and eloquent style, a keen relish for the picturesque, a quick and discerning judgment of character, and a generous and enlightened spirit of philanthropy." The historical productions of Bancroft and Sparks have also gained a wide celebrity.

It is probably known to many of my readers that the Royal Geographical Society of London voted a gold medal to our countryman, Dr. Robinson, for his laboured work on Palestine; and there is no English traveler whose narrative has been more widely read than those of Jno. L. Stephens. The name of President Edwards stands in the same category with Stewart and Reid. Dr. Anthon is the most popular editor of the classics now living. Peter Parley has quite supplanted Mrs. Trimmer in the affections of children. Bowditch has produced a translation of the "Mecanique Celeste" worthy of the great original; and all British theologians are familiar with the names of Dwight, Hodge, Barnes, McIlvaine and Alexander.

Of our political writers—of the present day—few are generally known. Mr. Webster has, perhaps, the widest reputation. His magnificent specimens of forensic eloquence are in their libraries. He has himself visited the country, and been fêted and caressed by lords and ambassadors; and more than all, he has conducted a great negotiation with a candour and a lofty contempt of diplomatic foolery which has won for him the admiration of the civilized world. Among our early political characters, *Franklin*, on account of his remarkable versatility of powers, is more widely known than any American, after General Washington.

One of the strongest proofs of the popularity of many American works is that they are at this moment selling in the English bookstores without the name of the author or place of publication, or else appropriated by some English plunderer who appears as their "editor." Who has not read, or at least heard of *Neal's* humorous "sketches?" Yet they are to be found enveloped in a medley of scraps and stories, under the title of "*Pic-Nic Papers*, edited by Charles Dickens," and published in London! Mr. Ware's "Probus" has been brought out as an English work under the title of "Aurelian!" Dr. Harris's "Natural History of the Bible" has been shorn of its American title and "imprimatur;" and Mr. Muzzey's "Young Maiden" is doing duty as a domestic manual under the cognomen of the "*English* Maiden!" Judge Story's work on "Bailments" was even used as *notes* to an English work of Mr. Theobald!

In order to give a condensed view of the extent of American republication in England alone, I take the liberty of copying the following list of republished American works during the last ten years, for which I am indebted to my excellent friend, Mr. Putnam, of London.

Theology,	68 works.	History,	22 works.
Fiction,	66 "	Poetry,	12 "
Juvenile,	56 "	Metaphysics,	11 "
Travels,	52 "	Philology,	10 "
Education,	41 "	Science,	9 "
Biography,	26 "	Law,	9 "

But if any one still doubts whether our country has contributed her full share to the great storehouse of human knowledge, let him compare the catalogues of American publications for the last ten years with those of any other country—say of England—and making proper allowance for her superior numbers of men of letters, of colleges and libraries, for the superior encouragement given to literary and scientific men, especially by governmental patronage, he will find that we have done more than our share. I have no room here for the details by which to substantiate what I know to be the true state of the case.

One word, before I close, to those who complain that our popular writers have not hitherto been *American* in their subjects and style, but simply copyists of English models. Now, no one can be so absurd as to suppose that we are to originate any new *species* of composition in this country in order to establish our claims to originality, or that the literature of England, after five hundred years of constant progress, does not contain almost every possible variety of models in every variety of human composition. All that is expected of us is to furnish original thinkers, who shall in the several departments of literature give shape to productions of their own, which shall bear in some measure the impress of our national mind, our institutions, our modes of thinking and living. Our writers have not been lacking in this. Are not the best sketches of Irving and the best novels of Cooper essentially American? Is not the most finished of Prescott's histories American in its subject and spirit? Is not Bancroft also? Are not the essays of Franklin, and especially the splendid papers of Channing, full of a *new world* spirit? May not the same thing be said of many of the best poems of Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow, Lord and Whittier?

We have an American literature, of which we may be proud—a young plant, but a thrifty one. Let our men of letters tend it carefully and assiduously—let it not be forced into a hot-bed growth, but let it grow with our growth—above all, let us not leave it to droop and die while we betake ourselves to the grateful shades of the hoary and honoured literature of the old world.

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MRS. PELL'S PILGRIMAGE.

BY MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.

MRS. PELL *would* go. She was rather a meek and mild-mannered person, generally; but those are the very people who are hardest to manage when once they take hold of a moving idea. Her husband, a retired sea-captain, who had never slept out of his own comfortable house since he made his last voyage round the world, years and years ago, tried his very best to dissuade her from so rash an enterprise; even to frighten her, by a recapitulation of the dangers of land-traveling, which he sincerely believed much more formidable than those belonging to the sea, inclusive of doubling the Horn, and trading among the cannibals.

Mrs. Pell owned she *should* be afraid to go up the Hudson in a *sail*-boat, but a *steam*-boat was quite a different thing.

"Steamboat!" said the captain. "How absurd to fancy that the danger from water is lessened by heating it to the boiling point!"

But Mrs. Pell *would* go, and she *would* take little Tommy, too! Now little Tommy was the apple of the eye to both his parents, and on this occasion he came very near becoming an apple of discord. For the mother voluntarily to subject herself to all sorts of inconveniences and dangers was bad enough, but to insist on taking that poor innocent child!

Little Tommy was the only child of a somewhat late marriage, Captain Pell having followed the sea round and round the world until it gave him a competence, before he thought of settling himself. Being by that time a little rheumatic and weather-beaten, he provided in the first place the snuggest of all possible dwellings, with holes in the closet shelves to stick spoons and glasses in, and all the settees ingeniously contrived to serve for lockers, so as to have "everything convenient." When all was fitted out and abundantly stored, the captain bethought him that a mate was necessary to keep things right; and he soon fixed upon a person for that responsible situation. This was Mrs. Beulah Beers, the comely widow of a nautical friend, who had some years before died in his berth, like one of Hood's heroes. This lady had no family, and she stepped from a very similar home quite naturally into Captain Pell's, bringing with her so many additions to his outfit for the voyage of life, that the most fastidious worshiper of worldly conveniences would have owned that nothing could be added to render the worthy couple more completely unfit to live anywhere else.

After these hints, one need not say that both Captain and Mrs. Pell were *rather* particular people, but the timely advent of little Tommy upon the stage prevented them from turning into absolute tee-totums, since he now occupied a large share of the attention which had formerly been concentrated upon a double-self.

But here trouble had arisen—and so unexpectedly; and all through Mrs. Pell's headlong determination to go ever so far to visit a nephew who had just married a rich wife!

"What good will her riches do you?" said Captain Pell, who was vexed almost beyond the amenities. "What good will they do you? She will not give you any of them."

"I don't want any, thank fortune," said Mrs. Pell; "but Putnam is the first of our family that ever married money, and I am determined to see with my own eyes what sort of wife has come with it; and I *will* take Tommy, too, for it will be such a good opportunity for him to see something of the world."

"But you may be sure Putnam will bring his wife to town, and then you could see her without going through so much. And as to taking Tommy——"

"But in town she would be just like any other woman—buying finery and seeing sights. I want to see her and Putnam together in their own house. And as to taking Tommy, I shall not stir a step without him."

So Mrs. Pell *would* go. Captain Pell said she was past listening to reason—meaning, probably, that she would not listen to him. He, therefore, with a very husbandish air, made up of a sense of superior wisdom, a feeling of pity for the wilful folly of the weaker vessel, and a very legible look of "I wash my hands of the consequences," set about aiding Mrs. Pell in her preparations—hunting up the key of the huge brown hair trunk which was to contain her choicest costume in honour of the rich niece; engaging a passage for her on board the steamboat, and ordering a cab at six to be ready for the boat at seven.

And now such clear-starching; such ironing out of everything that was rumpled; such racings to the thread-and-needle store for all sorts of muniments for the voyage; such fillings of camphor and cologne bottles; such baggings of cloaks and india-rubbers; such basketings of cake and oranges, which both Mrs. Pell and the captain were convinced could not be obtained after once leaving New York!

"Take my spy-glass, my dear," said the good captain; "it will be an excellent thing to see the scenery with. You can slip it into the same case with the umbrella and parasol and sun-shade, and

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then it will give you no trouble at all. And I have a capital, neat little pocket compass, too, that you *must* take; it will be such a satisfaction to know which way you're going."

The neat little pocket-compass was like a monstrous watch, but Mrs. Pell put it in her pocket, resolved to omit nothing that could enhance the pleasure of the trip. She took her large feather fan in case it should be warm, and three shawls of various thickness as provision against cool mornings and evenings. The captain would have liked to add a famous old pea-jacket of his, for fear of storms, but to this the lady objected, thinking her cloak would probably protect her until she could find shelter somewhere. A bottle of Preston salts went to keep the compass in countenance, and there was still room in that capacious reservoir—an elderly lady's pocket—for a traveling manual, a memorandum-book, a pen and pencil-case, and seals, not to mention the thimble, the nutmeg, and the bit of calamus that always reposed there, a purse well-stocked, especially with change, (which would of course be very difficult to procure,) and a few small nails, which the captain's care added in case anything might give way about the trunk.

"In the large basket, my dear," said Captain Pell, "you will find the cakes and oranges, and a pound of sweet chocolate, which you must remember if you should get a poor supper anywhere; and the Graham biscuits and the box of guava marmalade are in *this* corner, and the powders and the camphor in *this*. Don't forget to take your lozenges; they are in the red box. Your thick shoes, remember, and Tommy's great coat, are in the top of the trunk; you must make the chambermaid take them out for you if the decks should be damp."

By and by, with the aid of the captain, the washerwoman, the sempstress, the dress-maker, and various others—all artists in their way—Mrs. Pell and Tommy were ready for the cab; and there they sat waiting full ten minutes after the appointed time, Mrs. Pell in the parlour and Tommy on the front steps, perfectly assured that they would be left. The delinquent cabman, when he did appear, was well-rated, and ordered to drive for his very life; which he did, of course—not forgetting, however, to take very good care of the lives of his horses.

The steamer was nearly as quiet as she had been in the morning. No passengers had come down but a few fidgety people; and Captain Pell had abundant leisure to bestow Mrs. Pell's baggage in what he considered the very best place, to seek out the captain and commend Mrs. Pell to his especial care, and to reiterate his charges and cautions as to the various difficulties and perils of the way.

"You had better sit where you can keep a look-out on the baggage, and if anybody offers to touch it, send for the captain at once. This carpet-bag and the two band-boxes, and the large basket and the case with the umbrella and parasol and sun-shade and telescope, can stand here in the corner of the cabin, and you must keep an eye on them too. And don't set down your hand-basket; and above all things don't lose sight of Tommy, or he'll be crushed in the machinery before you know it."

Thus good Captain Pell ran on, in a sort of despairing under-tone, until he began to be jostled and bounced about by the thronging passengers in such a way that his eloquence became sadly fragmentary. His further converse, if properly noted, would have been as full of breaks and dashes as a pathetic novel. At length a bell, loud, piercing, imperative, made him fairly jump—treading, as he came down, upon three ladies' toes at once.

"Oh, run, father, run! do go, quick!" said little Tommy, pushing and butting at his father with all his might. "Run, or you'll be left!"

"What a careful, dear little soul it is!" said both parents.

"Good-bye, my dear! good-bye, Tommy!" followed by two or three very audible kisses, preceded Captain Pell's departure by only a moment. He darted over the gangway, with the air of a man trying to dodge the blasting of a rock after the train is lighted, and made his way up Courtland street without loss of time.

Mrs. Pell now felt decidedly that she had commenced her journey. "Is the boat a-going, chambermaid?" said she.

"No, madam," said the stately bronze dame.

"There, now it moves, doesn't it, Tommy?" said Mrs. Pell, after waiting painfully a whole minute rather than seem importunate.

Tommy didn't know, but he rather thought it did.

"*Now* we're going, ar'n't we, chambermaid?"

"No, madam," was all the satisfaction she could obtain, and she waited in snubbed silence until the frightful bell sounded again.

"Good gracious! has anything happened, chambermaid?"

"No, madam."

Poor Mrs. Pell gazed at the great dark eyes of the Indian queen of the cabin, as if seeking in their calm depths the source of such wonderful fortitude. Presently the cry of "All ashore!" roused her to quivering life.

She rushed frantically from the cabin, not forgetting to drag little Tommy after her. "What *has* happened? Do tell me—do, for pity's sake, tell me! Must we all go ashore?"

Then, observing that the shore receded rapidly, she showed a disposition to jump from the gangway; but the sailors fortunately closed it just then, so she only jumped into the captain's arms.

"Oh, what *is* the matter?" she said once more, but faintly, for she had spent her strength in former alarms.

"Nothing at all, my dear madam," said the captain, very politely, at the same time offering his arm for a return to the cabin. "I hope you'll make yourself as comfortable as possible, and fear nothing whatever."

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At this moment there happened to be a slight escape of steam. Mrs. Pell clung convulsively to the stout arm she held. "Ah, captain, what is *that?*" she said in a faintly reproachful tone—as much as to say, "You assured me there was no danger!"

"Only the steam, ma'am," said the captain.

"Ah! we shall be all scalded to death!" said the unfortunate lady.

"Scalded, my dear madam," said the captain, who began to see into the case a little. "This is an engine of the newest construction, and requires the water to be only blood warm."

So saying, he deposited Mrs. Pell, a good deal pacified by this assurance, in a rocking-chair in the cabin, and then darted off as if he had had a propeller in his pocket.

"Is this your band-box, madam?" said the dame in the Madras turban; "and this, and the large basket?"

"Yes—yes! Do not disturb them; they must stand just here, where Captain Pell put them."

"They must all go out of the cabin, madam. It's against the rules to have anything of the kind here."

Mrs. Pell was tempted to appeal to the captain, but feeling already weak and weary, and observing that the other ladies submitted, she shook her head despairingly, and no longer resisted the authorities. The rocking-chair was of a consolatory and lulling depth and motion, and with a slight sniff at the Preston salts, and then a camphor lozenge, and the large fan——

But "that way madness lies——." Where *was* the fan?

"Perhaps that's it that that lady's a-settin' on," said an honest country dame who sat among the satin, damask and French embroidery, looking like a cabbage in a conservatory. The "lady" did not stir, and Mrs. Pell, catching a glimpse of her beloved fan, was at some pains to rouse her from her Saratoga reverie.

"Ma'am?" drawled the languid Carolinian.

"My fan, ma'am, is under you," said our traveler, with heroic politeness; and at last she succeeded in rescuing the magnificent turkey-tail which had fanned the dim aisles of many a Georgian forest, now not a little marred by having been used as a cushion.

By this time the rocking-chair was appropriated by a nurse and baby, and Mrs. Pell, reflecting that the true use of travel was to see the world, resolved to try the upper deck. At the top of the stairs, just as she came in sight of the company, the wind took the voluminous skirt of her black silk dress entirely over her head, and by the time she and Tommy had succeeded in getting it down again, the beloved fan was floating in the foaming bosom of the Hudson.

"Stop the boat! stop the boat!" cried Mrs. Pell, to the infinite diversion of the passengers; but the evening breezes bore her fruitless entreaties to the Palisades, where they doubtless moved the oaks and pines as much as they had done the grinning waiters.

But great emergencies call up great resolution; and Mrs. Pell soon making up her mind that these things must be expected when we venture on the treacherous waves, applied herself to the observation of the scenery. Here Captain Pell's excellent glass came to mind, and to think of it and to descend at once to the cabin for it, regardless of the difficulties of the way, were but the work of a moment with our heroine, who grew every moment more confident in her powers. At the top of the stairs she was again enveloped in a cloud of black silk; but, nothing daunted, she pursued her way, found the glass, and bore it to the deck in triumph, having taken the precaution to pin the rebellious skirt to some more sedate portion of her dress.

Unfortunately the shades of night had made the glass utterly useless before this was accomplished; and as it was of something near the weight of a Kentucky rifle, Mrs. Pell bestowed it in a convenient corner for the present. When the bell rang for tea, a gentleman offered to take care of it, so that all trouble was at an end on that score.

The souchong was good and the toast not very cold, and a bland satisfaction was beginning to enliven the countenance of our friend, when a man touched her elbow, and wanted her "tea-ticket." She had none.

"Half a dollar, ma'am, if you please."

"But my passage is paid! Captain Pell paid my passage!"

"Yes, ma'am; but the tea——"

"I shall ask the captain."

The man waited quietly, but with his hand pertinaciously open. At length a benevolent old gentleman said, "Hadn't you better pay now, ma'am, and ask the captain afterwards?" and Mrs. Pell, finding no consolation in the tittering faces about her, at length put her hand in her pocket for her purse. The exclamation which followed might have made one suppose she had found a snapping-turtle there.

She drew forth a piece of glass, firmly imbedded under the nail of one of her fingers, from which the blood was streaming. The various hard substances jostling in that deep receptacle had nearly pulverized the crystal of Captain Pell's compass, leaving only a few fragments large enough to cut fingers. Occasion for heroism again—to wind a handkerchief about the wound, and to pay a dollar for two teas!

Soon after this began the skirmish which always takes place when berths are to be appropriated; but first Mrs. Pell and Tommy sought the upper deck once more, to reclaim the telescope. Strange to say, the benevolent individual who had offered to take charge of it was nowhere to be seen; and, not to be tedious, we may as well say here that he never yet has been discovered, though Mrs. Pell expected for some time that he would still return the trust with many apologies.

Everybody who has traveled much upon the

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principal routs, knows from recollection or experience how such ladies as our adventurous friend pass a night on board the steamboat. They get in and out of bed every half hour, find the light hinders them from sleeping, and the darkness makes them afraid; the open window dangerous for the rheumatism, the close air threatening suffocation; the beds too hard, the pillows too small, the jar of the engine dreadful, and the crying of little babies more dreadful still. The rattling of the rudder chains wakes them out of every little nap, and they wake with a sort of nightmare feeling, saying aloud, to nobody in particular, that they dreamed they were buried alive.

Just such a night was that of our traveler. She walked about, threading her way among beds of all sorts and sizes, now stepping on a baby, now jostling the outstretched foot of some rather snappish dame, now going back to gaze fixedly at Tommy, whose features she could scarcely discern in the dim, shaded light. We will not venture to guess that she wished herself safe at home; but it is certain that each of these exploring expeditions ended with a deep sigh, and a return to the settee. At length the small hours, which are so apt to bring calm to all sorts of disquietudes, fairly got the better of Mrs. Pell, and in spite of her determination not to sleep a wink, she fell into a sound slumber.

A clap of thunder disturbed this kindly oblivion. Mrs. Pell started up, rushed on deck, beheld the entire horizon in ghastly distinctness from what seemed almost one continuous flash of lightning, and the air filled with dust from the Highlands through which the steamer was passing. While she yet gazed, motionless with terror, the rain came down with such a rush that she was wet through in a moment. This was traveling, to be sure! One might go to England a dozen times without seeing as much of the world. However, one must never lose one's presence of mind; so our heroic friend dressed herself, awakened Tommy, and endued him in all the clothes he could possibly carry, and then calmly awaited the result in solitude and silence, for nobody else thought it worth while to get up.

Morning came at last, and with it a bright sun and much relief to those who had watched several hours by a dim lamp, expecting death at every clap of thunder. By the united aid of chambermaid, captain and several waiters, Mrs. Pell and her movables were deposited in safety at a comfortable hotel, the lady feeling particularly grateful for the attentions of a young gentleman who sat by her in the omnibus and expressed much satisfaction upon hearing that she was going so far on his way. When Mrs. Pell sought for her purse the next time, it was missing; and when she looked about her at breakfast, intending to claim the sympathy of her obliging young friend, he was missing too—a coincidence which puzzled her exceedingly.

But even the loss of a purse could not mar the exhilarating sense of dangers past and adventures to come. A fresh supply of money from a trunk put our travelers in condition again, and the baggage being safely locked up in a car, they were able to enjoy a capital breakfast at Troy, with a walk on the balcony afterwards, when Tommy, whose spirits were very high, (considering everything, poor dear!) amused himself by opening and shutting his mamma's parasol in the hope of frightening some omnibus horses that stood below.

"All aboard for Saratoga!" was the cry, and our travelers were the first to obey, leaving behind them in their flurry the bag containing the umbrella and sunshade, which they duly remembered after they were seated in the cars. Here was food for reflection! The fan, Captain Pell's pet telescope, the purse, and now the umbrellas! We can hardly deny that reflections connected with these matters occupied Mrs. Pell's thoughts to the exclusion of everything but the fear that Tommy would get his fingers cut off, since he would persist in letting them project beyond the edge of the window.

At Saratoga, the luggage had to be shifted from the cars to a stage-coach, and Mrs. Pell was desired to identify hers. This she did very readily, until the large band-box was in question. That article proved very difficult to recognize, for it had unfortunately been squeezed into the shape of the shield of Achilles, the stray flutes of lace and loops of ribbon which had escaped through numerous breaks serving for border.

"Oh, my caps! my caps!" sighed the disconsolate pilgrim, who was not so indifferent to the things of this world as pilgrims should be. "What *shall* I do? They are ruined entirely!"

"Sure an' such a good-lookin' lady as yerself doesn't need any caps and the like o' that to set her off!" said a jolly Irishman who stood by; and with such consolation the good-looking lady was obliged to be content, though she *did* groan when she saw them hold the band-box up *edgeways*.

Deep sandy roads, and not very easy coaches, to Glen's Falls—celebrated, as the driver informed his passengers, for having been the scene of one of Cooper's novels. It is a most romantic rocky dell, certainly; and if it had not been for the band-box, Mrs. Pell would have been delighted with the rush of waters and the huge piles of rock on all sides, though she held fast of Tommy with both hands, fearful that he might fall out of the stage into some of those awful caverns. Now a good dinner rather hastily swallowed, a further drive of some miles, and then a nice little canal-packet, with a very obliging captain, and various books and other things to make the time pass pleasantly. If it had not been for the band-box and the purse, and the telescope and umbrella and sunshade, and the compass and the feather fan!!

Tea at Whitehall, good beds, and a quiet house. Mrs. Pell and Tommy rose refreshed, had a capital breakfast with a *punkah* over the table, moved by invisible power; but, alas! out of doors a pouring rain! A rainy day for Lake Champlain! where, if

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anywhere, one wants all one's eyes to see the beauty which is spread out so lavishly on every side. The Green Mountains on one hand and the Adirondacks on the other; the rich, verdant, deeply-indented shores, with their endless variety of foliage, and their dottings of neat farm-houses, peeping out from quiet "nooks of greenery;" rocky islets, where we could easily build inacessible fortresses if we had refractory kings and queens to manage; and over all, such skies as belong only to mountain scenery—all these was our unlucky friend compelled to forego, and sit quietly thinking over her trials and losses, watching the drops as they rather poured than trickled down the glass that enclosed Captain ——'s ample deck.

Presently she became aware that Tommy had quitted her side. She called him—no answer. She sought him in the cabin—all over the wide deck—in the dining-room—in the forecastle—in the engine! She asked the waiters—she asked the sailors—she asked every passenger singly—and by this time her questionings became frantic. At last she rushed to the captain's office and demanded her child. "He is gone! drowned! killed! crushed in the machinery!"

"Impossible, my dear madam! Don't be alarmed; I'll have him found in a moment."

But Mrs. Pell had renounced all hope, when Tommy came coolly along, quite unconscious of the cause of his mother's disturbance. He had taken a fancy to sit on the promenade deck in the pouring rain, by way of variety, and could not understand why his mamma should cry so about nothing. *She*, however, was determined to avoid *this* trouble at least; and she had just tied Tommy securely to one of the settees in the ladies' cabin, when the cabin maid informed her that the young gentleman could not stay there.

"Why not, pray?"

The prim dame pointed to the announcement upon the door—"Gentlemen not permitted;" and Mrs. Pell found she must either be separated from her son, or sit on the deck, which the rain made very chilly, although it is partially enclosed. She chose the latter, of course; and while there fell into a very natural reverie—one in which many other ladies have indulged, we will venture to say, as to why cabin maids are tolerated in steamboats? They are never of any possible use, unless it be to ascertain what amount of interference and constraint lady-passengers can be induced to bear without complaint. Most of them seem to suppose the ladies are there upon sufferance, admitted gratis, and liable to be discharged upon any transgression of what they choose to term "the rules." It is very certain that the same amount of impertinence attempted where gentlemen are concerned would not be tolerated for a moment, even among good-natured Yankees, who will bear more than any other people in the world. We should vote for leaving these supernumeraries on shore, and we are sure Mrs. Pell would join us, after her experience in some of the best steamboats with some of the best captains in the United States.

But Burlington draws near. There is Camel's Hump, far in the misty distance, with his gigantic brethren reposing about him, all more or less veiled in clouds, though now the slant beams of the setting sun begin to illuminate some eastward eminences. The Adirondacks, too, seem to smile through tears, as the golden rays touch their varied summits, while the lake is like a sheet of pure amethyst, and the bending trees along its brink drop living pearls into its bosom. *There* is an island walled with rock; and *there* is one that looks as if a shepherd's hat had been thrown down upon the water and left to petrify—its round crown and broad brim lying fairly developed, with scarce a fringe of green to enliven its proper hue of gray.

Mrs. Pell was near her journey's end. She had encountered many trials, but they would soon be more than compensated. She would soon see her rich niece and her happy nephew. She had "had losses," to be sure, but they were almost forgotten as she gazed upon the beautiful amphitheatre of hills in which this prettiest of towns lies bosomed, and thought of the stately dwelling into which she was soon to be ushered, and the honour and glory of having one of the family "marry rich!"

"Drive to Mr. Pitney's—Putnam Pitney's!" said Mrs. Pell, with a somewhat swelling air, as the last bandbox (the pancake one) was placed on the top of the baggage like a sort of lid or shelter from the weather.

The driver nodded, and, after some ascent and many windings, at last stopped before a neat suburban cottage, where a young woman was sweeping the water off the front step.

"This is not the place! Is this Mr. Pitney's?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the damsel.

"What! Putnam Pitney's?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Prudent young man!" said Mrs. Pell, to herself, as she alighted and walked into the narrow entry. "Is Mr. Pitney at home? Call him, if you please, and say that his aunt, Mrs. Pell, from New York, is here."

"What! is this Aunt Pell? Oh, dear aunty, how happy I am to see you!" said the maid, throwing down the broom and kissing Mrs. Pell very affectionately. "And you've come so far to see us—and brought this dear little boy, too! Sit down in the rocking-chair, and I'll call Putnam in a moment."

And so saying, the rich niece ran off into the garden, whence she soon brought her husband, who had been hoeing carrots, and did not wait to put on his coat.

Mrs. Pell could hardly speak to him. Was this all? Had she come all this way, and encountered all these dangers and losses, just to see a loving young couple beginning the world in a small way, and living in as primitive a style as did their progenitors who first settled the Green Mountains? What could it mean?

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Tea was over, and the rocking-chair carried out upon a piazza that looked towards the rich purple west, and Mrs. Pell and her nephew, and his bright, cheerful young wife, sat quietly down to talk over all sorts of things, while Tommy amused himself by trying to stick his uncle's rake through a toad that had come out to enjoy the fine evening after the rain.

"I have bought this house, aunty," said Mr. Putnam Pitney, in the course of conversation, "and here Mary and I mean to live till we're able to afford a better; and when *that* will be, nobody can tell—for a poor young lawyer gets along but slowly."

"But, Putnam," began Mrs. Pell—for the question could be restrained no longer—"I thought you had married rich?"

"Rich? Ah, Mary's riches will hardly make us proud, whatever they may do for our great-grandchildren. She has some thousand acres of *western land*, on which there are large taxes to pay, while it has never yielded a dollar's income. It will take all we can save to keep it from the hammer at the annual tax sales."

So, here was a break-down of poor Mrs. Pell's airy castles! Yet she bore the disappointment with wonderful equanimity, so charmed was she with her new niece, with the enchanting scenery, and with the agreeable society to which her nephew introduced her. She made a month's visit, during which time Tommy had torn all his clothes to pieces, lost his hat, and narrowly missed breaking his neck by falling out of the hay-loft. Mrs. Pell, now forgetful of the perils of the way, thought of writing to the captain that he must come for her if he ever expected to see her again, when Mr. Putnam Pitney decided to treat his wife to a sight of the great city, and see his aunt home in safety.

Mrs. Pell had become entirely reconciled to her disappointment, learned to love Mary dearly, thought a fortune would not make the young people any happier, and at last took leave of Burlington with regret; and as the steamer once more bore her from the wharf, cast a look of lingering and reluctant farewell at the beautiful village and the noble background of mountains, and watched till the latest moment the silver dome of the college, which gleamed ever and anon upon the eye after miles of hill and forest had been passed.

We have only to add that the journey home was prosperous; that our traveler found the missing parcel, and that she considers herself at present in a condition to give advice to any lady who contemplates a solitary tour anywhere within the bounds of these United States.

SUNLIGHT.

BY MRS. MATILDA P. HUNT.

Glorious, golden sunlight!
Gentle, cheerful sunlight!
Beautiful for ever—
Beautiful at morning,
When the crimson dawning
Lighteth up the world;
When the day is closing,
On soft clouds reposing,
Till their folds are gleaming
Like the silken streaming
Of a flag unfurled.

Beautiful for ever!
On the troubled ocean
Lashed to wild commotion
By the tempest high;
To the eyes grown weary
With the storm-watch dreary,
Breaking forth in splendour,
Or in hues more tender
Iris'd on the sky.

Glorious, golden sunlight!
Gentle, cheerful sunlight—
Pleasant everywhere!
Where the flowers are springing,
O'er their petals flinging
Rays of gorgeous sheen—
In the forest lonely
Through some opening only
'Tween the dark boughs stealing,
'Neath their gloom revealing
Spots of hidden green.

Pleasant everywhere!
Where the folded curtain
Maketh day uncertain
In the sick man's room;
Through some opened doorway
Giving him one more ray,
Bringing back the essence
Of life's joyous presence—
Beauty, light and bloom.

Glorious, golden sunlight!
Gentle, cheerful sunlight—
Evermore the same!
Through the prison grating
To the captive waiting,
Freedom long delayed—
With a smile of greeting
His sad vision meeting,
Bright as bathed in glory
Temples famed in story,
Where, in long past ages,
Proud Palmyra's sages
Costly worship paid.

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THE PARTNERS.

BY MISS E. A. DUPUY, AUTHOR OF "THE CONSPIRATOR," ETC.

"Look on that picture, then on this."—SHAKSPEARE.

Two young merchants sat in their counting-room late at night, indulging in the delights of a cigar and a comfortable gossip about their own affairs. They were partners in a mercantile house which had obtained a fair share of business, and were both looking out for a wife. Looking out for a wife! sounds extremely unromantic, but it is often done, nevertheless, by very clever and amiable men, who make as affectionate and kind protectors as those who bow blindly before the god who is himself too blind to afford them any assistance in a choice of such importance to their future usefulness and happiness.

The elder of the partners, George Elmore, was a tall, well-formed man of about twenty-six years of age, with dark hair and eyes, and fine expression. The younger was his junior by several years, and had that brilliant complexion, bright blue eyes and waving hair, which had gained him the *soubriquet* of "that love of a man" from the very young and very romantic ladies of his circle.

The partners had both been left orphans when quite young, with a small competence which sufficed for a good education and a fair start in life. They were amiable, well-principled young men, attentive to business, and when that was dispatched, quite ready to enjoy such pleasures as came within their reach.

They had attended a party on the preceding evening, and there had met a number of very handsome and elegantly dressed girls. Elmore had observed with regret that Lyndon appeared particularly pleased with a young lady from a neighbouring town who was on a visit to a relative residing in Baltimore. Ella Winton was a graceful little creature, with dark starry eyes, and a forest of raven curls playing over the rosiest of cheeks and the whitest of shoulders; but to Elmore her countenance indicated nothing beyond the giddy pleasure of a very young girl in receiving the attentions her mirror told her were due to her beauty. Her father was a man of small property, encumbered with a large family, which had been reared in a style of profuse luxury that kept him poor. Their mother, a silly and indolent woman, looked forward to early marriages for her six daughters as a release from their increasing embarrassments, without instructing those daughters in any one particular of their duties toward God and their fellow creatures. Brilliant butterflies of fashion, they could sing, play, dance, and talk graceful nonsense, behold the finished education of immortal beings, destined in their turn to become the guide and example to children of their own. Ella was the third daughter that had been introduced in society within the three last winters. Gertrude, the eldest, remained unmarried; Ada, the second, had accepted her first offer, and married a gay young spendthrift soon after she came out, and the prudent mother had sent her beauty to spend a winter in Baltimore, hoping much from her success in that city, and thus avoiding a comparison between her charms and those of the eldest born.

"You appeared much struck with that pretty little Miss Winton last evening," remarked Elmore.

"Why—yes—rather," was the hesitating reply. "She has the prettiest foot and the brightest eye I ever looked on, and she is exceedingly sprightly."

"I am afraid, Jack, that you are half in love with the little gipsy, but I bid you beware in time. A few more evenings of such open devotion will bring 'pa' over here to demand your intentions."

"And why beware?" asked Lyndon, colouring deeply. "I could give a satisfactory answer to her father, and Mr. Winton would scarcely refuse me as a suitor to his daughter."

"Refuse you? No—I fancy not; they would be only too glad to gain such a match for one of their portionless girls. But you would be mad to marry a girl reared as Ella Winton has been."

"How? What do you mean?"

"Simply, that she does not suit a man who has his fortune to make. She has been accustomed to every indulgence, and has never been forced to bestow a thought on the daily and hourly duties of life. In the process of gaining such instruction as the wife of a man of moderate means must possess, her temper will be spoiled, her beauty faded, and you rendered miserable."

"Good heavens, Elmore, how absurdly you talk! I can afford my wife a comfortable home, many of the luxuries of life, and servants to perform the drudgery of housekeeping."

"In our country a well-ordered household is not obtained by merely employing a sufficient number of servants; there must be a presiding genius who can quietly arrange the duties of each department, and see that they are properly performed. And for men starting in life as we are, that genius must understand the secret of economy without meanness, elegance without ostentation—in short, she should be the moving spirit of her household, a companion for her husband and an example for her children. Do you honestly think that a girl

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who has never been taught anything beyond the acquirements of a highly fashionable education can be all this?"

Lyndon hesitated, but the bright smile of Ella Winton arose before his fancy, and he said—"Many who have been thus educated have made the best of wives. Stimulated by affection, many women who have been reared in luxurious idleness, have acquired practical knowledge of the cares of housekeeping even on a contracted scale. Such things are gradually learned, and if I marry Ella Winton, no doubt she will soon acquire all that will be necessary to our daily comfort."

"It is at best a hard task, Jack, to break through the habits of self-indulgence in which we have been reared, and it is one which even a strong mind and deep affections will sometimes shrink from. A man should hesitate before he asks a giddy girl to share with him the cares and responsibilities of his station in life, if her doing so will involve a sacrifice on her side. It is pleasant enough to be a bride with a fine *trousseau*, and the attentions that are generally lavished on one, and many a girl marries without looking beyond that little month called the honeymoon. To such a woman, will not the cares of married life be but an appalling load to be thrust aside as often as possible?"

"Pshaw, Elmore, you are always croaking and fancying impossible misfortunes! I think Ella Winton, without fortune and household accomplishments, quite as good a choice as a certain lady I wot of who has become your beau-ideal. Ellinor Melton is a clever girl, but my charmer is, in my opinion, quite equal to her."

Elmore winced at the comparison, but he said nothing more. If he had not regretted his friend's infatuation, he could have smiled at the blindness which placed a girl of refined mind, noble intellect and graceful manners, on a level with the thoughtless and vain coquette who had so unfortunately enthralled Lyndon.

Ellinor Melton was highly accomplished, but a judicious and intelligent mother had avoided the too common fault in the education of the daughters of the wealthy in our land. She was neither a mere parlour ornament nor yet a household drudge, but understood the claims of each upon her time, and managed so adroitly that one never interfered with the other. Elmore had visited the summer residence of Mr. Melton as the guest of his eldest son, and he was charmed with the perfect order which characterized all the domestic arrangements. He had met Miss Melton before, but it was during this visit that he had first thought of her as his future wife. She was by no means beautiful, but she was animated and lively, and she possessed that nameless charm in the ever-varying expression of her countenance, which, to a reader of character, is more attractive than mere beauty. Some one has said "that some men marry a singing animal, some a dancing animal, and some a drawing animal, when they really need a talking animal." Ellinor Melton was an admirable talker, and Elmore listened until he was fairly charmed, but he had not yet proposed. He had not satisfied himself that he had established an interest in her heart of sufficient strength to venture so far.

In two months from the date of the preceding conversation, the partners met in their counting-room and exchanged congratulations on the success of their matrimonial overtures.

Elmore and Miss Melton were united at her father's house, and immediately took possession of a comfortable dwelling, furnished with neatness and elegance, which was given to the bride by her father. This, with a few thousand dollars and a well-stocked wardrobe, completed the portion bestowed by her parents. A few friends attended the wedding, which Ellinor earnestly desired to be as private as possible.

Within a few days after their union, Lyndon left Baltimore for the purpose of claiming his betrothed. A gay wedding and a tour to a fashionable watering-place occupied six weeks, when he could ill spare so long a time from his business, but he consoled himself by thinking that a man is rarely married more than once in his life, and he could afford to devote a few weeks to a beautiful wife, who appeared to adore him—and he was gratified to see that his wife was the prettiest and best dressed woman at the springs. Her father could give her nothing else, so he had allowed her *carte blanche* in furnishing her trousseau.

The season over, they returned to Baltimore and took apartments at the most fashionable hotel in the city. This was much against the inclinations of Mr. Lyndon, for he had married with a view of having a home. He was weary of the life led by young bachelors at boarding-houses and hotels, and wished for a quiet fireside of his own; but he found that his pretty doll had a strong will of her own, and would seldom listen to his reasons for anything. If he did not yield at once, she protested that he could not love her, and a passionate burst of tears ended the contest, if such it could be called on his side—for he was sincerely desirous of rendering his wife happy so far as lay in his power, and was too fond of peace to insist on what displeased her.

A short conversation between the two wives will illustrate the character of each. Mrs. Lyndon, in a magnificent walking costume, entered the parlour of Ellinor, whom she found seated beside a work-stand, engaged in some feminine employment, which she laid aside on the arrival of her guest.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the little beauty, throwing herself in the recesses of a cushioned arm-chair, "I am nearly tired to death, and here you sit looking as quiet as usual, and actually sewing, I do declare! Good gracious, my dear creature, I hope you do not permit Mr. Elmore to see you thus employed?"

"Why not?" said Ellinor, smiling. "How could I employ the hours of Mr. Elmore's unavoid-

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able absence from me, if some of them were not given to sewing?"

"Well, my dear, all I have to say is, that men are naturally overbearing, and if they find out we can do anything at all, they force too much upon us. *I* do not intend to sew even a button on anything for Lyndon, and I made him think yesterday morning that I performed a marvelous feat in sewing the lacing of my slipper. As to occupying your time, why don't you dress, visit, and promenade the streets as I do? Exercise is healthy, you know, and English travelers are forever finding fault with the inactive habits of American ladies, and insisting that want of exercise is the cause of their fading so early in life."

"Few would find fault with me on that score," said Ellinor, smiling; "though you, perhaps, would not fancy the kind of exercise I daily take."

"Why—of what kind is it?" inquired Mrs. Lyndon, with an air of languid interest.

"It is useless to go into detail. I usually ascertain by personal inspection that my servants have performed their various duties, regulate my household for the day, and then walk an hour in the open air. I return with my mind ready for an interesting book, or my fingers for the completion of some article of apparel."

"You do not say that you make your own clothes?"

"All, except my dresses. My mother considered it indispensable that every girl should be taught the expert use of her needle. I have to thank her for excelling in an accomplishment which it is oftentimes a pleasure to me to exercise."

"Accomplishment! What a strange word to apply to such drudgery as poking over a piece of stitching—dimming the brightness of the eyes in doing what I consider it a duty to pay poor people to do for me."

A slight flush arose to Ellinor's cheek at this rude speech, but she quelled the angry emotion, and sweetly said—"My dear Mrs. Lyndon, if I considered my husband as entitled to rank among the wealthy, I should probably employ persons to do the useful sewing of my family, and I should give the time I now devote to it to fancy work, of which I am very fond. I assure you that what I now find to do, does not employ me more than two hours in the day. I find time for music, reading, visiting, and talking to George."

"You do not visit a great deal, I fancy, and I have scarcely seen you at a party this fall."

"I visit quite as much as before my marriage, and I have attended several parties, but they did not happen to be at the houses you preferred going to. Our circle of acquaintance is very large, and if we pretend to visit the majority, except in the most formal manner, we should find no time to be happy at home: we should become mere denizens of a world that is indifferent toward us, and our domestic happiness a dream. When George comes home, wearied with a day of toil, I prefer the quiet comfort of our own fireside to the gayest party of the season."

"Each one to her taste," said Mrs. Lyndon, with a disdainful toss of her head as she arose to leave.

Ellinor smiled and replied—"Certainly;—mine may be homely, but its indulgence is happiness nevertheless;" and she gazed with a feeling of deep compassion after the wilful and helpless creature, who foolishly flattered herself that her present useless mode of existence could be continued to the end.

On her return home, Mrs. Lyndon remarked to her husband what a common-place woman Ellinor must be to be contented with the dull life she led; and she gave an exaggerated account of their interview, which made him smile: but he thought in his heart how much happier he would be if his charming Ella had a little more fondness for home and its delights.

A year rolled around, and a new claimant on the affections of each partner appeared on the scene. To Elmore an heir was born, and a short time afterwards Lyndon clasped a fairy girl to his bosom, and pressed upon her cheek the first kiss of parental love. He hailed this child as a promise of home joys. He yearned for a home in which his heart could expand toward its beloved inmates, where the eye of the stranger should not forever dwell upon his happiness.

The public life they were in a measure forced to live in the hotel, became doubly distasteful to him, and he was also dismayed on looking into his expenses for the past year.

"Ella, dear," said he to his wife, soon after she resumed her place in society, "I have been seriously thinking of housekeeping; I am tired of this life, and we spend more than would suffice to live in handsome style in our own house."

"My dear husband," said Ella, coaxingly, "do not think of it, I beg. It must be cheaper boarding, and, besides, I am scarcely equal to taking care of my babe and keeping house, too. The truth is, I know nothing about it."

"You can learn, my love. Our expenses here *are* larger than they need be in our own house, and you are so constantly engaged that you have scarcely a moment to devote to me. I only see you in a crowd. In short, I have made up my mind."

This was spoken so decisively that Ella saw it would be useless to weep, and she had sufficient tact not to spoil her eyes without a possibility of gaining her end by so doing. The house which Mr. Lyndon had inherited from his parents was situated in a street not quite out of the world of fashion, and it was thoroughly repaired and beautifully furnished for their reception. A sufficient number of servants were duly installed, and the happy Lyndon took possession.

A few months rolled by, and a shadow gradually settled on his open brow, which pained Elmore to

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behold. He felt that his own predictions were too truly fulfilled, and the hope of a comfortable home had faded from Lyndon's heart. He attached himself to a club, where wine was, of course, consumed, and while his wife glittered in the saloons of fashion, Lyndon was gradually becoming an habitual drunkard.

Ella, constitutionally indolent, gave the care of her household into the hands of her servants, and Lyndon saw with dismay that the same life of reckless gayety and extravagant wastefulness was still to be pursued as heretofore. Too late he found that his fair Ella had no taste for domestic life, and no acquaintance with the art of rendering it happy, and in despair he threw himself in the vortex of dissipation to escape from his complaining wife and unmanageable children.

In such a family there must be contention and fretfulness; servants will not be angels, and the unfortunate children, reared by a high-tempered and peevish mother, must in some measure imbibe her irascibility. Lyndon never entered his house without hearing a perfect storm of complaints, which a woman of feeling or common sense would herself have redressed without appealing to a husband, often harassed with business.

He was a man of keenly sensitive temperament, and bitterly felt his own degradation; but the accumulating discomforts of his home drove him forth again and again to seek oblivion in the maddening bowl, when a few words of kindness from his wife would have won him to her side a reformed man.

The hour at length came when the partnership which had existed for ten years was to be dissolved. Elmore had vainly remonstrated, had vainly endeavoured to stem the tide of ruin which threatened to overwhelm his former friend. The business was finally closed, and a few thousand dollars and the house in which he resided were all that remained to Lyndon. He looked on the future in despair, for his funds would barely suffice to support his family a few months in the style to which they were accustomed.

Elmore made one more effort to rescue him from utter ruin. He offered him the situation of book-keeper in his establishment, with a handsome salary, provided he would pledge himself to abstain from the use of wine, and volunteered to inform Mrs. Lyndon of the change in their circumstances. His offers were gratefully accepted, and with strong hopes of being enabled to rescue his unfortunate friend from the abyss that threatened to engulf him, he pursued his way to Lyndon's house.

Two boys were in the front yard fighting over some broken toys; a girl with "unkempt hair" and unwashed face sat on the door-step arranging the dress of a doll; from the parlour resounded the shrieks of a child, who, from the broken sounds that issued from his lungs, was evidently receiving a severe shaking, and the voice of Mrs. Lyndon, in a tone much above concert pitch, said—"You little monster, see what you have done! You have ruined my new trimmings from Madame Lamode by upsetting the ink over them. Go into the nursery this instant, and stay there until I come to punish you. Take him away, Jane."

The child was borne screaming and struggling to the door, which opened and disclosed to Mr. Elmore the faded features of Mrs. Lyndon, beneath a soiled cap trimmed with crushed artificials. An old silk dress, much the worse for wear, and a French worked collar, which looked as if it might have been used as a duster for furniture, completed her morning costume. She was holding up a magnificent trimming of blonde lace, from which she was endeavouring to absorb the ink with which her youngest hope had deluged it.

She came forward affectedly to receive him, and apologized for her dishabille. Her visitor involuntarily glanced around, and sighed as he noted the evident signs of carelessness and extravagance. The splendid furniture looked as if the children were allowed to abuse it at their pleasure, and an appearance of dinginess obscured every object. A splendid ball dress lay across a lounge, and an open case of jewelry rested upon a table; embroidered gloves and artificial flowers mingled in confusion on the piano. Elmore recollected the almost fastidious neatness of Lyndon before his marriage, and felt how distasteful such a *ménage* must have been to him until he became indifferent to its appearance. He had gone to the house with his heart full of sympathy for the wife and mother who had such appalling tidings to hear as the ruin of her husband, but as he looked on the vain, painted embodiment of folly and want of feeling before him, his feelings hardened toward her. She had been the minister of evil to as kind a heart as man ever possessed, and he would not spare her.

With calm precision he stated their present position and future prospects. He frankly informed her of the causes which had driven her husband to the haunts of dissipation, and conjured her to make an effort for the sake of her children to restore him to his own self-esteem.

Useless was the effort. Long before he had completed his errand, the lady was in hysterics, from which she only recovered to vent her wrath on her absent husband, and then went off in another fit. He left her to the care of her servants, and returned to her desponding husband.

Elmore gave him such consolation as lay in his power, and with a heart filled with gratitude for his happiness, he turned his steps towards his own domicile. It was like a glimpse of Heaven to enter Ellinor's sitting-room after leaving such a scene as he had just witnessed. His wife, in a neat morning dress and a becoming little cap, was playing with her infant boy, while two little girls, dressed with exquisite neatness, offered flowers to their baby brother. George, the eldest, was at a table looking over a large book of engravings. The sunshine streaming in the room in perfect order, the gay flowers, together with his lovely family, formed a tableau of rare beauty, and Elmore

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thanked Heaven for the happiness with which his earthly lot was blessed. His wife met him with a smile as soft and bright as she had worn before the cares of married life accumulated around her; the baby sprang to his arms, and the other children clustered around him, vying with each other in the affectionate warmth with which they welcomed "dear papa" to his own hearth.

Everything was done for the unhappy family of Lyndon that could contribute to their comfort. The mother, deprived of the excitement of constant gayety, and irritated at the desertion of the summer friends who had fluttered around her in prosperity, fretted herself into a fever which proved mortal; and the husband of her youth felt that her death was a fortunate release. He placed his children under the care of a plain good woman, remarkable for neatness, and has long since resolved never again to risk another choice in a wife. Elmore has the satisfaction to see him rescued from the debasing influence of intemperance.

BOUDOIR MELODIES. No. II.—THE SEA SHELL.

BY JOHN K. LASKEY.

It was a beautiful thought, conceived by a Grecian poet, that the musical shell of a Nereid left on the sea shore was found by a Wood Nymph, who took it to her grot—and, when she sought to play upon it the songs of her own sylvan home, 'twould only repeat the tones it had learned before of the winds and the waves.

THERE was a shell, a beauteous shell,
That once adorned a Nereid's cell,
And there, within her cave of ocean,
She tuned it to her heart's devotion:
It drank the hues of sky and sea,
And played her own sweet minstrelsy
Of winds that murmured round her grot,
And sea waves' tones it ne'er forgot.

The Nereid once, when morn was o'er,
Forgot her shell upon the shore;
A Nymph of Tempe's Eden bowers
Strayed there to pass the morning hours,
Where blue Egea ever laves
Thessalia with her silver waves;
The Nymph admired the beauteous shell,
And took it to her mountain dell.

She swept its fairy cords and cells
And heard its music falls and swells;
But all the *melody* it knew
Was when sweet Tempe's zephyrs blew,
And old Peneus' murmurs stole
In pensive music on the soul—
These, these recalled its minstrelsy,
The music of its home—the sea.

And thus there is in many a heart
A melody untaught by art—
Some simple lay of native home,
Breathed while the truant feet may roam;
Some breeze or stream may wake the strain,
And call up words and forms again;
Oh! then the wandering spirit owns
None but young life's unbroken tones!

STANZAS TO BRYANT.

BY GEORGE B. WALLIS.

THERE is a "FOUNTAIN"* in our woodland glen,
Deep in the quiet of o'ershadowing hills,
Where Memory leads my imagination, when
Her mild and eloquent eye of sorrow fills
While pleading:—for the o'ercharged soul she thrills
With sounds celestial from the populous trees,
And childhood's raptures on the blooming hills;
And bears the spirit through scenes of love and ease,
With spirits of love around, and thou art one of these.

And oft in the warm twilight hours of June,
On the green margin of our mountain stream,
Under the sparkling stars and crescent moon,
While scanning the blue fields where poets dream
Of heaven's eternity—the inspiring theme
Has fallen in whispers of the "EVENING WIND,"
So fragrant and so grateful, one might deem
It given, through angel's pity for our kind,
From Eden's opening gates, by Eden's flowers refined.

And in mild "AUTUMN'S" "melancholy days,"
When the birds cease to sing, the flowers to bloom,
But when the fading scene that softening blaze,
The summer's dying halo doth illume,
So that we scarce regret the work of gloom
In Nature's desolation:—in such hours
I stand a stranger with thee at her tomb,
And mourn the sylphide from her voiceless bowers,
That young beloved girl who "perished with the flowers."

* The words quoted thus denote subjects upon which Mr. Bryant has woven his sweetest verses.

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PATHS IN THE WILDWOOD.

THE HILL GROVE.

Morn in the forest! brilliant and gay
Bursts the glad sunlight across my lone way.
Morn in the forest! the soft southern breeze
Is scattering the dew-drops from leaf-laden trees.
The birds are all wakened; the black-bird hath rung
His wild mountain cadence—his matin hath sung.
The robin is whistling his loudest note,
The blue-bird's strains thro' the bright skies float,
With their swift-changing warble so joyous and clear,
And the sparrow's sweet chirping falls soft on my ear:
While the breath of the wild rose is mingled well
With the sweet perfume of the lily's bell.
Oh! a day in the forest is worth a life
In the city's bonds with its spirit-strife!

Thus felt I, and thus was I fain to exclaim, when, leaving the dusty highway, I entered a greenwood path. It was "lightsome, laughsome, leafy June," the rose month, the time of sweet voices and sweet perfumes, "the jubilee day of the bee and butterfly." It was such a morning as leads the school-boy to forget book and birch, and with elder rod in hand to explore the still pools of water in the shallow rivulets, in search of the tiny dace and perch which fill our hill-streams; and such as tempts even the village pedagogue to turn his school out of doors and go with them. Bless Heaven for the lovely month of June! It is the perfection of the twelve. Ah! had I made the calendar, the year should have died away among the song of birds and the scent of roses, nor breathed its last amid the cold storms and wild winds of winter. It should have passed away, swiftly, joyously, with the murmur of fountains and the music of soft breezes, and the breath of the earth-born yet heaven-scented flowers. Earth-born, heaven-scented! ay, doth not everything nature hath made blend with its material substance the spirit of the Maker?

It was, as I have said, a morning in June, and I had sought and found a loved forest path. Years before, the trees had been cut away to form it, and the green turf, soft and thick as the moss and layers of pine leaves that had preceded it, was unbroken by a stone or shrub. Every bird in the branches over my head seemed to address his music to my ear, every flower seemed to spring for me, and to give back with its loving looks the love I bore to it. Yet think not that I had gone forth to "brush the early dews" solely to see the sun rise, or hear the birds sing, or inhale the odour-laden air. Mine was a regal occupation, such as was held in high esteem when kings' daughters kept their fathers' flocks and herds on the hill-sides. The pasture where my charge fed in security, unwatched by day and untended by night, as were those of eastern climes, lay beyond the wood; and the path wound along, now curved on one side to allow space for the mis-shapen stump of a pine, overthrown by some memorable gale, now bent to the other to avoid a huge boulder of gray-wacke, until it terminated at the primitive bars that formed the "open sesame" to the pasture. Here I paused, and leaning against the heavy poles, gazed over the wide-spread fields; and as the varied sounds of a summer morning in the country, the shout of the farmer to his team, the low of herds and the bleating of flocks, fell upon my ear, mingled with the thousand voices of nature's minstrels, I felt that I was blest, indeed, in my home among the hills.

So, with the assistance of Rover, my never-tiring friend, my faithful companion, I gathered my herd together and we proceeded homeward. I know that such themes as "rural Maro" sang are now banished from refined society, but had any one who has an eye for the beautiful in nature been with me that morning, she would have envied me my walk homeward with those gentle creatures for my companions—ay, companions! for there was not one among them who did not know my voice and answer it. There was dear "Old White," who was almost as old as myself, and who had long been the mistress of the herd; and "the Devonshire," who invariably preferred me to all others, bearing in mind sundry ears of corn and handfuls of clover-tops gathered for her especial benefit; and the good little creature that I had reared when all said she would die; and half a score of others of less note, all pacing slowly and majestically along, stopping occasionally to snatch a few young oak leaves or catch a mouthful of the short sweet grass under their feet, with now and then a brown head showing among the trees where some truant had strayed from the path. But alas for Rover!—the truth must be told—he had gone off on the track of a squirrel which he surprised on the ground taking a morning ramble, and in his delight and eagerness had quite forgotten his mistress, who saw nothing more of him until she reached home with her apron full of wild flowers.

That forest walk! Often have I since traversed it, but ever has the memory of that morning been with me as a sweet dream. The snow lies now on the greenwood boughs, and the pines and hemlocks droop beneath its weight. The honeysuckle bank and the beds of arbutus are hidden under the white veil, and no foot leaves its print on the broad path. Yet it is not thus that it rises before my eyes; I see it in the bloom of summer, and the green leaves dance in the breeze, and the roses look brightly as of yore, where now their red fruit only hangs. When shall I visit it again?

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THE ROCK WALL.

"Ah! yes, unsubduable granite, piercing far and wide into the heavens;—yet in the clefts of it, fountains, green beautiful valleys with flowers."

HEAVEN bless thee, Carlyle, for those words! Fountains, flowers in the clefts of the rocks! Like the ring of Aladdin, that, when lightly touched, called up a genius ready to do his bidding, so have they brought up in my heart a sweet picture that has long lain hid, forgotten. And as the mists of many months pass away, I see it first dimly, then clearly. I see a forest of deep, dark green, such as forms a fitting colour for the mantle of the pine and hemlock. A narrow road winds through it, and I follow its course.

The trees close behind me, and seem still opening before me, when, lo! on my left, a wall of rock, perpendicular at first, then receding with narrow ledges, and again towering high above my head. It is black slate, and from the thousand fissures in its shelly textures are pouring, drop by drop, rill by rill, as many tiny fountains. The breezes of spring are making sweet music in the pine leaves, and the clear waters mingle with it the sound of their trickling. I know not how far the rock wall extends; I only know that it is there, and that at its base a bright stream flows in a channel which it has cut in its scaly layers. How could I ever forget its gentle tone!

Yet is not the wall wanting for drapery, for from every crevice grows a slender stem of the bright red honeysuckle; every crack opens to give room at once for a fount and a flower. And as the one seeks the earth, the other lifts itself upward until, as if weary of looking at the bright blue sky, it droops its curved nectaries again, and watches lovingly each water crystal in its descent. Moss and lichens form a carpet for the narrow steps half way up, yet as the sun falls upon them, I see the flashing of the drops that moisten them. And now a fitful breath of the south wind comes and tosses the flowers rudely, and scatters the pearls of their companion fountains over them, and the whole face of the rock is disturbed. And now it dies away, and the honeysuckles look sweetly down once more, jeweled with the water drops!

That forest path! It is far away among the hills, and the veil of more than a twelvemonth has shrouded its picture; but never shall I forget how, when, on a weary journey, I was fain to linger an hour amid its rare beauty; nor how I turned back to a cottage beyond the wood, and asked for a cup that I might drink from the rock-channeled stream; nor how my bonnet was thrown aside that I might feel the cool wave on my forehead.

The white-wind flowers and golden five-fingers by the road-side were lovely, too, but they grew among their kindred. Green grass clustered closely to them, and the vines of the ground-laurel and winter-berry and arbutus made them a fitting home. But none save the honeysuckle sought the barren stone; none gave up their beautiful resting-place to hang from the high rock the sport of the winds, beaten by every storm, an emblem of "the love that changeth not and seeketh not his own." Yet they did not want for their reward, for if they felt the shade of every cloud, they felt, too, the first ray of every morning's sun, and as the noon grew sultry, they had to bathe in the running founts and be cool.

Spring breezes have been abroad to-day, but the hills have not yet heard their murmur, and the myriad icicles on the rock wall know not yet that the command hath been given to loose their cold fetters. The honeysuckles are sleeping yet, and the moss is still shrouded in its winter robe. But "when beechen buds begin to swell, and woods the blue-bird's warble know," I shall not see one green leaf after another put forth from the clefts; I shall not hear the first joyous dropping of the unbound waters, nor inhale the spicy breath of the young hemlock foliage. The brook will carol on, and I shall not know when its icy covering is rent. I only know "that streets are not the channels of the streams I love."

THE NORTH WOODS.

"THE evening star, the beautiful star," was looking timidly out in the blue sky, and as the golden clouds, where the sun had departed, faded into dimness, the west wind came cool through the branches of the wild rose-vine and wooed me out to the forest. I went, but not alone, nor yet without purpose; for my gray-haired father's arm was around me, and I well knew where the fox-gloves loved to hide themselves, deep in the shades of the "North Woods;" a high and rocky hill, with a narrow strip of marshy land lying at its base, but made pleasant to look upon by its stately trees and green shrubs.

Between the hill and the marsh was a terrace of no great breadth, formed of stones and earth, overgrown with a thick, soft carpet of moss, intermingled with the vines of the winter-berry and gold-thread. A very narrow winding path ran the whole length of the terrace, sometimes intercepted by an enormous boulder, from whose crevices tiny leaves and stinted ferns grew. The boughs of the unpruned trees often met above and formed a green archway, dimming the light in the path below. Here, in this sheltered spot, clustered all loving and delicate flowers. The fairy fox-glove spread its golden cups in rich variety. The enchanter's night-shade hid its mystic petals beneath the shrubs of flowering azalea. The yellow wood-violet, and the sensitive hedyrarum, each in their season added their beautiful offerings; and the chick winter-green and fragrant ground-nut grew beside each other.

Hither we came, and as my father placed me on a rock which lay in the path, we looked around in

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silence, and our hearts spake unto one another—"It is good for us to be here." The twin oaks, brothers of ancient days, were before us, towering up to the sky not many rods distant from each other; their strangely knotted and crooked arms lay against the clouds with minute distinctness. Every bough of the one was twisted and distorted by age, as were those of the other. Often had the woodman laid his axe at their roots, and looking up at the old monarchs, felt his hand staid. Stern in their solitude, majestic in their loneliness, with none of their kindred beside them, they stood among the maples and chestnuts like monuments of departed days—days when the young warriors of the Housatonuck hunted the deer under their shade, or the Indian maiden wove her baskets under their sheltering arms.

The breeze that laid its cool fingers on my cheek rustled gently their foliage, and seemed to bear to my ear whispers in an unknown tongue. I pressed closer to my father's side, for the mists of the marsh were creeping up and assuming dim and shadowy forms, and the glow-worms down on the moss seemed like bright eyes gazing at me; and now the whispers came strangely sweet, and I seemed to understand their meaning, and the misty forms gathered together and bent towards me. I was passing away into the dream-land, when a kind voice beside me spoke.

"My daughter, when I am gone let no man lay his hand upon the twin oaks. Thus far hath God spared them; the storm that hath rent the forest boughs hath turned from them, and the lightning hath sought a lower mark. They have seen the daisy and violet beds lying around them bared to the sunlight, and they have seen the trees spring up and form anew a fitting bower; and they will yet again behold the golden rays penetrate the far arches of the wood aisles ere they bow their heads to earth."

The moon looked in upon us through the oak boughs, and lighted up the hill-side till we could see the fox-glove bells as it were day; so I stooped down and plucked the fair flowers and turned homeward. Yet often did we pause to mark the glancing fire-flies, and hear the shrill note of the cicada among the dew-berry vines that covered the old stones with their green net-work. And when we had crossed the rivulet and ascended the hill, we looked back upon the woods lying in stillness and peace, and regretted that we must leave them.

Never again did I set my foot in that forest path; for the axe was soon busy among the trees, and the rocks were removed from their places, and the plough passed over the winter-berry and gold-thread. The heavy wagon and the loaded cart have pressed the life from out the violet and arbutus, and the foot of the horse trodden down the twin-berry and trefoil; and were it not for the ever-during hill and the lonely oaks, the spot would no more be known. Yet will the wild-vines still creep along the edges of the traveled highway as if loth to resign their home, and the fox-gloves find a resting-place on the hill-side.

And now the maples are preparing to unfold their crimson tassels, and many a bud is fostering under the last year's leaf. The swollen brook goes foaming past with a wild sound, and mingles its voice with the rushing of the unfettered wind. The first blue-bird will soon sing on the oak boughs, and the robin answer him from the poplar top. Must I not hear them? Must I not hear the free stream and gather the maple blossoms? Ah, no! "Yet spring doeth all she can, I trow;" for to those to whom she cannot bring sweet flowers and songs, she bringeth the memory of them, and with this will I be content.

THE PINE GROVE.

"A tale out of season is as music in mourning."

I AM fully sensible of this when I take my pen to tell of the deep midsummer, while "the whiteness of desolation," as the Scottish shepherd truly termed the snow wreath, is lying on the mountain side; yet am I fain to speak of one more of our loved forest paths—to speak of it as I saw it last, when the breathless silence of the summer noon was upon it, and the pines drooped their fragrant tassels under the sunbeams; and the hushed birds sat on the boughs panting, with their glossy wings spread to catch the lightest breath of a stray zephyr.

The double white-capped clouds had lain all day on the Kaatskills, and often had come to our ears the echo of the rolling of the mysterious nine-pins. I was hastening through the wood to a cottage on the other side, and so deep was the dim shade of the evergreens that I did not note how the clouds grew darker and were creeping up into the sky. But soon came the cool, damp breeze that heralds the rain fountains, and I called loudly to Rover to keep to my side, and almost as fleet and quite as frightened as forest deer, we bounded over the grassy path. A few moments brought us to the end of the wood and to the cottage, and scarce were we within its walls when the wind-storm was upon us. Fearfully the black clouds streamed up into the heavens, and furiously behind them came the white wings of the thunder messengers who had slept all day on the mountain tops. Columns of dust arose in the air, and were borne towards us with a roar as if all the winds in the cave of Eolus had been at once loosened from their captivity. Branches of trees and portions of fences flew by as though they were but feathers, and then there was a deafening crash as if the heavens were parted over our heads; and the standard bearers of the storm-king waved their fiery pennons through the rents in the torn and ragged clouds. Then came the rain and dashed against the window panes, and the water torrents leaped fiercely past the cottage

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door. The storm was soon spent, and the sun shone forth again, and we looked out. The little dwelling was more than a century old, with a low moss-covered roof, and dark gray walls. On every side a luxuriant orchard was spread, with green knolls scattered here and there, and bounded by a deep, thick wood. In front, surrounded by a low wall of stone, was a very beautiful flower garden. No rare exotics filled its borders, but roses and lilies, pinks and sweet-williams in endless variety grew amid the rudely constructed beds. The poor flowers were bent to the earth, and the long grass of the orchard lay in heavy, tangled masses, and the aged owner of the little spot lamented that his old arm would be very weary ere he had finished swinging his sythe in the ruined hay-field. So I turned my face homeward, and Rover having given a farewell growl at the stately cat who sat upon her master's shoulder, sprang lightly past me. We entered the grove, but often did we turn aside to avoid the trunk of a tree which the storm had laid prostrate, and often did we pause to look into the wood and count the fallen pines. Terrible, indeed, had that day been to the beauty of our forest path. Anxiously did we hasten on to the honeysuckle bank, for I feared some dethroned monarch of the grove had crushed its loveliness; but it lay unharmed. The green leaves, gemmed with rain-drops, waved in the fresh breeze, and a ground sparrow was tripping over the moss. So we passed on.

———But when will the wanderer return to her home? The spirit of the early spring-time calleth her, and must she stay? She feeleth the chain which binds her to the haunts of her childhood pressing upon her heart; for they say that the old robin hath come back to his favourite tree, and that the azure wing of the blue-bird is glancing in the sunlight. Yet a little longer, and the weary one shall be set free. She will not hear in fancy alone the voices of the forest, nor gather in dreams only the flowers she loves; but she shall look again upon the swaying mountain pine, and the violet at its foot shall smile on her. Yet in her happiness may she ever remember the throbbing hearts that pine in vain for the founts and flowers, the restless spirits who cannot break their bonds and flee to the hills like her. And may she ever be grateful to Him *who dresseth the bowers for spring*.

LOVE.

BY ANGELE HULL.

Love may slumber in a maiden's heart, but it always dreams.—JEAN PAUL.

Oh! whence comes the sigh
That has made me thus sad?
Is this the same maiden
Whose laugh was so glad?

There is some spell around me,
By fairy hands cast;
Back! thoughts that I know not;
Oh! give me the past.

And yet—what is strange—
There is nothing of grief
To mingle with feelings
Which find no relief.

I feel as if something
Long lost had been found—
A change *must* have come
On the bright world around!

I dream of a face
That is constantly near—
With somewhat of pleasure
And somewhat of fear.

I never have seen it—
Yet surely 'tis there;
A face—and a form—
Then—sweet sounds in the air.

I am not unhappy—
Yet what can it be?
A fancy that holds
Such strong power o'er me!

I think of soft words
That I never have heard;
And speak with a voice
That plays mocking bird.

My heart strangely beats
At the faintest low sound;
And I feel disappointed
At something not found.

I'll e'en go and seek it,
For others may tell
Some charm for the spirit
That whispers this spell.

* * * * *

A voice in the leaves,
And a voice in the air;
A form that was perfect—
A face that was fair!

Ay! surely she found it
By Love's magic art;
But lost in his toils
Her freedom of heart!

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THE BROTHERS.

A PASSAGE FROM FLORENTINE HISTORY.

BY MISS MARY E. LEE.

CHAPTER FIRST.

"Oh, mother, wherefore speak the name of death?"—SHELLEY.

IT was a most glorious evening of an Italian autumn. The mellow sunlight, that inimitable artist, coloured with his setting beams the long range of the snowy Appenines, till their glittering points shone like crimson beacon-lights against the deep blue eastern heavens; the classic Arno gave out glimpses of silver through its close embankments of spreading firs and chestnuts; the vine-covered heights of Tiesole, where the poet Milton spent long weeks of delicious retirement, shadowing out, it may be, his glorious dream of Paradise, rose even then like a hanging garden above "Florence the Fair;" and a spell of romance and ideality rested over the whole scene, as though it was not a real picture, but some dreamy vision of enchantment too fair for duration. But the loveliest piece of sunlight in the glowing landscape was a small but richly cultivated villa, somewhat retired from the road which extends between Florence and Siena; whose marble palace of small but exquisite proportions looked, when viewed from a neighbouring height, like a pearl embedded in emeralds, so closely was it surrounded by a shrubbery of laurustinus, flowering clematis and glossy bays, while a plantation of young oaks, extending to the river, formed a back-ground of sombre but agreeable relief. This spot was the abode of the widowed Countess de Gondi, a descendant of one of the most illustrious families in Florence, and renowned as the first, who, after the destructive wars of Italy, expended large sums of money in encouraging Grecian artists to make their abode among them; till, as it were, in recompense of their love of the arts, one of their own line, the youthful Cimabué, caught the painter's fire, and embodied those glorious conceptions which still form the boast and delight of his native city.

Six years previous to the time of my story, the Count de Gondi had been carried to the tomb of his ancestors; and although her spirit was sorely crushed by the loss of him who was the constant star in the sky of her memory, yet the afflicted widow felt that there was something still left to live for in the young daughter, who had sprung up like a flower in her brief path of wedded love; and although she daily "guessed of heaven," and pictured the bliss of meeting with the dear departed, maternal love still bound her with its sweet thraldom, and she felt, when, alas! it was too late, that she was willing to be immured still longer in the prison walls of this earth for the sake of her lovely and dependent Giuletta. Some days had elapsed since the invalid had learned from her physician that the shadows of the grave were resting upon her, and yet she could not find courage to introduce the subject which lay nearest her heart, and thus, in some measure, as she trusted, prepare the mind of her child for the dreadful, but too certain event of her approaching decease. And yet such warning is ever unavailing; for who, even among those who have watched their lost ones through long months of languishing and decay, but will not acknowledge that hope would not let them be convinced, and that the stroke has ever fallen at length with overwhelming might. Truly, the youthful heart cannot anticipate its coming griefs, but finds them ever sudden and unexpected as the lightning flash, and it seems a merciful providence that it is so.

The influence of the sunset had fallen soothingly on the heart of the invalid, and as she reclined on her cushioned couch in a western apartment, gazing for a long while on the beautiful face of Nature, she felt that he who takes such care of his lesser works, must preside mercifully over the destinies of his creature, man; and as the evening breeze cooled the fever of her sunken brow, her soul was so strengthened into prayer and resolution that she felt that the time had at length arrived when she could yield up her spirit cheerfully and unmurmuringly.

"Can any spot on earth be more beautiful than this?" asked the loving Giuletta, as, leaning on the low casement, she looked with glistening eye on the gay landscape, then turned for her answer towards the couch.

"Beautiful! beautiful!" murmured the countess; and as her gaze rested on the lovely being at her side, it was difficult to say which had most won her admiring exclamation, the glowing landscape or its living occupant.

"In a little while, dear mother, you will be enabled to enjoy it more fully;—I mean when you are strong enough to walk abroad and breathe the free air of the woods, and listen to the song of the birds and pluck the flowers, which are waiting your coming. Oh! when will you be well enough for that, mamma?" and as Giuletta leant towards the couch, with the sunny smile playing around her dimpled mouth, and her hazel eyes moistened with

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appealing tenderness, she might have been chosen as a fit personification of trustful and childlike hope.

"I will never walk abroad in this world, Giuletta," replied her suffering parent. "And now shall the tale be told, daughter, which I have deferred for so many days. I feel that my time is very short; disease has fastened upon me. In these last hours it would soothe me could I but see you display that fortitude which, alas! failed me so entirely when I was left with only you to comfort me."

A shriek of fearful surprise broke from the maiden's lips with her mother's first words; but hope would not yield to the cruel truth, and clinging to the arm which rested on hers, she exclaimed, reproachfully—"Say not so, mother; your fears deceive you. Only live for me, and I will be your comfort and your joy through my whole life."

"Nay, Giuletta, there are moments when the soul sees the future, not as in a glass darkly, but, as it were, face to face; and something tells me, this evening, that the days of my departure are at hand. Dear daughter, I have confided you some weeks since to the care of my best friend, the Duchess de Medici; and it will comfort my dying bed to know that your young affections will be watched and tended by one who will prove a second mother."

"None—none can be to me what you have been!" sobbed the wretched girl, as she threw herself in an abandonment of sorrow at her parent's side. "I cannot live without you, mother; stay, stay; do not leave me desolate."

Her hardest task was over, and although her voice was weak and hollow, yet her tones were full of hope and consolation as she whispered her parting counsels into the ear of the young being who knelt at her side; and when death, that awful visitant, came at length, after the lapse of a few weeks, it found her surrounded by the friends who had watched with affectionate solicitude her bed of languishing, while her last words were expressive of peace and resignation, as she bequeathed to them, with a look of unutterable solemnity, the care of the young and almost heart-broken Giuletta.

CHAPTER SECOND.

"Mine own dear love, this heart is thine."

Two years had passed away since the death of the Countess de Gondi, and in the gay household of the Grand Duke de Medici, Giuletta's youthful heart had shaken off its first load of grief; and although her tears still gushed freely when she recalled her mother's dying counsels, yet with them came a determination to bring all those precepts into practice; and as her mind was naturally of the best *matériel*, the young maiden of sixteen soon entered with spirits on the avocations and studies suiting her age, till she grew to be so great a favourite that even the stern and inaccessible duke frequently relaxed from his chilling dignity to bestow a kind caress on the lovely orphan. With her constant companions, the duke's two sons, she played the game of love most successfully; and when, in their hours of relaxation, Giovanni and Garcia were permitted to attend her to the favourite haunts of their boyhood, the dispute was ever who should ride nearest at her side on horseback in the narrow paths, or prove most successful in culling for her the numerous wild flowers that grew in the valley's steep ascent.

The younger brother, Garcia's, was a mood that liked not to be disturbed. The dark fiend of jealousy, "whose sting is sharper than a serpent's tooth," began already to whisper in his ear its hateful suspicions; and the fair girl was frequently startled in the midst of her pleasures as she caught the kindling expression of his eye when he apparently detected her in some slight attention to the more gentle Giovanni. In their occasional *demêllées*, Giuletta could not but observe the rule which Garcia, although the youngest, exercised over his brother; and although she felt flattered and was grateful for his devoted attentions, yet there were times when her girlish spirit poised the scales of preference, and then she could not but avow how the balance weighed in favour of the quiet elder brother; till, though her heart was yet blind to its emotions, love had become

"Fresh, full, the most mature
Of blossoms, yet a blossom."

The season of the carnival was drawing near, and all Florence was in eager expectation of the gayety of that Catholic Saturnalia, which is ever the singular precedent of the mournful season of Lent—singular, unless instituted to make the contrast fully striking. For several weeks it had formed the constant subject of discussion in the grand duke's household, and Giuletta's ingenuity had been taxed to the device of numerous masks for her youthful companions—for, with a fancy sparkling as the spray of the summer ocean, she was ever the one to whom the youths referred in all their slight difficulties of taste and criticism.

It was on the day preceding the last of the carnival, when Giuletta was summoned from the drawing-room by Garcia, to share in his favourite promenade on the extensive terrace. For a short time the conversation turned on indifferent subjects, when suddenly, as if just roused to remembrance, the youth exclaimed—"Nay, but I almost forgot to urge one little request, and let me do it ere it be too late, dear Giuletta. To-morrow is the gayest day of the carnival, and I have set my heart on driving you along the Corso in my new equipage, when Giovanni and I have once more shown ourselves to the populace in our gayest masquerade."

A shade of sadness stole over the maiden's face as she replied—"Ask it not of me, Garcia. My heart cannot mingle freely with the revelers, and

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my quiet mood would but create in you disappointment when you are making kind efforts for my amusement."

"Now you vex me sorely, Giuletta, by your refusal," replied Garcia, impatiently. "I have chosen you among all the high-born maidens of Florence for my day's partner, and now you play the ungracious one in full measure. Methinks you would not have spurned the pleasures of the festival," he haughtily added, "if Giovanni had but thought it pleasant to invite you to accompany him."

Tears started into the maiden's eyes, with the boldness and indelicacy of his taunt; a pang of disappointment shot through her heart when made thus aware of his indifference, and the fairy castles, *Chateaux d'Espagne*, which no woman, however unconsciously, but delights to build, were crushed by this single blow. Garcia's watchful eye noted her emotion, and a smile of scorn curled his lip as he continued—"Then I must go alone, when Giovanni has, perhaps, already engaged the fair Rosa Romano, who would so cheerfully have acceded to my invitation."

Just then the youth alluded to appeared at the further end of the terrace, and yielding to the first promptings of jealousy, which had ever played its discordant music on her gentle breast, Giuletta hurriedly exclaimed, while a deep rose-tint suffused her usually pale cheek—"I will accompany you, since you so much desire it, Garcia!" and when, with a graceful kiss of her hand, and a lively acknowledgment, the delighted youth sprang away and was soon mounted on the steed, which stood waiting for his morning ride, his elder brother quietly approached and timidly bestowed the usual salutation on the shrinking girl.

"I have brought a flower to add to the bouquet you are working in embroidery," he said, as he presented her with a fine specimen of the graceful clematis. "I found it in yonder nook of the silvery Arno, beneath that dark clump of olive trees, whose peculiar depth of light and shade you but lately admired. Will you paint it for me, in silk, to-morrow?"

There was a strange pettishness in Giuletta's manner, as, chafing with a sense of his indifference, she replied, "that she would have no time on the morrow, as Garcia had already engaged her for a ride on the Corso."

"Is it possible that he could have made such a request, when he knew that I had set my heart on having you go with me!" exclaimed the youth, indignantly. "It was not generous of him, to say the least;" and he looked inquiringly towards the maiden as if for information.

"I thought that you had already engaged Rosa Romano," she answered, coldly; "for so I understood from"—but before she could finish the sentence, the tell-tale tears would have way, and she hastily turned from her companion.

"Dear Giuletta, what ails you? What has vexed you?" inquired the distressed youth, as he placed his arm round her waist and sought to draw the weeping girl nearer; but conscious that she repressed his familiarity of manner, he added, despondingly—"Ah, I see that you love *him*, him only. Away with the hope that has been so long cherished in this weak bosom. I fancied that your heart might be won; I dreamt of the bliss of claiming you as my own; I thought that with my humble advantages I might succeed. Fool that I was! Who would not prefer the noble, winning, persuasive Garcia, to the timid and silent Giovanni?" and just pressing the burning spot on the maiden's cheek with his quivering lip, he almost pushed her away, as he murmured, falteringly—"Think not of me; be Garcia's—be happy!"

"Never—never! you wrong me by the thought!" burst from her full heart, as the agitated girl listened intently to his words, and in a moment discovered the slight train of deception which had been lain to ensnare her affections.

"He loves you fondly, madly, devotedly; he is all that can satisfy even you. And would you refuse his love?" inquired the trembling youth, as he still shrank from the form that now seemed to ask his support.

"I love him not; why would you urge it on me, Giovanni?" she sobbed, reproachfully, as her small white hand rested confidingly in his.

"Be mine, then—mine only, Giuletta!" exclaimed the delighted boy, as, clasping her unrestrainedly to his bosom, he met with rapturous gaze the timid smile, that told her heart's unutterable secret. "I will guard you from all evil, Giuletta. For your sake I will seek to shine. Your joy shall be my joy, and your grief my grief. My own—my dearest, no love can be stronger than my love!" and overcome by emotion, his soft, lustrous blue eyes were suffused with tears, and his frame shook with delicious agitation.

How full of happiness was the hour that succeeded to this first disclosure; but, oh, how brief! A world of gushing sensation and unspoken feeling was compressed within it. But we will not seek to unravel the mysteries of that trustful confidence. The sentiment of love is the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever; but, like free-masonry, none but the initiated can understand its secret, and it seems sacrilege to open that sparkling fount to the broad garish light of indifferent minds. It is no "midsummer night's dream" of pleasant phantasies, but its spring is never dry in the breast where it has once freely gushed.

CHAPTER THIRD.

"O'er all is spread
A mantling flush of revelry."

It was the last day of the carnival in Florence—that city which boasts of being the Paris of Italy—and gayety was at its height. The principal streets

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were crowded with an immense mass of human beings, who, dressed in the fantastic costume which the festival allows, might have been mistaken for a vast flower garden, by one who gazed on the swelling multitude from the lofty and isolated tower of the cathedral, which rises far above every other church, and in its costly *matériel* of black and white marble, forms a striking feature in every view of the city.

The windows of its thousand dwellings were hung with rich tapestries, silks, and even pictures, and were crowded with thronging youth and beauty; while the neighing of steeds, the ringing of bells, the shouts of the delighted populace, as they witnessed some favourite mummery, the various sorts of music from the different stalls where shows were exhibited—all made Florence appear like some city whose inhabitants had been seized with some sudden delirium. All ranks, classes, ages and sexes, paraded the streets; and many who had groveled in misery and wanted even bread for weeks before, now contrived, either by borrowing, begging or stealing, to procure a mask and a gay dress, and laughed and capered as merrily as though they had known misfortune only by name. Carriages of every form and size were found in the long processions. There rode an eastern monarch, followed by his Ethiopian slaves; here cars of victory rolled along, filled with laurel-crowned heroes, while Bacchus, the god of wine, surrounded by Silenus and all his crew of drunken fauns, played such mischievous pranks as won exclamations of delighted surprise from every beholder.

Many vehicles were driven by harlequins, who distorted their faces into the most ridiculous grimaces to excite laughter, and in one of clumsy and uncouth form sat a party of old women, with their features concealed beneath the most hideous masks, employing for their coachman an indescribable monster, who assisted them eagerly as with shrill cries they pelted every passer-by with handfuls of plaster of Paris, manufactured for the occasion under the name of plaster comfits. An abundance of this article was especially leveled at those in black dominoes or dark silk hoods, and it seemed the climax of delight when the lime dust succeeded in completely whitening the figures of their victims.

There was one car more brilliant than all the rest, which excited general observation. It was of most symmetrical form, highly gilded, and drawn by six milk-white Neapolitan steeds, hardly larger than grayhounds, and caparisoned in housings of blue and silver, while within sat two who might have proved fit models for the sculptor, so perfect were they in limbs and features, for they were both unmasked, and sat erect in youthful beauty. These were the sons of Cosmo, grand duke of Florence; and although Giovanni and Garcia were the children of a despotic father, yet murmurs of applause and even words of blessing burst from the excited Florentines as they proudly gazed on these descendants of the illustrious house of Medici. Garcia looked a fit representative of the god Apollo, whom he personated; and as he sat in the chariot, with his long hair flying to the breeze, his dark-browed eye flashing with diamond light, his clear and polished temples wreathed with laurel, and his graceful form leaning against a golden lyre, he might have been well mistaken for the fabled son of Jupiter. At his side reclined Giovanni, on whom nineteen summers had hardly shone, and who was a year older than his brother, but whose fair complexion, large blue eyes, and slight, yielding figure, made him appear somewhat younger than Garcia, whose every movement told of haughty dignity. At his brother's earnest request, he had assumed the dress of the other sex; and, clad as a huntress, a bow in his hand, a quiver of golden arrows hung across his shoulder, his feet covered with buskins, and a bright silver crescent on his fair forehead, he represented the goddess Diana, twin sister of Apollo.

For some time these high-born youths moved with the cavalcade, nodding to the patrician groups at many of the windows, winning favourable notice from the numerous fair faces that smiled from the passing equipages, and discharging real comfits on the delighted populace, to whom such delicacies came, like "angel visits, few and far between." At length the restless Garcia grew tired of the absurd scene, and drawing his gilded reins tightly together, he directed the coursers to a deserted street, where the procession always turned.

"Come, Giovanni," said he, "leave off gaping like these plebeian crowds, and let us hasten on to meet my mother and Giuletta, who has promised to see the pageant with me for a short while;" and as he spoke he looked inquiringly towards the listener, adding, carelessly, "My mother will give you a seat in her chariot."

Giovanni made no reply, although hurt by his brother's disingenuousness; and irritated by his silence, Garcia laid the lash on the horses, and drove so furiously as to endanger the lives of the foot-passengers, till, roused by his indiscretion, Giovanni suddenly seized the reins, exclaiming—"Be not so rash, Garcia; listen to me!"

"I will hear nothing!" exclaimed the angry youth, throwing aside the full quiver, which his brother in earnest gesture pressed on his arm; and seizing the sharp-headed arrows, he flung them away with such force that several goaded the haunches of his horses, already becoming restive, and before another minute, and ere Garcia could take strong hold on the reins, they leapt and plunged with spirited action, and at length, in the presence of all that multitude, threw the brothers from their light car, and tearing down the open street, left them overwhelmed with dust and confusion.

In a moment they sprang to their feet, and the gentle Giovanni declaring that he was alone to blame, brushed the soil from the dress of his scowling companion, and laying his hand on his arm, said, gayly, as his eye caught something in the

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distance—"How fortunate that my mother has just shown herself, and Giuletta, too. Come, Garcia," added he, pointing, as he spoke, to a handsome carriage, which now approached, "let us hasten to meet them, and we will soon forget this ill-timed accident."

"Take your hand from me!" cried Garcia, in a tone which made the timid Giovanni tremble. "You have no sense of shame. To be tossed out before all the city, covered with the dust which every beggar has trod on, and still smile as if nothing had occurred! Giovanni, I have no patience with you!" So saying, he disappeared suddenly among the crowd, and left his brother wondering at his excited behaviour and gazing on vacancy, until he was roused by the voice of his mother calling him by name, and felt the soft tap of Giuletta's whip on his shoulder, while her laughing eye spoke a welcome which should have rewarded him for Garcia's unkindness.

With a heart ill at ease, Giovanni took his seat in the chariot; his eye wandered with a restless expression over the merry groups, his cheek paled with anxiety, and even the soothing tones of Giuletta could not move him to conversation, till, guessing from his delicate hints the angry departure of her rash and hot-headed son, the duchess proposed returning home to the palace.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

"This, sure, but gives his guilt a blacker dye."

When they reached the court-yard, a page informed Giovanni that his brother, accompanied by several young nobles, had been hunting for the last half-hour in an adjoining forest; and throwing off his attire of the huntress-goddess, he mounted a fresh and spirited horse, seized his rifle, and spurring the animal closely in his desire of offering reconciliation, he soon reached a turn in the road which opened on a sunny glade, around which the hunters were stationed, behind the majestic trees, waiting with breathless anxiety the approach of the deer.

Just as Giovanni reached the open space, an old buck came dashing by with the speed of lightning, and forgetting that he had no claim to the prize, the delighted youth sprang forward, raised his weapon, took aim and fired. The wounded animal, faltering in its course, writhed for a few moments in the last agony, and then fell dead at his destroyer's feet. Furious with passion, Garcia rushed from the stand whence he had seen the hasty transaction, and regardless of the tempting vicinity of another deer, which at that very moment flew across the path, followed by the anxious pack of hounds and the still more anxious band of hunters, he rushed upon his brother, and grasping him rudely by the arm, exclaimed—"Fool! what mean you by coming thus in my way? This morning's insult was enough; and now"—as he spoke he raised his hand and fiercely struck Giovanni in the face, crying passionately, as he did so—"now feel a younger brother's anger!"

"A blow!" shricked out the bewildered and half-stunned youth, reeling beneath its violence. "A blow!" and the single word seemed to fill him with fire; for in a moment, with quickened wrath, he raised his weapon, but ere the fatal act was committed, the infuriated Garcia drew a dagger from his side, and with a wild howl of passion, as he uttered some fearful imprecation, the shining blade glistened in the sunlight, and struck the spell-bound and bewildered Giovanni through the heart. Life struggled painfully for a moment; once his hand was outstretched, and his blue eyes opened kindly as if in forgiveness;—they closed again, his arm fell nerveless, a quivering sob broke from his lips; one struggle more—he fell back like dead—it was indeed death!

Oh! spark of the divine essence—soul of man—how dost thou become dim and clouded at that unhappy moment, when, cherishing anger, as the flint bears fire, thou forgettest the law of love, and yielding to the wild claims of passion, imbruest thy life with the blood of a murdered fellow-creature! All after-existence seems an unending blank, no matter whether it be brief or prolonged, for

> "Acts are exempt from time, and we
> Can crowd eternity into an hour
> Or stretch an hour into eternity."

At first the hapless youth stood like one stupefied, rage and hatred glaring in his eyes, and his whole frame trembling with the hideous emotions within. Suddenly hope seemed to prompt him to action, and eagerly springing forward, he raised the pale corpse, muttering, as he did so—"There may be life still—there *must* be life!" and kneeling with convulsive quickness, he loosened Giovanni's hunting-dress, laid his hand on the bare breast, so lately beating with love and joy, and called him repeatedly by name in tones of the most thrilling supplications. At length he felt that the weapon had been too true, and dashing himself on the ground, he gave way to the stormiest excess of misery; tore up the grass now wet with his victim's blood; yelled aloud, as if silence was a horror, and wrung his clenched hands with infuriated strength.

None can imagine the dark eternity of thought undergone in the few moments before that young but sin-laden youth, raising himself from the maddening spot, and looking around with a fearful glance, yet carefully avoiding the pale face of him who lay at his feet, came to that determination which almost freezes the blood to think of. Oh! crime, what an apt teacher art thou! or how else could one, who was before so open-hearted, though passionate, shut his breast against every human feeling and determine, even in the chill presence of his victim, to deny firmly that he knew aught of the dreadful deed.

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Cold dew covered his brow, as he muttered low —"I am not altogether undone. The poison wrankles within; I feel its horrid torture. I am giddy, blind! But one triumph is still left me: I will keep this fearful secret—none shall know I murdered him!" and with a shuddering glance towards the spot where lay that form of stony lifelessness, he seized his dagger, now tinged with the life-stream, leapt upon his horse, and plunging into a road in the direction of the city, was far advanced through its narrow streets before the tired hunters, recovering from their excitement, returned unto the place where they had left the brothers, and discovered its only occupant, the murdered Giovanni.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

"Why scan you me?"
* * * * * * * *
"'Tis a dark tale, darkly finished."

It were vain to attempt to picture the horror of the scene which presented itself to her bewildered gaze, when, disturbed in some pleasant employ by an unusual stir in the court-yard, Giuletta sprang gayly from the hall, where she had been sitting with her kind friend, the mistress of the mansion, and to her question inquiring the cause, received nought but dead silence from the thronging menials, pressed onward towards the portal, and there stood as if spell-bound with the astounding spectacle. A crowd hung over the bier on which was borne the lifeless body of her young lover; but she saw naught but one object—that cold, rigid, set face, whose latest glance had been one of beaming affection, but which now gave no sympathy to the wild and piercing shriek that broke from her lips, as, springing forward, she cried—"It is he! Giovanni! Giovanni!" and in the next moment fell back in unconsciousness, the crimson blood gushing in a torrent from her quivering mouth.

A frantic outburst of grief relieved that agony too great for endurance which followed the first careful disclosure of the dreadful event to the stricken mother, who was borne quickly away from the immediate scene; but there were those who doubted the sanity of the grand duke's mind, as, with form erect, and lip and brow curved as though they defied the inward torture, he gave, in calm yet unfamiliar tones, the necessary orders for the discovery of the murderer, and led the way as the bier at his command was conveyed into a dark inner apartment, the key of which he always retained.

In the meanwhile, Garcia had reached a small but well-known inn, in the heart of the city, where he had that morning made an appointment to meet several gay youths of his acquaintance, and where, concealed from the paternal eye, they often gave way to excesses of which their parents little dreamt. Several glasses of wine were swallowed in rapid succession before his nerves grew firm and his manner collected; but just when he had attained seeming composure, a retainer of the grand duke rode at full gallop to the door of the tavern, and rushing in, revealed, in broken and half-articulate accents, the dreadful fate which had befallen his young master, adding—"I have been searching for you in every direction, and it was only by chance that I suspected you might be here, and hurried on to seek you."

Garcia turned livid as death with the appalling summons, but although his frame shook and his features were convulsed as he mounted his horse, none of his thoughtless associates suspected the cause, but all expressed their sympathy in his sudden bereavement. On reaching the court-yard of the palace, he found all the servants gathered in close groups, their countenances expressive of horror and astonishment; and almost unobserved by them, he entered the mansion, his head drooping on his breast, and his whole demeanour telling of deep and sudden sorrow.

For some hours the murderer paced the spacious apartment allotted to his use, trying to bring himself to the task of appearing before his stern father, who, as he learned, was seated silent and spell-bound beside the coffin in which reposed the heir to his princely estates. Of his mother he needed not to ask, for although thick tapestries and stone walls separated him from the chamber which she occupied, yet his sensitive ear often caught the echo of her wild cries and passionate despair; and once he started with horror when he heard these thrilling inquiries—"Who could have done this dark deed? Who could have killed my beautiful first-born—my gentle Giovanni?" Of Giuletta he dared not even think.

The midnight clock struck twelve—that hour fraught with solemnity even to the most thoughtless—when Garcia was aroused from his stupor by the entrance of a servant, who whispered that his master, the grand duke, summoned him to the "iron chamber"—for so the apartment was called. Garcia's frame shook as he received the message, but recovering his air of stern grief, he motioned the domestic away, and with stately but irregular steps, took the passage that led to the above-mentioned chamber. It seemed to him that some strange and mysterious tragedy was to be enacted, and he the principal personage therein; yet, though his eye was wild and deep-sunken, he reached the portal to meet his father's fixed gaze without the least blanching of colour, and stood there silently till the duke, with a look that spoke volumes, bade him approach the spot where stood a table covered with a dark drapery, and gleaming with the light from numerous tapers.

"Draw that aside," he muttered, in hollow tones.

Garcia mechanically obeyed, and a bloody sheet was next revealed.

"'Tis thy brother's blood!" murmured the

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wretched father, lifting the horrid covering and disclosing the dead form beneath. "Look here—look here!" he almost shrieked aloud; "blood calls for blood, and from a father's hand!"

Garcia's eyes closed with the first glance which he took within that coffin; and yet there was nothing terrible in the sight; it was only sad—for Giovanni's young face looked placid as that of childhood; his soft silken hair fell in rich masses from his delicate and blue-veined forehead; the penciled lashes lay like slumber on his marble cheek, and his fingers were clasped as though he had fallen into the lap of repose with some innocent prayer yet lingering on his lips. There was nothing fearful in his aspect, yet the murderer shook with that one hurried glance, and as he fell cowering at his father's feet, pale as his victim, he murmured, in faltering tones—"Father, father, whom do you suspect? Not me—surely not *me?*"

"Base boy!" exclaimed Cosmo, "why need you ask?" and leaning over the youth he drew the jeweled dagger from his side which had spilt his brother's blood, and which (unforeseen tell-tale!) was now red with the life-stream. "'Twas thyself!" he hissed aloud in the youth's ear; and as Garcia started up in horror at the discovery, the wretched parent fell on his knees, exclaiming, in agonizing tones—"Great God! grant me the strength to do an act of justice!" then with the frenzy of paternal feeling, he snatched Garcia to his bosom, overwhelmed him with kisses and caresses, entreated Heaven to have mercy on the soul of this, his most sinful son, and before the terrified youth could free himself from his parent's maddened embrace, that parent, as if suddenly prompted to the dread act, thrust him backward, turned away his face, nerved his relaxing arm and stabbed him through the very heart.

* * * * * * * *

Years passed away, after the rehearsal of this brief but well-authenticated drama of real life, and amid the splendour of his ancestral palace, the Grand Duke de Medici still resided, a stranger to remorse, and glorying in his act as the execution of a righteous judgment. His wife, the childless and heart-broken duchess, had long before reposed in an honourable niche among her kindred dead. The youthful Giuletta had sought refuge from a vain and weary world within the walls of a neighbouring convent, where, "supported by the very power of sorrow," she lived on for a few years, haunted only by one dark remembrance, then slept beneath its peaceful sod. But, absorbed in schemes of ambition, no one would have imagined that the Grand duke ever recalled the above fearful incidents, till it was discovered that each succeeding anniversary of that day was spent in prayer and fasting, and each midnight found him ever keeping vigil on that spot of death and murder, the gloomy *iron chamber*.

THE DAUGHTER OF AMBITION.

BY LYDIA S. HALL.

It was life's sunny morn—serene and bright;
The azure sky bent o'er her, bathed in light;
The songsters of the wood, with tuneful lay,
Sung of a bliss unspotted as the day;
The smile of love her infant home illumed,
And flowers of Spring about her pathway bloomed;
Her heart was shielded by parental care,
And witless innocence was cherished there.

I sought her where the childish sport went round,
And foot elastic pressed the grass-green mound;
Young life flew by me in the giddy whirl—
The sparkling eye—the soft, luxuriant curl—
And showers of tresses, bright as burnished gold,
Played with the gladsome breeze, and charms untold
Were richly mantled in the cheek's fresh glow,
And veiled in beauty 'neath her pensive brow:—
I searched upon the mound, but saw not there
The idol of the group, so meek and fair.

Homeward, I chose a solitary way;
A few short paces from the round of play,
Outstretched in lordly pomp, a forest stood—
Nature had decked the margin of the wood
With congregated beauties—such a store
As every poet's fancy scatters o'er
Elysian fields and solitudes of bliss—
A sight found seldom in a world like this.
I strolled, in contemplative mood, along,
Unheeding breath of flowers and voice of song—
Unconscious of the rill's soft, soothing chime—
Alike unconscious of the flight of time,
Till, roving on, I scarce knew where or why
The little truant houri caught my eye.
An impulse seized me, and I hid to trace,
Quite unsuspected, on her speaking face,
An outline of the dream whose light and shade
Like clouds and sunshine o'er her features played.
Now half reclining, as in thought profound,
Her eye moved slowly, earnestly around;
Then, rising suddenly, she cast a look
Of earnest scrutiny upon the brook,
In whose clear depths, like sweet enchantment, lay
The imagery of all upon its way.
Oh! which was most serene—that thoughtful face,
Or that pure stream which mirrored all its grace?

She plucked a flower that bloomed beside her there,
Inhaled its fragrance, twined it in her hair;
Unwreathed it thence, and to her young heart pressed,
With childish fondness wept while she caressed—
Then gave it to the rill with tiny hand,

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As 'twere a messenger to fairy land.
Her eye bent down the stream, till on its way
It came where dimpling eddies were at play;
She followed where her herald flower had gone—
It took a whirl or two, then floating on
The deepening, widening stream, a rivulet
With jewel-flowers upon its crystal set,
Still gathering force, flowed on in calm repose,
Till from its depths a towering mountain rose,
Then turned its course, its treasure bore away,
She knew not whither, and I cannot say.
Nature's Daguerreotype lay there asleep,
Each spot of verdure and each ragged steep,
Each stately oak with broad, o'erhanging bough,
And each rude fissure in the mountain's brow—
The spotless lamb, that timid sought a place
Not far removed from the securest base—
The soaring bird that, with long-practised care,
Had built its home and reared its nestlings there;
Unruffled beauty slumbered in that stream
Just like its counterpart—a poet's dream!
As earthly wonders lift the soul on high,
So do reflected charms avert the eye,
If, mayhap, in the picture we behold
The glitter of th' original's pure gold!
Entranced she stood and viewed that mountain wild,
Her hands in rapture clasped—'twas Nature's child.
Oh, there was truth in that impassioned glow,
Which kindled on her countenance, I know!
There was no fear or pride in that deep spell—
It was as if a mantle o'er her fell
From the presiding genius of the scene,
Ordained by Nature as the Fairy Queen,
With power to thrill with life each latent thought,
And break the fetters this strange world hath wrought,
And set the spirit from its prison free,
To learn its birthright—immortality!
Her soul elated, her young spirit fired,
Ecstatic hope awakened, zeal inspired,
With eager impulse puny childhood tried,
Nor tried in vain, to climb the mountain's side.
With rapid foot she strode, and sure as fast,
Crag after crag and cliff on cliff she passed;
Nor paused the eagle in her upward flight
Till she had gained the mountain's proudest height:
Poised on the topmost peak she stood alone—
Calm majesty upon her features shone.
What wonders met her there I may not tell—
What fancy seized her, or what ills befell.
She calmly looked upon the world below,
Not as a conqueror on a vanquished foe,
But as a wanderer on the early cot
He hath forsaken, but hath ne'er forgot—
And walked, with dignity unmixed with pride,
Amid magnificence on every side!

The mount explored, the weary child came down,
Her brow encircled by a laurel crown—
In the green valley sought a still retreat,
And, taking 'neath the juniper a seat,
Displaced the garland from her fair young brow,
And hung it thoughtless on the sheltering bough.
Too thoughtlessly she would have left it there,
Afraid such token of renown to wear;
But some kind genius whispered in her ear,
Dispelled her doubts' and quelled her every fear:
"Yes, I will cast it at my mother's feet;"
She clasped and wore the wreath from her retreat.

The garland, mountain, flower and stream—
These were not all a truthless dream;
Her future life was drawn too fair—
In miniature too perfect there;
Her after days have answered well
To each prophetic word that fell
In accents such as spirits hear,
Though silent they to mortal ear.

The sun rose high—now and then a cloud
Had cast a transient shadow—not to shroud
In sullen gloom anticipations bright,
But give new lustre to their lucid light—
Just as each error we behold and shun
Gives double pleasure to each duty done—
Just as light sorrows o'er the spirit steal,
And give new relish to the joys we feel.

So passed life's morning—so advanced life's noon—
And so, perchance, will haste life's even soon.

I sought where 'mid the glittering hall was rife
With splendid gayety, with buoyant life;
The young, the beautiful, the rich, the fair,
The famed, the honoured and the great were there;
Sweet music flowed, and beauty's smile was bright,
To soothe the spirit and bewitch the sight:
I sought in vain the loved of every heart—
In that gay hall the favourite had no part.

"Time rolled along; the faithful newsboy's song
Was checked, 'Your paper,' and he passed along."
While scanning eagerly its columns o'er
In search of science, wisdom, wit, or lore,
Or whate'er else the press might please to give—
Some aliment on which the mind might live—
An humble corner, by some mystic spell,
Attracted strangely, and my eye first fell
Where gems of genius all profusely lay,
Like fragrant blossoms on the cap of May:
"So twinkling diamonds deck the noon of night,
And cheer the gloom by their resplendent light."
The handiwork, full soon, full well I knew,
So passing beautiful, so perfect, true.
'Twas then I saw how Caroline had spent
The hour bestowed on mirth and merriment.
Yes, she had culled, with trembling hand, a flower
By nature planted in her rural bower,
And given to the placid, eddying stream,
On whose clear surface danced life's early beam.
The rill, that like a polished mirror lay,
Had gathered strength and grandeur on its way,
And wafted silently along its prize,
The envied wonder of admiring eyes.
Borne on the water's bosom frail and fair—
The blossom had poured out upon the air
Its own free breath—that fragrance had betrayed
The hand that plucked it from its native shade,
And she, with thoughtful mind and brow serene,
Looked wistfully upon the mountain scene.

Life's noontide came—I sought once more
For her I oft had sought before;
Not in the hall or on the mound,
Where youth and pleasure cluster round,
But on a broad and fertile plain,
Where congregate the sons of gain.
Some dug up earth with hoe and spade,
And some reclined beneath the shade:
Those toiled for hidden wealth, and these
Lived on that toil and took their ease:
Some heaped themselves a dangerous store,
And turned from friends to hug their ore:

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A precious few, with lavish hand,
Poured out their bounty through the land,
And tasted bliss without alloy,
Partaking, as they scattered, joy.
I sought in vain—I found her not
Upon that gold-enchanted spot.

Where was the mountain beauty then!
Oh, ask not me, nor task my pen.
If e'er in Nature's field you stray,
Mayhap you've met her on your way;
Or if to seek her you're in mood,
Go search the wildest solitude:
If here and there you find her not,
Go to that lone and wretched cot,
Where want and woe forgotten lie,
Though modern Levites oft go by.
Stand not aloof and gape and stare
If you would see her *enter* there;
Or if too late, you'll hear her fame
Pronounced, with blessings on her name.

But go not with unbidden feet
Too near her undisturbed retreat;
Her silent sanctum enter not—
The Poetess' most hallowed spot;
Nor dare profane, with idle gaze,
Th' arcanum of her sweetest lays;
For those are stolen moments, when
Her thoughts hold converse with her pen.
'Tis here she pours out, full and free,
The current of her sympathy;
'Tis here she breathes, in mildest tone,
A thrilling music all her own—
Compassion's deepest, purest glow
For human guilt and human woe;
'Tis here she dares to think and feel,
And thought and feeling to reveal;
Here she may speak what mortal ear
Were elsewhere unprepared to hear;

Or she, too timid to rehearse,
Except in silent, breathing verse,
To all mankind may freely tell
How much she loves them, and how well—
For Caroline would never dare
Profess her deepest love elsewhere.
The tale so gently told, so true,
Is undisputed save by few;
And these exceptions prove the rule,
As wisdom's honoured by a fool.
Here, where no thoughtless eye may come,
She is *true* CAROLINE, *at home;*
The fountain of her soul unsealed,
Her character is here revealed;
'Twas here the laurel wreath she gained,
And here her inmost soul is pained
To hear officious, noisy fame
Pronounce before the world her name;
And here—Oh, breathe it not, ye winds—
The bliss of silent grief she finds!
For none, who feel it not, may know
The price of woman's fame is—WOE!

Ambition's Daughter call you this,
Who scorns Ambition's envied bliss?
My friend, Ambition's highest meed
Is WEALTH OF THOUGHT and PUREST DEED.
The brightest coronet she wears
The hand of *Gratitude* prepares—
And talent, trained for highest good,
Alone can merit GRATITUDE!
Ambition's child can ne'er allow
A hand to deck her lofty brow
With garlands, whose acknowledged aim
Were to perpetuate her *name.*
Such fetters would her spirit bind,
And drag to earth her soaring mind.
Aspiring far such thoughts above,
She gives her life to TRUTH and LOVE.

LE JOUR DE MORT.

On "All Saints' Day" it is a custom, in Catholic countries, to place fresh garlands of flowers on the tombs of departed friends.

WHY scatter ye flowers on the cold, gray tomb?
Will they raise from the spirit its weight of gloom?
Do ye pleasure the dead with your garlands gay?
Is their perfume enjoyed by the senseless clay?

Can their beauty assuage the mourner's grief?
Will they save you one sigh—or give you relief
From the agony felt while you gaze on the bier?
Will they check the flow of a single tear?

The low, gentle tones were like sounds you have dreamed,
As the answer came back so sadly, it seemed
Some spirit of music amid the dark trees
Had breathed forth the notes that now rose on the breeze.

"The hopes of youth are bright,
Like the flowers—
But they fade ere yet 'tis night,
Like the flowers:

Ambition's glittering prize,
The light of starry eyes,
E'en glory fades and dies
Like the flowers.

"'Manhood's strength is manhood's pride,'
Yet, like flowers,
Time's rude touch 'twill not abide
Many hours:
Beauty and youth must fade,
To wrinkled age betrayed—
All must in dust be laid,
Like the flowers!

"Why should you not adorn,
With bright flowers,
The tomb of him that's gone
Like the flowers?
Emblems meet to grace the tomb,
Though they lessen not its gloom—
Emblems meet to grace the tomb
Are the flowers."—J. B. W.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

BY MRS. H. SEELEY TOITEN.

LETTER THIRD.

CARTHAGENA, *July 20th*, 1845.

FREQUENT as are the Feast Days in this country, when all labour is suspended, the master and his slave being alike at liberty to enjoy the merry dance, the game of chance or the social visit, still is it most unusual, on these occasions, to see persons under the influence of intoxicating liquors; nor are the grog-shop and the bar-room the chief places of resort, the great centres of attraction. Little shops well lined with bottles are to be met with here and there throughout the city, where are sold the rum and "*aguardiente*" of the country; distilleries are by no means uncommon; and at the bar of "the *café*" may be procured both sparkling champagne, wines of the best brand, brandy, and the genuine "mountain dew:" but with all these facilities, the tippling gentleman and the degraded sot, the bloated spendthrift and the starving drunkard, are but rarely seen; and while the cockpit and the gambling-table are crowded with persons of all ranks and classes, the inebriate is not there, where, of all places, one would most expect to find him. From early dawn, and throughout the entire night, on holidays and Sundays, numbers of negroes throng the squares and public places of resort. They talk loudly, laugh merrily, sing in their peculiar style, blow upon the shrill-toned reed, shake the rattling calabash, beat the hollow drum, and marking the measure by clapping their hands, move fantastically through the oft-practised dance. Yet in this crowd all appear sober, or if, perchance, some one of the number has tasted of the intoxicating draught, it has been with moderation; nor is he disabled from performing his part, and with his companions, joining in the pleasures and pastimes of the season. In short, the vice of intemperance is here but little known, and temperance lectures and temperance societies are needed not.

"*Fiestas*," or feasts, are usually appointed by the church, and are *religious* celebrations in honour of some great era in the history of our Saviour, or of the many saints and martyrs whose names are recorded in the calender of every good Catholic. Masses appropriate to the occasion are said in the morning; processions are formed; guns and crackers are fired around the churches; the military are in attendance with their music; ladies are in gay attire; children of from eighteen months to four years old, (who ordinarily are untrammeled by clothing of any description,) are led forth in tight-strapped pants, broadcloth coats with fashionable skirts, regularly made vests, well-tied cravats, and on their head a bell-crowned beaver hat, and in the hand an ivory-topped cane. Balconies are decorated with bright-coloured curtains of silk, damask, or of curtain calico; and gracing the windows of the lower stories (which are usually occupied by blacks or persons in poor circumstances), are bed-spreads, faded table-covers, or not unfrequently a gayly-flowered shawl. Sometimes the streets are strewn with leaves, and sweet-scented flowers are scattered, out of silver baskets, in front of the bishop, as he moves along in the procession, in his rich robes, under a highly ornamented canopy, supported by men. A ball in the evening concludes the celebration. Balls are often given in private houses, *loaned* for the occasion, (committees of gentlemen carrying about the invitations, which are either printed or written;) but usually a public room is preferred. Lights and seats are provided by persons sending them for themselves and families; nor are refreshments either handed or set, as is the custom at home. Private parties are but rarely given; but when they are, dulces, bizcóchos, wines and lemonade abound. At the public balls, persons of every rank and colour mingle in the same dance, moving slowly and solemnly in the Spanish waltz; while are looking on a crowd of spectators, among whom are to be seen the venerable padre, the grave judge—the highest officer in government—and by his side, Cuffee in his undress, a negress decked in jewels and flowers, a mulatto nurse with her infant charge in her arms, the beggar wrapped in her blue mantle, and the lame man supported by his crutch. All go to see, if not to join in the amusements; nor do even the *blind* absent themselves, their pleasure being in hearing the shrill and discordant music of the band.

Previous to the solemnities, the fasts and penances of Lent, were the three days of the carnival, when all work ceased, shops were shut, and masks of all descriptions thronged the streets from midday until late at night. Devils, with tight-fitting garments painted black and brightly varnished, and having long pointed claws of tin on either hand, and horns on their heads, set to flight troops of little timid children, who, peeping from out the entrance doors, were just enjoying the sight of some stately dame all over hung with finery, some mighty lord, some portly Punch, some dancing harlequin, or some frolicksome monkey that, with a tail of from fifteen to twenty feet long, beat the passers-by, regardless alike of either rank, age,

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sex or profession. But so numerous were these grotesque figures, that I shall not attempt to describe them, but merely mention, *en passant*, the various processions that in the evening were seen in all directions. Mounted on horseback were some forty or fifty equestrians, who, at a furious rate, rode from street to street, sometimes in single file, then two and two, and again with as many abreast as could ride in that order through the narrow "*calle.*" Next came a train of donkeys with their riders, who were chiefly blacks, some masked, others dressed as women and riding on side saddles, and others again flourishing in long floating feathers, or immense head-dresses of bandana shawls—all whipping, cutting and pricking the poor animals, who are never remarkable for their speed. Then followed a grand display of carriages, both of ancient and modern times, some very handsome, others rather *passees*, and not a few bedimmed by the rust and dust of time. Large or small, light or heavy, containing one or half-a-dozen persons, a single horse or mule was obliged to drag the vehicle along; while the *muchacha* on his back exercised his spurs, his whip and his voice. Nor is this style of riding or driving peculiar to the occasion, for I have never yet seen it different—a heavy carriage, an immense load inside, oftentimes a weighty driver, and always the one solitary horse. Verily, "the merciful man is merciful to his beast."

But I am forgetting the ladies who graced the vehicles on these gala days. Dressed in full costume for the ball in the evening, the aristocracy, the beauty and the fashion of the city, rode from street to street, with bare necks and arms, jeweled ears, well-arranged head-dresses, consisting generally of flowers or ornaments of gold or pearl, (bonnets being only worn here by foreigners,) while satins, gauzes, laces and muslins, were trimmed with ribbons, flowers and flounces, and sometimes, indeed, with a combination of all, producing an effect not untasteful, but certainly somewhat gaudy. Between nine and ten o'clock each night the ball commenced, and from then until daylight there was neither slumbering nor sleeping for those who resided in the neighbourhood of the crowded saloon; nor was quiet restored until the morning of Ash Wednesday, when the church bell called the devout to the sanctuary to listen to mass, and to receive upon his forehead the sign of the cross made there with ashes by the finger of the priest.

During Lent there were services, sermons and penances, but it was not until Holy Week that any very extraordinary ceremonies were performed. On the Wednesday of that week there were suspended from different balconies images of Judas filled with fireworks, which were ever and anon exploded, to the great delight and amusement of the boys who had constructed them; but it was not until evening, about nine o'clock, that the grand display, the hanging of Judas on a large scale, took place in the square of the Jetsemani, and was attended by a vast concourse of citizens, both male and female, the military, and a band of music. On Holy Thursday I went to witness the washing of the Apostles' feet by his reverence the bishop. On a platform erected for the occasion, were seated twelve old men, paupers of various shades and colour, clothed in clean new suits of white linen, (presented them by the bishop, I am told,) having on their feet white cotton stockings and good leather slippers. These last I mention, because among the lower class of people it is a most unusual thing to see any covering worn on the feet, and old and young alike go unshod. But to return. Long before the hour for the ceremony to commence, the spacious cathedral was crowded with spectators, and by four o'clock scarcely was it possible to witness the washing. I was fortunate in having a place near the platform, and lost but little of what was passing. Priests chanting, incense burning, &c. &c., preceded the entrance of the bishop, who, in a magnificent robe of purple velvet, with a mitre on his head, and train borne by priests, (a long procession of whom, in rich dresses, were in attendance,) ascended the platform, humbly bent the knee before each "*pobre,*" washed his foot from out a silver basin, wiped it with an embroidered napkin, and afterwards actually kissed the uninviting object. Several of the apostles were afflicted, by-the-by, with the loathsome disease so common here, swollen and discoloured feet, not unfrequently filled with excrescences, varying in size from a pea to a walnut, and always distorted most shockingly; and yet the bishop gave each foot a "*bona fide*" kiss, and appeared to feel none the worse for having done so. After this, the lookers-on dispersed, leaving the priests within the church, where they remained with closed doors and darkened windows, going through various prayers, ceremonies, &c., until, at a signal given, the crowd of boys who were assembled without commenced stoning the building, beating it with clubs, and making all manner of loud and deafening noises. The darkness and this noise were to represent the terrific scene which attended the crucifixion of our Saviour, when "there was darkness over all the land," "the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom, the earth did quake, and the rocks were rent." At sundown this same evening, the numerous bells in the city and the Jetsemani rang a merry peal, and ere long the entire population were to be seen in the streets, wending their way from church to church, at each of which, after a short prayer was said on bended knee, with head covered with mantle, handkerchief or shawl, (as is customary always in attending religious services,) a view was taken of the gayly dressed altar, and forthwith the party proceeded to another church. These altars were ornamented with gaudy flowers, tinsel leaves, showy vases and little doll-baby angels, and were brilliantly illuminated with large wax candles, many of which were placed before reflectors, and produced a light rivaling that of day. At the church of Santa Teresa, the altar was

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particularly gay, and in front of it stood a figure, large as life, bearing upon his shoulders a cross, while at the other side was the Virgin Mary, glittering in jewels, clothed in a purple velvet dress with short sleeves and low neck, (around which was a trimming of fine thread lace,) and having altogether the air and appearance of a modern belle, recently equipped by the skilful hands of a Parisian mantuamaker. At St. Francisco, in the Jetsemani, we witnessed the representation of the Last Supper. A long table was spread in front of a brightly illuminated altar, and upon it were spread fruits of different kinds, oranges, papayas, melons, nispiros, guavas, &c. Seated around it were our Saviour and the twelve apostles, all made of wood, and painted, according to fancy, with bright red cheeks, cherry lips, and eyes to suit the complexion. Their dresses were of various colours and materials, and were generally loose and flowing robes, while their long beards and almost hairless heads gave them quite a patriarchal air, which otherwise, methinks, they would not have had, so inexpressive were their doll-like faces.

Good Friday was truly a day of quiet. The churches were hung in black, and persons attended mass clothed in deep mourning. No bells were rung; horses, carts, and vehicles of all kinds were prohibited from entering the streets: nor was this quiet interrupted (save by the boy who, with his wooden rattle, marked the hours at the corners of the streets,) until the morning of Sunday—Easter Sunday—when, simultaneously it seemed, a mighty clanging of bells was heard, the streets were filled with horses, carts and wagons, the riders and drivers of which vied with the multitude of boys in their noisy shouts and clamorous rejoicings; fireworks were exploded; the band played loud and merrily, and joy and gladness appeared at once to have taken the place of sighing and sadness. A ball in the evening concluded the blended solemnities and gayeties of the season, and on Monday morning business was again resumed; but many a yawn was heard, and many a head dropped an unbidden nod after the fun and frolic of that sleepless Sunday night.

Without comment or reflection, I give this plain and unadorned statement of facts, hoping it will prove interesting to those who may read it; while I beg that charity, Christian charity, may throw her mantle over such as may be disposed to judge unfavourably of their Catholic brethren of this southern clime. Many I know here who join heart and soul in all these ceremonies, and who I believe do so with sincere piety and in humble devotion.

LETTERS FROM ROME.—TO THE EDITOR.

[In our Editors' Table of last month we gave the first letter of the series; we shall now continue them in a separate form.]

LETTER SECOND.

ROME, *Nov.* 12.

MY DEAR MADAM—I arose this morning much refreshed, and throwing open the casement, the soft air came in mingled with the noise of a small fountain which trickled from an opposite wall. I took my breakfast while gazing out of the window, on a sky of the deepest blue imaginable; then strolled down the *Corso* to the *Piazza del Popolo*, the most magnificent square in Rome. In the centre stands an Egyptian obelisk, with a fountain of four streams of water issuing from the mouths of as many lions at its base. Upon one side is one of the principal gates of the city, of a handsome design, and ornamented with sculptures. Upon another is a winding road up the Pincian Hill, through trees, shrubbery and flowers—many of which are in bloom—together with groups of statuary and fountains. I took my way through the *via Rissetta*, under the shadow of large palaces and dark old buildings, until I reached the banks of the Tiber. I sat down on the bank and watched its dark and turbid waters rushing swiftly by. "The golden waved Tiber" seemed in an angry mood, and washed the shores with a fury I had never dreamed of. I repeated over the beautiful lines by *Allessandro Guidi*—

> "Io credea, che in queste sponde
> Sempre l'onde
> Gisser limpide ed amene."

I purchased a few large delicious white grapes from one of the ugliest-looking old hags I ever met with, and soon found myself under the long colonnade leading to St. Peter's. The two beautiful fountains in the Piazza, some fifty feet in height, were throwing up masses of spray, which sparkled as it fell, and formed a most agreeable murmuring.

Pushing away the mat which hung at the entrance of the *Basilica*, I was once more in the sacred temple. A kind of satisfied and ennobling spirit came over me as I walked through the vast aisles and chapels, drinking in the beauties which met my eye everywhere. It would take an age to describe the statues, mosaics, monuments, columns, and marbles of every hue delicately sculptured and mingled with gold. The air was fragrant with incense; the light seemed to steal in

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from windows slightly shaded. It seemed a Paradise—*io sarei stato felice conte!* I leaned against this column and then that, and staid I know not how long, tracing out one beauty, then another; and kissing the toe of the statue of *St. Peter*—on the principle of doing at Rome what the Romans do—went out and lay down on the steps, and watched the purple tints of some fleecy clouds playing over Mount Albano.

25th.—I have changed my lodgings to the *via del Macelli;* from my window I have a view of nearly all modern Rome—campaniles, domes, palaces and churches—indeed, I cannot turn my eyes without meeting something beautiful; and the soft quiet of evening is only broken by the gushing of the fountain of *Trevi.* There is an air of sadness and melancholy here which is most agreeable to me; and I find myself daily strolling out among the ruins of former splendour. My first impressions of ancient Rome were by moonlight. An evening or two after my arrival, G—— and myself sat out for a ramble among the antiquities. We picked our way through several dark and narrow streets over the Capitoloni Hill into the Forum; and as I paced up and down the *via Sacra*, sad and mournful was the view—ruined temples, arches and broken columns, scattered here and there, beautiful in decay; and as the light wind sighed over them, they seemed to complain, and call on us to revenge them for the insults they had received. We wandered through dark valleys, skirting the Palatine and Aventine, until we reached the banks of the Tiber. I fancied I saw struggling in its dark waters, the spirits of the barbarian and licentious destroyers of the once mistress of the world. We returned to the coliseum, and clambering over its weedy arches, with pulse at fever heat, I tried to convince myself that all was a dream, that the moon was a cheat, and the soft air I breathed deception.

26th.—I have seen *Brown*, the sculptor. He is somewhat pale, having suffered by sickness. He has large black eyes of uncommon brilliancy, and I anticipate much pleasure in his company. He feels anxious to be once more in the wild forests and prairies of the west. I will close this by sending you a translation of a poem by *Fulvio Testi*, an Italian author of the seventeenth century, entitled "*Modern Rome.*" I leave it to your facile pen to place it in rhyme.*

PROSE TRANSLATION OF AN ITALIAN POEM.

Ronchi, perhaps thou now art wandering at the foot of the Aventine, or of the Celio; there, midst plants, thou goest seeking the noble remains and the superb relics of Latin splendour.

And betwixt anger and pity, whilst gazing, where one time rose up temples and theatres, now herds low and ploughs break. From the depth of thy heart thou sigheth.

The many arches and columns are more than for a sign; they guard the primitive valour, high memorials. But one does not see in our own proper glory, who of arches and columns now may be worthy.

Italy, sweet deceit, idleness and lasciviousness have extinguished thy generous spirits. Dost thou not perceive, wretched, and not feel, that thy laurels have degenerated into myrtles.

Pardon my words. Formerly thy studies were to strengthen thy limbs, to wrestle, to jump, train coursers, and in valiant assault to bend the bow, to grasp the lance and sword.

Now, advised by friendly mirrors, they nourish the hair, and curl it with art, and carry the patrimony of their ancient fathers upon dresses embroidered with gold.

To perfume thy bosoms, Syria sends from the coast of Sabaoth the finest of odours, and Holland weaves rich cloths and precious linen for adorning the necks.

Foaming upon thy tables, in golden cups, are rare wines of stony Scio; and in the estriol of summer, the ancient pride of Falerno is subdued by frozen wares.

At thy prodigal suppers, they order priceless birds of Numidia and Fasi; and fish from far off sands, smoke, midst liquid odours, in golden vases.

Such, truly, thou wert not when thou sawest the ploughman consuls in the capitol, and proud dictators sitting upon low benches, surrounded by lictors with rough axes.

But the rustic hand that, behind the cart, a long time ago, stimulated the slow oxen, founded the kingdom and carried triumphantly thy standards from the Boreas to the Arctus.

Now scarcely rests alive the remembrance of so much greatness; and whilst insulting dead valour and sepulchred virtue, the barbarian tramples upon and scorns thee.

Ronchi, if Italy is not shaken from the lethargy in which it sleeps wait a day (so says my tongue) we will see encamped around the Tiber, the Persian and the Thracian.

* We prefer inserting the prose translation, which we think very spirited and true to the original.—Ed.

SHELTER ISLAND AND ITS POET.

"Shelter Island? Where is Shelter Island?" is the frequent inquiry made by those who, within a year or two past, have seen an occasional little poem with this announcement for its birth-place. Greenport, where the Long Island railroad terminates, is directly opposite to this Island; the strait which separates it here being nearly a mile and a half in width, and constituting an excellent harbour for vessels of the largest size, of which British fleets have known how to avail themselves in time of war. Long Island terminates at the east in two projecting headlands, the southern and most extended called Montauk Point, the northern Oysterman's Point. In front of the bay formed by these two headlands, is Gardiner's Island; far within, embosomed in the waters of the Peconic Bay,

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and separated from Long Island on three sides by a narrow strait, lies Shelter Island. Its unpronounceable, hard-to-be-recollected, and if recollected, still harder to reduce to writing, Indian name, had the very expressive and descriptive meaning of "an island sheltered by an island." Hence the *sobriquet*, "Shelter Island," now become a legitimate geographical designation. From its high grounds there are several beautiful and commanding views, embracing the flourishing town of Sag Harbour in the distance at the southeast.

But why take so much pains to describe the exact locality of this secluded little spot? This is not the island where Sir Lionel Gardiner, the stalwart knight of Puritan origin, erst settled himself, and which he entailed upon his descendants? No; that is the island outside which gives shelter to the island within. Is there anything in the poetic inspirations vouchsafed to those who inhabit it which should make it known to fame? We venture to say no one can read the accompanying communication without desiring to know something of the whereabout of its gifted source.

There are some other particulars which may, perhaps, be worth relating, and can scarcely fail to be interesting.

This little island has now been settled by a Christian race nearly two centuries. Its circumference is of but few miles in extent, and its inhabitants number only about sixty families. Looking south from Greenport, on the opposite shore, embowered in trees of the primitive forest, near a little inlet, you catch a glimpse of an ancient mansion, where one of the first proprietors of the island dwelt, and which is still occupied by his descendants, one of whom intermarried with a descendant of him of the island which gives this island shelter. Upon the plantation connected with this ancient family mansion there are three burial-grounds—one where sleep the remains of the aborigines or native Indians, of whose race there exists but a single living representative on the island, himself a veritable king of the Montaukets, and at the same time a valuable domestic in the service of the descendants of this same old proprietary family; another, the last resting-place of many of the earlier white settlers, some of whose epitaphs bear date more than one hundred and fifty years back; the third, a cemetery for the African race, once held in servitude as cultivators of the soil, whose graves outnumber the entire present population, while now there is not one of the African race living upon Shelter Island.

The inhabitants are all descended from the Puritan and Huguenot stock, and these sixty families form one congregation, have their regular settled pastor, and meet for worship, after the manner of their fathers, near the graves of those who, in times of persecution, in this secluded spot founded and endowed a temple to the living God. Upon one of the monumental stones which record their virtues may be seen the name of *L'Hommedieu*, a name which should inspire in all who trace their lineage from it, "love to God and love to man." This trait is always found in the beautiful lines which have occasionally adorned the pages of the Knickerbocker for a year or two past, from the same source with the original contribution which, by the kindness of a friend, we are now enabled to present our readers.

THE ABBEY MANOR.

TO MY SISTER—AUGUST 13TH, 1845.

'Tis said that each succeeding year
Another circlet weaves,
Within each living, waving tree,
Yet not in bark or leaves;
But far within the silent core
The tiny shuttles fly,
At Nature's ever-working loom,
Unseen by human eye:

And thus within my "heart of hearts"
Doth this returning day,
Another golden zone complete,
Another circle lay;
And when unto the shadowy past
In retrospect I flee,
I numerate the fleeting years
By deepening love for thee.

Since last we met this sunny day,
How bright the hours have flown;
Youth, Love and Hope, with fadeless light,
Around our way have shone;
And if a shadow from the past
Has floated o'er the dream,
'Twas softened like a violet cloud
Reflected in a stream.

Then, strong in faith, I'll trust that Time
Another race may run,
And other links be added to
The chain around us spun;
That if the flowers should ever droop
Around thy pathway here,
Their roots may live to bloom again
In some more blessed sphere.

Pray that the hopes that perish here
May brighten in the sky,
As snows that fall upon the earth
Are purified on high;
That if a fiercer, bitterer grief,
Should e'er thy spirit claim,
It may the trying ordeal pass
As gold the fiery flame.

The planets round the suns revolve,
The grander systems roll,
In harmony sublime and true,
Around a vaster whole:
Thus may the years that bind our hearts
In love that cannot die,
Still draw us hourly nearer God
And nearer to the sky.

MARY GARDINER.

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LITERARY CRITICISM.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

THE SONGS OF OUR LAND, AND OTHER POEMS. By Mary E. Hewitt. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co.

A DUODECIMO of 155 pages, distinguished by a very refined taste in the "getting up." Since the issue, in book form, of Mr. Longfellow's "Spanish Student," we have seen no American book so exquisitely arranged throughout: the breadth of the page is, in especial, a very commendable point. If any objection could be urged, it is that, for a page of the size employed, the long primer type is a trifle too large. Even here, however, we may be mistaken: the elegance of the whole volume in itself amounts to the poetical.

It includes fifty brief compositions, the first and one of the longest of which gives title to the collection. We by no means think it, however, the best piece. Its fifth stanza is, perhaps, the only quotable passage:

"Our fathers bore from Albion's isle
No stories of her sounding lyres—
They left the old baronial pile,
They left the harp of ringing wires.
Ours are the legends still rehearsed,
Ours are the songs that gladsome burst
By all your cot and palace fires:
Each tree that in our soft wind stirs
Waves o'er our ancient sepulchres,
The sleeping ashes of our sires."

"*Forgotten Heroes*" is a poem of much beauty, and replete with a classical spirit. No little skill is evinced in the versification of the following quatrains:—

"Morning in storied Greece! and song,
Like a startling trumpet's clang,
From the olive-gatherers on the heights,
Through the wavy branches rang,

"And the peasant mother at her door,
To the babe that climbed her knee,
Sang aloud the land's heroic songs—
Sang of Thermopylæ.

"*Sang of Mycale, of Marathon,*
Of proud Platæa's day,
Till the wakened hills, from peak to peak,
Echoed the glorious lay.

"Oh, godlike name! oh, godlike deed!
Song borne afar on every breeze—
Ye are sounds to thrill like a battle shout,
Leonidas! Miltiades!"

We italicize what we consider the effective points of the rhythm. In the line,

"Sang of Thermopylæ,"

a trochee and two iambuses are employed, in very happy variation of the three preceding lines, which are formed each of an anapæst, followed by three iambuses. The effect of the variation is to convey the idea of lyric or martial song. The first line of the next quatrain even more forcibly carries out this idea. Here the verse begins with an anapæst, (although a faulty one—"sang" being long,) and is continued in three iambuses. The variation in the last quatrain consists in an additional foot in the alternating lines—a full volume being thus given to the close.

The "Wife's Prayer" is an earnest appeal to the sense of domestic happiness against the contemptible folly of ambition. Would to Heaven that such prayers were never urged in vain!

From the "*Lines written in the Notch of the White Mountains*" we quote the first stanza:—

"Dread mountain gorge, that hast thy way,
In gloom, the sterile hills among;
Where coldly falls the cheering ray
To light thy paths with rocks o'erhung—
Here, 'mid your wild and dark defile,
O'erawed and wonder-whelmed I stand,
And ask, *is this the fearful vale*
That opens on the shadowy land?"

Mrs. Hewitt has evidently very warm partialities for the sea and all that concerns it. Many of the best pieces in the volume before us turn upon sea adventures, or have reference to the maritime life. "*God Bless the Mariner*" is, perhaps, one of the most meritorious of these compositions. It is *naïve* and picturesque.

"God's blessing on the mariner!
A venturous life leads he—
What reck the landsmen of their toil
Who dwell upon the sea?

"The landsman sits within his home,
His fireside bright and warm,
Nor asks how fares the mariner
All night amid the storm.

"God bless the hardy mariner!
A homely garb wears he,
And he goeth with a rolling gait,
Like a ship upon the sea.

"He hath piped the loud 'Ay, ay, sir!'
O'er the voices of the main,
Till his deep tones have the hoarseness
Of the rising hurricane.

"His seamed and honest visage
The sun and wind have tanned,
And hard as iron gauntlet
Is his broad and sinewy hand.

"But, oh! a spirit looketh
From out his clear blue eye,
With a truthful, childlike earnestness,
Like an angel from the sky.

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"A venturous life the sailor leads
Between the sky and sea—
But when the hour of dread is past,
A merrier who than he?

"He knows that by the rudder bands
Stands one well skilled to save;
For a strong hand is the steersman's
That directs him o'er the wave."

"*Alone*" is the title of some quatrains of a tone differing materially from that of the other poems. It has more of an earnest melancholy. The motto, "*Seul, cherchant dans l'espace un point qui me reponde*," prefaces it. The idea is a remarkably happy one. We shall be pardoned for copying the whole poem:—

"There lies a deep and sealèd well
Within yon leafy forest hid,
Whose pent and lonely waters swell
Its confines chill and drear amid.

"It hears the birds on every spray
Trill forth melodious notes of love;
It feels the warm sun's seldom ray
Glance on the stone its waves above;

"And quick the gladdened waters rush
Tumultuous upward to the brink;
A seal is on their joyous gush,
And back, repressed, they coldly shrink.

"Thus in their caverned space, apart,
Closed from the eye of day they dwell—
So, prisoned deep within my heart,
The tides of quick affection swell.

"Each kindly glance, each kindly tone,
To joy its swift pulsations sway;
But none may lift the veiling stone
And give the franchised current way.

"Smite THOU the rock, whose eye alone
The hidden spring within may see,
And bid the flood, resistless one,
Flow forth, rejoicing unto Thee."

The merit of this piece, however, is greatly obscured, first, by its frequent inversions, and, secondly, by its rhythmical defects. The lines,

"Its confines chill and drear amid"

and

"Glance on the stone its wave above,"

might easily have been written, with directness,

"Amid its chill and drear," &c.,

and

"Glance on the stone above its wave."

The putting the adjective after the noun is an inexcusable Gallicism, but the putting the *preposition* after the noun is not only *not* a Gallicism, but is alien to all languages, and in opposition to all the principles of language. Such things serve no other purpose than to betray the versifier's poverty of resource. Inversions are ranked among the poetic licenses; but the true poet will avail himself of no license whatever that does not aid his intended effect. When an inversion occurs, we say at once, "here the poet had not sufficient skill to make out his line without distorting the language." Nothing so much tends to render verse feeble, ineffective. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred where a line is spoken of as unusually forcible, it will be found that the *force* is attributable to the *directness* of its expression. Nearly all the passages which have become household through frequent quotation, owe their popularity either to this directness, or, in general, to the scorn of poetic license. In short, as regards verbal construction, the more prosaic a poetical style is, the better. No modern poet is more remarkable for this species of prosaicism than Moore, and to this his unusual point and force are mainly attributable. It will be observed that he is the most *quotable* of poets.

The rhythmical defects referred to lie not so much in deficiencies or superfluities of feet or syllables, or in discords, as in the excessive use of difficult consonants. Such a line as

"And back, repressed, they coldly shrink,"

is scarcely pronounceable; and this merely on account of the union of such letters as *n d b*, *c k r*, *d t h*, and *l d l* followed immediately by *s h r*.

"It feels the warm sun's seldom ray"

is quite as bad, if not worse. In repeating it rapidly once or twice, we find as much embarrassment as in the schoolboy stumbling-block about "the cat that ran up the ladder with a lump of raw liver in his mouth." While on this topic, we must express our pleasure at seeing that Mrs. Hewitt eschews the folly of elision in such words as *burned, distressed*—past participles and perfect tenses—which, in *all* cases, should be written in full, and not burn'd, distress'd, etc. In one instance she contracts *traitorous* into *trait'rous*, but this is an error.

"*A Tale of Luzon*," "*Osceola Signing the Treaty*," and a sonnet entitled "*Cameo II*," are, we think, the three finest poems of the volume. The first has some touches of delicate fancy, and is better versified than anything in the collection. The second is forcible, and its conclusion epigrammatic. The third is that *rara avis*, a well-constructed sonnet. We quote it by way of *finale*.

"HERCULES AND OMPHALE.

"Reclined enervate on the couch of ease,
No more he pants for deeds of high emprize—
For pleasure holds in soft voluptuous ties
Enthralled, great Jove-descended Hercules.
The hand that bound the Erymanthean boar,
Hesperia's dragon slew, with bold intent—
That from his quivering side in triumph rent
The skin the Cleonæan lion wore,
Holds forth the goblet—while the Lydian queen,
Robed like a nymph, her brow enwreathed with vine,
Lifts high the amphora brimmed with rosy wine,
And pours the draught the crowned cup within.
And thus the soul, abased to sensual sway,
Its worth forsakes—its might foregoes for aye."

Mrs. Hewitt has, upon the whole, given indication rather than immediate evidence of poetic power. If not discouraged, she will undoubtedly achieve, hereafter, a very desirable triumph.

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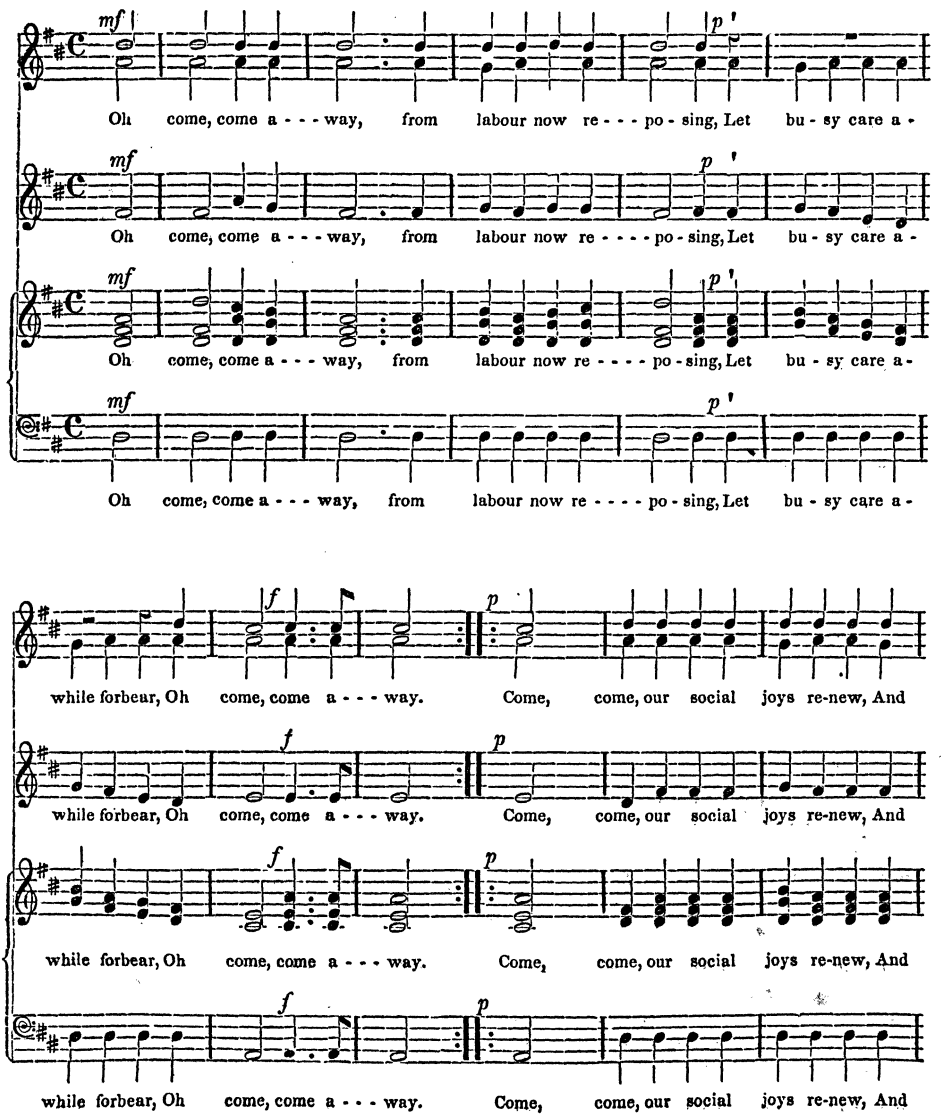
COME, COME AWAY.

A SOCIAL GLEE OR CHORUS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

WORDS ADAPTED BY W. E. HICKSON.

Selected and presented by J. G. Osbourne, 112 South Third Street.



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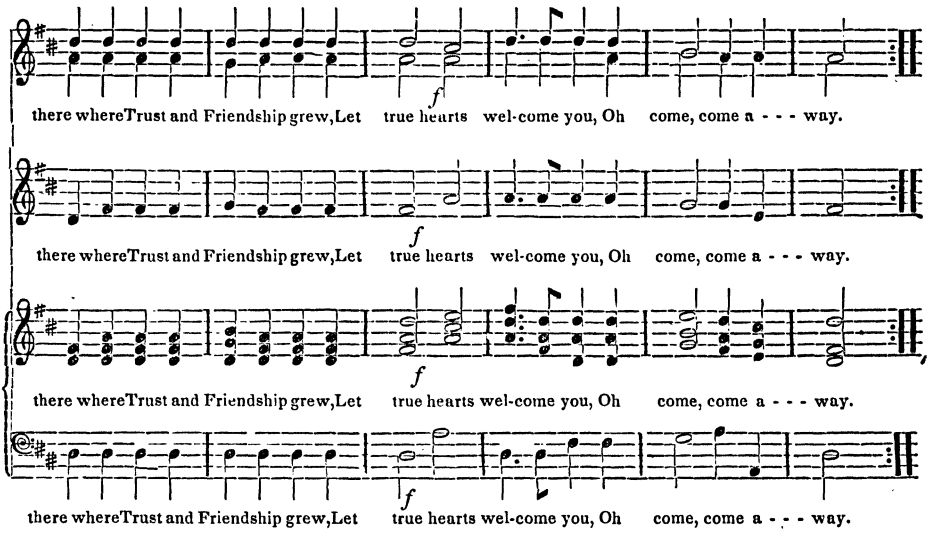

2. From toil and cares, on which the day is closing,
The hour of eve brings sweet reprieve,
Oh come, come away:
Oh come, where love will smile on thee,
And round its hearth will gladness be,
And time fly merrily—Oh come, come away.

3. While sweet Philomel, the weary trav'ller cheering,
With evening songs, her note prolongs,
Oh come, come away:
In answering songs of sympathy,
We'll sing in tuneful harmony,
Of Hope, Joy, Liberty—Oh come, come away.

4. The bright day is gone, the moon and stars appearing,
With silver light illume the night,
Oh come, come away.
Come join your prayers with ours; address
Kind Heaven, our peaceful home to bless
With Health, Hope, Happiness—Oh come, come away.

A MORNING PICTURE.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.*)

BY MRS. HALE.

The sun, from out his ocean bed,
Is climbing up the sky;
The fringes of his vesture yet
Upon the waters lie,
Like jets of light to drive old night
Back to her chaos home,
And cheer morn's angel, as he glides
From hill to hill of foam,
That, bright and fast, are rushing past,
Like coursers wild and fleet,
As though they dragged the deep sea on
The rising sun to greet;
Nor would the wind be left behind,
But, like a courtier true,
Onward, right on, towards the sun,
As, winged with joy, it flew;
And borne, like streamer on the blast,
One cloud, as white as snow,
Looked, from the sea of blue above,
On the blue sea below,
Where, graceful as a white-winged swan,
A gallant vessel glides,
As 'twere a play-thing flung to cheer
The breezes and the tides:—
But not the cloud, the wind, the sea,
Nor even the monarch sun
Could bound the wild-winged, lofty thoughts,
Which swelled the breast of one
Who, from that vessel, overlook'd
The scene, with flashing eye,
And felt, with so much beauty round,
That heaven must be nigh.

* Harry Guy, the Widow's Son: a Ballad Story. The poem will be published in a few weeks.

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EDITORS' TABLE.

Did you ever see a skeleton? Do not start, gentle lady, when we tell you there is one on the Table before you. We give the frame-work—the skeleton, so called—of an address delivered by a Boston gentleman some years ago. It was highly popular at the time, and those who did not agree entirely with the opinions advanced, nevertheless awarded the orator much praise for his ingenuity and eloquence.

It is considered one of the greatest triumphs of modern scientific discovery, to be able, like Cuvier, to read the fossil characters, however disjoined or broken, which connect the antediluvian world of animals with those at present existing. From a single bone or tooth Cuvier would understand and could describe the appearance as well as characteristics of the creature to which it belonged. He would bring, as it were, the whole skeleton together—bone to its bone—reclothe these with sinews and muscles and skin, and even colour, and, revivifying the strange dynotherum, or the more wonderful pterodactylus, with its bat's wings joined to the body of a bird, show us the animal as it lived and moved ages before man was placed in the Eden he soon forfeited.

Something of the like ingenuity which the accomplished naturalist possesses, will be necessary to fill up each hyatus in this oration, and connect the disjoined sentences so as to present the views of the writer. Who will do this? It would be a good exercise for any one who wished to acquire the art of writing with ease and elegance, which can only be done by practice. It is always, or often, the complaint of such, that they cannot find a subject. Here is one—the canvas drawn and prepared for colouring. But lay on the tints with a delicate hand. Remember that woman must *influence* while man *governs*, and that their *duties*, though equal in dignity and importance, can never be *identical*. Like the influence of the sun and air on the plant, both must unite in perfecting society; and, which is of paramount value, can never be settled.

—

MEN AND WOMEN—ARE THEIR RIGHTS AND DUTIES EQUAL?

This is a bold question—a plain one.

An important one, the enfranchisement of one-half the human race.

Perhaps a startling one; but all questions involving great changes in social relations, all great improvements in human society, have in turn been so.

It was once a startling question, that shook the civilized world to its centre, whether all men were born free and equal.

Questions of this character must necessarily produce great sensation and encounter violent opposition.

Real or supposed interests clash against all great changes, but especially the prejudices of mankind.

The whole current of human thought and feeling is against a question like this.

The question has been so long settled that women have no political rights or duties, and are qualified to take little or no share in the business of the world, that the idea of an equality of rights and duties confounds us and excites alarm.

This may be said to be a new question, although, &c.

It must be met.

For one, I am disposed to meet it fairly, candidly and favourably.

Favourably, because it must increase immensely female influence.

And that influence has always been on the side of virtue, peace, knowledge and human happiness.

Is it not so?

Where has man been so blessed as where woman has had most influence?

Does not the past history of the world demonstrate this?

Favourably, because we hear of the sufferings of the female in the humbler walks of life. Why?

Women have been too long treated as play-things.

Objections.

Women will neglect their appropriate duties.

— happen to know to the contrary.

What men best discharge public trusts—those who neglect private duties?

Would you have women speak in public?

And why not?

Where is the impropriety?

Is it an unheard-of thing for woman to speak in public, even in refined society? In Boston, Fanny Kemble, Ellen Tree.

Would you have women write and speak on political subjects?

Yes; because their influence would be certainly found on the side of truth and virtue.

The moral influence of woman is indispensable to purify the political atmosphere. It never can be purified without.

Would you have women fill professorships in colleges?

Certainly, whenever they were found better qualified than men.

Are not some of them the brightest ornaments to literature even now?

But have women the capacity, as a body, to engage in other duties than those of domestic life?

Ay, there's the rub. That is the first question.

When Clarkson, &c., first began, it was a question whether Africans belonged to the human race.

There are many countries now where the prevalent opinion among men is that women have no souls!

Why, sir, some dozen years ago it was a question whether women would take any interest in, or receive benefit from, public lectures.

Have women capacity? Why—what have they done?

What splendid females do we meet with in ancient history? What instances of noble heroism and devotion?

But in modern times and our own day, who were the best sovereigns of England? Women—Elizabeth and Anne, Victoria.

Who the glory of Russia? Catherine.

Isabella of Spain. Illustrious woman!

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What an ornament to her sex, what a blessing to England, was Hannah More!

What has Madame De Stael done for France and the world? Well is she called the Queen of Letters.

Madame Roland? Domestic Economy and Politics.

Madame Guizot?

Madame Belloc?

Madame Montgolfier?

We have been accustomed to hear the sex spoken of as light-minded, trifling and vain.

We shut them out from high and ennobling pursuits, and then reproach them, &c.

There is a strange jealousy against "the *interference* of women," &c.

I don't sympathize with it.

'Tis mean, paltry, contemptible.

Sir, I am not afraid of women.

If they claim too much, we have the physical superiority, and can put them down.

I fear not their moral influence—and that is the only influence they will exert—and it will tell beneficially on politics, science, literature, and all the affairs of human life.

—

As the best corollary on the question of Woman's Rights, we add the following poem, which sets forth the blessings of female ministration as graphically as did Sir Walter Scott in his Heroine of Marmion.

TO ——, IN THE FIRST ERA OF HIS BACHELORSHIP.

I pity you!—a dismal thread
The sister Fates are weaving;
Nay, smile not at my sympathy,
For seeing is believing.

I've read the future, and I *know*
They'll throw their fetters o'er you;
They'll lie like cobwebs on your limbs,
While all is bright before you.

You'll not believe so slight a mesh
Should ever grow appalling,
And ridicule the prophecy
That you may find it galling.

When sickness comes, and menials then
No words of comfort utter,
How will you wish you had a wife
To bring you toast and butter!

We counsel the person who may undertake to fill up the "Address," to read attentively a new work, "Legal Rights of Women," which we have named in our Book Table.

—

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Articles accepted: "Isabel," "Rich in Affection and Rich in Gold," "Charity," "Sonnet," by Francis ——, "My Twenty-first Birth-day," "Fémelle Autorité," "Finding an Indian Arrow-head," "To a Sea Shell," and "Hate and Love."

We have no room for the following: "Fragment of a Dream," "Visions of Joy," "The Seasons," "To a Butterfly," "Moscow," "Intemperance," "Reflections," "Contemplation," "The Scroll of Fame," and "Vivian." Several articles have been returned or destroyed, according to their authors' requests. We have a number of communications on hand, which will be attended to as soon as possible. The writers must have patience.

EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

One of the most unique books, and one, too, which we think will prove exceedingly useful, has been lately published in Cincinnati, entitled, "*The Legal Rights, Liabilities and Duties of Women; with a History of their Legal Condition in the Hebrew, Roman and Feudal Civil Systems,*" &c. Edward D. Mansfield the author, is a lawyer of that city, of distinguished talent and learning, and he seems to have brought the strength of his fine genius and the rich stores of his erudition to bear on these important subjects. The work is full of interest in the sketches it presents of character and manners in every age and nation, and it will be a manual of reference on all points in which the legal interests of woman are concerned. We consider it as marking an era in the history of our sex, which shows most favourably for our future improvement and happiness. We shall refer to the work again; but we will here add our earnest appeal to our readers, to *read* this new work, "*Legal Rights of Women.*"

From the press of Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, Boston, we have received several very valuable works. "*The Union of the Holy Spirit and the Church in the Conversion of the World,*" and "*The Extent of the Atonement in its Relation to God and the Universe.*" Both works are by the same reverend author, Thomas W. Jenkyn. We may observe that these are reprints from English editions, (the last named being first issued,) and that the books enjoy a wide popularity among the evangelical Christians in both countries. The first-named work is dedicated, by the author, "to the Churches of Christ in Great Britain and America," &c. We like this catholic spirit in a religious writer, and the same large, liberal and hopeful spirit pervades the books. They cannot fail of becoming as popular here as in England; for such a mine of pious thought, laid open in a simple, earnest, interesting style, must be appreciated by all persons of sense and intelligence. Philadelphia, G. S. Appleton.

The same publishers have sent us "*A Casket of Four Jewels, for Young Christians,*" "*The Attractions of Heaven,*" and "*The Wedding Gift,*" little volumes, but beautifully printed and bound, and forming appropriate gifts for the hand of tender and pious friendship to bestow on the young. Philadelphia, G. S. Appleton

And here we have a book which we are glad to see—"*Gathered Leaves,*" by Miss Hannah F. Gould, whose name is a sufficient guarantee of the interest and excellence of the work. It is brought out (by Wm. J. Reynolds, Boston) in very handsome style—the type large and clear, a distinguishing excellence in these days of invisible print, and it has several engravings. But the charm of the book is in the style and sentiment of the stories, nearly all of which are original. As a poetical pendant to this charming prose volume of Miss Gould's, we have a new work, "*Poems,*" by Mrs. Osgood, from the press of Messrs. Clark & Austin, New York. Who has not read

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and admired the graceful effusions of this sweet poet? We have known and loved her from her happy youth, when the bright visions of Fancy first lit up her eye and lent animation to her gentle face; and her volume comes to us like Spring's first flower or the evening star, the messenger of sweet fancies and happy recollections.

Mr. Edward Dunigan, of New York, has published "*Father Felix*," a tale by the author of "Mora Carmody," "Harry Layden," "The Poet's Quest," "The Crowning Hour," &c. From the preface it would appear that this tale is written with a view to induce persons to examine the grounds of the Roman Catholic faith. It is well printed and illustrated. It is for sale by Mr. W. J. Cunningham, 104 South Third street.

Messrs. Carey & Hart have published "*Elinor Wyllys, or the Young Folk of Longbridge*," a tale by Amabel Penfeather. Edited by J. Fenimore Cooper, author of "The Spy," "Pilot," "Red Rover," &c. Some critics attribute this work to Mr. Cooper himself, and certainly some of its features favour that theory; but there are still marks of a female hand in the style and handling, which render it at least doubtful whether he is the sole author. The narrative is highly interesting, and the book will undoubtedly be popular.

Messrs. Harper and Brothers have published the 73d and 74th numbers of "*Harpers' Illuminated and Illustrated Shakspeare*," in which the style of engraving is equal to that of any of the former numbers. For sale by Carey & Hart.

The same publishers have issued No. 5 of their "New Miscellany." It is "*The Practical Astronomer*," comprising illustrations of light and colours, practical descriptions of all kinds of telescopes, use of the equatorial transit-circular and other astronomical instruments, a particular account of the Earl of Rosse's large telescopes, and other topics connected with astronomy. By Thomas Dick, LL.D., author of "Christian Philosopher," "Celestial Scenery," "The Sidereal Heavens," &c., &c. Illustrated with one hundred engravings. The title of this work is so full, that it is hardly necessary to explain its design. Dr. Dick's reputation as a writer on religious and philosophical subjects is first rate. He is the most popular author of his class. For sale by Messrs. Carey & Hart.

The same publishers have issued No. 8 of "*The Wandering Jew*," superbly illustrated by the most eminent artists of Paris. For sale by Messrs. Carey & Hart.

Messrs. Wiley & Putnam have published Nos. 39, 40, 41 and 42 of their "Library of Choice Reading." They are "*The Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell*." By Thomas Carlyle. This is by far the most interesting and valuable work which Carlyle has ever produced. The letters are so arranged as to present a complete view of his character and history, and the editorial remarks by which they are connected are the most readable composition which the editor has written since he adopted his new style. His opinion of Cromwell is more favourable than that of any of his biographers, not even excepting Forster, the best and most liberal of them all. No one who is desirous of understanding the period of history to which they relate, should omit to read these Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell. For sale by Zieber & Co., and J. W. Moore, Chestnut street, below Fifth.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., and George S. Appleton, Philadelphia, have recently published "*The Christmas Holidays in Rome*." By the Rev. Wm. Ingraham Kip, M. A., author of the "Double Witness of the Church," "The Lenten Fast," &c., &c. This is a series of sketches of the festivities of the modern Romans during the Christmas Holidays, together with a very graphic and interesting description of the city, its ruins, temples, palaces, triumphal arches, churches and other monuments of ancient greatness. The author is a ripe scholar, and writes with the enthusiasm of an artist and the fervour of a Christian. In point of mechanical execution the volume is highly beautiful.

The same publishers have issued two additional numbers of their "New Miscellany," comprising "*Sketches of Modern Literature and Eminent Men*," (being a collection of literary portraits.) By George Gilfillan. Reprinted entire from the London edition. This is a lively and extremely readable book, giving personal sketches of all the celebrated literary lions of London and Edinburgh for the last thirty years. Coleridge, Jeffrey, Lamb, Hazlitt, Carlyle, De Quincy, Campbell, Landon and a host of others of equal celebrity figure in this grand gallery of portraits. The book will be extremely popular.

The same publishers have issued a neat little pocket volume with the following quaint title: "*The Manual of Matrimony and Connubial Companion. Gathered together for the Safety of the Single and the Weal of the Wedded*." By a Bachelor. It is a better book than the title would lead us to anticipate, being really a most excellent collection of precepts and rules for the preservation of happiness and respectability in the married state.

The same publishers have just issued "*A Practical Treatise on Healthy Skin, with Rules for the Medical and Domestic Treatment of Cutaneous Diseases*." By Erasmus Wilson. M. D. This is an excellent treatise, written in a popular style suitable for general readers, and commending the subject to the common sense of all who know the importance of preserving health by preserving the healthy action of the skin. It is illustrated by beautiful steel engravings exhibiting the structure of the skin. The work should be in every well-selected library.

The same publishers have issued Dr. Newman's "*Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine*," in the cheap pamphlet form. The eminence of the author will commend this work to general notice. It is written in his usual masterly style, and will attract much attention from the readers of controversial theology.

OUR CONTINUED SUCCESS.

We continue to receive, from all quarters, commendations of the Book, couched in the strongest terms, and we thank our friends—subscribers, postmasters and brethren of the press—for these kind words, which encourage us to "go on to perfection." The trumpet has been so often and so long blown in praise of our efforts, that we have become somewhat accustomed to its sound; yet the blast which heralded the January number startled us almost from our propriety. It is pronounced to be the most splendid number ever issued. The Siren, by Tucker, and Sully's portrait of Miss Leslie, by Cheney, finished as they are in the highest style of the engraver's art, it would, indeed, be difficult to surpass. The portrait, especially, has been warmly welcomed by the thousands with whom Miss Leslie is a favourite. Her admirers should remember that she writes for no other magazine. The Ruins of Jamestown and the Polka also contributed greatly to the attractiveness of the number.

Our February issue is likewise a good one. *No falling off* will be perceptible. Look at the embellishments. First, we have a finely engraved view of the Battle Ground at Trenton, by Humphreys, followed by the Fair Client, from the hand of Dick; and this is succeeded by an *accurate* and beautifully executed Plate of Fashions for the month—coloured.

While we have always had an eye to artistic arrangement, our readers will bear testimony that the more substantial portion of the work has not been neglected. The best magazine writers in America—male and female—contribute to its pages. With such aids and advantages, how could our exertions fail to meet their reward?

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GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1846.

THE ADVENTURES OF WILHELMUS WYNDERT.

BY P. HAMILTON MYERS.

The world is so full of mysteries, inexplicable even to the most astute understanding, that it is but little cause of wonder if individuals who are not endowed with an accurate memory, sometimes confound realities with imagination, and mistake the midnight flights of fancy for the sober occurrences of actual life. There exists a possibility that such has been the misfortune of the individual, worthy and erudite though he be, a portion of whose exploits will form the staple of the following narrative. But in the absence of proof, the reader will do well to forbear skepticism.

The wonderful nature of an event is no longer even *prima facie* evidence against its verity, and he who most fully adopts the maxim of that ancient philosopher who, even before the invention of steam-traveling and electrical telegraphs, resolved to be surprised at nothing, is best fitted for existence in the midst of this nineteenth century of grace.

The quiet inhabitants of the village of Peacetown, which is situated in the western extremity of a western state, are said to possess in an eminent degree the enviable faculty of attending to their own business, to the utter neglect of their neighbour's affairs.

Some are even reported to have acquired property by this singular habit, and to have lived in perfect amity with their neighbours. They knew but little of the affairs of the nation, and still less of foreign countries, and as to other worlds, their ignorance was probably complete.

Some such abstruse questions, it is said, had occasionally been started among them, as whether the sun or moon excelled in size, and which of those respectable luminaries was most remote from this terraqueous globe. But these perplexing problems, after a little sage discussion, had been uniformly abandoned as insoluble mysteries.

But there are exceptions to all general rules, and Peacetown owned its man of erudition. This favoured individual was very appropriately the village teacher, and if not the intellectual prodigy which his simple neighbours supposed, was at least a man of reading and reflection. He possessed, however, that visionary and imaginative temperament which, in the pursuit of a favourite idea, sometimes loses sight of the calmer suggestions of reason. If, in addition to this, it is stated that his character was one of extreme truthfulness and simplicity, he will be sufficiently introduced to the reader to be allowed to speak for himself.

It must, however, be premised, that like most of his fellow-citizens, Wilhelmus Wyndert was of Flemish origin; and although himself and his ancestors for several generations had been veritable Yankees by birth, they clove with true Dutch pertinacity to the language and dress and customs of their old-world progenitors. It is, therefore, useless to say that the narrative of Wilhelmus is given literally in his own words, nor is much more claimed in its behalf than its being a general and somewhat free translation of the narrator's ideas.

"My calling," said Wilhelmus, "is that of a teacher. The rising generation of Peacetown has long been indebted to my care for its proficiency in the fundamental departments of human learning. From the mysteries of the mazy alphabet to the pictured lessons of Webster, through all the cardinal rules of Murray and Daboll, and along the many-coloured charts of Morse, it has been my laborious lot to lead the 'young ideas' of a pertinacious race, remarkable only for stubbornness of will and opacity of thought. But although a labourer in the porch of the temple of learning, I was a stranger to all the most important secrets within. The cares of science were mine without

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its consolations. My daily routine of toilful duty found and left me a discontented man, sighing, like the whole family of mortals, for some change which might improve my condition. I gazed nightly, in solitude, upon those glorious worlds which shine in silent beauty so far above the cares and noise of human life, and longed, ay, prayed for power to free my soul from earth and seek those sinless climes.

"It was at this period that an event occurred most memorable in the annals of Peacetown. During the twilight of a quiet summer evening, while several of the village worthies, together with myself, were assembled upon the porch of the village inn, engaged, under cover of a fragrant cloud of tobacco smoke, in one of those rambling conversations so well suited to the pastime in which we were indulging, an object was suddenly discovered in the sky, singular and awful to behold. Its appearance was like that of an immense ball, moving, at a great height, slowly through the air, and gradually approaching the earth. As it came more fully into view, we discovered what seemed a small boat suspended by cords from the ball, and, seated in the boat, the figure of a man. Speechless with consternation, we gazed long and anxiously upon the prodigy; and when, at length, it had attained such a proximity as manifested a desire to effect a landing, it was with the utmost reluctance that we obeyed the earnest gesticulations of the mysterious visitant within, and went tremblingly to his aid. The chief solicitude of the stranger, at first, was to secure his singular vehicle to the earth, to which it possessed so little affinity that it struggled continually to get free. It was only after this object was effected by great labour and by our united efforts, that we found opportunity mutually to examine and address each other. But all attempts at conversation were vain. The traveler, most astonishing to relate, seemed to know nothing of our language, and could only express himself in an unintelligible jargon. His dress, also, differed widely from our own venerable costume, of which not only the fashion, but in many instances the veritable garments themselves have descended through numerous generations. With a smile of seeming benevolence, he regarded for a while our eager curiosity as with mingled fear and wonder we closely scrutinized both the person of our visitor and his aërial carriage. Signs and gesticulations were at length resorted to as means of interchanging ideas, and after many futile attempts, we succeeded in making him comprehend our prominent question as to whence so strange a visitor had proceeded. The full-orbed moon was then riding high in the heavens, and flooding with her silver radiance the landscape, from which the last rays of twilight had departed. Judge of our utter astonishment when the stranger, in reply, pointed solemnly and steadily to that glorious orb. Yet this information, however astounding, was but the confirmation of suspicions which I had already entertained, and which possibly I may have manifested.

"Doubtless," continued Wilhelmus, "you will hesitate to give me credit for so much sagacity, but will rather look upon the boast as one of those happy after-thoughts which people who would be thought wise are accustomed to invent. But our curiosity, instead of being appeased, was now fully aroused to learn from our visitor all the particulars of his extraordinary voyage, and of that unknown world to which he belonged. Questions, however, were evidently useless, as long as there was no community of language between us.

"We, therefore, after committing him to the hospitalities of the village host, retired to deliberate upon our future proceedings. The result of our consultation was the unanimous resolution to retain our illustrious guest in the community until he had acquired a knowledge of our language, and then to obtain from him all the particulars of that information for which we so ardently longed. It was resolved with equal unanimity that to me should be entrusted his education, as one well versed in that difficult occupation. After these conclusions we severally sought our homes. But with what wild and feverish thoughts did my bewildered senses teem on that memorable night! Sleep seemed banished from my pillow, or if I slept, 'twas only to pursue in dreams the same unbroken chain of thought. The one overwhelming idea which held me spell-bound in its grasp was the daring hope that all my long-cherished wishes were about to be accomplished, and that in company with that mysterious stranger I should soon cleave the trackless depths of space and reach some other world. What, then, was my rapture, when, in the midst of that very night, my prospective pupil, equipped for travel, appeared unbidden at my side, and offered to make me the companion of his homeward journey, on which he designed immediately to start. By some strange process, which I do not yet understand, he had suddenly acquired the knowledge of our language, and spoke it with the utmost ease.

"Although my mind was at once fully made up to accompany him, I was unwilling to take so summary a leave of my worthy neighbours. I had, alas! no ties of kindred to bind me earthward, and there were so many sad reminiscences of suffering and bereavement associated with every scene which I was accustomed to survey, that I felt but little reluctance to depart. Yet I longed for time, at least, to say farewell to those whom I might never more behold. But the impetuous Lunarian would listen to no proposal for delay. 'Even now,' he exclaimed, leading me to the window and pointing through the open casement at the unclouded moon —'even now she approaches the meridian. Every hour is bearing us further away, and should we tarry until mid-day, a distance equal to the whole broad diameter of your globe would be added to our journey.'

"It was, I confess," continued Wilhelmus, "without any distinct ideas of the nature or extent of that wonderful journey which I was about to

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perform, that I suffered myself to be led hastily to the aërial car and seated beside my unearthly friend. A few choice books, and a few small mementos of departed friends, were all the memorials of earth which I had paused to procure. Hastily were the cords dissevered which bound us to earth, and with rapid motion we soared into the air.

"Of the many particulars of that extraordinary voyage, the astounding sights and sounds which we encountered, and of that wonderful atmosphere, condensed and portable, which, by an attainment in science unknown to mortals, was made continually to accompany and envelop us, I cannot now pause to speak. Let us hasten, rather, to relate those still more astonishing scenes which a new world revealed to my bewildered mind. The duration of our journey it was impossible to compute. We had remained in distinct view of the earth only during one of its diurnal revolutions. The long dark chain of the Rocky Mountains, the heaving waters of the wide Pacific, the lofty summits of Himmaleh, the fiery vaults of Etna and Vesuvius, and the Atlantic's imperial wave, had successively presented themselves to our view and rolled rapidly away. Thenceforth the means of reckoning time, according to human computation, no longer remained. Perpetual sunlight rested on our path; and as it was only by their borrowed beams that the earth and her satellite could be seen, they were, of course, but dimly discernible before the sun's superior splendour.

"It may have been weeks or months that elapsed while we thus pursued our undeviating rout. Daily had the force of the earth's attraction diminished, until at length we became sensible of the same mysterious power operating from another source. Our zenith and nadir suddenly changed places, and thenceforward our task was only to descend. The moon, from the appearance of a circular silvery cloud, had gradually enlarged before us, until one whole side of the heavens was obscured by extended and apparently boundless tracts of land and water. When within a few miles of the surface, we discovered vehicles similar to our own, which I now learned were denominated balloons, navigating the air in all directions. To my great consternation, a collision occurred between two of these, by which the inmates of one were thrown forcibly from their car. But instead of falling rapidly downward, they floated gently in the air until picked up by some of their companions. This, I found, on inquiry, was the result of an elastic dress, inflated like the balloons with highly rarefied air.

"Our descent was duly effected. We landed in a beautiful garden, filled with shrubs and flowers of surpassing beauty and fragrance, and vocal with the melody of birds, whose gorgeous plumage flashed continually upon the eye as they flitted from bough to bough amid the darkened groves. From a perennial fountain of crystal waters, flowed a silvery stream, murmuring along its pebbled path, now in sunshine and now in shade, and winding in many a graceful curve, as if reluctant to leave so beauteous a spot. This Paradisiacal region formed part of the possessions of my traveling companion, and embowered in a small but delightful grove, was a neat and tasteful dwelling, which constituted his 'local habitation.' To say that bright eyes were glancing from the opened casement, and that tiny feet came pattering down the walk preceded by merry voices, shouting the glad welcome of childhood, is only to say that the most beautiful features that pertain to earthly existence have their parallel in earth's fair satellite.

"The long time which I had spent in company with the worthy Lunarian had not been unimproved. He had already instructed me in many of the remarkable truths which afterwards came more fully under my observation, and had also imparted to me a perfect knowledge of the one language, remarkable both for simplicity and power, which was spoken in the moon. I was, therefore, fully prepared for pursuing those investigations which I so ardently longed to make. But lest I should weary you with minuteness of detail, I will dwell at present only upon the more striking features of Lunar life.

"Although in some respects the inhabitants of the moon appeared to be like ourselves, in a state of probation, they were not the subjects of disease and death; but on arriving at a certain stage of moral perfection, at ages varying from three to six centuries, were transferred to another sphere. But which of the countless worlds around them would form their next abode, and what would be the peculiarities of that new existence, they were not allowed to know. And although, for reasons hitherto inexplicable to them, they had never been allowed any direct communication with the earth, they received frequent visits from those superior intelligences who inhabit other parts of the solar system, and whose endowments, physical and mental, are so diverse from and so far superior to those of mortals as to be beyond our distinct comprehension. Although, by the assistance of my untiring friend, I was enabled in some degree to understand the nature and capacities of these glorious beings, the points of analogy between them and us are too few to admit of imparting my information to others. There was not one of the numerous worlds, primary and secondary, belonging to our system, from which they had not at times received visitants, excepting the earth; and they had learned with surprise that the inhabitants of the other spheres were equally debarred from all communication with that one mysterious planet. Some of them, it is true, possessed an intimate knowledge of its affairs, which they were not allowed to reveal. It had been only as the reward of superior virtue that my Lunarian friend had at length been permitted to gratify his long-cherished wishes in this respect. Of the knowledge which he before possessed upon this subject, and of some of the topics on which, together with crowds of his companions, he earnestly sought information, you shall presently hear.

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At present let us dwell a little longer upon their own situation, of which you are doubtless desirous to be informed.

"Notwithstanding the inferior size of the moon, the number of its inhabitants is far greater than those of the earth. There are no immense regions, as with us, either lying entirely waste or but thinly populated; nor are there any large seas, although very many beautiful lakes and streams. Mild and genial weather continually prevails in every quarter, and the prolific soil, cultivated everywhere like a garden, teems with every variety of vegetation. The little labour requisite for subsistence is freely bestowed by all, and although the right of property is scarcely recognized at all, yet so prevalent is the law of love, that discord is nearly unknown. Where covetousness does not exist, few will possess more than is necessary or be envied their possessions. Among such a people, trade and commerce can, of course, exist only in a very limited degree. But those sordid views and desires which are, with us, too often the mainspring of useful inventions and great discoveries, have an ample substitute there in that noble thirst for knowledge which has led to the attainment of the same or still greater ends. That wonderful agent, however, which is so much valued by our utilitarian race, and which is here pressed into the ranks of labour in every conceivable form, is fortunately but little valued in the lunar world. At all events, it is not applied to locomotion. Speed is of but little value to people whose life is numbered by centuries rather than years, and who seldom travel, except to admire the beauties of nature or to study its mysteries. Instead of the plashing wheel and hissing steam, and long dark line of smoke, graceful and beauteous boats, with snowy sails or slender oars, adorn the thousand lakes which lie embosomed within their ever verdant shores.

"The occupation and pursuits of the inhabitants are, of course, essentially different from those of the mass of human beings. But the same branches of study which employ philosophers here are there pursued with tenfold avidity. The elements of matter, and the leading laws of nature, are alike in both worlds.

"The moon, like the earth, has its countless orders of animated existence, with the agreeable difference that there are there no beasts or birds of prey, and no venomous varieties of either reptiles or insects. The vegetable and mineral worlds are equally rich in beautiful and wonderful productions, and the crystal waters, unfrighted by scaly monsters, teem with happy life.

"Of the astonishing discoveries which those zealous students have made in the exact sciences, as also in natural history, and in natural and mental philosophy, some other occasion must serve to tell. Let it suffice to say, that in all the attainments of science they are infinitely in advance of man.

"It required much time to become in any degree habituated to the new state of things around me. Inasmuch as disease and every variety of physical or mental decay were unknown to my new associates, it was difficult to distinguish the man of six centuries from the youth of sixty. A similar immunity from the ravages of time, of course, pertained to the gentler sex, whose charms in every particular, except their perpetuity, resembled those of the fairest daughters of Eve. Among the absurdities to which my accustomed habits exposed me, and of which I was not fully cured until I had repeatedly witnessed the surprise of my companions, was the health-inquiring salutation so common on earth; and I had never before reflected how the prevalence of this practice among men was a recognition of the universality of disease and pain.

"The celestial scenery viewed from the lunar world, while in many respects similar, is in others strikingly different from that which we are accustomed to survey. It cannot have escaped your observation that our beauteous satellite, like a true friend, always presents the same face to the earth. This, as you well know, arises from the fact that her rotation upon her axis is performed in precisely the same time as her revolution around her primary. A consequence of this is that her days and nights are each equivalent in length to more than a fortnight of our time. But the absence of the sun from that portion of the lunar world which we behold, can scarcely be said to produce night, his office being supplied by a moon, the size and light of which are more than twelve times as great as our own. That moon is the earth. It forms to the Lunarian the most magnificent and stupendous specimen of celestial scenery, and its light, unaccompanied by heat, is scarcely inferior to that of the sun. From the firmament of one hemisphere it is never absent, and in that of the other never present. But it is no uncommon thing for these singular people, whose chief pursuit is to study the works of the Supreme Intelligence, to perform frequent pilgrimages from one hemisphere to the other for the purpose of contemplating the beauties and mysteries of that vast universe, of which our own little world forms so inconsiderable a portion. The diurnal motion of the earth is easily perceived even by the unassisted eye; and, most astonishing to relate, by means of optical instruments, which are there brought to the highest conceivable state of perfection, the very persons and movements of our inhabitants are exposed to the daily inspection of the Lunarians. It is not, therefore, surprising that I found my new associates better acquainted than myself with some of the habits and customs of the various nations of the world. And great as my desire had hitherto been to acquire a knowledge of the moon, my curiosity suddenly took a new turn, and I became chiefly anxious to make observations from my elevated post on the actions of my fellow men. My wishes were readily gratified by my benevolent companions, and we spent many hours together in this occupation. Our first observations were made when the western hemisphere was turned towards us. Glasses of com-

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paratively small magnifying power were used at first, and I beheld, spread out at one view beneath me, yet with wonderful minuteness of detail, the towns and rivers and forests of half of our beloved country. Side by side lay the commercial metropolis and her sister cities, girt, jewel-like, with their setting of silvery waters, and pointing with their thousand spires to the blue arch of heaven. Instinctively my eye ran along the map-like picture until it rested upon the quiet village which I had so recently left. Then, at my request, a higher power was applied to the instrument, and, behold, living, walking, gesticulating, I saw the friends and companions from whom I had been so lately and singularly separated. This system of espionage was continued over various sections of the world, and resulted in the acquisition of many curious pieces of information. But I soon found my friend so eager to learn the meaning of many things which we beheld and of others which he had before witnessed, that I abandoned for a while my own investigations to gratify his curiosity.

"'Tell me, my friend,' he said, 'what is the great secret connected with earthly existence? I look upon your world, and I behold a globe, of which two large portions are locked up in eternal frosts, and another is continually exposed to the blaze of a tropical sun. And although between these extremes I see large belts of beautiful country, ornamented with every variety of verdure, interspersed with shining lakes and rivers, and everywhere populated by active and industrious beings, yet even here some principle of destruction seems continually in operation. Now the tornado sweeps resistlessly along, uprooting your forests, demolishing your dwellings, and whelming your vessels beneath the blackened sea. Now the rapid lightning descends, carrying destruction in its path, and anon the earth opens her dreadful jaws and whole cities with their inhabitants descend into the gulf. From the blackened summits of a hundred hills, by turns the molten lava rolls, a broad and burning stream of death. Besides all this, there seems to be some imperceptible process of decay, by which large numbers of human beings are continually carried out of existence. Everywhere I behold large processions following seemingly lifeless bodies, and interring them in the soil. So continual are these occurrences, that I have sometimes been led to conjecture that death is the lot of all mankind. Nay, more, it seems to be a desired doom. Large companies often meet and seem to make a pastime of destroying each other; and not unfrequently I have beheld encounters between individuals, armed with mysterious weapons, which resulted in the destruction of one or both, while their companions stood looking calmly on. Tell me,' he continued, 'the meaning of this wonderful state of affairs. You perceive that in our world all is serenity and peace. Here are no convulsions of nature; no tempests rage; no lightnings rend; no burning hills pour forth their liquid fires upon the plain; no dread extremes of heat and cold are known. How is it that he whose name and character is Love, has created such a world as yours for the adode of his innocent and and unoffending creatures?'

"'Alas, my friend,' I replied, 'you have touched the very key to the whole mystery. Innocence dwells not on earth. The natural evils incident to our world, of which you have beheld but a small portion, are the consequence and the punishment of crime. When man was guiltless, the wheels of nature moved harmoniously onward. No warring elements disturbed their course. Spontaneously the soil produced its fruits, unmixed with thorns or noisome weeds. Man's only labour was to enjoy and to obey; but, alas! he fell from his integrity. That fall produced the natural evils of which you speak, including death, which is, indeed, the universal lot. But the extent of that moral evil which was thus introduced into the world, it is impossible to describe.'

"I then proceeded," said Wilhelmus, "to recount a small part of the ravages of that debasing principle which 'brought death into the world, and all our woe.' Briefly I described to him its effects upon human beings in their best estate. I told him of the artificial organization of society which it had rendered necessary, by which individuals gave up a portion of their natural rights to secure the protection of the remainder. I told him of our laws, our courts, our officers of justice, of the prison, the dungeon, and the block. I told him of that universal want of truth implied by the necessity of solemnly attested writings to bind man to the fulfilment of his word. I told him how every community was disturbed by animosities growing out of political and religious opinions; how avarice and deceit, and selfishness, marked the dealings of man with his neighbour, and how even the social circle was embittered by pride, and envy, and hatred, and all uncharitableness. I told him of the horrors of war; of those occasions on which the earth had seemed turned into a vast slaughter-house by the evil passions of its inhabitants. I told him of the Cæsars, the Alexanders and Napoleons, emulous of universal dominion, who had deluged the world with blood. I told him of a Jenghiz-Khan, a Tamerlane, and an Alaric, ravaging the face of the earth and destroying millions of their defenceless fellow-beings. I told him how ingenuity had been exhausted to invent atrocities sufficiently horrid to glut the sanguinary dispositions of men; how human beings had been roasted, flayed, boiled in caldrons, pounded in mortars, and subjected to every possible variety of torture.

"With increasing astonishment and horror did the worthy Lunarians listen to these dreadful details. They no longer expressed surprise at the earthquake, the lightning and the volcano, but rather wondered that the Divine energy had not been exerted to annihilate a world so polluted by crime. I then proceeded to unfold to my now delighted auditors, as far as my humble powers

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would allow, the particulars of that stupendous plan of redemption by which man is allowed to recover his lost innocence and happiness, and by means of which the messenger of death, otherwise so dreadful, becomes only the welcome agent of his transition to immortal life.

"But what inspired the most unmeasured wonder, accompanied at first with a degree of incredulity, was the information that a majority of human beings were utterly regardless of the brilliant hopes thus freely provided for them. The theme was one which my benevolent friend seemed never willing to abandon; and it was without surprise that I received from him a few days subsequently, an earnest proposition to return with me immediately to the earth for the purpose of arousing its inhabitants from their amazing apathy. So vehemently was this project urged, that I could interpose no objection. 'Let us hasten,' he said, 'lest, notwithstanding our greatest speed, death should snatch another wretched victim ere we can arrive.'

"Our homeward voyage was accomplished without accident or delay, and, guided by the unerring skill of my companion, our faithful balloon once more found moorings in the quiet village of Peacetown. But my long journeys, and the extraordinary and exciting scenes through which I had passed, began to produce their natural results. Immediate and severe illness ensued; and when, after several weeks confinement, I had partly recovered from this affliction, I learned, to my unspeakable grief, that my celestial visitant had disappeared. My anxious inquiries about him received only evasive replies, accompanied sometimes with smiles and mysterious whisperings among my companions. They listened to the account of my travels with similar symptoms of mistrust, and some, influenced by envy or malice, have even hinted that all was but the phantasy of a fevered brain. They could not deny the first arrival of the aërial traveler, but asserted that the Lunarian was only an aëronaut from a distant city, who had accidentally alighted in our village, and who, perceiving our astonishment and affright, had practised upon our credulity. They even went so far as to say that he had confessed the artifice, and that, on the ensuing day, with his wondrous vehicle, collapsed and quietly stowed in a carriage, he had departed from the village—myself in the meantime having become insensible under the effects of a raging fever, from which, after three weeks thrall, I had but just recovered.

"Patience, my friend," continued Wilhelmus, "is doubtless a commendable quality, but there are said to be limits beyond which it ceases to be a virtue. I could not, of course, continue to reside among people so evidently disposed to persecute, even if my anxiety to regain my lost companion had not tempted me to wander. My travels have been extensive and varied, and although I have never, unfortunately, been able to find my much valued friend, I do not doubt that he is abroad in the earth engaged in his mission of love."

THE POET.

BY ERNEST HELFENSTEIN.

"Non vox sed votum."

It is the belief of the vulgar that, when the Nightingale sings, it leans its breast upon a thorn.

Sing, sing, Poet, sing—
With the thorn upon thy breast,
Robbing thee of all thy rest;
Hidden thorn for ever thine,
Therefore dost thou sit and twine
Lays of sorrowing—
Songs that wake a nightly gladness,
Spite of all their mournful sadness.

Sing, sing, Poet, sing—
It doth ease thee of thy sorrow—
Onward, singing till the morrow—
Never weary of thy trust,
Hoping, loving as thou must,
Let thy music ring;
Noble cheer it doth impart,
Strength of will and strength of heart.

Sing, sing, Poet, sing—
Pining heart, lonely heart,
Solitary as thou art—
Leaning on thy secret thorn,
Sing at midnight, sing at morn;
Lo! upon thy string
Hang the weak and sore perplexed,
Hang the sorrowing and distressed.

Sing, sing, Poet, sing—
Thou art made of human voice,
Wherefore should'st thou not rejoice
That the tears of thy *mute* brother,
Bearing pangs he may not smother,
Through thee are flowing?—
For his dim, unuttered grief
Through thy song hath found relief.

Sing, sing, Poet, sing—
Join the music of the stars,
Wheeling on their sounding cars,
Each responsive in its place
To the choral hymn of space—
Lift, Oh! lift thy wing,
And the thorn beneath thy breast,
Though it pierce, will give thee rest.

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LETTERS FROM ROME.—TO THE EDITOR.

LETTER THIRD.

ROME, *Dec.* 1845.—*Monday evening.*

MY DEAR MADAM—I have just returned from visiting the Vatican by torch light. This visit I have been anticipating for several days past, as I was anxious to see the fine sculptures by artificial light. There were several of us, and we formed a picturesque group as we marched up the dimly lighted grand staircase, guarded by the Swiss guards with their bloodless battle axes. We hurried through the long gallery of inscriptions, some six hundred feet in length, where are preserved all the inscriptions found upon tombs and other monuments of antiquity, and were admitted into the *Museo Chiaramonti.** The torches were placed to give the best effect. The light brought out in beautiful relief the peculiar beauties of each work of art. Perhaps you may imagine my feelings as I lightly trod through the vast halls of gods, goddesses and ancient heroes. The spirit of beauty breathed everywhere around me. Time had added its saddening effect to meet my half melancholy mood. I started again and again as I leaned over the different groups, and finally turned to the deep recess of a window for relief from the overburdening thoughts which crowded upon me; but here my gaze was met by another scene of beauty. I was looking down upon the city over which the moon seemed to hang with a rich softness indescribable.

Tuesday morning.—I have always been very fond of statuary, and find my taste fully gratified in the Vatican. It is surprising to see to what perfection the ancient artists arrived in the delineation of grace and beauty; they seem to have lost nothing that could add to agreeable effect. A writer of the last century remarks, that "it was in the skilful and temperate exertion of her powers in this noblest province of the art, *expression*, that ancient sculpture so much excelled the modern; she knew its limits and had ascertained them with precision. As far as expression would go hand in hand with grace and beauty in subjects intended to excite sympathy, she indulged the chisel; but when agony threatened to induce distraction and obliterate beauty, she wisely set bounds to imitation, remembering that though it may be moral to pity ugliness in distress, it is more natural to pity beauty in the same situation, and that her business was not to give the strongest representation of nature, but the representation which would interest us most."

* This Gallery was formed almost entirely by Pius VIII., and arranged by Canova. It contains upwards of 700 pieces of ancient sculpture.

Criticisms on the works in the Vatican have been written until the subject is threadbare. I will, however, send you one on the group of Laocoon, by the same old author quoted above, believing it much better than anything I could say.

"The finest specimens of antique sculpture are to be seen in the Vatican. In these the Greek artists display an unquestionable superiority over the most successful efforts of the moderns. For me to attempt a description of these masterpieces, which have been described a thousand times, and imitated as often, without once having had justice done them, would be equally vain and superfluous. The most insensible of mankind must be struck with horror at sight of the Laocoon.

"On one of my visits to the Vatican, I was accompanied by two persons who had never been there before. One of them is accused of being perfectly callous to everything which does not immediately touch his own person; the other is a worthy, good man. The first, after staring for some time with marks of terror at the group, at length recovered himself, exclaiming, with a laugh —'Egad, I was afraid these serpents would have left the fellows they are devouring and made a snap at me; but I am happy to recollect they are of marble.' 'I thank you, sir, most heartily,' said the other, 'for putting me in mind of that circumstance: till you mentioned it, I was in agony for those two youths.'

"Nothing can be conceived more admirably executed than this affecting group. In all probability, it never would have entered into my own head that it could have been in any respect improved; but in conversing with Mr. L——, who, speaking in the highest terms of praise concerning the execution of this piece, observed that, had the figure of Laocoon been *alone*, it would have been perfect. As a man suffering the most excruciating bodily pain with becoming fortitude, it admits of no improvement; his proportions, his form, his action, his expression, are exquisite. But when his sons appear, he is no longer an insulated, suffering individual, who, when he has met pain and death with dignity, has done all that could be expected from man; he commences *father*, and a much wider field is opened to the artist. We expect the deepest pathos in the exhibition of the sublimest character that art can offer to the contemplation of the human mind—a father forgetting pain and instant death to save his children. This sublime and pathetic the artist did not see, or despaired of attaining. Laocoon's sufferings are merely corporeal; he is deaf to the cries of his

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agonizing children, who are calling on him for assistance. But had he been throwing a look of anguish upon his sons, had he seemed to have forgotten his own sufferings in theirs, he would have commanded the sympathy of the spectator in a much higher degree. On the whole, Mr. L—— was of opinion that the execution of this group is perfect, but the conception is not equal to the execution. Whether he spoke like a man of taste, I am sure he spoke like a father. I have the sensibility to feel the beauty and justness of the remark, though I had not the ingenuity to make it."

Nothing could have been finer than the effect of the torchlight on the Apollo last night. This statue will probably always rank as the best representative of the human form. The artist has wrought in marble a finer expression of grace and dignity than ever was seen in living features. There is no doubt that one reason the ancient artists succeeded so well in their works, was in a measure from the subjects chosen. In creating their divinities, they strove to create something more beautiful than nature had ever formed.

Rome is full of statuary, and is the home of nearly all modern sculptors of any note. I have spent two days here in visiting the studios of the most celebrated, and, perhaps, may send you an account of some of their works. I myself am very fond of classical subjects, have pictured to myself an ideal character of the mythological divinities, and take great delight in finding my fancies carried out. I can easily fancy the feelings of the Spaniard who is said to have fallen in love with a statue in St. Peter's, for I myself once kissed a statue of Diana which I was very much pleased with —for it exerted a tender influence over me and called up pleasant feelings whenever I saw it.

You inquire about some of the American artists and what I think of their works. I have never seen Powers, and but few of his busts. These are considered by many equal if not superior to those of any modern artist. A friend of mine, who has resided in Florence, and in whose judgment I place much confidence, informs me that Powers excels in execution and finish, that his works being so skillfully executed, are very attractive, and that he has obtained his renown from the truthful busts he has executed; but, he added, that in conception he falls far short of Crawford and Brown. Powers has been in Italy some eight or nine years, and you well know we have heard much praise of him, although I believe he has sent very little if any statuary to the United States.

You have seen Crawford's *Orpheus* at Boston, and know how to judge of that very fine work of art, which does credit to the society that purchased it. He has lately returned here from America, and just commenced his labours. He informs me that he is pleased to be once more in Rome. He says it is almost impossible in America to keep up the feeling for art which is so desirable for an artist. He is well and favourably known here, and I believe meets with that success which he so well merits.

I wrote you not long since that I had seen your friend *Brown*. He appears to be an artist in every sense. His eye is ever detecting the beautiful in nature and art. There is a wonderful improvement in his works the last two or three years. He has suffered much with sickness, and labours at times under a depression of spirits, caused, I think, by the exciting objects around him. He is finishing a statue of *Ruth* gleaning in the fields of Boaz. She stands with a few ears of grain thrown over her left arm, her right resting upon drapery on her bosom. The attitude is very graceful, and there is a sweet sad look in her face, which is bent towards the ground. He has several orders for it, one from a late member of Parliament from Glasgow, who, on seeing it, immediately gave a commission without seeing the artist, who was unwell at the time. There are several other artists here of whom I will write you about in my next.

I am delighted to hear that you were so successful with the "*Bazaar*," and hope the Academy will soon be restored. The ladies deserve much credit for their enterprise.

LINES TO A FLIRT.

BY J. T. S. SULLIVAN.

FAREWELL! yes, farewell! in my absence forget
That we 'mid the circles of fashion e'er met;
Ay! banish the thought of a being like me,
And blot out my name from thy cold memory!

Go, flirt thou with others! to them still reveal
A heart that could conquer, yet never could feel;
To them all thy charms and thine arts still display,
Which shall gain for thee conquests of thousands each day!

It were better at once from my bliss to awake,
Than linger in hope till I feel the spell break!
Far better forgotten, than live on to be
The victim of flirting—a triumph for thee!

Ah! what were thy beauty, if truth, too, were thine!
The light of an angel, some spirit divine!
But, alas! all its splendour, like evening's gold light,
Charms the senses a moment, then leaves them in night.

Farewell, then! and may'st thou forget each fond vow
Once breathed from the heart that but pities thee now!
Forget, too, our meetings—the words thou hast spoken—
And forget, artful girl, the fond heart thou hast broken!

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

BY MRS. H. SEELEY TOTTEN.

LETTER FOURTH.

CARTHAGENA, *Sept. 25th*, 1845.

OUR quiet churchyards at home, with their shady trees, their emblematic flowers, their sculptured monuments, and the mournful singing of the birds, whose very notes seem to proclaim these spots as hallowed ground, cannot be visited by even the thoughtless and the careless without awakening reflections calculated to elevate and improve; while to the mourner, the calmness of the scene and the beauty around, speak words of soothing, and tell of those who, though gone, do but sleep, and whose bodies, "if sown in dishonour, shall be raised in glory," and "if sown in weakness shall be raised in power." But how different are the feelings with which the close, confined and loathsome *Manga* are visited! This is *the* burial-place for Carthagena and its vicinity, the spot in which are placed the high and low, the rich and poor of every colour, where the ghastly skull, the grinning grinders, and the worm-eaten coffin intrude themselves upon the sight, clothing death in robes of horror, in habiliments of woe.

Around the enclosure, which is very circumscribed, is a substantial wall, solid and lofty, against which are built (inside) a number of narrow slips just large enough to admit a coffin. In these are generally placed the remains of those of the higher and wealthier class of people, where they are kept closely walled up for the space of eighteen months, after which the decayed coffin is given to the winds, (or is used by the sexton for firewood or fence,) and the bones of the deceased are placed in a small box and conveyed to the vault underneath the cathedral—the vacant place being ready for another. Besides these slips are others, made in and around a building in the centre of the ground, and a little in advance of these are accommodations of the same description for the bodies of priests. To the lower classes, the friendless and the poor, are assigned shallow resting-places underneath the ground, whither they are conveyed, with few ceremonies and little solemnity, in a *public* coffin, and are committed to the earth without a box of any kind, and often without clothing—this being, I am told, immediately seized upon and appropriated among themselves by those who come to pay the last tribute of respect to the memory of the departed. Shrouds are not used, and the dead body is clothed as when in life. At the burial of our consul at Santa Martha, a friend to the deceased, with his penknife, cut and disfigured the broadcloth suit in which he was enveloped, in such a manner as to render it useless to any one who might have been disposed to seize upon it; and however revolting this was to the sight, still was it a friendly act, and done to prevent further dishonour. Nor is this a solitary instance. Graves being usually very shallow, the bodies are frequently compressed or flattened by means of a heavy piece of wood prepared for the purpose; and in this manner they are left for a time, a short time usually, I believe, after which the bones are collected together, and in one mass thrown into small enclosures taken off from either corner of the cemetery.

Curiosity once led me to visit this fearful place in company with a friend. It was a calm and beautiful morning—for in this country the mornings are always peculiarly lovely. The air was fresh and balmy until we entered the precincts of this tainted spot, where was not a blade of grass to be seen, no flowers blooming over the graves of the departed, no trees to shield the mourner from the scorching sun, no monuments to mark where lie the dead; but scattered around were bones of every size, from those of the newly-born infant to those of the full-grown man. Over one grave lay an entire skeleton, bleaching and whitening in the sun's strong rays. A feeling of horror crept over me as I looked into several "ready prepared" graves, (of which there were some half-dozen of various sizes,) and remembered that *their* victims were still alive, and perhaps little thinking of the narrow bed that was yawning for them. Why graves should be prepared in this way I cannot imagine, because Carthagena is really a healthy place, and but few deaths occur in proportion to its population. Around these wide-mouthed but shallow openings was literally a wall of bones, while underneath our feet, and on every side wherever we turned, were visible portions of the human frame. To describe the scene within the small enclosures in the corners, (to which I have before alluded,) would be impossible with other pen than that of Monk Lewis or of Mrs. Radcliffe, so I forbear to attempt it, and will only mention one sight which I there saw that struck me with peculiar force. Amidst one of these heaps of loathsomeness, so disgusting to behold, lay a little tin coffin in which were still remaining some parts of the body of an infant, the child probably of some foreigner, some mere sojourner in this land, who, having intended removing the darling remains to the home of his father and friends, had placed

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them for safe keeping in this metal box. Something had prevented or interfered, or the heartless grave-digger had anticipated the parents in the removal, and there lay the little body, uncared for, unthought of.

Still smoking fires showed where recently had been consumed large quantities of bones, and one vacant corner told from whence they had been taken.

Among those who are so kind to the living, who show so much affection for their families and friends, it appears singular that there should be so little attention paid to the dead, so small an amount of respect given to the memory of those who have passed into another world. And yet it is so. True, masses are said for the peace of the soul, and money is paid for prayers to aid in passing it through purgatory, but the *body* seems to be forgotten, the *remains* uncared for. To have, as with us, permanent resting-places for the dead, owing to the difference in the climate, would, I imagine, be impossible; but that there should be a larger space allotted for burial purposes, and that when bones are removed they should not be exposed to the view of every idle passer-by, are things that are quite within the power of being accomplished, and would reflect honour and credit upon the living.

And now that I am on this grave subject, might I not as well tell of some other matters connected with it, and describe certain curious ceremonies pertaining to the sick room and the house of mourning. That no good Catholic is willing to die without having confessed and received the holy sacrament at the hands of the priest, are well known facts. Accordingly, when this last ceremony is to be performed, a procession is formed at the church, consisting of the bearer of the smoking incense, the priest, under a canopy carried by four men, other priests, and a train of followers carrying lighted candles, and numerous in proportion to the wealth and standing of the sick person. Chanting solemnly as they pass along, all persons in the streets or on the balconies, kneel until the procession has gone by; and if it be night, lights are placed in the windows and balconies, and a solemn silence prevails. This is always a touching scene, and the only procession I have witnessed that in any manner has affected my feelings or reached my heart.

Usually, so soon as a death takes place, the corpse is removed to the church, being carried there with considerable pomp and ceremony. Here it remains until near sundown, when the funeral procession is formed, by which it is accompanied about half way to the place of burial. After this it is delivered over to the tender mercies of the negro carriers, who, in a most unceremonious, thoughtless manner, literally *trot off* with it to the Manga, and there bury it in the manner before described. When a child dies it is dressed in satin, lace and flowers, the coffin is decorated in a fanciful manner, and not many years have passed by since (I am told) it was usual to escort the little body to the grave attended by a band of music playing a joyous air. Among the lower classes, the season of a death in the family is always a time of great merriment; and in the house of mourning is heard, all night, and sometimes for days after, the sound of harp, guitar, or Indian drum, accompanied by singing and, of *course*, by *dancing*, for this is an every-day amusement, and joined in by all ages. Recently, at a very early hour in the morning, scarcely daylight, indeed, I saw an aged and infirm woman dancing in front of her little cabin, her partner being quite an active, middle-aged man, with whom she seemed to vie in all her movements. A negro was playing on the harp, and nodding and dozing after the revelry of the previous night; while beating time upon the side of the instrument, sat the bereaved mother of a child which had been committed to the earth on the evening before only. The dancer who I mentioned just now was the grandmother of the infant.

Among the higher classes of society, nine days after a death has occurred are spent in close confinement to the house, during which time the friends of the family are all expected to make their visit of condolence to the bereaved, dressed in deep mourning, and outwardly exhibiting feelings of much sympathy. The visit, however, is passed in talking and laughing. Those who sympathize most deeply remain to either partake of breakfast or dinner with the family, as the case may be. For one whole month no visits are made or returned, but soon after, balls are attended; and mourning habiliments do not long encumber those whose violent grief and excessive agony at the immediate time of death and burial, are heartrending beyond description. Mourning is worn, not for relatives only and intimate friends, but for acquaintances, and sometimes for even the relatives of acquaintances, and that, too, without any previous knowledge of the person for whom the solemn costume is assumed.

BE GRATEFUL.

Be grateful for what heaven bestows of light, and life, and love—
For the beauty everywhere around, and the glorious skies above:
Be grateful for the thrilling joy in every pleasant sound—
For the burning eloquence of words, and the music all around:
Be grateful for the happiness the sweet affections bring—
For countless blessings every hour, and for hope in every thing:
Be grateful for the wealth of mind that God has giv'n to thee:
Be grateful for the priceless gift of IMMORTALITY.

J. S. F.

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THE MOTHER'S DREAM.

BY ANNA MORTON.

A FAIR boy lay on the couch of pain, his round limbs emaciated by fever, his beautiful face distorted by delirium. In the well-stuffed arm-chair the nurse quietly slept, but the mother knelt by the bed-side, his hand in hers, and fervently prayed for the preservation of her darling; all despaired of his life, but the mother could not give him up. No hand but hers must bathe his burning brow, none but hers present the cooling drink; and while her tears belied the words, she said he could not, must not die—her beautiful, her only child.

The angel of death hovered over the bed; the angel of sleep accompanied him. Twin brothers they, and both were good and lovely, but one was sadder than the other. Death ever is unwelcome; and a tear, such as angels weep, was in his eye, for tender pity dwelt in his heart, but on his lips was a sweet smile, for he knew the happy issue of his mission. "Must I, indeed, strike now, my brother?" said he. "Nay, beloved," answered the angel of sleep, "our Master has sent me to prepare the way for thee;—wait thou awhile." So saying, he breathed a kiss on the sick boy's lips, and the restless, rolling eye was sweetly closed; the convulsive action of the muscles ceased —one thin hand rested calmly on his bosom, the other quietly lay within his mother's. "Blessed sleep," said she, "it will now all be well!" She gently laid her head on the pillow, the angel fanned her with his wing, and the eye that had so long and anxiously watched, was sealed in slumber.

Her spirit wandered to the land of dreams; she entered a chamber, and there she beheld her child —no longer a fair lad, full of glee and joyous expectation, but a sorrowful man, bowed down by care. Robbed of his good name by foul calumny, ashamed to appear before honest men with a blot upon his character, deprived of all employment and of all hope, the companion of his life lying dead of a broken heart, and his children crying to him in vain for bread, what refuge had he, save in the tomb?—what was left for him on earth, save despair? In his agony he cried, with Job—"I would not live alway; better are those who die in their youth, before the evil day; oh, Lord, in tender mercy, slay me."

In her sleep, the mother's heart fainted away; but she was aroused to consciousness by a soft, light hand upon her brow, and a feeling of wonderful joy filled her soul. The air was full of fragrance and of song, and a light shone around her more brilliant than the sun, but milder and gentler than the moon. A glorious form of beauty approached, all radiant in wisdom and sweetness; it was her boy—she could not mistake him; but, oh, how lovely! He flew to meet her. "Dearest mother," he cried, "shed not one tear for me, but hasten hither; we all expect you, and your abode is ready. Come;—your eye cannot see, your heart cannot conceive how happy I am."

At that moment she was awakened by a convulsive movement of the hand clasped in hers. She started up. A change passed over the face of her child, for the angel of death approached and touched him with his wing; but a smile of triumph was on his lips and joyful light in his blue eye, for he saw the bright messengers of God. "The angels, mother, the glorious angels, they beckon me. *May* I go, mother?—will you let me go?" "Yes, go, dearest boy, and God bless you!" The angel of death stooped down and kindly bore away his soul with a kiss. He carried it safely to the land of eternal life.

"Mortals say, a man has died;
Angels cry, a child is born."

Short was the mother's sojourn upon earth, and the cup of her sorrow was sweetened by pious resignation and trust. She was enabled to say with the Shunammite woman—"It is well with me—it is well with the child." Patiently she bore her load of grief till the day of deliverance arrived, and then she hastened to the scenes anticipated in her "mother's dream."

SONNET.

THERE moved a beauteous form on easy wing,
Chanting through nature a melodious song;
Borne on the breeze I heard it sweetly sing,
And 'mong the vocal woods its strains prolong:
It floated on the wild flowers' sweet perfume—
With melody inspired the vernal streams,
And, like an angel decked with golden plume,
It shone reflected in the sun's bright beams.
As wishfully I gazed upon its charms,
Unconsciously it near me softly stole,
And, sweetly smiling, cast its magic arms,
With bliss transporting, round my youthful soul.
I asked its name—"LOVE," was the answer given—
"I came to minister delight; my home is Heaven."

FRANCIS.

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THE SABBATH PLANTED IN AMERICA.

BY MRS. HALE.

"On!" cried the Greek, in patriot pride,
And swept the plain of Marathon;
"On! on!" the haughty Roman cried,
And crossed the Rubicon!
One Chief the Persian sceptre broke,
One bowed the World beneath his yoke.

But greater deeds than these were done,
When, few and weak, but undismay'd,
The Pilgrim Fathers knelt and pray'd
That God would lead them on!
Then, Home and Country left behind,
They spread their canvas to the wind,
And o'er the wide Atlantic driven,
Their compass hope, their anchor faith,
Their strength His love who conquered death,
Their guiding star the will of Heaven!

The winds might howl, the waters roll
In mountain masses high;
The tempest send its midnight scowl
Athwart the noon-day sky;
Yet onward, on they held their way,
In trust by night, in prayer by day,
In hope that never fail'd or fear'd;
And when the long-sought land appear'd,
Though Winter's death-pale aspect lay
Around the shore, and o'er the bay
His frozen snow was hurl'd,
Still onward, on—they bore each shock
With hearts of proof that dangers mock;
And when, at length, on Plymouth Rock
Those fervent Men and Women trod,
They gave the Sabbath to a World,
That World to Freedom and to God.

LAUREL HILL.

BY D. E. WILSON.

I stroll'd out alone, from the city's gay throng,
To shun the commotion and noise—
And found a retreat where no passions belong,
And peace a safe refuge enjoys.

The sun's golden beams upon green Laurel Hill,
From the spotless blue heaven were shed—
He was slowly declining, but gazing back still
On the beautiful home of the dead.

The graceful hill curves with a bountiful swell,
Like a mother's soft bosom of love;
And on it earth's children are nestled, to dwell
Till called to bright mansions above.

As flowers, though withered and buried in earth,
In Spring have their beauties restored,
So they in full glory shall rise at the birth
Their heavenly Spring will afford.

They are sleeping in peace, with no dreams to offend;
No voice breaks the silence profound;—
But winds softly whisper to willows that bend
To kiss the white tombstones around.

The shining green beds are like emerald gems
All set within paths of pure gold;
And palings of iron, like rich mourning hems,
The beautiful chambers enfold.

When I saw the bright scene at a first distant glance,
With its columns of glistening white,
I fancied the whole like a jewel'd expanse,
And the monuments flashes of light.

There stood angel woman, whose love seemed to crave
A look at the shrine she reveres—
The flowers she planted on friendship's lone grave
She watered with memory's tears.

But all her affections, that now in the tomb
Lie buried and torn from the heart,
In heaven shall flourish like flowers, and bloom
With joy that will never depart.

The willows look down on the velvet-green bed,
And show where the loved ones now lie—
And cedar trees point where their spirits have fled,
As they hold up their arms to'ard the sky.

Kind epitaphs tell some were rich and had given
Their wealth for the needy to share;—
They sent by their charities riches to heaven,
And then to enjoy them went there.

I thought how together the rich and the poor
Shall meet among angels above;
The rich for their alms have a blessing secure,
And the poor are assur'd of God's love.

For 'tis not to power or wealth or renown
That heavenly glory belongs—
The poor and the meek have the halo'd bright crown
For gentle forgiveness of wrongs.

Then pray God to keep you with his chosen few,
From paths this world's heroes have trod:—
The greatest of deeds that a mortal can do,
Is to kneel down and worship his God.

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THE FASHIONABLE DAUGHTER AND UNFASHIONABLE PARENTS.

BY F. E. F., AUTHOR OF THE PRIZE TALE "MANNER AND MERIT," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER FIRST.

What, would you make me mad? Am I not Christopher Sly, old Sly's son, of Burton heath; by birth a pedler, by education a cardmaker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker?

1 *Serv.* Oh, this is it that makes my lady mourn.

SHAKSPEARE.

"WELL, Mr. Barker, if you choose your child should grow up without education, I can't help it; I am sure I have said all I can," remarked his wife, angrily.

"I don't choose to have her grow up without education," retorted Mr. Barker; "but I do object to placing her at one of these 'fashionable establishments' you talk so much of, where she will learn nothing but nonsense and airs."

"Nonsense and airs! How you talk, Mr. Barker. Estelle will learn all at Madame B.'s that is taught anywhere else. Mrs. Crosby tells me that her girls have made greater progress with her than they have ever done anywhere else."

"Does Crosby send his children there? I thought he had more sense."

"Yes. I told Mrs. Crosby you objected to sending Estelle, and she replied that she was not surprised at it, as the expense was very great."

"Expense!" repeated Mr. Barker, with some warmth. "I really think if Crosby can send two of his girls, I can afford as much for Estelle. Confound her impudence."

"I thought as much, my dear," replied his wife, who knew that her best chance of success was to attack her husband's pride of purse; "but really, those Crosbys do grow so pompous. She seems to think no one can afford anything but themselves."

"She is a fool," rejoined Mr. Barker, angrily. "He is pretty top-heavy, too, as for that matter."

"Are they so very rich?" inquired Mrs. Barker.

"Rich? No;—he has made some money, but I could buy him over and over again."

"One would not think it to hear her talk," replied the lady; "for when I said expense would be no object with you in educating Estelle, she looked as plainly as words can speak, 'that it was very well for me to *say* so, but she did not believe me,' and merely remarked, in her pompous, hateful way, 'that Madame B.'s bills were enormous. To be sure, Fanny had Signor A. at eighty dollars a quarter, and Harriet's harp was in itself a young fortune;' and then she went on enumerating, with great complacency, all their education cost them. She may save her money though, I can tell her," continued Mrs. Barker, with great spite; "she'll never make anything of her red-haired misses. Two more puny-looking little things I never saw."

"The money's no object, whatever Mrs. Crosby may say to the contrary," continued Mr. Barker, evidently relenting. "I certainly should not grudge Estelle anything within the limit of my means, and I rather guess I can afford to do as much as others; but if she goes to Madame B.'s, I won't have her head filled with notions of fashion and all that nonsense."

"What nonsense?" inquired Mrs. Barker, rather sharply, for she felt that her husband was now talking at her.

"Why," returned Mr. Barker, who was not afraid of coming to the point, "of making *gen*teel acquaintances and getting in the 'first set,' and all that humbug. These '*gen*teel acquaintances' and 'first set' you are forever talking about, are half of them nothing but broken-down merchants and bankrupt brokers. Pretty stuff your upper crust is made of, truly!" and he continued to sputter forth epithets of contempt, mixed with indignation, against a circle whose poverty and airs, according to him, were only equaled by their folly and worthlessness.

Mrs. Barker knew better than to contradict her husband, although every word he uttered was leveled at her favourite views and most cherished aspirations. Time had been when Mrs. Barker would not have dared to dream of that which now occupied all her most serious thoughts. She had begun life, Heaven only knows where; she had almost forgotten herself, and we will let by-gones be by-gones; but at any rate, when she had married Mr. Barker, who was a thriving grocer, it was a great "lift" for her. Since then they had grown rich, and with their riches he had become purse-proud and she ambitious. He equally disdained and hated those who held themselves above him with less than half his wealth, while she sighed and pined to be fashionable and fine. That Estelle should be, she resolved; and she knew of no surer method than by placing her at a fashionable school, where "she might make *gen*teel acquaintances and learn fashionable manners." "For why should not Estelle be as good as any of them?" she asked herself. "Was not her father as rich and richer?"

Keeping the main point now in view, however, she wisely forbore taking up the cudgels in favour of fashion, but harped upon the Crosbys until her husband's wrath rose to the right pitch, when he declared that "Estelle should have advantages equal to any man's child," and consented to

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placing her anywhere his wife chose, only repeating, dogmatically, that "he would not have her head filled with nonsense," to which Mrs. Barker prudently made no reply, well knowing that the first step yielded, the second was beyond his reach. She had managed so far, and she was willing to leave the rest to time and Estelle herself; and she could not have left the business in better hands. Estelle was a quick and lively child, with no inconsiderable share of grace and beauty. She had much, too, of her mother's vanity and ambition, without her coarseness. She seemed instinctively, from a child, to lean towards whatever was elegant and refined, and to shrink with disgust from all vulgarity of manner or appearance. She was very susceptible and sensitive, quick to receive new impressions, and keenly alive to little mortifications. Not only her temperament, but her appearance seemed to fit her for the class her father so contemptuously and elegantly termed "upper crust," for she was fair and delicate, and, as her mother said, "naturally *gen*teel."

As Estelle returned from school with half-a-dozen medals jingling from her neck, her father's vanity, spite of himself, was soothed, and parting back her long ringlets and looking in her bright eyes, he questioned her with more than his ordinary interest as to her studies and companions.

More pleased than he would have cared to tell was he when he found that "his little Estelle" took rank above Fanny Howard and Ellen Aspinwall, and many others of name and place.

"So, then, you are head of all your classes, Estelle?" said her father, smiling.

"Of all the classes where Helen Campbell is not, papa. We do not always learn the same things."

"And is Helen Campbell head of you in all those studies where you are in the same class?"

"Yes, papa; she is the only one who is head of me. Mamma, do you know Mrs. Campbell?"

"No, my love."

"I believe they are very grand people," continued Estelle, earnestly. "An elegant carriage comes for Helen every day, and all the girls think so much of her."

"Because she rides in a fine carriage, Estelle?" asked her father, sarcastically.

"Oh, no; not only that, but everything she has is so nice. And then she is very clever, too, papa. Her mother, they say, is very fashionable and elegant. I wish you knew her, mamma."

Mrs. Barker wished she did, but she only sighed in silence; and Mr. Barker presently interrupted his daughter's childish prattle by saying—"So this Helen Campbell is very smart, is she, Estelle? Well, if you get head of her I will give you this," he added, taking a gold piece from his pocket, which he spun into the air as he spoke.

"I will, papa!" cried the excited child.

"Do so," said her father; "let them see that you are as good as any of them, fine as they think themselves;" and so saying he left the room.

"If Helen Campbell asks you at any time to come and see her, Estelle, you may promise that you will," said her mother. "She would be a very nice friend for you."

"Yes, mamma; but she never has. I wish she would."

"Don't ask Fanny Crosby to come home with you again on Saturday, Estelle," continued her mother.

"No, mamma. But why not? She is a nice girl, is she not?"

"They are vulgar people, Estelle, and I don't wish you to grow up intimate with them. You are now old enough to be a little careful about the friendships you make. The Crosbys are very good people, but they are not exactly those that I wish you to associate with by and by."

Mrs. Barker need have said no more. She had called them "vulgar," and the word had already a portentous sound in Estelle's young ears. She was to "cut" the Crosbys and to cultivate Miss Campbell. Here was her first lesson towards fashionable society, a circle that her father's bitterness, not less than her mother's anxiety, intuitively taught her to value.

"Papa, you are coming with mamma to the examination to-day?" asked Estelle, entreatingly. "I am to play my new piece; you must come and hear me, indeed you must, papa."

"Well, well," replied her father, smilingly, "if I must, I suppose I must."

When Mr. Barker saw his young daughter in her book muslin and blue ribbons, the fairest of the gay young crowd, taking her place high among the "curled darlings of the nation," natural affection combined with vanity to render him well pleased with the sight. The most graceful among the dancers, and brilliant of the young musicians, he felt, as he elegantly expressed it, "that he had not thrown away his money in giving Estelle the best of teachers."

"Is that little fairy a daughter of yours, Mr. Barker?" said Mr. Aspinwall, good-naturedly. "She promises to make a delightful performer."

"She ought to, for she has cost me money enough," replied Mr. Barker, who brought everything to the golden test. "More, I fear, than the monkey is worth," he added, as he stroked the fair curls of the graceful girl, who had just approached him.

"You don't think that," said Mr. Aspinwall, smiling; "for, in truth, she is a child any parent might be proud of. A pretty creature, indeed," he continued, as Estelle rejoined her young companions. "You must look after her by and by, Barker; she will turn all our young men's heads."

Mr. Barker smiled, and afterwards spoke of Mr. Aspinwall—whom he generally designated as a "silly chap"—as "a well-meaning man and no fool."

If Mr. Barker was contented with this first exhibition of his daughter's acquirements, Mrs. Barker's maternal heart and woman's pride were not less gratified than her husband's more sober feelings.

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She for the first time saw Estelle in actual contact with the little sprigs of fashion with whom she wished her intimate, and she saw them upon terms of the liveliest youthful friendship with her darling child—for Estelle was very popular. She was charmed with her progress in the more showy and brilliant acquirements that she deemed essential in a "fashionable education." Moreover, she had had the happiness of spending the evening in the same circle with some of the most decided leaders of *haut ton* in the city. 'Tis true, none of them had spoken to her, but then she had *seen* them, and that was a good deal.

"Who is that lady with that funny little hat and feathers you were speaking to just now, Estelle?" asked Helen Campbell.

Estelle coloured, and said—"My mother."

"Oh, your mother," replied Miss Campbell, with some embarrassment; and as Estelle quickly turned away, she heard Helen laugh, and say to a group of little girls—"How unlucky—what a mistake I made. But how could I guess it was her mother?"

"Lord! my dear!" said another; "they are only grocers!"

"Grocers!" exclaimed another, who was quite young. "What, do they keep a corner store?"

"No—no, not quite as bad as that," replied the first speaker, laughing; "they are in the wholesale, or something of that kind;" and then Estelle heard no more; but her cheeks were already burning, and tears were in her eyes. She wished her mother had not worn that "nasty hat," and wondered "why her father was a grocer."

But Helen Campbell soon came and asked her to waltz, and Mrs. Campbell invited her to join some young friends to celebrate Helen's birthday during the following week, and both tears and blushes vanished in the prospect of so much happiness.

CHAPTER SECOND.

He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.
SHAKSPEARE.

Mr. and Mrs. Barker had been married some twenty years, and had been a happy couple. She had been an attentive and affectionate wife, and he what the world calls a "most indulgent husband," which means that he had never interfered with his wife's doings in-doors and allowed her unlimited command of money. But nevertheless, there were still certain subjects on which he was most unpersuadable and she most pathetic.

One of the chief points of his obduracy and her misery was the house and the part of the city in which they lived, and the next the little summer-box in the suburbs, where he would pass the warm months deaf to her wishes, which pleaded loudly for Saratoga or Newport, or any place where the fashionables do love to congregate; and then there were other grievances touching the Dutch church and theatre, upon which he was very stubborn.

Mrs. Barker might furnish her house as she chose, might see what company she liked, might, in fact, do anything she pleased, so that she did not infringe upon his habits of sixty years standing. But he *would* live in the house he was used to, and he *would* go to the church he was used to, and he would *not* go to Saratoga or any other gay place he was not used to. The theatre little by little he had yielded, because it pleased Estelle. To witness her childish raptures he was content to sit for hours in a state of what, but for her youthful delight, would have been little short of martyrdom. That Mrs. Barker detested Cherry street, and held the plain Dutch church in little less favour, touched him not. He liked the drowsy old dominie he had listened to for the last thirty years without much minding what he said; and the Episcopal church in which his wife boasted "she had been educated," he thought an aristocratic institution which did not suit his feelings. But Estelle, who was now upon the verge of womanhood, sided with her mother, and Mrs. Barker had long since found that what Estelle wanted her father could not refuse. Estelle had been, from a child, the idol of both parents. To indulge every whim and gratify every fancy had equally been the delight of both. But with the mother's idolatry there mixed something of the wife's sagacity. She often made use of Estelle as a tool, and instead of pleading her own wishes, she had learnt to put forward her daughter's claim to any indulgence she thought would otherwise be withheld.

To move in a fashionable part of the city and purchase a stylish house, was now urged with greater pertinacity than ever.

Mr. Barker had been steady, as we have seen, in his opposition to the wishes of the wife who for twenty years had studied his comforts and promoted his happiness, but he was not proof to Estelle's coaxing smiles, and, if need be, pouting and even tears.

"Now, papa, you will leave this horrid Cherry street—won't you, papa?"

"Pooh—pooh—nonsense, child! What's to make the street horrid, I should like to know?"

"Oh, it's so dark and gloomy and out of the way."

"Pshaw! it is as light and cheerful as any street in town."

"Well, maybe, papa, but I hate it for all that; and this house, too, with its low ceilings and dark entry—for you can't deny that the entry is dark, papa."

"Don't tease me any more, Estelle, with your nonsense, but hand me the paper."

Estelle did so, but the tears were in her eyes, and she pouted all through breakfast time; and while her father still continued reading, said, in an under tone just loud enough for him to hear, although it seemed meant for her mother's ear alone, "that she should not call to see Helen Campbell and the rest of the girls, for they would not come all the way to Cherry street to see her; and, in-

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deed, she did not want them to even if they would. She should be ashamed to let them see where she lived."

Mr. Barker's face twitched, and he turned his paper to the light and moved his arm-chair uneasily, but said nothing.

Estelle continued, however, determinedly unhappy for the whole of the ensuing week, and her father's heart was quite subdued.

"My dear," he said, at last, addressing his wife, "there's a house on Union Park for sale; you and Estelle may go and see it, and if you like it, I suppose I must buy it—hey, Estelle?"

"Oh, dear, dear papa!" exclaimed Estelle, jumping up and clapping her little hands with delight, and then with a bound throwing her arms round his neck, "that is delightful. Now, mamma, we shall be happy. We can move at once, for we must be settled before fall."

"Not so fast, if you please," said her father, smiling at her enthusiasm, and already almost reconciled by her delight to the severing of all his old ties—"not so fast, Miss Estelle; the house is not bought yet. Perhaps I may build; I am thinking a little of it."

"Then don't think any more about it, papa, for that will never do; it takes too long. You must buy that house, or if not that, any other up town you like. But we must be settled before September;" and so the matter was decided.

Mr. Barker bought and Mrs. Barker furnished, and Estelle was in raptures. She called upon the companions of her school-days, and they returned the call, and soon she was involved in a round of youthful engagements, to which, as they were principally small parties, composed chiefly of young people whose parents Mr. and Mrs. Barker did not know, they were not invited. Estelle was now in dancing spirits, and did not seem aware that the change in their mode of life had not brought equal additional happiness to her father and mother. Mr. Barker never felt at home in his gay stylish house; the large rooms and high ceilings seemed to chill him. He thought of the snug, low, dark parlours of Cherry street with absolute longing, and if it had not been for Estelle, he would probably have moved right back again. And then all his old habits were quite broken up. His few old cronies were too far off for him to "step round" after tea for a little social gossip, as he had been in the habit of doing for twenty years, when some of them did not drop in to see him, as they did three evenings out of the seven. His little club, too, of Saturday night, he often missed, for the distance now made the weather of some importance, and he had never been used to order the carriage of an evening. To be sure, it was out on an average four nights of a week for Estelle, but then she had soon accustomed him to think she *must* have it, so now she ordered it without even asking permission. Neither did his old friends feel at ease in coming to see him. The furniture and gas lights were not in keeping with their old habits, and then it was all out of their routine; and so the old man was soon left with little or no society.

Mrs. Barker was not much better off than her husband, though her solitary state was partly of her own choosing. Her old friends would have been very glad to come and see her, for a fine house and furniture never chill women—on the contrary, curiosity and gossip add fresh ardour to friendship—but Mrs. Barker had grown as stately as her mansion, and felt now that it was a good opportunity to "drop all that set." The misfortune of it was, however, that she had no one yet to supply their places. None of her new neighbours had called to see her, and how to make them she did not know. She had, indeed, ventured to drop her card at some of the fine places where Estelle visited, but a return card was all that was vouchsafed her, and then she was completely at a loss. She felt she was not "getting on," and why she did not know; but the truth was that Mrs. Barker was essentially vulgar, and what is worse, (as far as concerned the set she wanted to get in,) *outwardly* vulgar. Nature had stamped her, and education had aided nature, and dress had finished her, as a vulgarian. Mentally she was vain, ambitious and forward; externally she was fat, coarse, and execrably dressed. A large woman in showy colours must have something more to carry her off than fell to poor Mrs. Barker's portion in this world.

"We must go to Saratoga next summer," she said to herself; "that is the place to make acquaintances. Estelle must manage it with her father." And Estelle did manage it, as she did everything else. She said she "must" go, and she coaxed a little and pouted a little, and the thing was settled—ay, private parlour and all, and a man servant, too; for Estelle was wilful and playful, and told her father "he must do the thing handsomely, now he was in for it," and he, patting her on the head, told her "she was a spoilt child," and let her have her own way. So to Saratoga they went.

Estelle was, as we have said, very pretty. She had a native air of delicacy and refinement to which the education she had received at Madame B.'s had added finish. She danced exquisitely, and looked and moved and spoke with grace and elegance. The most fastidious could have found nothing to cavil at in air or manner. It was decidedly high bred. How she came to be the child of such parents was the wonder. But nature does occasionally indulge herself to a vagary, and this was one of them. We should scarcely call her clever, so much as quick. Her perceptions were rapid and her imagination lively, but there was not much depth to her mind, or character either, as to that matter. But her tact was remarkable. She was social and affectionate, although her feelings were not strong. In short, she was born to be attractive and happy, without, perhaps, as much merit as those who are less fortunate—a most

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blessed constitution, let us cavil at it as we will; and one, at any rate, that just suited her present position.

Her grace and beauty at once attracted admiration, and the reputation of her father's wealth secured her attention. In short, she became the reigning belle of the season. That her father was a plain, common, unlettered man, unpolished in his manners, with his soul in his money bags, and her mother a forward, dressy, loud-talking woman, mattered little in the motley crowd there assembled, for they were not worse than a hundred others; and, in fact, the crowd was so great, it required something very marked to attract peculiar notice. Three-fourths of those who knew and admired Estelle, scarcely knew her parents by sight. If they did, it was only said, "they were immensely rich and Estelle an only child," and the rest seemed forgotten or forgiven. Mothers who had sons thought it best to be prudent and say nothing, and the daughters saw she was too handsome to be put down. Besides which, she had a tact in making herself popular with girls of her own age, and then the young men were half mad about her. With them the parents were never thought of. Indeed, young people seldom do think seriously of old ones, let them be ever so elegant or ever so vulgar. If Mr. and Mrs. Barker happened at all to come in for the notice of their daughter's admirers, it was only to pronounce the "old woman a bore," but he was the "*père aux écus*," and that settled all that need be said of Mr. Barker.

And now 'twas strange to see the metamorphosis that love and vanity will work in the human soul. Mr. Barker had all his life despised the "upper crust," as he elegantly termed the gay and fashionable clique, who arrogate to themselves the title of "good society," and pished and pshawed at the "idle jackanapes," as he called the young and gay of his own sex, and vowed that none of them should ever see a dollar of his money, "even if Estelle should be fool enough to fancy one of them." Yet now was this same man looking on with delight to see his darling child the object of the admiration and attention of this very class. Not only was his parental affection gratified, but his vanity as a moneyed man was flattered. He felt that it was a homage paid, not only to Estelle's grace and beauty, but to his own wealth, and the idea pleased him. In the free and easy manners of a watering-place, too, he came in contact with old gentlemen who belonged to a different class from his own, but yet who talked with him of stocks and lots quite sociably. As for Mrs. Barker, her vulgar soul was in a rapture of happiness. The Italians express this ecstatic state by saying "one can touch Heaven with a finger," and so felt Mrs. Barker. She thought she now could "touch her heaven" (fashion) with her "finger;" that she had salted her bird "society," and was about to catch it. Moreover, she now could sport the finery she was forever buying, though she had few opportunities of wearing what she bought. And then, to do her justice, besides these vulgar sources of happiness peculiar to the woman, was the pure and genuine delight that ever wells up in a mother's heart at seeing the idol of her affections admired and followed with an admiration that satisfied even her maternal vanity.

Among the crowd of fashionable idlers that hovered continually round Estelle, there was one whose homage seemed of a more serious sort than is usually called forth at a gay watering-place. Alexander Harper was handsome and high bred, and had a better right to call himself "high born" than most of our aristocracy, for he had had a grandfather, and could even, if needs be, go back to a great grand sire. At any rate, his family had been as far back as the memory of that much-to-be-dreaded personage in the new world, "the oldest inhabitant," could reach, people of wealth and station. He was a pale, proud-looking man, with dark eyes, a good figure, and reserved manners. His smile, when he deigned to smile, which was not often, was bright and pleasant. He was just the person to turn a young girl's head, for they fancied there was distinction in his attentions; moreover, he could be agreeable when he chose. It was evident he thought a great deal of himself, but then he did it in a gentlemanly way; and what was more, most people thought a good deal of him, too. His family were well born and well bred, and well educated and well looking, and, moreover, rich. The whole connection were prosperous and gay. His uncles and aunts were wealthy, and his cousins fashionable, and his sisters and brothers-in-law people who thought the world of themselves, and nobody disputed their claim to such an indulgence. Alexander Harper was certainly a very "eligible" young man, and that he was courted was quite a matter of course, and that he was somewhat spoilt was not less to be expected.

Estelle's grace and beauty struck him. It was of that fair and delicate style that peculiarly suited his taste. The elegance of her manners and the finish of her accomplishments pleased him, but the charm that captivated him, that set the seal to her other attractions, was a certain something that might be called appealing in her look-up, and a kind of gentleness that seemed to intimate dependence, that is particularly delightful to a proud, reserved man. In short, he had never been so captivated, and was, in fact, head over ears in love with her before he was aware of it. He had danced and waltzed, and walked and talked a week with Estelle before he knew Mr. and Mrs. Barker. Not but that he had seen them and been introduced, but they were just the kind of people to whom he never paid any attention, and their names were forgotten as soon as pronounced. He had, it is true, often noticed Estelle join a vulgar, dressy old body, but that she should be her mother never occurred to him. He was not a little shocked, therefore, when, upon Estelle's promising to waltz with him "if mamma would stay for the next

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dance," she led him up to ask permission of the very woman he had been surprised to see Estelle talk so much with before. Had he made Estelle's acquaintance with the full knowledge that "those people" were her parents, it might have made a difference in the result. As it was, it was too late. He was, indeed, shocked and staggered, and desisted in his attentions for a day or two; but when he next joined Estelle, he fancied there was a saddened look in those appealing eyes, and the business was done. "It was deuced unlucky, but fortunately there were no brothers and sisters," and as young people look upon those numbering fifty and sixty years as just stepping into the grave, he did not look upon the evil as interminable.

The Barkers left Saratoga and were now upon the wing for Newport, and soon Alexander Harper was there, too, pacing the beach and scaling the cliffs, by the side of the fairest and brightest of the nymphs who thronged that gay resort. If Estelle had thought him handsome and agreeable, and been proud of his attentions at Saratoga, she now began to find him irresistible. That Mrs. Barker was all anxiety and delight was but too evident. All Saratoga and Newport knew that. Mr. Barker's feelings were more mixed. Even he could not call Alexander Harper a "fortune hunter," for his own fortune precluded the idea of mercenary motives in his admiration of Estelle. And rich as Mr. Barker was, he liked the idea of Harper's wealth; but his cold, proud bearing awed him. He did not like the young man, and, moreover, was half afraid of him; and yet, "what fools these mortals be," his vanity was gratified to see the grandson of old Harper, whom he had looked upon as the greatest of grandees when he had been all but a barefoot boy, paying such devoted homage to his daughter.

Once more settled in their own handsome house, and Estelle felt the "change that had come over the spirit of her dream" during the short month of her absence. Her heart beat quick and her colour came and went at every ring of the door bell, and when the well-known voice was heard asking if "Miss Barker was in," the breath almost left her parted lips. Gracefully and gayly, however, she received her handsome admirer, and a few weeks more and all was settled. He had proposed and been accepted. Mrs. Barker gave her consent only too cordially, and if Mr. Barker had any doubts and objections, it was now too late to make them.

CHAPTER THIRD.

Are you our daughter?—SHAKSPEARE.

"ESTELLE BARKER engaged to Alexander Harper!" exclaimed Helen Campbell. "What a match for her!"

"A match for her, indeed!" retorted her brother. "A match for him, you had better say. A beautiful girl with such a fortune. A deuced lucky fellow!"

"The fortune can be no object to him," replied Helen; "he has enough of his own. What a station for her! I wonder how his family like it—such a proud aristocratic set as they are? How will they endure Mrs. Barker? And the old grocer, too? Heavens, what a come down for the Harpers!"

"Nonsense!" said her brother; "the Harpers like money as well as anybody, and can bring down their airs when it suits their convenience as well as others. I have no doubt they are delighted with it. Estelle Barker, with her grace and beauty, and her father's fortune—of which, by the way, he gives her half on her marriage—might have had anybody. Harper is a good-looking fellow, and, upon the whole, it is a very fair match—although he decidedly has the best of it."

"Charles Harper's grandson going to marry old Barker's daughter! Well, that is an odd turn in fortune's wheel!" said those who could look back "sixty years since." "The Harpers will swallow as much, however, for money, as other people. It must go rather tough with them, though."

How the Harpers liked it nobody knew, for they were a cold, reserved family, who kept their own secrets and always did the proper thing; and so they called at once upon Estelle. The money probably reconciled them to the tarnishing of the ermine of their gentility, by what they certainly considered as a mis-alliance. Besides, when once Estelle was in the family, the Barker would be sunk altogether in the Harper. They had the happy faculty of throwing the mantle of their pride over all that came within the connection. No tributary branch was ever known to maintain a separate existence.

The preparations for the marriage were soon making, and here a difference of feeling and opinion arose between Mrs. Barker and her son-in-law elect. She wished a grand wedding, and that her daughter should see company at her father's house. She longed to have her mansion thronged for once, at least, in her life, with all the fashion in the city. Harper, however, had no idea of *his* friends calling on *his* bride at the house of the rich grocer. A quiet marriage, followed by a couple of weeks of seclusion at his father's country place, suited his taste better. From thence they were to return to the family mansion in the city, where Mrs. Alexander Harper should receive company in a style suitable to the name she bore. This would be sinking the Barker at once, besides excluding those vulgarians who might presume so far upon old acquaintance as to call upon his wife at her father's. Under shelter of a Harper such audacity was not dreamed of. Estelle listened now only to the voice of her lover, and approved all his suggestions. Her father had no vote in the matter; he seemed too dispirited and broken down to enter at all in their discussions and arrangements. He only felt that

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he was to lose his child, that his Estelle, the light and joy of his existence, was to leave him. Instinctively he felt that when she married the tie between them would be weakened, for he did not like his son-in-law that was to be. There was something in his cold bearing that repelled him. It was quite touching to see the sad and spiritless oppression of one who was usually so active and bustling. Had he, however, sided with his wife in the present point under discussion, it would have availed little. Estelle had never been taught to give up a point in her life. Everything had always yielded to her wishes, and she knew not what it was to consult those of others. Her father had sacrificed all his old habits to please her youthful fancies, and she was not aware he had done anything to call forth her gratitude. "They only lived as the Campbells and Aspinwalls and hundreds of others did." Indeed, had the matter passed under her reviewal at all, it would have been only to think "how obstinate papa had been, and how much trouble she had had to persuade him to live as he should do." That Estelle had been educated to selfishness was clear; but her affectionate temper and playful manners had prevented its being very apparent hitherto. Now a stronger attachment than any she had ever before experienced, swallowed up every other feeling. She lived but for her lover and herself. Poor Mrs. Barker had only to submit and console herself as she could for the disappointment.

The marriage took place in the presence of the two families solely, and Mr. Barker parted from his beautiful daughter with an anguish few would have understood when they saw the auspices under which she quitted her father's roof. Mr. Barker was a plain man, but he was a man of feeling, and here he had garnered up the affections of his whole soul. He turned hastily away from the congratulations offered him by his friends when they met, and he could not mention their daughter's name to his wife without a dimmed eye and quivering lip for some days after her departure. Not so Mrs. Barker; her vulgar soul was not to be cheated of its exultations. Estelle would be back in a fortnight, and then she seemed to think there was to be a kind of triple alliance that would make her also one of the Harper set.

Crowds of the elegant and gay thronged the splendid mansion of old Mr. Harper on the day his fair daughter-in-law received company. The carriages lined the street, and humble passers-by had enough to do to thread their way through the concourse, wondering what was going on. There was Mrs. Barker resplendent in satin brocade and silver turban and vulgar triumph. "All this for our Estelle," was written in her broad face as plainly as looks can speak. But even here was the beginning of disappointment. Nobody was introduced to her, and the Harpers turned quickly away when any one asked "who she was." A few of those who had had a passing acquaintance with her at Saratoga, spoke if they were so near her they could not help it. But really her turban was so formidable and the whole figure so conspicuous, that it did require some civil courage, in that well-bred, well-dressed crowd, to talk longer with her than was necessary. Estelle was too much occupied with her new feelings and position to see anything that did not immediately touch herself, but her father looked calmly and sadly on, and plainly saw the wide gulf that was now between them and their child. In the fullness of his own burdened heart, when they once again returned to their cheerless and desolate house, he said as much to his wife, who indignantly refuted the idea.

"Why should not Estelle's friends be their friends? Too fine for them! What nonsense! To be sure, it might take some time—Rome was not built in a day—but she liked the idea of their being too fine for them! Perfectly absurd!" And, in truth, Mrs. Barker thought what she said. She felt she could be as fine as anybody, and her husband was too disheartened and too good to combat the matter with her. He felt that her "finery" was not theirs, although he could not have explained the difference. Time, he sadly feared, would teach that what he now said was too true.

A few mornings after this, as Estelle was sitting with Mrs. and Miss Harper, conversing with a dozen or so of fashionables who had dropped in—for it was the "reception day"—the door opened, and in was ushered Mrs. Barker. There were just visitors enough to compose rather a stiff circle, which is always a little awkward for a new-comer, particularly if a stranger to those already assembled. Mrs. Barker, expecting to meet what she called "very *gen*teel company," was in her best, which was, of course, her finest. Feeling a little embarrassed, she talked louder than usual, and strangely did her unmodulated voice sound in those large rooms where the general tone was so quiet and low. Her conversation was, of course, addressed first to Mrs. Harper, who unfortunately sat upon the opposite side of the room, so that every word that was uttered was for the benefit of the whole company assembled.

Mrs. Harper made some remarks upon the beauty of the weather after the severity of the last night's storm, to which Mrs. Barker replied, at the pitch of her voice—"Yes; but, as I was telling Mr. Barker, it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good, Mrs. Harper. We have been sadly wanting rain water, and this morning we have as beautiful a cistern full as you ever saw. And would you believe it, Estelle"—she said, turning to her daughter—"I was out in the worst of it; for, though it did rain cats and dogs, I told your father that as the horses were neither sugar nor salt, they might as well be out as not; and I had set my heart upon going to the theatre, so I went."

There was a faint smile perceptible round the lips of one or two of the ladies who turned to take another look at the speaker, while Mrs. Harper was evidently disconcerted. Alexander rose and left the room, and Estelle coloured to the tips of her

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pretty fingers. For the first time in her life, she saw that her mother was *vulgar*. She felt the impression she produced, and the shock was too strong for her feeble affections. With no thought but for her husband and his family, she was now ashamed of the parent who had lived but to minister to her happiness. Crossing to a seat close by her mother, she tried to engage her in conversation in an under tone, that nothing might again reach their ears at which their superfine refinement could take alarm.

The next time Mrs. Barker called, Estelle sent for her in her dressing-room, and she soon found that, under plea of *dishabille* or headache, her daughter contrived to join the family circle very seldom during the morning hours she spent with her.

Estelle had been at her father's, and there she was gay and radiant as usual. Her mother asked her if she would not come with her husband the next day after church and stay and dine with them. "I don't think your father has been quite right since you left us, Estelle; and you know on Sunday he is home all day—and then, I think, he feels worse than usual."

But Estelle said "she could not, for Mrs. Harper always expected all her children home that day. It was a kind of family party."

"We are to yield everything to the Harpers," said her father, after she had gone. "I thought it would be so. Mrs. Harper expects '*all* her children;' and because we have only one we are to have none."

Mrs. Barker was vexed by the remark, and made some retort on her husband's "unreasonableness," to which he sighed and made no reply.

Some evenings after he was persuaded by his wife to call with her at Mr. Harper's. "You have not been there," she urged, "since Estelle saw company. She will be hurt. Indeed, you ought to go." He felt that perhaps she was right, and reluctantly consented.

They were ushered into the drawing-room, which was brilliant with light, where they found Mrs. Harper reading, her husband dozing in his arm-chair, and Estelle half-buried in the cushions of the ottoman, talking in a low tone to her husband, who sat beside her.

Mr. Harper was roused from his nap, and Mrs. Harper's book was laid down, and Estelle and Alexander came forward to receive her parents, but ere they had taken their seats they felt they were an interruption. Not that there was any want of courtesy or respect, but it was of that sort that well bred-people bestow upon their guests, let them be who they will, and which cold as well as high-bred people often exercise as due rather to themselves and their own manners than from any sense of the deserts of others. Estelle was embarrassed, but she made an effort to be affectionate, and her father's heart was stung by seeing that it was an effort. In short, there was nothing to complain of but a want of cordiality, a frank, genuine feeling of pleasure at seeing them.

"Never ask me to enter that house again, for I won't do it," said Mr. Barker to his wife as they walked home.

"I am sure, my dear, they were very civil," replied Mrs. Barker, who determinedly shut her eyes to the truth.

"No such civility!" said the old man, angrily; to which she only answered by saying—

"I suppose Estelle will soon be in her own house, now. The painters have nearly finished."

"When she is there I'll go to see her," replied her husband; "but not till then."

Estelle was now involved in a round of gayety which occupied all her evenings, and her mornings were passed in paying visits or inspecting her new house, generally accompanied by her husband or his sister; so that when she called at her father's, which was not as often as it might have been, she always was in a hurry. "She was afraid Alexander would be waiting for her," or "she had promised Harriet to be home early." Although Mr. Barker had been prepared for this, or thought himself prepared, yet every new proof of Estelle's total alienation from them, wrung his jealous heart with anguish.

"Is it for this," he said to himself, "that I have toiled and hoarded up wealth? We can no longer minister to her enjoyment, and what cares she for us? Even the gold that I have bartered health, *and almost conscience* for, is now valueless. Would to God," he added, with bitterness, "that her husband were poor; then, indeed, we should be of consequence again."

A month more and Estelle was established in her beautiful mansion, as happy as youth, beauty, love and wealth could make her. All the affection of which she seemed capable was now centered in her husband, and her vain and sensitive mind fell in at once with all the views and feelings of his family. She was now more of a Harper, perhaps, than any of them; more fastidious, more keenly alive to any incongruities or inelegancies in manner or living, inasmuch as she had not their innate feeling of consequence and superiority to ward off any little mortification that untoward accidents will occasion in "the best regulated families."

A fortnight after they were settled, Harper was making out a list of persons to be asked at their first dinner party. Estelle had the grace to say, taking the invitation as a matter of course—"I won't write mamma a note, as I shall call there this morning;" to which her husband calmly replied—"Ask your father and mother on Thursday, Estelle; they will take no interest in the people we are to have on Wednesday."

Estelle made no reply. On second thoughts she believed he was right. When Thursday came and brought her father and mother, and she saw the difficulty her well-trained man had in serving Mr. Barker before he helped himself to everything within and without his reach, she secretly congratulated herself on the timely discretion of her husband in saving them the *exposé* he would have

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THE FIRST SCRAPE.

"Music has charms to Soothe the Savage breast."

Engraved for Godey's Lady's Book.

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made among such guests as they had had the day before.

Altogether it was a painful day. Her parents and her husband had no subjects in common, and her husband had none of the kindly, manly feeling that would have found topics of interest and amusement for his father-in-law. As for Mrs. Barker, (who, by the way, was keenly mortified, and indignant to boot, when she accidentally discovered that Estelle had had a dinner-party the day before,) her loud tones almost set his teeth on edge. Estelle, upon the whole, was very thankful when the day was over, and after that she only invited them on those days her husband dined out.

So it began and so it continued. Estelle's cold heart and selfish nature were as totally estranged from her parents as it was possible. Her father felt it deeply; he had never been the same man since her wedding day, and what with disappointment and the breaking up of all his old habits and occupations, he pined and drooped, and in the course of a couple of years dropped into the grave without any visible malady, and so the physicians called it a "breaking up of nature."

Estelle wept some tears, and looked mournful longer and put on the deepest and handsomest of mourning, and went to see her mother oftener than she had done of late, and then her grief passed away.

The blow of Mr. Barker's death fell heavily upon his wife. She did not know how much she depended on her husband until she lost him. With no society and few occupations, she first moaned and pined, and then grew querulous. She reproached Estelle because she did not come to see her every day, and Estelle thought she was exacting and unreasonable to ask so much.

Idolizing her husband, and wrapped up in her two beautiful children, she would yet have been shocked at the idea of being undutiful. "She went as often as she could, as mamma made such a point of it." How seldom that was few could readily have credited; but even that she felt much of the time as a serious tax, for she always found her mother full of complaints and some reproaches. In fact, it was the greatest, perhaps the only drawback to her happiness.

Years passed, and Mrs. Barker still pined and fretted through existence, for "thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on."

Nature had endowed Estelle with a slight and flimsy character, but superficial as were her affections, they were naturally quick and kindly. Had they been duly cultivated, had her principles been strengthened, instead of her vanity stimulated by the most injudicious of educations, Estelle might have made a different woman. But Mrs. Barker had misused the trust imparted to her. She had committed, in her shallow ambition and blind vanity, a heavy sin; she had debased the soul God had committed to her charge.

She had spoilt her child, and was now abandoned by her; "she had sown the storm and must reap the whirlwind."

THE TRIUMPHS OF MUSIC.—A POEM.

BY E. JANVIER.

Euterpe, thou who erst didst tune the lyre
To charm the gods, and nations to inspire—
Who, with thy sister Muses, made the earth,
And nurtur'd youthful Science from her birth,
When stern Melpomene, with tragic mask,
Viewed gentle Clio pen her wonted task,
And mirthful Thalia gazed with laughing glance,
While light Terpsichore flew through the dance,
To thee, my humble thought, would tribute yield,
And bear thy well-earned trophies from the field.
Primeval hope and bliss held wide domain,
When in thy youthful beauty thou didst reign.
Bright virgin sway! while laughing Graces throw
The blushing garland round thy bosom's snow,
And guide, with noiseless step, thine errant way,
'Neath leafy bowers, where gleams the wakened fay,
Reposing nations quaff ambrosial sweets,
And tread, with sunny smiles, thy soft retreats.
Euterpe! since creation's dawn began,
Thine was the gift to sway thy votary—man:
Thine was the power to hold the listening ear,
To wake the joy, or draw the pensive tear:
Yea! e'en when Adam op'd his wond'ring eyes
To view a kindred form in Paradise,
'Twas sprightly Eve, with soft, melodious word,
That woke to Music's power Creation's lord.
And in that hour, though vast beyond compare,
Celestial spirits breathed sweet cadence there,
And ushered into life the infant Earth,
With songs of praise, and hymns of sacred mirth.
List, list the words with heavenly ardour fraught!
Can mortal tongue interpret angel's thought?
Sooner should painter sketch the lightning's gleam,
Or quivering flashes of the sunny stream.
Yet, list the strain! from universal space
How gently sweet! what soft, celestial grace!
Uniting spheres, in solemn, vast accord,
Adore the dread, supreme, creating lord.

SONG OF THE SPHERES.

Awake, Infinity! awake!
Ye myriad Stars in beauty beaming—
Your slumbers cease, the signal take;
Onward the flood of song is streaming.

Thou Morning Star, that gently smilest—
Night's latest gem—dawn's earliest toy—
While thou the day-king's glance beguilest,
Celestial twinkler, shout for joy.

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Sweet Star of eve, thy pensive sadness
But ill befits triumphant hour—
Then yield thee to creation's gladness,
And join to praise creative power.

Yea—join, a sister world to herald;
She bounds along her young career,
In robes of glorious Spring appareled,
Sparkling with many a dewy tear.

'Twas thus, great Universe, thy marshaled throng
Swelled, in wild strains, the loud, triumphant song—
And Echo answered, from remotest space,
To cheer the Earth along her infant race.
Oh! deem it not the phantom of a dream:
Grave seers and ancient sages loved the theme,
And taught the spirit's ear to catch the strain
That sounded from that wide, that far domain;
And even now, when midnight zephyr blows,
And wearied millions lie in deep repose,
The wakeful mourner smiles and dries his tears,
Soothed by the gentle music of the spheres.

Primeval Music! when the ancient brave
Marched forth, for sacred right, his sword to wield,
Thy spirit nerved his arm with strength to save
The home he loved, on many a hard-fought field.
Where, Sparta, is thy prowess? Where the might
That led thy conquering hosts from land to land?
Why droops the warrior's form? Why fades the light
From the dull eye? Falls from the trembling hand
The trusty sword—the shouting foe speeds on,
And all is lost! No Tyrtæus swells the song!
The sweet, wild notes the raptured ear o'erpower,
And slowly rise from earth the languid throng,
Like drooping lilies to the April shower.
And yet he sings! The bard's ethereal fire
Sweeps like a whirlwind through the forming line—
And haughty rage—and stern, determined ire,
Make Spartan courage now, as once—divine.
Messina, let thy daughters weave the shroud—
The last sad vesture of the warrior's corse—
The Spartan bard, in accents fierce and loud,
Has sung the requiem of thy vaunted force.*

Inspired Music! when, in myrtle bower,
The Jewish sage invoked thy wond'rous power,
And with the altar's incense loudly rose
The vesper anthem: when in soft repose
The favoured people lay, and Saul alone
Sat—wakeful, brooding—on his guilty throne,
'Twas thine to soothe the spirit's agony,
And from the demon's spells to set him free.

Why, mighty king of Israel, why that groan?
Why fades the ruddy colour from thy cheek?
Why dost thou shriek, and in thy pomp alone,
With shadowy forms and shapes unhallowed speak?
Ah, Saul! Saul! terrible for thee the hour
When kingly purple decked thy wond'ring brow—
When in a moment sovereign pomp and power
Were heaped on thee—the youthful and the low!
Then wert thou happy: now thy guilty breast
Harbours within itself a demon brood—
Fierce devils mock thee of thy spirit's rest,
And hold thee in a dark, a gloomy mood.
And is there, then, no solace for thy woe?
The gentle David strings his silver lute,
Breathes in thine ear those strains so soft and low,
And hell's dark legions flee in terror mute.
Fair, youthful minstrel! when, in after time,
His harp stole sweetness from the angel choir,
And left in holy writ its strains sublime,
And wrapt in poesy's chains prophetic fire,
Still was it his to soothe the spirit's grief—
To charm away the pangs of brooding care—
To give to fiercest anguish blest relief—
To make the blackest sky look mild and fair.

'Tis ever thus! when all seems dark and dreary,
And even life a joyless burden hangs—
When the poor wretch, with care and trouble weary,
Groans with the sharpness of his spirit's pangs,
Then Music—gentle, soothing Music—steals—
A holy pleasure—o'er the aching soul,
And then the mourner smiles again and feels
Beneath his wearied feet a peaceful goal.

Who has not known the time when all would sink—
The blue sky seem malicious in its brightness—
The sun too dazzling—and the shady brink
Of babbling stream—the antitype of lightness?
And yet the world went well—kind friends
And affluence, all that heart could crave,
Ease not the load 'neath which the sad one bends,
Nor calls the sinking spirit from the grave.
But list! a laugh rings, clear as silver bell;
A voice—the echo of a guileless breast—
Wakes us again to all we loved so well,
And puts the troubled, gloomy thought to rest.

The world is full of music: all the sounds
In Nature's lute are glorious harmony;
And every note throughout creation's bounds
Blends in its chords with measure wild and free.
The hum of life—the rustling breeze—the dash
Of waters on the rocky shore—
The sullen muttering, when the lightning flash
Heralds in majesty the thunder's roar—
Are witching: yet of all beside, affection's tone,
The mild, the cheering voice of those we love,
Claims in the heart a rapture all its own,
On earth a foretaste of the joys above.

* When Sparta, after having received many defeats from the Messineans, had become utterly disheartened, the bard Tyrtæus recounted in warlike strains her ancient achievements, and led her sons on to one of the most splendid victories to be found in the annals of history.

SONNET.—TO P. D. G. UPON HER BIRTH-DAY.

BY MISS A. D. WOODBRIDGE.

THY birth-day dawns once more, thou child of song!
While bright the laurel gleams upon thy brow;
And on the balmy air are borne along
Sweet strains of music as to bless thee now.
Those liquid tones are from an household lyre—
Thy Mary's voice falls sweeter on thine ear
Than notes of triumph from the sounding wire:
These, these are strains the spirit yearns to hear;
They speak a *sister's* deep, devoted love,
The prayer which wins the blessing from above.
If in that strain I may not bear a part,
Still let me waft a leaf of love to thee.
Ah! little dost thou know how true this heart,
How dear, how very dear thou art to me!

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THE OLD DOCKYARD.

FROM THE DIARY OF OLD BURKHARDT THE PILOT.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

As lively at this time as is the eastern end of Elbe street, in Altona, so desolate and lonesome is the western; and yet its present dreary aspect is not to compare with what it used to be, more than a century ago, in 1712, before the city was burnt by General Steenboch. There were then but few dwellings in that part of the city, occupied by fishermen and ship carpenters. The last found employment on a quay at the end of the street, called sometimes "The Golden Anchor." At this day there is not a trace of it remaining, so complete was the devastation of the fire above mentioned which consumed the city.

This yard for ship building, from which large vessels were launched continually, had an aspect somewhat peculiar. On three sides it was surrounded by a high strong fence of boards, the fourth was bounded by the waters of the Elbe. In the fence separating the wharf from the street was an iron-grated door, through which the work going on so briskly within might be observed. Two ships' beaks, representing very uncouth faces, projected from both sides of the door, above the timber, as if to indicate what sort of business was there carried on. On the left side of the yard stood the owner's house, built in a singular manner, and producing an unpleasant impression at the first glance. All within likewise wore a look of discomfort and desolation, and not a tree, or a shrub, or flower, adorned the exterior, though such were common about every house. An air of loneliness and melancholy prevailed in and around it. Opposite this building a pier ran out into the water, and on the end stood a bench, sheltered from sun and rainy weather by a roof of boards.

On this bench, the greater part of the day, the owner of the place used to sit. It was Cornelius Kerk, a native of Holland; a gloomy, sullen-looking man, reserved and stern, who lived retired from all society, and conversed with no one except on what concerned his business. He was short and often rough with the men in his employ, and would not suffer the least oversight to pass unnoticed. He forbade loud talking and laughing, and would not permit singing or the like; yet he never wanted workmen, for he always paid promptly, and higher wages than any one else, and if any man was hindered by sickness from work for an interval, he was sure to receive his full wages, notwithstanding, at the appointed time. Every morning at six all the workmen were required to be on the spot: Master Cornelius himself saw to this; and then the fires were made under the tar and pitch kettles, and the noise of the hammers made incessant music in the ears of the whole neighbourhood. At twelve precisely a bell sounded, the signal for the intermission of labour; an hour after it called the men to work again. At seven they were dismissed, and each departed as quickly as possible; after which Master Cornelius closed the iron door and fastened it, unchained two large dogs, and betook himself to his house, where he stayed quietly till morning.

This was the course of one day after another. There was, meantime, much talk in the city about the strange unsocial manners of the Hollander, who had lived in this same spot more than twelve years, and passed the time exactly in the same manner. No small trouble was taken by curious persons to penetrate the mystery about him. They discovered, however, in their daily observation, little to provoke wonder; and people naturally become at last indifferent to what is constantly before their eyes. A few were more persevering, and their research was rewarded by information concerning some of the incidents in the past life of Kerk. These we shall simply record.

According to current report, which this time agreed with truth, Cornelius Kerk was a native of Rotterdam, and the only son of an excellent master ship-builder. In youth he was very handsome, and, of course, a great favourite with the young damsels of his day; but he thought little about love, and paid attention exclusively to his father's business. When only nineteen years of age, the whole care and responsibility devolved upon him; for his father suffered under a tedious illness, of which at length he died. The young man, now independent, was more than ever an object of solicitude; but he heeded nothing save his craft.

One day, while he was superintending his workmen, Herr Adrian von Eilhardt, one of the richest and proudest merchants of Rotterdam, asked to see him, and proposed that they should take a glass of wine and a pipe together. Cornelius had just finished building a noble ship, which the merchant greatly praised. Adrian had destroyed an old one no longer fit for service, and inquired of the young man if he could build him a new ship exactly like it. Cornelius, with joy, undertook the commission, and the bargain was closed. After that Eilhardt came frequently to the dock where the work was going on, and Cornelius found it necessary to visit the merchant at his residence.

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Herr Adrian always treated him with great condescension and familiarity. One day it chanced that his patron was not at home, but he was received by his only daughter, Marianna, known as the fairest maiden and the richest heiress in the city. She detained the young man in conversation, which she knew how to render agreeable, till her father's return. Cornelius felt embarrassed, for the first time, at his entrance, and had almost forgotten the business on which he came.

The reader will have guessed the consequence of this interview. The young man rested not till he had obtained another sight of Marianna, and she was equally desirous of cultivating his acquaintance. They had many opportunities of meeting. The street, the churches were convenient places. Often, as Cornelius passed her house, he saw the lovely girl at the window, and received a friendly salutation from her. Both well knew that the merchant would not approve of this intimacy, and both were prudent in concealing it. At length they met, at stated times, at the house of one of the workmen in the employ of Cornelius, whose wife was in their confidence. One evening when Marianna came at the appointed hour, she was pale as death, and threw herself weeping into her lover's arms. Her father had a short time before summoned her to his presence, and informed her he had provided a husband for her. A rich merchant of Amsterdam, Halle-Jantzen by name, had asked her in marriage for his son. The young gentleman was to come to Rotterdam in three months, when the formal betrothal was to take place.

When Adrian von Eilhardt had resolved upon a thing his determination was not to be shaken, and the least opposition would chafe him to fury. Marianna made no reply to his announcement, but wept in her chamber till the hour appointed for the interview with her lover. Both were in despair; but the young girl checked the impetuosity of Cornelius by vowing that, come what might, she would never marry another.

Thus passed three months. The ship Cornelius had contracted to build for Herr Adrian was completed, and the admiration of everybody. Even the merchant, who was not easy to please, could find no fault with her. It was now his part to give her a name and fix a day when she should be launched. He gave orders that the name "Marianna" should be painted on her in large golden letters.

"I mean this noble vessel," said he to his daughter, "as a part of your marriage portion, and will present it to your bridegroom on the day of your betrothal. The day after to-morrow he is to be here; 'The Marianna' shall then be launched, and two days after the ceremony shall take place."

Marianna was silent, and her father took no heed of the look of anguish with which she received his news. As soon as he had gone she burst into bitter tears, and waited with impatience for the hour in which she was to meet Cornelius. What passed during this interview it is needless to record, but it lasted four hours; and when they separated, Marianna seemed quite cheerful again.

All the next day Cornelius was busy. After giving necessary orders to his workmen, he went from one banker to another, collecting moneys. He was in possession at that time of considerable property, the profits of his business, and had besides inherited a large sum from an uncle lately deceased.

The chosen son-in-law of Adrian von Eilhardt came to Rotterdam on the appointed day. Everybody had to acknowledge that he was not in personal appearance likely to please a young lady; and, besides, he was rude, ill-mannered and vulgar. But he was the only son of a millionaire, and that covered all his faults in the eyes of Herr Adrian. Every one pitied the poor maiden who was to be sacrificed to such a boor; she alone appeared smiling and happy.

Eilhardt made splendid preparations for launching his ship. Within she was decorated in the most luxurious style, and her deck richly ornamented. The gentlemen ascended a ladder to her deck, the ladies were placed in baskets and drawn up by mechanical contrivance. On the shore were bands of music, alternating with that on board. A great crowd had collected to witness the spectacle; wine and Geneva were profusely distributed, and everywhere was a confusion of admiration and joy, with praises of the hospitality of the distinguished merchant.

All was in readiness, and Master Cornelius informed the owner of the ship that they awaited his orders. The company left the vessel. Eilhardt stepped forth in the midst of his guests and made a speech, which amounted to nothing except that he was a wealthy man and had just built a fine ship, and then gave the signal to launch her. A number of workmen instantly began to knock away the supporters on which she rested, singing in chorus meanwhile. All the spectators were silent; all eyes were fixed on the ship, waiting for the moment when she should descend into the element to which she was henceforth to belong.

The moment came. With thunder-strokes the timber fell on the right hand and the left; the last support was knocked away; the vast body slid down into the water that foamed and flashed around her, while the boats and skiffs on either side rocked on the waves created by her descent. As the stately vessel touched the deep, a burst of music from trumpets and kettledrums, and shouts from land and sea, greeted her; immediately all the ships lying in the neighbourhood hoisted their flags, and the thunder of cannon resounded, mingled with the peal of bells, by which they united to welcome a sister among them.

When the tumult was over, and the builder and owner had both received the congratulations of the guests, the ship was examined rigidly by men in small boats, who sailed round her to see if the work was really well done. Not a word of dissent was heard amidst the applause of the ablest critics in

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ship-building. She was a splendid piece of work. Herr Adrian again broke forth into expressions of rapture, and declared he would bestow any favour Master Cornelius might ask, as a token of his approbation, besides the stipulated payment.

"I take you at your word, Herr Adrian," answered the young man, gravely; "and call these gentlemen to witness the promise you have made." Then resuming his gayety—"But now," said he, "we have another business to accomplish. I entreat mine honoured patron, with his friends, and the ladies here present, to go back on board the ship immediately and partake of a slight refreshment I have ordered there."

This invitation was accepted with great alacrity, and presently the whole company was seated at an elegant collation, set forth on the deck. Hours passed in the social meal and in pleasant conversation, wine flowed freely, and the guests were in high good humour. As it grew towards dusk, some began to talk of leaving, but Cornelius invited them all to go into the cabin and see how admirably everything was arranged. When they came out again, the scene was changed as if by magic. From the deck to the topmast the ship seemed circled with a stream of fire. The effect of the many coloured lamps was most brilliant. Adrian von Eilhardt's name was displayed in a row of gold and crimson lights, and the whole illumination was mirrored in the waters. Music sounded, and the young people prepared for a dance, while the elder ladies and gentlemen ranged themselves round a side-table covered with comfits and the finest wines. Just in view of this table fireworks were prepared on a temporary bridge, so that everything was there to please the eye as well as gratify the taste. Eilhardt was so delighted with the pains thus taken for his entertainment, that he once more reminded Cornelius of the favour he was to ask, vowing in presence of the company that it should be granted at once.

"Well, then," replied the young man, "since you, sir, bring it to mind, I will name my request, and trust to your pledged word for its fulfilment. I love your daughter Marianna; I am in return beloved by her. Here, in presence of your and my friends, I ask her hand in marriage! Or, if this is too bold in me, give her at least the privilege of choosing without restraint for herself."

This bold speech of the young ship-builder startled all present. Herr Jantzen, the destined bridegroom, turned pale and red, and held his handkerchief to his mouth. Marianna's face was lighted up by a soft smile as her eyes were fixed on her beloved. Her father glanced at him furiously, but it was some moments before he could find breath enough to speak.

At length, spurning the stool on which he had sat behind him with his foot—"Miscreant!" he exclaimed, "if I were not restrained by respect for this noble company, I would make an example of you that would be a lesson to the presumption of such clowns! You to raise your eyes to the daughter of Adrian von Eilhardt! It is your good fortune that I am not at this moment completely master of this ship, since I have not made full payment, else I would have you expelled from her this instant, and with disgrace; but I shall make no delay in quitting a place where I have received so gross an insult."

"If you think it such, Herr Adrian," returned Cornelius, with perfect composure, "you shall not find me a willing intruder even on board a ship of my building. Let the contract between us be null and void. You stand, then, simply as a welcome guest on board my vessel."

Eilhardt made a mocking bow over the table, and looked scornfully at the speaker. "You forget, sir," said he, "that you have already received for the work, from time to time, fifty thousand guilders, and that it has cost me, besides, ten thousand more. Is your prosperity at such tide that you have that sum in your pocket? If so, hand it over; pay me sixty thousand guilders, and keep the ship, in the fiend's name."

"It is a bargain," cried Cornelius; "the ship is mine. I will pay you back this instant the sums you have advanced. This pocket-book contains the amount."

In great surprise, Herr Adrian took the pocket-book and examined its contents. "Here," said said he, coldly, "are five thousand guilders too much; the rest I keep, and the ship is yours. An honourable man holds to his bargain; and now, sir, we part. I think, after this, you will scarcely be employed by any of the merchants in Rotterdam, so you might as well close your dockyard."

"I intend to do so," replied Cornelius; "and sooner, perhaps, than you anticipate. But, shall not the ball proceed?"

"I interfere with no one," answered Eilhardt, "but shall depart with my family this instant."

This was the signal for a general breaking up. Cornelius went to the ladder, and ordered the boats along side. His orders were instantly obeyed; steps were arranged for the ladies, and his men stood to assist them in their descent. Herr Adrian went first, with his destined son-in-law and his daughter, without deigning a word of adieu; but Marianna, as she stepped into the boat, threw upon her lover a glance he well understood. In half an hour all was silent; the tables were cleared away, the lamps extinguished, and darkness and stillness reigned throughout the harbour.

Next morning the same ship presented a busy scene. Not a trace remained of the festivity of the preceding night. More than a hundred men were engaged getting her in readiness to sail, and working as briskly as if the world's fate depended on their not losing a moment. They loaded her with sand and stones for ballast, and prepared the sails. Cornelius went from one to another, and gave orders with as much coolness and presence of mind as if he had had long experience in the business. At three in the afternoon the ship was in readiness to set sail at any moment. Cornelius came out of the

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cabin, gave some directions, and went ashore, while his men took in the necessary supplies of provisions and water, continuing to work even after dark.

The news of this singular haste in fitting out the new ship for sea soon spread throughout Rotterdam, and brought a crowd to see what was going on; but they could find nothing to satisfy their curiosity, and departed one by one. The men engaged on the ship having finished their work, came ashore, but a few remaining on board. The proud merchant, of course, was informed of all this, but thought it beneath him to be curious about it. All his attention was occupied in preparations to grace with becoming splendour his daughter's betrothal. Every citizen who had claim to such a distinction, was invited to be present at the ceremony, with his family. The banquet was to exceed in magnificence all that had yet been dreamed of, much less accomplished, in the city.

The hour came, and the guests, whose congratulations and flatteries restored Herr Adrian to some portion of the good humour he had lost with the unexpected transfer of his ship. The company now waited for the bride, and her father sent to hasten her toilette. The attendant returned with the information that her door was fastened, and he could obtain no answer. Eilhardt, in surprise and alarm, hastened to her chamber. He called repeatedly, and receiving no reply, burst open the door by main strength. Many of the guests followed him into the apartment. It was empty; Marianna was gone; not a letter, not a trace was left behind. Her father was to guess how, and whither she had disappeared.

The party, of course, was broken up at once. Even the bridegroom departed, leaving Herr Adrian to solitude and his desolated home. The first effect on him was a paroxysm of the most violent anger, during which he was incapable of forming any resolution. When he recovered his self-possession, he set all possible inquiries on foot to discover whither had sailed the ship which, he doubted not, had carried off his daughter. Days and weeks passed, however, without bringing the least intelligence, nor did the ship that had so strangely vanished, ever return. Herr Jantzen went back to Amsterdam.

More than two years passed, and the single feeling in the breast of Eilhardt, which swallowed up all others, intense and constant, was the desire of revenge upon Cornelius Kerk. He neglected his business entirely, and gave himself up to this ruling passion. Even his grief for the loss of his child, and the disgrace that had come upon his name, were absorbed in this one thought—the hope of destroying the man who had wrought the ruin. Sinful presumption, that dares to arrogate to itself the prerogative of Omniscience! But seldom is it in this world punished so fearfully!

At last a letter came from one Stavenhagen, a former partner of the mercantile house, and a personal friend of Herr Adrian, written from Batavia. He had seen Cornelius, accompanied him to his home, and recognized in his wife the daughter of Eilhardt. He drew a touching picture of their domestic happiness, and of the two children that had blessed their union; he hoped to reconcile the father to his daughter and her family. For this purpose he offered to be his conductor to their house.

Herr Adrian lost no time, after the receipt of this letter, in preparations for the voyage. In a few months he was with Stavenhagen, in Batavia, who wondered not at his impatience to see his daughter, and little suspected that his sole motive was desire of revenge upon that daughter's husband. On the way to their house, he spoke soothingly, recommending that all past bitterness should be forgotten. He had himself become much interested in the fugitives and their children.

The sullen deportment of the proud merchant had troubled his friend, who sincerely desired to unite the family in peace; but he trusted to the sight of his grandchildren to melt his heart. As they approached the dwelling of Cornelius, a lovely picture met their view. The mother sat by a hammock, in which lay her youngest child, smiling and crowing at her, while the eldest, a beautiful boy, was bringing her flowers he had gathered in his childish play. Their attention was arrested by a movement without the cottage; Marianna uttered a scream of surprise and terror, for she saw her father at the threshold, and saw all his fearful purpose in his face, which was absolutely livid with rage. She started up, but could not speak. As she saw him glance at her children, she sprang forward, fell at his feet, and embraced his knees.

"Away, wretch!" cried the unnatural father, "or I will spurn you! Have I left my home and braved the sea in my old age, only to pardon your guilt? Where is your seducer? Ah, he has fled from my revenge! But these are *his* children!"

Glaring with demoniac fury, he rushed towards the hammock, while the little boy, screaming with affright, ran to his mother for protection. He would probably have torn the infant to pieces, for passion had entirely got the better of his reason, had not Marianna flung herself between him and his intended victim. Alas! she was the sacrifice. She failed to reach the hammock in her spring, but fell upon the floor with a violence proportioned to the impulse that had moved her to save her offspring. Her head struck against a sharp projecting stone; it sank into her temple, and the blood ran in a stream over the floor.

All this happened before Stavenhagen, who had lingered behind to allow the interview between the father and daughter to take place unembarrassed by witnesses, could rush to the rescue of the unfortunate mother; before the coloured servants belonging to the house, who were at some little distance, could even approach the scene of terror. What was the sight presented to them? Marianna weltering in her blood; Eilhardt standing motionless and rigid, but with the expression of his vio-

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lent passions still on his pale face, unaltered by the horror that seemed to have turned his whole frame into stone.

Just at this moment Cornelius came up, and passing those who stood without, entered his cottage. He did not notice the form of Herr Adrian, nor the screams of the terrified children, but walking directly to his wife, raised her from the ground. The blood had ceased flowing from a ghastly wound in her forehead, but her hair was clotted with it. The ashen hue of death was upon her face. It was too plain that the blow had been instantaneously fatal. Cornelius uttered a groan of anguish—it came from a broken heart.

"It was better—better she should die!" stammered Eilhardt, at length; "better than live in infamy! But I will not be balked of my vengeance! You shall feel it in *your* child!"

The poor boy might have been the next victim, but the father, roused into fury, started up, and instantly closed in a frightful struggle with his enemy.

"Part them—part them, for Heaven's sake!" cried Stavenhagen; and it was done, but not before the maddened Cornelius had plunged the knife he always wore about his person into the breast of his foe. Eilhardt uttered no groan, but sank heavily to the ground. The unhappy husband staggered back; he looked now at his expiring victim, now at the prostrate form of his wife. The blacks had fled. Stavenhagen saw that no time was to be lost.

"Fly this instant!" cried he, seizing the arm of Cornelius; "you have killed him! The neighbourhood will be up directly! you will be seized and imprisoned—perhaps put to death! Quick, to the port; there is a ship about to sail; you have not an instant to lose!"

Cornelius glared vacantly round him.

"I will see that the last duties are performed for your wife," said Stavenhagen. "Away from this house—it is no place for you!" and eager to prevent further wo and mischief, he snatched the child from the hammock, and sought for the boy. He was nowhere to be found. An old faithful negro had carried him off: Stavenhagen now recollected this, and knew the child was safe.

"I will take care of the boy," cried he, as, bearing the infant daughter of Cornelius in his arms, he hurried away the unconscious father. A path from the garden in the rear of the house led to the seaboard. Only when on board the ship, that was to sail directly, did the miserable Kerk recover any portion of his self-possession. He thanked his friend that he had forced him to hasten from the scene of so much misery. They had been, however, a little too precipitate. When the people and officers of justice arrived at the spot, they found that Eilhardt still breathed, and the surgeon who examined his wound declared it not a fatal one. Many days he lay between life and death. At length he recovered, but to bodily health alone. His mind was nearly gone. Whether the effect of his wound had stupefied his brain, or the shock of his daughter's sudden and awful death, almost by his hand, had been too much for his reason, could not be known; but though he was restored to full strength and physical vigour, the past was to him like the faint, misty recollections of a dream, and the last horrible scene completely effaced from his memory. He was harmless in his idiocy, but sullen and melancholy, and disinclined to the companionship of men.

Stavenhagen returned as soon as possible to Batavia, but was prevented from fulfilling his promise to Kerk. He died suddenly with the fever prevalent in the island.

Meanwhile the boy had found a home. The faithful negro, terrified almost out of his senses, fled with the child as far as his strength enabled him, and sought shelter at a country house some miles distant. Here resided a European lady, who had accompanied her husband, a Swedish sea-captain. She listened with great interest to the frightful story of the negro, and took the child from him. In short, she became his mother; and when they returned in the Swedish ship to their own country, she carried the little orphan with her, accompanied by the negro, who never dared return to the spot where he had witnessed such horrors.

Such was the outline of Cornelius Kerk's early history, as it had been obtained from some of his countrymen who formerly knew him. For many years nothing had been heard of him till he came to Altona, and purchased the desolate spot abovementioned, on the Elbe, where he built his dockyard. He lived in the most rigid seclusion, having intercourse with no one except upon business, and that very brief, and being, as I have said, an object of general curiosity. This state of things continued till the end of 1712, when occurred the sequel to this strange history.

One morning a number of men were seated at breakfast on the ground floor of a small inn, near the Elbe, in Altona. They were coarsely dressed, and evidently of the labouring class. Among them one might have noticed an old Dutch beggar, who sat looking about him and listening to their conversation. His face was deeply seamed with wrinkles, and his eyes, that wandered restlessly about, had a strange expression of vacancy, mingled with anxiety. This beggar was well known both in Hamburg and Altona, and tolerated as a harmless lunatic by all the common people.

It was in the time of the war, and of course everybody talked of nothing else. The chief subject among all classes was the Swedish general, Steenboch, who, with his soldiers, was the terror of the country. He levied contributions wherever he went, and if he could not obtain what he wanted, laid waste the villages and towns that refused to comply with his demands.

"He is a bloodhound!" cried one of the guests, striking the table with his fist; "a devourer of gold and silver. There is not a man in Altona who trembles not at his approach."

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"Yes, there is," replied a second; "I know one who does not care for him if he should pluck the hair from every child in the town."

"I know well whom you mean," interrupted a third: "that proud ship-builder, who never gives a Christian man a friendly word or look, and keeps himself shut up in his dockyard—a sure sign he deserves to have been shut up in the house of correction."

"Ay," said the first speaker, "he troubles himself neither about the city nor our citizens; for his yard is always full of ships, and he takes the bread out of the mouths of our honest workmen who drive the same business. Since he has set up here, no one else has anything to do."

"We must not find fault with that," interrupted another; "everybody goes to the shop where the best wares are to be had. If this man does his work better, it is not strange he has more to do than others."

"You are a fool!" answered one of the company. "Why must he come here to spoil the market? Our merchants were satisfied till he came, with the vessels built here; but now they must go to him. If all thought as I do——"

"Patience!" interrupted another; "we shall have satisfaction yet. We all know the fellow has scraped together a store of gold, which he must have, for he lends to nobody. Now, when General Steenboch comes upon us for his contributions, we can set him on this scent, and escape being taxed ourselves."

This suggestion was received with great applause, and they drank to its success. Another person then spoke, who had before been silent.

"What sort of man is this," said he, "whom you all have such a spite against? I am a stranger, live in Hamburg, scarcely ever leave my shop, and have been in Altona but once before, so you must pardon my ignorance. Why do you suffer a foreigner thus to thrust himself among you, and take the bread out of your townsmen's mouths? In Hamburg the corporation would not suffer it. What is the meaning of this?"

"It cannot be helped," replied the first spokesman, shrugging his shoulders. "This fellow came originally from Rotterdam, and many strange stories are told about his early life, how he robbed an old man of his daughter, and afterwards murdered them all, and got possession of a wizard ship and the power of rendering himself invisible, and so forth. Such persons ought to be burnt alive; but he has got into the favour of our magistrates, and so Cornelius Kerk can build his ships unmolested."

Scarcely had he uttered the name, when the attention of the whole company was drawn to the old beggar, who sprang from his seat, his face strangely distorted, his eyes almost starting from his head. "Cornelius Kerk!" he repeated, several times, each time in a higher pitch, till his voice rose to a shriek. Then, with gestures of the wildest passion, he rushed to the door, crying, "Where is Cornelius Kerk? He shall give me back my daughter!"

The men looked significantly at each other, not without some touch of superstitious dread; but the lunatic, in whom the mention of that name, unheard, perhaps, for years, had called up long dormant recollections, in a frantic tone of entreaty, continued to repeat it. Some of the men then volunteered to go and show him the dockyard.

It was noon, and the bell in the "Golden Anchor" dockyard announced the hour for breaking off work. The workmen, who were at that time very numerous, came down from their scaffolds and poured out of the iron door into the street. They saw an old beggar squatted just outside the door, who made such odd faces as they looked at him, that in spite of the master's orders that there should be no laughing on the premises, they could not help it. Some of them stopped to banter the poor old man and provoke him to stranger grimaces. But he slipped past them through the door, and concealed himself behind a huge pile of timber in the dockyard. The workmen returned after an hour; he remained sitting in the same place, muttering some half articulate words, for his lips moved continually.

Towards evening a skiff approached the dock, and a young man, extremely well-dressed, landed, and asked for Cornelius Kerk. The master had just come out of his house, and was pointed out to him.

"Good evening, sir," cired the young man, advancing with cordiality. "I have come to get a little doctoring from you for my sick vessel. I thought she would have gone down with us at the mouth of the river." And he went on to describe her condition in the same sprightly manner.

"Who are you, sir?" asked Cornelius, coldly.

"The captain of a Swedish merchantman, and able to pay for your service in good solid specie," replied the young man, a little piqued at the haughtiness of his new acquaintance. "This, I think, is all that is necessary to state concerning myself; and now, when shall I bring my vessel?"

"There is a place free, and she can come up to-morrow morning," answered Kerk. "But I must first examine her to see if it is necessary to ground her; perhaps the repairs may be done without that."

"Very well," returned the young sailor, "my boat is here, and if it pleases you, we can go on board immediately."

The two stepped into the boat, and were soon on board the Swedish vessel. Cornelius made a close and careful examination, and found that some important repairs were necessary. Some hours were thus occupied, and it was already dark when they returned to the quay. The weather since sunset had become lowering, the sky obscured with clouds, and big drops of rain warned them of a storm. It was raining fast when they landed. Cornelius sprang ashore, and pressing his hat down

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upon his head, cried—"Good night, captain; I will see you again to-morrow."

"Do you bid me good night?" returned the young Swede. "You must be lost in thought, for I really cannot believe you would say so to a stranger, at your own door, in such a storm as this."

Cornelius passed his hand over his brow, and seemed to hesitate. "You are right," he said, at length; "the weather is bad, and I ought to ask you in; but my house is ill prepared for visitors. Come in, however."

With this rather ungracious invitation, he entered the house, followed by the Swede. They went into a large room on the ground floor. The walls and floor were wainscoted and painted of a dark brown colour. The few articles of furniture, which were of wood and clumsily made, were of the same hue. The windows were small and fastened with lead; they were protected by scanty curtains, which were now, however, drawn aside, and the shutters closed on the outside. From the ceiling hung an iron lamp, from which a dim light pervaded the apartment.

"You may wait here till the rain abates," said Cornelius to his guest. "But you perceive that my house offers little appearance of comfort to invite your stay."

He stopped suddenly, for his attention was arrested by the same object on which the first glance of Ericson, the Swede, had fallen. On a leathern couch at the further end of the room, reclined a young girl, in the first bloom of beauty. Her hands were clasped, and her whole attitude betokened alarm and anxiety. Cornelius instantly went towards her.

"What do you here?" he asked, angrily. "Why have you left your chamber in my absence? Go back immediately."

"Father," cried the young girl, beseechingly, "I cannot go! Do not command me to go thither! A bad spirit has come into our house since I closed the shutters and lighted the lamp."

"What do you mean?" cried Kerk, sternly; but when he noticed how pale his daughter was, and how much she trembled, his tone softened a little, and he asked more gently what was the matter. It was some time before the girl could tell what had alarmed her.

"I had prepared all, father, for your coming," she said, at length, "and retired, as you always bid me, to my chamber. As I went thither I heard a sigh, as from some one in the passage, and thought I heard a low voice utter your name two or three times. I closed my door, but listening attentively, could distinguish the sound of footsteps without. They came nearer; I sank on my knees, praying for protection to the blessed Virgin. I prayed first for you, my dear father. Then the door was unlatched; a very thin old man, shabbily dressed, came in. I dared not speak or move, as he slowly advanced, muttering words I could not distinctly hear. When he saw me, he stretched out his arms, and said, 'Marianna, my child! It is indeed, Marianna!' As he came towards me, I dropped the lamp which I held in my hand, and made my escape through the darkness. I am so thankful you are come, dear father. But do not bid me go back alone."

Cornelius said not a word, but lighted a lamp to go and see what had caused the disturbance. Ericson was about to follow him, when Marianna started up and besought her father not to leave her. Kerk had not time to quiet her, when the door opposite the entrance slowly opened, and a hoarse, but feeble voice, was heard calling "Cornelius Kerk!"

"I am here," answered the ship-builder, striding forward; but his eyes no sooner fell on the face of his strange visitor, than he staggered back, pale as a corpse, his eyes wide open as if gazing on some fearful apparition.

"Cornelius Kerk!" repeated the old beggar, in the same monotonous tone as before, and evidently without recognizing the man who stood before him.

"Adrian von Eilhardt!" almost shrieked the ship-builder, "or his spirit, come to haunt his murderer!"

His hands sank down, his muscles became rigid, he struggled for breath, as if suffocating, and fell in a swoon on the floor. The poor Marianna, terrified more than ever by the sight of her father's emotion, could only wring her hands and look round her wildly; but Ericson lifted the senseless Cornelius, placed him on the couch, and endeavoured to restore him to sense. The old beggar seated himself on a bench, and looked on indifferently, apparently quite unconscious of the alarm he had caused, and taking no further notice of any one.

It was some time before Cornelius was restored to even the ability to move, and then his mind wandered, and he groaned as if in pain. The Swede persuaded him to lie still on the couch, and, leaving him to the care of his daughter, retired, leading away with him the poor old lunatic, whose visit had occasioned so much terror. He promised to call again next morning, when he brought his vessel to the dock.

The next morning was as clear as the night had been tempestuous. On the deck of the Swedish vessel, upon a straw mat close to the cabin door, sat an aged negro. His woolly hair was white, and his face was deeply furrowed with those lines which seldom appear in a negro till extreme old age. He sat intently looking at some object, from which he did not remove his eyes till repeatedly spoken to by Ericson, who came out of the cabin. When his master succeeded in calling his attention, the black rose, seized his hand, and pointed significantly towards the side of the vessel.

"Well," said Ericson, "what makes you stare at the old man so?"

The lunatic beggar, who had been brought on board the night before, was leaning upon the railing.

"Ah, massa," replied the negro, rubbing his

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forehead, as if he would excite his memory, "me seen the old man before. Poor weak head! Help me to think, massa."

"How can I help you to think?" said his master, smiling. "But if you puzzle your brains about the old man, yonder, he is, I understand, from Holland. His name I heard last night—it is Adrian von Eilhardt."

The negro grasped his master's arm in extreme terror. "The same—it is the same, massa!—a white devil! Pray against him, pray!" he sobbed, while the Swede with some difficulty freed himself from his clutch.

"What do you mean?" he asked. "What harm has that poor idiot done you?"

"Oh, massa, mass' Eilhardt bad man; he kill massa mother and father, and would kill him, but negro saved his life!"

The black's teeth chattered with fear. Ericson now comprehended that the old beggar was in some mysterious manner connected with his own history. Though brought up by a Swedish sea captain, he knew well that he had not the right of a son to his protection. He had heard an incoherent account of the tragedy in which his mother's death was caused by her own father.

He went up to the beggar, who turned towards him, and looking steadily in his face, said, slowly, "Adrian von Eilhardt, where is your daughter? What have you done with her helpless children?"

But his words failed to rouse memory to do her part. The beggar's thoughts were wandering in the darkness and chaos where they usually dwelt; he only smiled feebly in answer to the question. Ericson turned away with a sigh, and gave orders to have his vessel brought up to the "Golden Anchor" dockyard.

Some days passed, during which Cornelius was too ill to attend himself to his business. The young Marianna nursed him as she had been used to do, when his "dark days," as he called them, came upon him. She, however, perceived that his present malady differed from that to which he had been subject, inasmuch as it was more of the body than the mind. He became too weak to leave his bed, but retained his reason, except at intervals.

Meanwhile all work in the dockyard was suspended by the severe cold, which had locked the river in ice. The ships lying near could not be removed, and no others could approach. At the same time the whole city was in confusion. The advance of General Steenboch with the Swedish army struck dismay and terror into every heart. His demands exceeded the means of the inhabitants; they were not complied with, and he threatened, in the violence of his resentment, to lay their city in ashes.

This proved no idle menace; the ruin came. The Swedish soldiers filled the streets of Altona, plundering and spreading desolation wherever they went. The citizens fled from their dwellings, which were soon wrapped in flames. The fire rushed from street to street with frightful rapidity; the sky was crimson with lurid light, or obscured by volumes of smoke that seemed to fill the whole horizon.

Never had a day been seen that equaled in horrors the ninth of January, 1713. The night was terrific beyond imagination. The roar of the flames that enwrapped almost the whole city, was mingled with the fierce yells of the plundering soldiery, and the shrieks of affrighted men, women and children, who fled half naked through the snow-covered streets. Hamburg had closed its gates against the fugitives, who had now no help, but must either perish in the snow or flames, or escape by the river.

A confused multitude of the Altonese, pursued by a Swedish company of horse, ran down Elbe street towards the dockyard. The iron door was closed, but it was soon burst open, and the frightened wretches rushed through, eager for the only way of escape open to them, across the ice-covered river, now glowing with the lurid reflection of the flames.

The door of the only dwelling within the enclosure stood open, and on the threshold, pale with terror, a young girl. Just then, as if carried on by an impulse beyond his own strength, the old beggar stood at her side. His eyes gleamed with a fierce light; he was evidently aroused to a terrible excitement by the wild scene around him.

"Cornelius Kerk!" cried he, almost in a shout, "your ship is at the quay, but it is frozen up; you cannot escape me! I will take back my daughter to Rotterdam!"

He grasped the arm of Marianna and dragged her forward. Her struggles, her shrieks, availed nothing, for the strength of the lunatic was unnatural, and both were swept on with the flying multitude. "Be still, my child," he would say to her, as they were hurried on, "we shall soon be at home. Your bridegroom is there; he has waited for us." And lifting the fainting girl in his arms, he bore her over the ice, that crackled and shook with the tread of so many feet.

The Swedish soldiers were already in the dockyard, but desisted from pursuit, staying only to set fire to the dwelling they found, the house of Cornelius. Ericson, with his faithful negro, came in time to save Cornelius, but too late to rescue his daughter. He supposed she had made her escape with the fugitive citizens, and hastily constructed a rough sledge of boards, in which he placed her father. They were the last to leave the shore. Having placed the sick man in safety on board his vessel, and left the black to watch him, Ericson went to seek the lost Marianna. The light of the burning city fell far and wide over the river, flinging a wild splendour on the distant country, and illuminating the path of thousands flying from the enemy; but nowhere could the Swede find the object of his search. Through the whole of that dreadful night, so long remembered for its multiplied horrors, he wandered about in vain. The morning sun, that looked through a sickly atmo-

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sphere of smoke upon a desolated waste instead of a city, showed him a group of men assembled round two dead bodies that had just been drawn from a fissure in the ice. Ericson shuddered, and a pang shot through his heart as he recognized in the dead the lunatic beggar and the unfortunate daughter of Cornelius.

With the aid of some compassionate persons, the young man had the bodies carried ashore and buried. If the suspicion that Marianna was his sister entered his heart, he communicated his mournful knowledge to no one, not even to the miserable Cornelius, now his sole care, whom it could not profit to know he had yet a son. A few days only elapsed before Ericson had to perform the same sad offices for him. The shock of his daughter's death was too much for a frame already weakened by long sorrow and the inroads of disease. He died, thankful that his daughter was not left to struggle in the world alone.

Old Burkhardt used to tell this story, which he had heard in boyhood from his grandfather. The old man vouched for its truth, and used to shake his head as he moralized upon the evil of indulging selfish passions. I could never learn what became of the Swedish captain, Ericson.

THE OLD MAN.

Oh, the old man's eyes are dim and cold,
And his pulse is faint and low;
The wind lifts up his thin, gray hairs,
And his steps are weak and slow.

His voice is broken, and his thoughts
Are the thoughts of a simple child—
And by a smile, or a fragile toy,
Are the old man's woes beguiled.

He remembers when, an idle boy,
He careless roved and free,
And tells of the tiny brook that flowed
Beside the buttonwood-tree.

Each shrub that grew the old cabin near
Has its tale, and every tree;
And the old man laughs as he cons them o'er,
And claps his hands in glee.

Of boyhood's freaks he loves to tell,
And how his mother smiled
And shielded him from his father's wrath
When a reckless, happy child.

Again he tells of dark'ning days,
And rumours strange and wild,
And that kind mother's gathering tears
As she looked upon her child.

He remembers well the rude old church—
He was in that house of prayer
When a stranger brought a fearful scroll,
And the mild priest read it there.

He speaks of throbbing pulse and brain,
And the wildly flashing eye,
As their little band that day went forth
"To conquer or to die."

The old man then forgets his tale,
And his thoughts are broken things—
But there's one name will call him back
In his wildest wanderings.

But speak of that, and his eye will beam
With a newly kindled ray—
For memory clings to his country's friends
In that dark and perilous day.—E. E. E.

THE THREE SONGS.

A BALLAD TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND, BY C. P. CRANCH.

King Sifried cried in his hall one day,
"Ye harpers! who'll sing me the sweetest lay?"
And a youth stepped up to the monarch high,
With his harp in his hand and his sword on his thigh:

"Three lays I know—and this, my first song,
Is one which thou hast forgotten long:
My brother thou hast secretly slain,"—
And he sang, "My brother hast thou slain."

"The other song—it came to my mind
In a night of gloom and of stormy wind:
Thou must fight with me for life and death!"
And he sang, "We must fight for life and death!"

Then he placed on the table his golden harp,
And they both drew out their swords so sharp,
And they fought together with wild uproar,
Till the king sank down on his palace floor.

"*Now* sing I the third—the sweetest lay!
I could sing such a song as this all day:
King Sifried lies in his deep red blood!"
And he sang, "He lies in his deep red blood!

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RICH IN AFFECTION AND RICH IN GOLD.

BY ADA GREY.

"YES, Lucy, they *are* fine boys, and beautiful, as I have heard you say a thousand times before," observed Dick Merriden to his wife, as the two stood by the bedside of their sleeping children.

"But how unlike they are. I wish Richard was more like Willie."

"Just as you are always saying, Lucy. Richard is well enough, and has more than a boy's share of prudence and foresight. I am glad of it, and *I* wish Willie was more like *him;*" and with this remark, in a cold, indifferent tone, he took up the lamp, and without a look or even a thought for his boys, turned away. Not so the mother. Drawing aside the curtains from the window, and resting her arm on the ivied seat, she stood a long while, unmindful of the lateness of the hour, gazing at the two bright faces over which the woven moonbeams softly played.

"How different they are," she said to herself, almost unconsciously; "but it is not strange, for how different *we* are!"

And so they were, Lucy Merriden and her husband, as unlike as any two beings whose destinies were ever linked. It is no mystery, though, as the world goes, that she, one of the most generous-hearted of women, should have become the wife of the cold, selfish, avaricious Dick Merriden; for they committed no greater a mistake than thousands of people, in marrying without understanding themselves or each other. Somehow, in the polite and attentive *lover* had been concealed the faults which so soon made their appearance in the *husband*, to the regret of the trustful wife, whose warm, unselfish nature could never harmonize with his all-absorbing avarice. Yet had she a true wife's spirit, and all uncomplainingly were her little luxuries sacrificed for the sake of that man, whose highest and only study was the art of earning and saving money. Oh, a grasping, grinding, heartless man was Dick Merriden! rising early and toiling late, exacting even from the neediest of his debtors, the "uttermost farthing," struggling to hoard—for what good nobody knows—more and more of the riches that perish. Not but that he was strictly honest—not but that he was neighbourly, so far as a good deed did not interfere with his plans or draw a mite from his treasures. Treasures? Ay, so he called them. Blessed are they whose treasures lie in the imperishable world of mind and heart!

In a heart swayed by such an all-engrossing passion, there could be but little room for affection. The miser loved his family as much as it was possible for such a being to love any object but his idol; and he might have felt some pride in the praise which his wife won from others, to soften the contempt he felt for her extravagance, as he termed her wishes—sometimes, despite his reproofs, carried into effect—to make their home pleasanter and their children happier. More unfortunate for her than this—for here censure was unsparing—was her active generosity; but in this she learned concealment from him, and performed her acts of charity at her own expense. Heaven has a rich reward for the truly generous ones, and she had her meed—if her own heart's approval had not been enough—in the word of esteem with which her name was ever coupled. Two individuals so situated, if not unhappy, must have been disappointed, dissatisfied. They had few sources of confidence, hardly even in their children, the two beautiful boys, who were the last of a wreath of bright rose-buds that had circled around them, not one of which except these had been spared, but taken to bloom above. The elder of these gave his mother much uneasiness, for though a good-hearted, impulsive child, he had his father's strong propensity for gain; that father had noted his developing character, and predicted future wealth for him. It is not strange, for the daily precept and the daily example of one parent outweighed the gentle influence of the other; and though but a miniature of the money-seeker, the *boy* gave promise of what the *man* would be. To most people he might have seemed like other children, as ready at school, as careless at play; but in the eager glance of his eye, in the sharpening outline of his features, in the selfish hoarding of trifles, the mother read the tale which went with a chill to her heart, telling her that his motto would be that which his father had ever lived by—"Keep all you have and get all you can."

Mrs. Merriden loved her husband, and esteemed him for all he had of nobleness, but twenty years of association had taught her how that Midas-thirst for gold profaned all that was pure and elevating in character, how that burning passion dried up the well-springs of feeling; and she could not bear to think that *her* son should so debase his better nature. Without one feeling of pleasure at his shrewdness and foresight, which to one less sensitive might have given a consolation, she wept over the propensity, and it needed no Cassandra-like vision to enable her to look into the future and trace his career.

With the feelings of the *mother* strong in her heart, she knelt by that low couch, and brushed back the soft hair from the brow of each. Theirs

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were the same jetty curls, and the contour of each face was the same, but the younger had the mild feminine features of his mother, and the sweet, care-free smile of childhood. "All mother," the father had sometimes said, when he saw him happy in distributing his toys and sharing his gingerbread and buns with his playmates; "reckless of the present, regardless of the future: believe me, Lucy, Willie never *will* take care of himself."

"He has a warm heart, and that ought to make him happy," she murmured, as the bright rose-bud lips parted with a smile; "and my Richard, God help him!—and let me trust that all will be well at last;" and she turned just as fondly—for she knew not a shade's difference in affection—to her eldest boy. Gladly—oh, how gladly—would she have persuaded herself that there was just as much of the careless, generous child about him, and that long brooding over her own annoyances had made her cast a shadow in a path that might else have been sunny. But no; there was the trace unmistakeable—a little, living copy of Richard Merriden, the money-sharper. A hard, matured expression was on the countenance of that boy of twelve, and resting on the round, fair lips, too stern a curve for frolic childhood; but the mother looked again, and now through her tears, so all seemed softened into the beautiful, and with a hope that her anxious forebodings might not disturb the peace of either, she kissed the sleepers on cheek, and lip, and brow, and stole away to her own repose.

It was well that, after that Lucy Merriden began to look with a brightening glance on the prospects of her darling boy, and attribute to fancy at least a part of her misgivings, when death came and put an end to all her hopes and fears. It was well, perhaps, that she died, unless her influence could have prevented the change which was wrought upon her child. After her death, Mr. Merriden, shrewdly calculating upon the dispositions of his children, sent Richard forth into the world to take care of himself, retaining Willie under his own watchful care. It was a sad day, that one of parting—sad to Richard, for he was not all selfish, and the young heart that was not yet taught of the world the world's indifference, had many a gentle chord entwined with those sterner ones, and with the echo of his mother's sweet voice still lingering in his ear, he could not be all forgetful of her love, or of the brother who had shared with him that love. But sadder still was it to Willie, though his trustful, hoping spirit was strong in the belief that they should meet often, and always as warmly as they parted. Bright and beautiful are those delusions of early life, which would fain tint all the coming years with the rainbow colouring which shed its lustre over the past; but soon, all too soon, comes the knowledge that hearts and brows grow darker by the touch of time and care. Willie thought only of the past and the sorrow of parting, and linked the freshness of those better days with all his hopes for the future. But to Richard there was soon no past, only a future; and with a fortune to make by his own effort, and the strong will to make it himself and only for himself, is it strange that in his eagerness for gain he forgot to cherish the brotherly love of childhood? A plant that needs constant culture is that priceless one of Affection, and they who neglect it learn it too late to their sorrow. Those who nourish the fair gift placed in every heart by the guardian genius of Love, are gladdened by a blossom pure as the dew-eyed violet and fragrant as the opening rose; but in those unfriendly soils where its existence is unheeded, sadly blighted it becomes, and choked and tangled with weeds. After the first gush of boyish feeling was past, Richard Merriden shaped his course as though there was but one being on earth to care for—self—and but one object worthy of his time and thoughts—to get rich; and as he grew older, and became encrusted with cold, worldly selfishness, his early home ceased to be the one bright spot around which a man's good and generous thoughts should centre.

Oh! the lust for money—the blighting curse came early to stamp its seal on that young heart and brow! The dry, dull, plodding habits of business came upon him all unconsciously. There was an instinct—it would be profanity to call it by a manlier name—which taught him the way to the avenues of wealth, and soon a yearning, burning wish for more, became the sole impulse of his being. Every chord was changing into iron. Society had few charms for him; the light of woman's eye never seduced him from his object; the winning voice of childhood never woke in his breast a thrill more pure. So he dwelt in the midst of beauty and pleasure, yielding neither to the influence of the one nor the temptations of the other, wearing away his best and brightest years, wasting his soul and intellect, and bringing sere and faded leaves into his heart's garden, which should have been all fresh and green with the dew-drops of the morning. But Richard Merriden was not alone in his madness; he was not the only one whom the happy boys in the street shunned, and who bore on his countenance such a legible impress of his miserly disposition, that the very beggars passed him by, nor thought to ask him for a trifle—not the only one who bartered affection for gold. Men had done the same, and were then doing it, and are so now.

And Richard Merriden's brother? Here, too, had the *man* been true to the promise of the *boy*. Kindly and pityingly had he borne with his aged father's fretfulness, by soothing care making pleasant his latter years. That patient, untiring son might rightly have complained, for, unjust as it seemed, the principal part of the property which it had been the labour of his parent's life to amass, was bestowed upon the miserly Richard, the child after the old man's heart. But Willie received, as his noblest reward, his parent's first and last blessing; for in the dying hour the better nature was roused in that worldly-minded man, and he thanked Heaven that the love of gain and his own

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inordinate selfishness had not left him childless and forsaken on his death-bed. That change in his feelings, late in life as it came, repayed the watchful son for his care, and, better, taught him that it is never too late to hope for good in one of the creatures God has made. Dick Merriden was laid in his last home, and when the two brothers stood beside his narrow dwelling, Willie besought his brother, by the dying words of his father and by the memory of his kind mother, to care less for the wealth which would in the end give him no sweeter a sleep nor softer a pillow, but remain with him, so that they two, who were the last of the family, might dwell happily together. Richard was not then quite dead to affection, and he said that when he had gained a little more property, perhaps he would come; and so they parted.

Time rolled on, tracing lines of deeper thought upon the brow of Will Merriden—as in his maturer years he was called—and threading his dark locks with gray, but not hardening one gentle feature or dimming the mild light of his eyes, or bringing one harsh, ungenerous feeling into the heart whose warm love had gained a blessing and shed a light around his path. Esteem and honour greeted him abroad, and true, unchanging affection smiled on his home. When he had no longer a parent to amuse and care for, he had bethought him of seeking a companion more agreeable than the crusty old woman who had been the family housekeeper since his mother's death. It spoke well for the man that he bore in mind the mother who had watched his childhood, and sought for one with her gentle and amiable qualities; and though he might have "looked higher," he chose the orphan daughter of a poor labourer, who had left her alone in the world with only a bright face and a generous heart to gain her friends. No matter if others marveled at his choice; she had the soft mild eyes and the winning smile which bespeak the loveliness within; and a kind and sweet companion she was to him, a help-meet, warm in heart and open in hand, a woman to train up their little ones—and in time they were blessed with a flock of them—as he wished them to be trained. Yet, in his quiet, uneventful life, and with his pleasant blessings to make glad his cottage home, he was not always happy. Like a clear, ever-springing fountain, flowing on pure and changeless from its source, there gushed still in the heart of that man the strong affection that bound him to the brother of his childhood. He had proved himself an ungrateful and most unworthy brother. But when does a truly affectionate nature take counsel from pride until it has become wearied with repulses from those it would gladly bless? Dwelling in the very home with which were associated all his recollections of his best parent and beloved brother, Will could not be forgetful of them; and now, when he was on the "downhill of life," he wished Richard to come that they might grow old together. Occasionally he heard his name mentioned by strangers, and once in a long while came a cold, unsatisfactory letter, containing only a few formal words in answer to the warm inquiries and good wishes of William, whose generous heart could not conceive of a miser's all-absorbing selfishness. He wrote again and again, but he might as easily have arrested the wave in its sure and onward course as have turned back that sordid man from his idols. As years passed, letters became colder and less frequent, and they who had been playmates and dear companions once, were to each other as strangers now.

One day when Will Merriden sat with his children, under an old tree which he had spared because he and Richard had played in its shade when they were boys, his heart reproached him for not having visited his brother in all the fifteen years which had passed since their last meeting. Though he had never been invited and feared he might be unwelcome, with a strong resolution he took a journey of three hundred miles to see him. The kind-hearted brother approached his dwelling with feelings of mingled pride, affection and doubt; but to a person less observant, there must have seemed something cold and repulsive in the miser's home and all its surroundings. The lonely court, the dull, faded mansion, with its gloomy blinds all closed, (how unlike it was to the pretty wood-embowered cottage where the two had first seen the light,) and everything about it, even to the little enclosures by the door stone, bare of flowers or any green thing, looked desolate; and nothing could have been more in keeping with the chill, unsocial air, than the withered, copper-faced, scantily-dressed clerk who cautiously opened the door in answer to his knock. A cold, formal nod was the only reply to the questions of the visitor; and with another nod, as if words were too expensive, he listened to the message and walked away, while Will Merriden, leaning his head against the door-post, gave himself up to thought. How his brother would wonder who the friend might be who waited to see him, and how surprised and glad—could he help being glad?—he would be to find the brother whom he had not seen for fifteen years! Poor man! all overcome by his thickly-coming remembrances, he was reasoning only from his own kind nature. From the pleasant reverie he was startled by the sound of a mechanical step, and more fully aroused by the dry, laconic question of the automaton clerk—"Is it business?"—the same question which, parrot-like, he had asked every day for twenty years of every being who had chanced to call at that door.

"Business!" exclaimed the visitor, in amazement; "and yet you told him what I said! So he sees no one but on business. Strange;—but business it is!" and obeying the motion of the clerk's hand, he followed him up stairs and through the lobby. The door opened, and closed behind him. Will Merriden stood face to face with a man—*that* his brother. Yes, it *was* Richard! As he looked, he saw the lineaments of their father, sharpened and made sterner; by that eager glance he would

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have known him among a thousand. Time had touched him with an unsparing finger; but neither by bodily toil nor deep and wearying study had been gained those traces of age. Had the strife for gain and care for his treasures caused the stoop of his form, and bleached his hair, and ploughed deep lines in his cheeks, and given the hard, unsmiling curve to his mouth? Had suspicion and disquietude, and fear of losing, lent that cat-like stealthiness to his step, the restless sparkle to his eye, and the cautious under-tone to his voice? Oh, it was pitiable that God's noble image should have become so debased!

"You are the man who came on business," at length said the miser.

William had stood by the door, gazing at his altered brother, the cold perspiration rising on his forehead and a mistiness gathering about his eyes, as the stern reality of the present dispelled his pleasant dreams of the past; but when he heard the measured words of Richard, he could restrain himself no longer, and springing forward with extended hand, he exclaimed—"Richard, oh, Richard, don't you know me—know your brother Willie?"

The miser found his fingers grasped in the hard, warm hand over which the hot tear-drops were raining fast—for his brother's manliness had fled—but his own eyes were tearless and his heart beat not with one quicker throb. Cold and calm came at last the crushing, heartless reply.

"Your face did seem familiar to me, though it is many years since I have seen you."

"And did it not seem familiar? Oh, brother, you have not forgotten your childhood. They say that I resemble our mother, that I have her eyes;" and Will raised them, but now all dimmed with tears.

"I have forgotten all those things; they were a long while ago. We have changed since then, and I have other things to think of now."

That man's heart must have been the thing of ice it seemed not to have melted at the look of kind reproach turned on him at these words. He had forgotten his mother and his home; the memories which linger longest in the breast of manhood, and seem the most hallowed and precious, after a few years in the strife of the world, had no influence with him. No wonder that Will Merriden was prepared for anything now—to be even turned away from the door by his unfeeling brother; and in the conversation which followed, mechanically, as one in a dream, he replied to the common-place questions asked, as carelessly and indifferently as if the two had never met before and might never meet again. That was a strange contrast between those brothers—the one with his cold, calculating face, self-possessed, and betraying not one trace of feeling; the other, trembling and irresolute, the muscles of his face quivering with emotion, and a dewiness still glistening in his eyes. Will Merriden had never been ashamed of his affection, but now, as he stood before that hard-browed man, who seemed to be unconscious of the existence of such a feeling, he did wish that he could subdue the womanly tenderness of his heart and the grief swellings that almost choked his voice. All the while, the keen, glittering eye of Richard was fixed on him, and a shade of anxiety darkening his brow, which Will would gladly have hoped was the prelude to a gush of emotion, for he could not believe that a son of his mother could be all heartless; but soon the question if he had come to request a loan of money or a share of his property from the suspicious usurer, told the cause of his uneasiness.

"No, Richard; keep all you have, and may it give you happiness;" and though his pride was roused by the unfeeling tone of his brother, he could not help adding—"Richard, I came here to see *you*."

"It was useless pains. I had almost forgotten that I had any relatives, and did not care to be reminded of it."

"I will not detain you, Richard," said Will; "but I *must* say that I wish you to come and see us."

"What use would it be? And if I should, Tim would forget to see after my affairs; and with the changes in the money market, and thieves who would be sure to break in, and the danger of fire and the loss of good bargains—oh, one journey might be the means of my ruin!"

"And if it should, *I* have a home where you will be always welcome. The children will be glad to see you, and Mary—do you remember Mary Lee, Richard?—will love you for my sake. If you *would* come, you might be happy—for, oh! you cannot be happy in this dreary home."

Richard glanced his eye a moment over the comfortless room, but at another entreaty of his agitated brother, shook his head and waved his hand impatiently.

"I'll go; but remember, my brother, if your own much valued wealth should fail you, and you should learn how wretched and unsatisfying it is, and wish for a pleasant retreat from care and toil, our father's home is mine, and will ever be free and welcome to you. Think of it, Richard, do. I'll go now. God bless you."

One silent grasp of the hand, the last one, and without hearing one kindly word, or receiving even a glance of affection, he turned away—the man rich in affection from the one rich in gold. These were the brothers who had shared the same pillow, played on the same garden bank, and prayed at the same mother's knee. Men speak of earth's changes—are there greater changes than those of the human heart? Richard Merriden had been selfish even in his boyhood, and strongly disposed to follow his father's footsteps, but he would not have believed that the time would come when he could meet his only brother with the indifference of a stranger. But wilfully had he closed his heart for years against one ray of affection's sunlight which might have lit up that cold and gloomy

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cavern. What had he to do with affection? It was not saleable property, nor would it bring one coin of gold into his clutching, grasping hands; so he must have deemed it the master-piece of wisdom to scorn the possession of anything so worthless. "Will it add to my riches?" was the question uppermost in his mind; and the twinkle of his sharp gray eyes, and the relaxation of his lips—the nearest approach to a smile that he ever permitted himself—told of all that ever gave him joy. He defrauded the widow of her portion and the orphan of his heritage, and had it been in his power, he would have made the free air and sunshine things of barter, and doled out the rain drops of heaven for the gold which is coined by man. Regardless of all human obligations, he had pursued his selfish, avaricious career, and was *rich*. Kindness and charity were unknown to him, and as for human sympathy, he knew not the meaning of the term. He was as a stranger among familiar faces, rarely wasting a smile on any one, never welcomed to one social fireside, knowing no home of his own —for what is home but the place where household tones from the near and dear are waiting to greet us?—giving no pleasure to others, and bringing no blessing on his lonely toil. Is it strange that the man who had dwelt for years within the cell of suffering, and had turned from the sickening sights of unrelieved misery without the consciousness of having given joy to one being on earth, could forget the tie that bound him to his nearest, almost only friend?

Will Merriden was not a man to borrow care and trouble, but after that his family observed that he was more sad, though even kinder than before, while the neighbours remarked that he was becoming careless and neglectful of his affairs. Had they known the bitter lesson he had learned, they might have excused the generous heart which, in the anxiety to avoid one extreme, had fallen into the other. Yet Mr. Merriden's children were early taught industry, and from their father's falling fortunes obliged to practise it; but taught likewise that there is no wealth to be brought into comparison with heart wealth. Soon darkness began to gloom around that pleasant home; the old property which his father had left to Will had been little by little passing away, and now there seemed danger that the last, the brown cottage and all, must go. The eldest son was taken away, and then another, and soon the good-hearted man himself had no more need of anything but kind attention to cheer his dying bed. And those attentions were his; and warm sympathies, and treasures of kind thoughts gathered in his daily intercourse with his fellow men, made calm and pleasant his last hours. But not even then did he forget the brother who should have watched over him, and in the strong hope that a message from a death-bed would reach his heart, yet without seeing him, Will Merriden died.

The day came for his burial—a soft, bright summer day—and friends gathered together, till the little cottage where he had received his first and given up his last breath, was filled to overflowing. The old pastor had finished his sermon, the funeral dirge had been sung, the last prayer said, and singly or in couples, those assembled had been to look on the pleasant face of one who had been so kind a neighbour and true a friend, and turned tearfully away with the hushed expression, "How pleasant and how natural he looks." Then the little children, with their light feet stepping soberly, and their faces subdued into a solemnity in keeping with the occasion that drew them there, had clustered around and stood on tiptoe to gaze at the one they had loved. Though there was all the hallowing influence, there was none of the awful fear of death; and those little ones had laid green twigs and fresh roses on the coffin as they would have done for a playmate, and as they left their fragrant offerings, many a bright eye sparkled with a tear—so kind had been that sleeper that even the frolicsome children wept for him. The last light feet had turned away, when from the group by the open door, came forward a bowed and gray-haired man, and looking neither right nor left, stepped slowly to the table where the dead man lay. As he passed them, the elderly people whispered, "It is his brother; I can see the features of Dick Merriden." Regardless of the eyes turned on him, the old man stood there gazing on the pale face before him, his hard countenance neither changing in hue nor quivering in a muscle. Then, with a mechanical air that seemed a mockery in that place, he calmly removed his spectacles and wiped them; but the eye and not the glass was dimmed; tears which were strangers there had come in spite of his indifference, and leaning over till his silver hair mingled with the locks of his brother, he faltered—"Willie, brother Willie, speak to me!" But the dead could give no reply, and hiding his face from view, he lay so silent that the awe-struck assembly would have thought that life had fled, but for the tremor which shook his whole frame. There was a silence so profound, that the very beatings of the hearts might have been heard. It might have been minutes, yet it seemed hours to them, ere he raised himself, and drawing his hat slouchingly over his head to conceal his flushed and agitated face, walked out with a faltering gait, very unlike the calm step with which he came in. Then the procession was formed, and slowly, two and two, walked the neighbours to the churchyard, and many as they passed out the garden gate, saw sitting in the arbour by the path, that strange and grief-stricken man, the brother of Will Merriden.

No one would have envied the thoughts of Richard Merriden on that day—thoughts which "curdled a long life into one hour." A sense of *duty*, not *affection*, had led him from his business to see his brother before he died, but he had arrived at the little cottage only as the funeral services commenced. He had heard the aged pastor speaking candidly of the virtues of the deceased, till, bowing his head on the cushion, he wept aloud. But

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he had remained unmoved. The hymn, blending with the voice of manhood woman's plaintive tone: the prayer, in which a blessing had been invoked on the bereaved family, and especially on the absent brother, had not touched his heart; but when the weeping friends and the children came away, Richard Merriden thought of the time which must come when there would be no more labour or business for him, when his head would lie low. Who would mourn for him? He had never made one circle glad, one heart happy. He had no friends. He must be borne from his cheerless home, unhonoured and uncared for—and borne where? To the little green yard where roses showered their petals, and twining vines made the air pleasant with fragrance, and birds came and sang through the summer days, where his parents rested and the Willie of his boyhood was going to join them? Not there. By careless strangers he would be hurried into the dismal abode, among the dead in the crowded burying-place, where the very sunlight came with a sickly look, and nothing was ever pure and fresh but the rain of heaven. It was a fearful thought, and made that man shudder. Oh! he could not die and go alone to such a place. Silent influences were already at work in his heart. When he walked up to look on the face of his dead brother, what would not that miser have given to have lived over only a few of the hours he had wasted? Poverty, honest, humble poverty, had been better then than the wealth which could not call back the brother he had neglected and forgotten! Wretched thoughts, remorse and keen regrets, came gnawing his heart; then repentance sent its soft healing. On the bosom of the dead—a fitting place—he made a solemn vow, silent but not unnoted, thenceforth to *live*—live as God intended man *should* live, in warm sympathy and communion with his fellow beings.

Richard Merriden was sad, but even then happier than he had ever been since with his little brother he had prayed at their mother's knee. He would have followed the sleeper to his last resting-place, but his limbs refused their office, and so he faltered along till he reached the arbour. How fresh and familiar it seemed! The old chestnut tree still drooped over it, and the young vines had been so carefully trained, that to the old man they seemed the same from which he had plucked grapes full forty years before. The light flashed through the glossy leaves and lit up his withered cheek; the fragrance of the roses stole over him; the buzzing bees flitted by, and the soft coo of a dove sounded through the woven foliage. Richard Merriden was a boy again. Those were his mother's favourite roses; those were the honey bees, and that must be his tame white dove, the very one that would perch on his shoulder and feed from his hand. He sprang to his feet, and called aloud to see if it knew his voice, and listened for the flutter of its wing and the glad shout of his brother Willie. No voice; but now the stroke of the old church bell doling forth its mournful tale. He fell back, wondering if *he* could be that boy; and he wept long and bitterly, but the tears made him younger and better, and gave him strength to go into the cottage; and he grasped the hands of the children and of his sister, and when he left them he bade them take no thought for the future, for he would care for them.

And nobly he fulfilled his promise. The brown cottage was not sold, nor were the children suffered to want, and for every good deed that he performed Richard Merriden received reward a thousand fold. He forgot his old habits and commenced a new employment, that of making people happy, and laboured diligently lest the night which was approaching should overtake him in the midst of his work. He had lived fifty years in the world, as one of the world's citizens; he had toiled like the slave at the oar—and for what? To gain for his own selfish gratification, dollar by dollar and cent by cent; but now, when it was not quite too late, he awoke from his stupour of death. The one smothered spark of holy feeling had kindled within him, and warmed that cold, cheerless heart, and he forgot himself, or the soulless shell he had called himself.

Men said it was a miracle, but had they known how he communed with noble spirits as he stood by his dead brother, they would not have marveled at the change. When those who had now learned to love and esteem him, wished that Will Merriden could have lived to have seen that day, the old pastor would reply, "If he had lived, Richard Merriden might not have been the man he is." Yet it was sad to think that a heart which God had made for good, should have needed so near an approach to the viewless world to turn it back to its forgotten affections.

AN AUTUMN THOUGHT.

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

I saw a leaf, a pale, dry, sullen leaf,
Clinging yestreen unto a withered bough;
Bereft of all its fellows, strange how
Tenaciously it held its place of grief.
Shivering and lone, oh! were in not relief,
Poor, solitary coward, to lie down
Amid the perished ones, who long have flown?
Who made life's summer hours bright, though brief?
Thou thing forlorn! thou mind'st me of the fate
Of those doomed to survive their time—who cling
To long exploded thought, and who await
On shadows of the past—those who would bring
The dead to life—who with autumnal moans
Chill the warm sense with never-ending groans.

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LITERARY CRITICISM.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

A WREATH OF WILD FLOWERS FROM NEW ENGLAND. By Frances Sargent Osgood. Second edition. London: Edward Churton, Cavendish Square. 1842.

POEMS. By Frances Sargent Osgood. New York: Clark & Austin. 1846.

For the last five or six years the name of Frances S. Osgood has been a household word with the readers of our magazines; and perhaps no one of their contributors has been so universally popular. She has written for these works quite as much prose as poetry—but then the prose has been poetry itself. Mrs. Osgood was born a poetess *only*—it is not in her nature to be anything else. Her personal, not less than her literary character and existence, are one perpetual poem.

With the carelessness which seems a portion of such character, she has done herself gross injustice by failing to take proper care of the children of her delicate fancy, by suffering them to run wild, unheeded and forgotten by herself, so that many of them are perhaps irrecoverably lost.

The "Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England" was, we believe, the first collection of her poems. It was published in London during the author's residence in that city, and was received with very unequivocal marks of approbation, both by the public and the critics. There was *that* about the volume, that inexpressible *grace* of thought and manner, which never fails to find ready echo in the hearts of the aristocracy and refinement of Great Britain; and it was here especially that Mrs. Osgood found welcome. "The London Court Journal," "La Belle Assemblée," "The London Court and Ladies' Magazine," "The New-Monthly," "The London Monthly Chronicle," "The Despatch," "The Atlas," "The Literary Gazette," and other similar journals, were lavish in their approbation, and the fair American authoress grew at once into high favour with the fashionable literati and the literary fashionables of England.

Indeed, the reception which Mrs. Osgood met in that country of conventionalities, in that hot-bed of literary prejudice, was not more indicative of her real merit than remarkable for its strong contrast with the treatment there ordinarily vouchsafed to American authorship. In her case, if in none other since the days of Irving and Cooper, there seemed to exist a disposition among the critics to be pleased with the intrinsically pleasurable without reference to the trans-Atlantic origin of the pleasure. Nor, in the notices with which the papers of the day abounded, was there observable any of that *mere* praise, for praise sake, with which the British Aristarchuses sometimes condescend to insult us. In general, the criticisms were discriminative, and gave evidence of the truth of intention.

"We have been long familiar," says the high authority of the "Literary Gazette," "with the name of our fair author, and felt assured that when she launched forth her beautiful thoughts in the shape of a volume, we should find much to amuse the mind and amend the heart. Our expectations have been fulfilled, and we have here a delightful gathering of the sweetest of wild flowers, all looking as fresh and beautiful as if they had grown in the richest of English pasture in place of having been

'Nursed by the cataract.'

True, the wreath might have been improved with a little more care, a trifling attention or two paid to the formation of it; a stalk here and there that obtrudes itself between the bells of the flowers, might have become so interwoven as to have been concealed, and the whole have looked as if it had grown in that perfect and beautiful form. Though, after all, we are perhaps too chary; for in Nature every leaf is not ironed out to a form, nor propped up with a wiry precision, but blown and ruffled by the refreshing breezes, and looking as careless and easy and unaffected as a child, that bounds along with its silken locks tossed to and fro just as the wind uplifts them. Page after page of this volume have we perused with a feeling of pleasure and admiration."

The poems included in the edition thus spoken of, were chiefly the compositions of the author's earliest youth, and were, indeed, justly chargeable with that careless abandonment of manner which the Gazette rebukes—an abandonment which, although it may be adduced as a fault in a poem considered absolutely, is, nevertheless, so usually an indication of the vigour, the wealth—in a word—of the genius of the poet.

The comments of "The Times" were somewhat different in tone, and although marked in commendation, appeared to be written with some reluctance. Its passages of more decided praise had all the air of being extorted. "Among these poems," it said, "are many displaying much nervousness of thought, much delicacy of feeling and much sprightliness. The author has touched upon all subjects, 'from gay to grave, from lively to severe,' and affords us a very good specimen that Brother Jonathan possesses a little more civilization

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and refinement than Mrs. Trollope would give him credit for. There are many of the shorter pieces which would do no discredit to the works of our best poets."

The "Court Journal" more emphatically says—"Her wreath is one of violets, sweet-scented, pure and modest; so lovely, that the hand that wove it should not neglect additionally to enrich it by turning her love and kindness to things of larger beauty. Some of the smaller lyrics in the volume are *perfectly* beautiful"—"beautiful in their chaste and exquisite simplicity, and the perfect elegance of their composition."

The volume here referred to has not been reprinted in this country, and is, therefore, comparatively little known to American readers. It opens with "Elfrida, a Dramatic Poem, in five acts," the subject being the deception practised upon Edgar, King of England, by Athelwood, who, when commissioned by the monarch to ascertain personally the truth or falsehood of the reports touching Elfrida's beauty, becomes himself enamoured, and, representing her to Edgar as uncouth and disagreeable, finally woos and weds her in his own person—giving her great wealth as his reason to the king. The theme is an unusually fine one, and Mrs. Osgood, with her deep feeling and exquisite taste, could not fail to do much with it. Her artistic skill, however, seems to have been, at the period of composing this play, insufficient for the construction of a true drama, and accordingly, *as* a drama, we find "Elfrida" faulty in the extreme. Its situations are ultra-romantic, or improbable, and its incidents inconsequential, seldom furthering the business of the play. The character of Elfrida, however, is portrayed with great force, and, viewing the work as a "dramatic poem," in accordance with its title, it may be said to have unquestionable merit. We cull a few passages at random.

"I saw her on her bridal day, my liege,
In all the pomp and splendour of her charms;
So regal in her loveliness—so proud!
Her brown and braided hair was lighted up
With flashing gems, as is the night with stars.
Her cheek at first might seem a thought too pale;
Her dark rich eyes too wild and strangely sad;
But, at a whisper from her young kinswoman,
Lo! to that cheek a gleam of rosy fire,
Like summer lightning, came, and to her eye
A smile that mocked the diamond on her brow.
Her bosom heaved beneath its gorgeous vest
Of 'broidered silk; then with impatient air
She bit her lip—her arched and glowing lip—
And straight grew calm again—as still and pale,
And mute as sculptured marble."

* * * * * * * *

"Oh, fair Elfrida, thou hast cost me dear,
And were it not that danger's self is sweet
When brav'd for thee, I could have cursed these eyes
That saw thee beautiful, and this fond heart
That felt thee pure and therefore worshiped thee."

* * * * * * * * * *

In the depicting the impassioned ambition of Elfrida, the authoress seems especially at home; and upon this character she has evidently put forth her strength. There is a fine blending of the poetry of passion and the passion of poetry in the lines which follow—

"Why, even now he bends
In courtly reverence to some mincing dame,
Haply the star of Edgar's festival;
While I, with this high heart and queenly form,
Pine in neglect and solitude. Shall it be?
Shall I not rend my fetters and be free?
Ay!—be the cooing turtle-dove content,
Safe in her own loved nest;—the eagle soars
On restless plumes to meet the imperial sun.
And Edgar is my day-star, in whose light
This heart's proud wings shall yet be furled to rest.
Why wedded I with Athelwold? For this?
To pace, day after day, the same dull round
With some half-dozen maidens for my train?
No! Even at the altar when I stood—
My hand in his, his gaze upon my cheek—
I did forget his presence and the scene.
A gorgeous vision rose before mine eyes
Of power and pomp and regal pageantry;
A king was at my feet, and, as he knelt,
I smiled, and turning, met—a husband's kiss!
But still I smiled, for in my guilty soul
I blessed him as the being by whose means
I should be brought within my idol's sphere—
My haughty, glorious, brave, impassioned Edgar!
Well I remember when these wondering eyes
Beheld him first—I was a maiden then,
A dreaming child—but from that thrilling hour,
I've been a queen in visions!"

Very similar, but even more glowing, are the love-inspired eloquence of Edgar—

"Earth hath no language, love, befitting thee!
For its own children it hath pliant speech,
And mortals know to call a blossom fair,
A wavelet graceful and a jewel rich—
But thou!—oh, teach me, sweet, the angel-tongue
They talked in heaven, ere thou didst leave its bowers
To bloom below!"

To this Elfrida replies—

"If Athelwood should hear thee!"

Edgar says—

"Name not the felon knave to me, Elfrida;
My soul is flamed whene'er I think of him.
Thou lov'st him not? Oh, say thou dost not love him!"

The answer of Elfrida, at this point, is profoundly true to nature, and would alone suffice to assure us of the dramatic talent which Mrs. Osgood has so long permitted to lie *perdu*—

"*When but a child I saw thee in my dreams!*"

The woman's soul here shrinks from the direct avowal of want of love for her husband, and flies to poetry, and appeals to fate, by way of excusing that infidelity which is at once her glory and her shame.

The *dénouement* of the drama is comparatively feeble, and its moral of very equivocal tendency, indeed—but we do not hold it the office of either poetry or of the drama to inculcate truth or virtue, unless incidentally. An old adage avows that "there is a time for all things," and another should

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be invented forthwith (is it not discoverable in Tupper?) to the effect that everything should be accomplished by the means best adapted to its accomplishment. The object of poetry in general, is beauty—the object of the drama, which has nothing to do with poetry, unless through the introduction of a poetical *character*, is the *portraiture of nature in human action and earthly incident*. But, as the landscape of the artist (who deserves the name) must be superior in its "composition," in its arrangement of forms and colours, to any landscape actually existing, so the drama, while never losing sight of nature's general intention, should surpass nature herself in its combination of events with character—rejecting all that is not in itself dramatically picturesque or in full consonance with the effect or impression upon the audience which is intended by the dramatist. Now, the conveying of what is absurdly termed "a moral," is a thing entirely apart from these considerations, and should be left to the essayist and the preacher. Those who uphold the value, in a moral point of view, of such absurdities as "George Barnwell," seem to us strangely paradoxical in their demands and expectations. "George Barnwell" is applauded for its "moral"—that is to say, for the impressiveness with which it conveys the *truth* that dissipation leads to crime and crime to punishment; but we are at a loss to understand how this truth, or how any truth can be conveyed by that which is in itself confessedly a lie. Does the fact that a dramatist *invented a fiction that* one George Barnwell was hung for robbing his uncle, tend to prove in any way that every man who robs his uncle will actually be hung? *It is not in the power of any fiction to inculcate any truth.* The truthfulness, the indispensable truthfulness of the drama, has reference only to the fidelity with which it should depict nature, so far as regards her points, first, and secondly, her general intention. Her arrangement or combination of points may be improved—that is to say, a greater number of striking points than are ever seen closely conjoined in reality, may, for artistical purposes, be gathered into the action of a drama—provided always that there be no absolute controversion of nature's general intention. But all this is very different from the *inculcation of truth*. The drama, in a word, must be truthful without conveying the true—just as the brain, although the seat of sensation, is nearly, if not altogether, insensible itself.

We repeat, that Mrs. Osgood in "Elfrida" has given evidence of unusual dramatic power, although she has as unquestionably failed in writing a good play. The great tragic element, passion, breathes in every line of her composition, and had she but the art, or the patience, to model or to control it, she might, if she thought proper, be eminently successful as a playwright.

We are justified in these opinions by what we see, not only in "Elfrida," but in "Woman's Trust, a Dramatic Sketch," included, also, in the English edition.

The "Miscellaneous Poems" of the volume—some of them written at a very early age—are, of course, various in character and in merit. Their prevailing traits are *grace*, delicacy, and passionate expression; and these are, in general, the predominant features of the poetess. In the first-named quality—in grace—Mrs. Osgood is unrivaled. About everything she writes we perceive this indescribable and incomprehensible charm—a charm of which the elements are, perhaps, a vivid fancy and a keen sense of the proportionate. A thorough relish for grace in itself—as evinced, for instance, in a wave, in a curl, in the petal of a flower, in the motion of a child or of a dancer—is readily perceptible in the soul of the poetess. In fact, whatever be her theme, she immediately extorts from it and expresses its whole principle of grace. Fanny Ellsler has been lauded *ad infinitum*, but we look in vain for anything written in her praise which at the same time so distinctly and vividly depicts her to the eye and evinces so thorough an appreciation of her merit, as the half-dozen quatrains which follow. They are taken from a poem entitled, "Letter to an Absent Friend."

"She comes! the spirit of the dance!
And but for those large eloquent eyes,
Where passion speaks in every glance,
She'd seem a wanderer from the skies.

"So light, that, gazing breathless there,
Lest the celestial dream should go,
You'd think the music in the air
Waved the fair vision to and fro.

"*Or that the melody's sweet flow*
Within the radiant creature played,
And those soft wreathing arms of snow
And white sylph feet the music made.

"Now gliding slow with dreamy grace,
Her eyes beneath their lashes lost,
Now motionless with lifted face,
And small hands on her bosom crossed.

"And now, with flashing eyes, she springs,
Her whole bright figure raised in air,
As if her soul had spread its wings
And poised her one wild instant there.

"She spoke not; but so richly fraught
With language are her glance and smile,
That when the curtain fell, I thought
She had been talking all the while."

This is, indeed, poetry, and of the most unquestionable kind—poetry *truthful* in the proper sense—that is to say, breathing of nature. There is nothing forced or artificial, no hardly-sustained enthusiasm. The poetess speaks *because* she feels, and *what* she feels—but what she feels is felt only by the truly poetical.

The little poem commencing "Your heart is a music-box, dearest," is no doubt already familiar to many of our readers, but we must quote it here in farther exemplification of the trait to which we allude.

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"Your heart is a music-box, dearest,
With exquisite tunes at command,
Of melody sweetest and clearest
If tried by a delicate hand;
But its workmanship, love, is so fine,
At a single rude touch it would break:
Then, oh, be the magic key mine
Its fairy-like whispers to wake!
And there's one little tune it can play
That I fancy all others above—
You learned it of Cupid one day—
It begins with and ends with 'I love, I love,'
It begins with and ends with 'I love!'"

The melody and harmony of this little *bijou* are absolutely perfect, and there is in it a rich tint of that epigrammatism which we had almost forgotten to mention as one of our poet's idiosyncrasies. Some of the *intentional* epigrams interspersed throughout these volumes are the happiest we have ever met. Here is one which, while replete with the rarest and richest "spirit of point," is yet something more than pointed. We have never believed, hitherto, that anything of true dignity could be imparted to this species of composition.

"TO AN ATHEIST POET.

"Lov'st thou the music of the sea?
Call'st thou the sunshine bright?
His voice is more than melody—
His smile is more than light."

Here, again, is something very similar—

"Fanny shuts her smiling eyes,
Then, because she cannot see:
Thoughtless simpleton—she cries,
'Ah, you can't see me!'"

"Fanny's like the sinner vain,
Who, with spirit shut and dim,
Thinks, because he sees not Heaven,
Heaven beholds not him."

"The Boy Painter," with the motto, "My mother's kiss made me a painter," quoted from the "Life of Benjamin West," may be cited as a happy exemplification of *all* the characteristics we have specified.

"A little heart where slept the germ, as yet in night concealed,
Of power and glory since to be (how radiantly!) revealed,
Alone, beside a cradle bed, was beating fast and warm,
Where, beautiful in slumber, lay a baby's dimpled form.

"The infant smiled in sleep, and, lo! a little ardent hand,
Ere fled the smile, had snatched a pen and paper from the stand,
And traced the cradle and the babe, as if by magic spell;
How soft, beneath that tiny touch, the fairy features fell!

"How fondly o'er the playful sketch he bends—the enraptured boy—
Unmindful of his precious charge, so deep his dream of joy!
'Tis broken by a stealing step—his mother caught the prize,
And kissed away the cloud of doubt that filled his timid eyes.

"Oh, blessed love! how mighty thou to sway the human heart!
A subtle yet a holy thing and conqueror thou art!
His sister's smile awoke the germ, his mother's kiss the flower,
And a world's tears the fruit embalm in many a classic bower."

It is remarkable that "The Boy Painter," which is especially "correct," in the French sense—that is to say, especially perfect in the minor morals of composition—is included among the "Juvenile Rhymes" of the volume. Many of the best pieces are here found.

In lines of *badinage*, or, more properly, of archness or *espièglerie*, Mrs. Osgood seems particularly at home. We have seldom seen anything better in this way than the song entitled

"IF HE CAN.

"Let me see him once more
For a moment or two;
Let him tell me himself
Of his purpose, dear, do!
Let him gaze in these eyes
While he lays out his plan
To escape me, and then
He may go—if he can!

"Let me see him once more;
Let me give him one smile—
Let me breathe but one word
Of endearment the while:
I ask but that moment—
My life on the man!
Does he think to forget me?
He may if he can!"

"The Unexpected Declaration" is, perhaps, even a finer specimen of the same manner. It is one of that class of poems which Mrs. Osgood has made emphatically her own province. Had we seen it without her name, we should not have had the slightest difficulty in ascribing it to her; for there is no other poet—in America, certainly—who can do anything of a similar kind with anything like a similar skill.

"THE UNEXPECTED DECLARATION.

"'Azure-eyed Eloise! beauty is thine;
Passion kneels to thee and calls thee divine;
Minstrels awaken the lute with thy name;
Poets have gladdened the world with thy fame;
Painters half holy thy loved image keep;
Beautiful Eloise, why do you weep?'

"Still bows the lady her light tresses low—
Fast the warm tears from her veiled eyes flow.

"'Sunny-haired Eloise! wealth is thine own;
Rich is thy silken robe, bright is thy zone;
Proudly the jewel illumines thy way;
Clear rubies rival thy ruddy lips' play;
Diamonds like star-drops thy silken braids deck;
Pearls waste their snow on thy lovelier neck;
Luxury softens thy pillow for sleep—
Angels watch over it—why do you weep?'

"Still bows the lady her light tresses low—
Faster the tears from her veiled eyes flow.

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"'Gifted and worshiped one! genius and grace
Play in each motion and beam in thy face.
When from thy rosy lip rises the song,
Hearts that adore thee the echo prolong.
Ne'er in the festival shone an eye brighter;
Ne'er in the mazy dance fell a foot lighter;—
One only spirit thou'st failed to bring down—
Exquisite Eloise! why do you frown?'

"Swift o'er her forehead a dark shadow stole,
Sent from the tempest of pride in her soul.

"'Touched by thy sweetness, in love with thy grace,
Charmed with the magic of mind in thy face;
Bewitched by thy beauty, e'en *his* haughty strength,
The strength of the stoic, is conquered at length.
Lo, at thy feet see him kneeling the while!
Eloise—Eloise, why do you smile!'

"The hand was withdrawn from her happy blue eyes;
She gazed on her lover in laughing surprise;
While the dimple and blush, stealing soft to her cheek,
Told the tale that her tongue was too timid to speak."

Had we seen only "The Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England," we should have been forced, in speaking of Mrs. Osgood's merits, to confine our observations to those salient points on which we have already commented, and which, indeed, constitute her poetical character; or, if we spoke at all of that noblest of all attributes of genius—imagination—we should have contented ourselves with quoting one or two passages such as the following, which we take from "A Sketch" in the "Juvenile Rhymes."

"For Fancy is a fairy that can hear,
Ever, the melody of Nature's voice,
And see all lovely visions that she will.
She drew a picture of a beauteous bird,
With plumes of radiant green and gold inwoven,
Banished from its beloved resting place,
And fluttering in vain hope from tree to tree,
And bade us think how, like it, the sweet season
From one bright shelter to another fled.
First from the maple waved her emerald pinions,
But lingered still upon the oak and elm,
Till, frightened by rude breezes even from them,
With mournful sigh, she moaned her sad farewell."

We might also have made some extracts from a "Fragment of a Fairy Romance," included likewise in the "Juvenile Rhymes," and decidedly one of the most meritorious poems in the collection; but we should have regarded these things rather as accidents or exceptions, and have made up our mind that our authoress is deficient in ideality. The volume lately published, however, by Messrs. Clark & Austin, gives an entirely different complexion to our estimate of her abilities. A few additional years, with their inevitably-attendant sorrow, seem to have stirred up the depths of her soul with those of her heart, and we now see at once the whole power of the poet. "The Spirit of Poetry," "To Sybil," "The Birth of the Callitriche," and "The Child and its Angel Playmate," are specimens of imaginative poetry which would do honour to the noblest poets of the day; while the pieces entitled "She Loves him Yet," "Aspirations," "Lenore," "The World-worn Lyre," and a song beginning "Yes, Lower to the Level," breathe a passionate sadness, of which, from any indication afforded by the earlier volume, it would have been difficult to believe the author susceptible. And yet the selections in the later edition have been either hastily or injudiciously made, for a great many of Mrs. Osgood's very finest poems ("The Daughter of Herodias," for example) are omitted. We presume, however, that "The Daughter of Herodias" and some other of the best of the omitted pieces, will be included in Doctor Griswold's seventh edition of the "Poets and Poetry of America."

From "The Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England," we have not scrupled to make copious extracts in the course of this notice, for the reason that the volume is comparatively unknown to the readers of this magazine; but as the later volume is, by this time, widely circulated in America, we must content ourselves with quoting from it only a couple of the shorter poems. We select those which differ most essentially in character and manner from the compositions already cited.

"SHE LOVES HIM YET.

"She loves him yet!
I know by the blush that rises
Beneath the curls
That shadow her soul-lit cheek.
She loves him yet!
Through all Love's sweet disguises
In timid girls
A blush will be sure to speak.

"But deeper signs
Than the radiant blush of beauty
The maiden finds
Whenever his name is heard:
Her young heart thrills,
Forgetting herself, her duty;
Her dark eye fills,
And her pulse with hope is stirred.

"She loves him yet!
The flower the false one gave her
When last he came,
Is still with her wild tears wet.
She'll ne'er forget
However his faith may waver.
Through grief and shame,
Believe it, she loves him yet!

"His favourite songs
She will sing—she heeds no other.
With all her wrongs
Her life on his love is set.
Ah, doubt no more—
She never can wed another.
Till life be o'er,
She loves—she will love him yet!"

There is a terse energy of expression about this little song which very forcibly impresses us, and the skill of its versification is remarkable. But even more noticeable, for these same qualities, is the noble poem which follows.

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"Yes, lower to the level
Of those who laud thee now!
Go, join the joyous revel,
And pledge the heartless vow!
Go, dim the soul-born beauty
That lights that lofty brow!
Fill, fill the bowl—let burning wine
Drown in thy soul love's dream divine!

"Yet when the laugh is lightest,
When wildest flies the jest,
When gleams the goblet brightest,
And proudest heaves thy breast,
And thou art madly pledging
Each gay and jovial guest—
A ghost shall glide amidst the flowers,
The shade of love's departed hours!

"And thou shalt shrink in sadness
From all the splendour there,
And curse the revel's gladness,
And hate the banquet's glare,
And pine, 'mid passion's madness,
For true love's purer air,
And feel thou'dst give their wildest glee
For one unsullied sigh from me.

"Yet deem not this my prayer, love,
Ah, no! if I could keep
Thy altered heart from care, love,
And charm its griefs to sleep,
Mine only should despair, love,
I, I alone would weep—
I, I alone would mourn the flowers
That bloom in love's deserted bowers."

So far we have spoken nearly altogether of the *merits* of Mrs. Osgood. Her defects are by no means numerous, and are chiefly of a negative character. The epigrammatism of her conclusions gives to her poems, as wholes, the air of being more skilfully constructed than they really are. They will not bear examination, except at points or in detail. Her imagery is often *mixed*—indeed, it is rarely otherwise. Her versification is sometimes exceedingly good, sometimes uncouth, through the too frequent introduction of harsh consonants, and the employment of such words as "*thou'dst*" for "*thou wouldst*," with other unnecessary contractions, inversions, and obsolete expressions.

Comparing her with American poetesses, we should not venture to speak of her as the equal of Mrs. Maria Brooks in imagination and vigour, nor of Mrs. Amelia Welby in passionate tenderness and rhythmical skill, but there is no other cis-Atlantic poetess to whom we consider her, even at these points, inferior. In fancy, as contradistinguished from imagination proper, in delicacy of taste, in refinement generally, in *naïveté*, in point, and, above all, in that inexpressible charm of charms which, for want of a better term or a more sufficient analysis than at present exists, we are accustomed to designate as *grace*, she is absolutely without a rival, we think, either in our own country or in England.

THE PREDICTION.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE MORLAND.

"Elle a passée comme le fleur—
Elle a sechée comme l'herbe des champs!"

"*She will not live beyond*
The falling of the leaf," I heard them say;—
It was the sweet close of an Autumn day;
The woods were in their gorgeous robes—the sky,
Since early morn, bathed in that mellow light
That comes with harvest days, when dreamily,
'Neath drooping boughs, we wander—or delight
To lie, deep musing, by some river side,
Watching the noiseless eddies on its tide.

'Twas sure no time to leave
The beauteous living world, when its array
Seemed welcoming all to some bright holiday!
Slowly she wandered where some ling'ring flowers
Smiled modestly from the turf;—how oft deceive
The shapes of earthly beauty! On her brow
Sat most exceeding loveliness,—her eye
Was lust'rous ever—but *more* glorious now.
Were *these* her latest hours?
Oh! tell us not that delicate form must lie
In the unseemly dust—the warbling gush
Of that dear voice be merged in the deep hush
Of the forgetful grave!—it cannot be!

She gathered the fair flowers;
The flush upon her cheek grew brighter than their tint
Of mingling pink and crimson—Summer bowers
Had shown no lily whiter than her hand
And open polished brow—the noiseless print
Of her slight feet seemed spirit-like—the flow
Of her long tresses, waving to and fro,
Imaged a truant seraph here below!
But then she moved with slow
And falt'ring steps—and, as she passed,
I heard her breath come gaspingly and fast,
And long she staid not 'mid the flowers—ah! why
Are earth's *most beautiful* the *soonest* called to die?

It was not a long time—
The frost with its benumbing fingers touched the trees
And whitened o'er the meadows—the clear chime
Of holy Sabbath bells was on the breeze—
All cloudless the blue sky—with eddying whirl
Down fluttered the nipped leaves and strewed the ground,
Continuous falling, with a whisp'ring sound:
Beautiful requiem for the fair, young girl!
Gone! with the forest drapery o'er her lying,
And notes of wail through the bare branches sighing:
Too long with Life's rude winds her soul had striven,
Sere leaves to *earth* have dropped, *she* fled to *Heaven!*

Boston, Mass., Oct., 1845.

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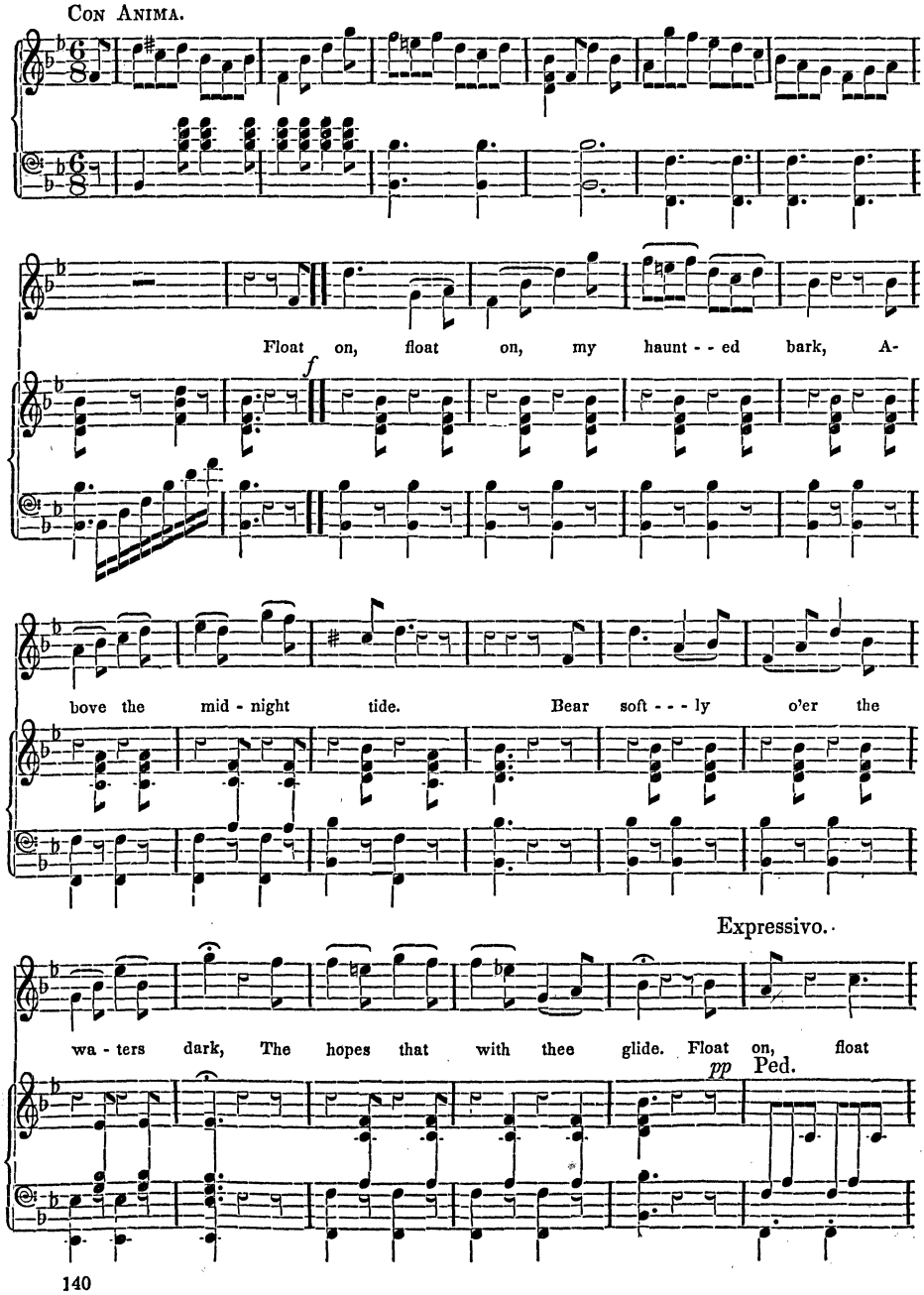
THE HINDOO GIRL'S SONG.*

POETRY BY L. E. L.

MUSIC COMPOSED FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

MISS CAROLINE WILLIS,

BY ALFRED H. COON.



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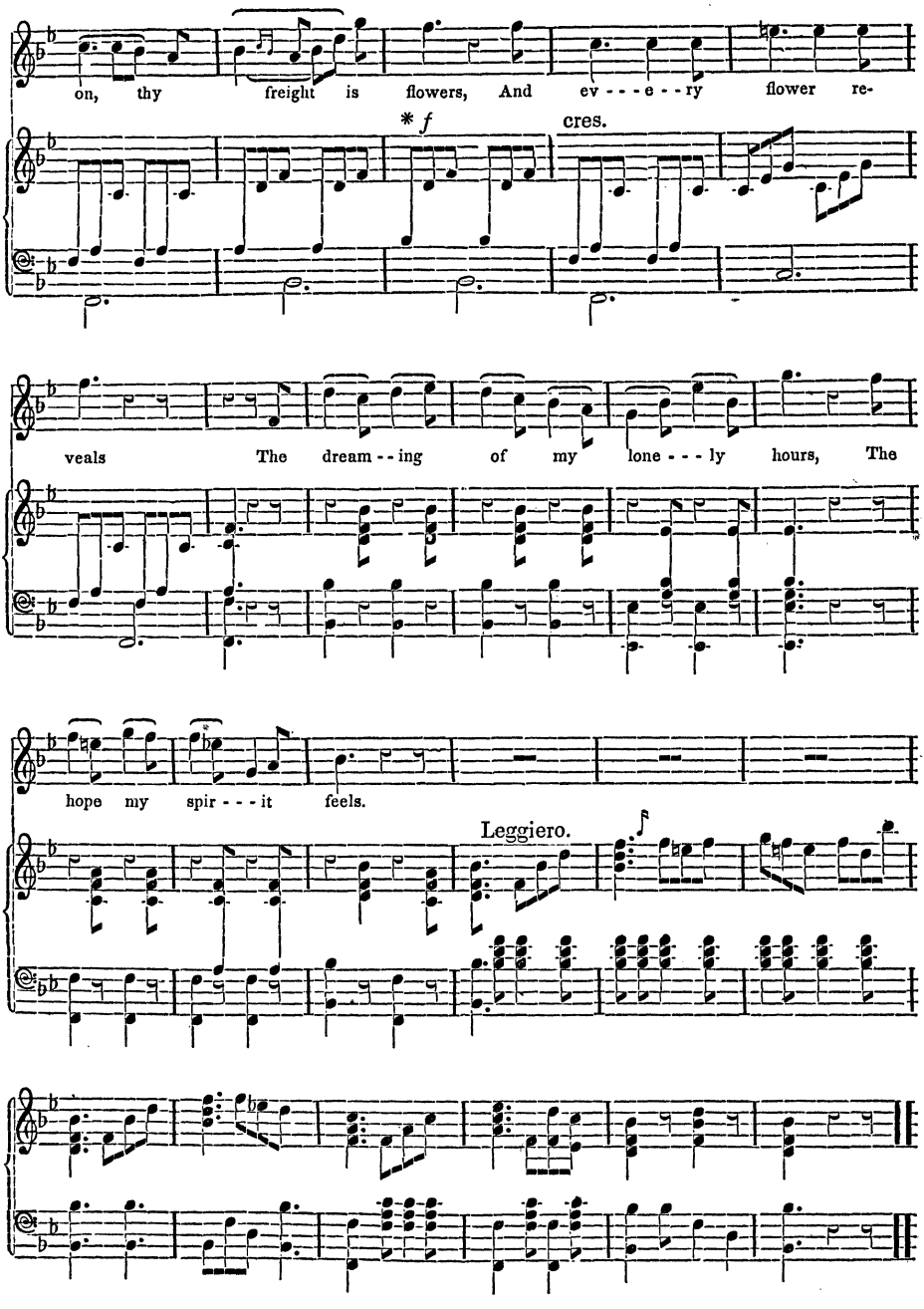

Float on, float on, thy shining lamp,
The light of love, is there :
If lost beneath the waters damp,
That love must then despair.
Float on, beneath the moonlight float,
The sacred billows o'er—
Ah! some kind spirit guards my boat,
For it has gained the shore.

* This song alludes to a well-known superstition among the young Hindoo girls. They make a little boat out of a cocoa-nut shell, place a small lamp and flowers within this tiny ark of the heart, and launch it upon the Ganges. If it float out of sight with the lamp still burning, the omen is prosperous. If it sinks, the love of which it questions is ill-fated.

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EDITORS' TABLE.

"Good conversation is one of the highest attainments of civilized society," says a popular writer, and she adds, "I remember hearing an English traveler say, many years ago, on being asked how the conversational powers of the Americans compared with those of the English, 'Your fluency rather exceeds that of the old world, but conversation here is not cultivated as an art.'"

Some persons seem to forget that "talking is not always to converse," and they run on without ever pausing to be answered, or, indeed, appearing willing to listen. The loquacious lady little thinks, while she is thus amusing herself, what an indelible impression of her own selfishness she is leaving on her hearer. Be considerate of others, and these faults of manner will seldom occur.

But as the Table is always a place for pleasant conversation, we will here give place to a friend of ours, who has made the subject a study for the benefit of others, and gathered many rare and valuable gems of wisdom from the mines of antiquity, as well as from his own observation and experience.

"The first requisite for success in conversation is a social and kind heart. If you would please in society, you must enter the social circle with a *disposition to be pleased.*

"Suppress and root out of your heart envy, jealousy, malice, and all uncharitableness, and nurture in their place the heavenly attributes of love and mercy. It is

> 'The little, nameless, unremembered acts
> Of kindness and love,'

which make up much of the sum of human happiness.

"Another requisite for success in conversation is knowledge of one kind or another. It need not be the knowledge of books, or society, or countries, or sciences, though either or all of these may be useful—but if you have prepared for bringing forth, in social converse, the treasures which your own thoughts, reflections, experiences and feelings will supply you, to compare with the like of others, and observations of the various phenomena and beauties of nature, and kind expressions of sympathy for the joyous, or the weak and afflicted, and general notices of passing events, you can give and enjoy the pleasures of conversation."

But besides learning how to talk—there is still another lesson—we must understand when to talk. Our friend gives an illustration or two on the *use of silence*, which we think well worth remembering.

"A beautiful young lady was addressed by a gentleman who had been captivated by her charms. He would sit for many minutes at a time, in the early stage of his courtship, gazing in silent admiration on her beautiful face; but when she spoke, the charm was broken; so silly and ridiculous were her thoughts and words, and so simpering her manner, that he would exclaim, 'Oh, don't talk!'

"But talk she would, and the more and faster as they became better acquainted, till finally, becoming quite disgusted with her insipid, trifling conversation, the spell of her beauty over him was dissolved, and he left her."

A recent writer gives an humorous example of that common defect in the conversation of young ladies—the too frequent use of a favourite word. It is very true that some persons apply the epithet *glorious* or *splendid* to all sorts of objects indiscriminately from a gorgeous sunset to a good dinner.

A young lady once tried to describe a pic-nic party, in which she used the following terms: "There were ten of us, four on horseback and the rest in carriages; we set off at a *glorious* rate, and had a *splendid* time in getting there. I rode the most *elegant*, perfect creature you ever saw, and capered along *gloriously*. When we got there we all walked about in the woods and gathered the most *splendid* flowers, and dined under the shade of a *glorious* old elm tree. We had our cold provisions spread out on the grass, and everything was *elegant*. We had *glorious* appetites, too, and the ham and ale were *splendid*, and put us all in fine spirits. Some of the gentlemen sang funny songs, and one sang such a dreadfully sentimental one, and to such a horrid, doleful tune, it made us all miserable. So then we broke up, and had a *splendid* time packing away things. Such fun! I almost killed myself with laughing, and we broke half the things. But the ride home was the most *splendid* of all; and we arrived at the top of the hill just in time to see the most *glorious* sunset I ever beheld."

In this short account the word "glorious" is used five times, and in all but the last it is grossly misapplied; the same is the case with the term "splendid," except that it is not once used properly. "Elegant," too, is equally inapplicable to horses and cold provisions. Yet this style of conversation is so common that it hardly arrests the attention of many who, nevertheless, would condemn it at once if they thought about it.

The letters of Mrs. Totten, our South American correspondent, are, we find, highly popular. Our readers will, therefore, be glad to learn that we are promised a series of original stories and sketches from her pen. The husband of this accomplished lady, Mr. George M. Totten, is at present engaged as chief engineer in constructing a canal from the harbour of Carthagena to the river Magdalena, in the Republic of New Grenada. This work is advancing with great rapidity, and there is every probability of its being completed in less than two years from the beginning of the present year (1846). It will open a continued water communication between the fertile valleys of the interior and the port of Carthagena, by means of which merchandize can be conveyed many hundreds of miles without the necessity of being transhipped at any point of the route; and it cannot fail to give a new impulse to the prosperity of that portion of South America.

It will be seen from this that the position which Mrs. Totten occupies, wife of a gentleman whom all in Carthagena delight to honour, is calculated to give her opportunities of gathering much interesting information. She is now at home in that beautiful land, where nature has showered her gifts with the most lavish hand; and

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many a tale, wild and wondrous as a fairy legend, may be gathered from the annals of the warm-hearted and noble-spirited people who have welcomed our friends as though they were the dearest among their own.

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We have accepted the following articles: "The Lily said, I bloom forever," "Airs of Summer," "A Young Girl's Dream," "Buenos Ayres," two "Sonnets," "Lines upon Seals," "The Donation Visit," "The Forsaken," and "The Little Messenger."

We must decline "Facts and Fancies," "Truth," "Love's Dream," "The more the merrier," "Osceola," the article from South Port, Wisconsin, the "Two Poems," which have been published, and the prose articles from "A Subscriber." The articles marked "to be returned if not wanted," have been disposed of as directed.

EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

Messrs. Carey & Hart have published a volume of miscellaneous "*Sermons*," by the Rev. Sydney Smith. They were published at the time when the author was chiefly known as a popular preacher, and exhibit evidence of the vigour and originality of his mind, and of his exquisite taste in style. Some of the passages in the sermon on *Invasion*, delivered when England was in daily expectation of an attack from Napoleon, will bear comparison with anything which can be found in the eloquent discourses of Massillon or Bourdalone. The whole volume will be read with interest, and will furnish excellent models for the imitation of our own divines.

The same publishers have issued Sol Smith's inimitable "*Sketches of his Theatrical Apprenticeship*," with Darley's designs.

Messrs. Paine & Burgess have published "*Over the Ocean, or Glimpses of Travels in Many Lands*," by a lady of New York, one of the most interesting works of its class. The lady traveler had ample opportunities of observation during a wide range of travel in Europe and the East, and made excellent use of them. Her book is replete with valuable information conveyed in a lively, readable and piquant style.

The same publishers have issued Cornelius Mathews' "*Man of the Republic: a Series of Poems.*"

Messrs. E. Ferrett & Co. have published "*Snowdon, a novel*," by Theodore Hook, one of the most delightful of all writers of fiction of the present century. They have also published "*The Siege of Vienna*," by Caroline Pichler, a valuable historical tale, exhibiting the author's usual ability in narrative, description and characterization. They have also published "*Joan, the Heroic Maiden*," by Alexander Dumas, the best living writer of fiction in France. Also, "*Claiborne the Rebel, a Romance of Maryland under the Proprietary.*" By W. H. Carpenter. A historical tale relating to the most stirring and interesting period in the history of the State. Also, "*Wild Sports in Europe, Asia and America*," by Lt. Colonel E. Napier. Also, "*The Heiress*," and "*The Squire*," first-rate novels, by Miss Pickering.

Among the cheap Music recently published by Messrs. E. Ferrett & Co. are "*March de la Norma*," "*We've been Friends together*," "*Flow on, thou shining River*," "*Pretty Blue Star*," "*When the Dew is on the Grass*," "*My Sister Dear*," "*Three Popular Polkas*," "*New Quadrilles*," "*I love her, how I love her*," sung by Mr. Templeton, "*Happy Land*," "*The Cinderella Waltz*," "*The Banks of the Blue Moselle*," "*Sontag's Admired Waltz*," "*Weber's Last Waltz*," "*Celeste's Favourite Dance*," "*The Bird Waltz*," "*He's on the Sea*," "*Thou art Lovelier.*"

Mr. John Owen, of Cambridge, has published "*The Belfry of Bruges and other Poems*," by H. W. Longfellow, in a very neat style, as befits the most polished poetry of the age. For sale by G. B. Zieber & Co.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have published a first-rate historical novel, translated by Mary Howitt from the German, entitled "*The Citizens of Prague.*" It refers to the period of history when Maria Theresa, Frederic the Great and Madame Pompadour were figuring in the great theatre of European politics and war. We prefer it to any of the Swedish novels translated by Mrs. Howitt. For sale by Zieber & Co.

The Harpers have also issued several additional numbers of the illustrated edition of the "*Wandering Jew*," the "*Pictorial Bible*," and their splendid "*Cerographic Maps*" on a large scale, by Professor Morse.

Messrs. Harpers have also published a new edition of Slidell McKenzie's "*Life of Paul Jones*," a capital biography of a first-rate hero. It is interesting and well written—worthy the pen of the author of "A Year in Spain." For sale by Zieber & Co.

The same firm have published "*The Cousins; a Tale of Early Life*," by the author of "Conquest and Self Conquest," an author well known to the public as one of the purest and best in the department of fiction. Another work of the same class from the same press is "*Forecastle Tom; or the Landsman turned Sailor*," by Mary S. B. Dana, author of "The Young Sailor," &c. The nautical language used in this volume is correct as if written by some experienced mariner. For sale by Zieber & Co.

Messrs. Sorin & Ball, and Samuel Agnew, of this city, have published a series of "Pictorial Histories," for the use of schools, by S. G. Goodrich, author of "Peter Parley's Tales," which are written in that fascinating style which has rendered the author's previous works such decided favourites with the young people. The volumes already published are the "*Pictorial Histories of the United States, France and England.*" The pictures are very numerous, and refer to the leading historical events and characters. The maps are interspersed through the volumes, so as conveniently to illustrate the narrative. There are questions at the bottom of each page for examining classes at school, and the whole of each work is divided into numerous chapters, with minute headings, so as to be intelligible to young students. Of course these books will be extremely popular.

The same publishers have issued an excellent popular work on "*Elocution*," by Dr. Caldwell, which is written with all the lights of recent science on this subject, and adapted to the cultivation of this branch of education on the most liberal and improved system.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., New York, and Mr. George S. Appleton, Philadelphia, have issued "*The Book of Illustrious Mechanics of Europe and America.*" Translated from the French of Edward Foucaud. Edited by John Frost, LL.D., author of "The Book of the Navy," "The Book of the Army," "The Book of the Colonies," &c. &c. This is a lively, readable and spirited history of the me-

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chanic arts, with notices of the most illustrious mechanics of modern times. It is very richly embellished with engravings on steel and wood, and got up in a style to match with the author's "Book of the Navy" and "Book of the Army." The mechanics in this work are treated with the degree of respect and consideration to which they are entitled by the eminent services they have rendered not only to the cause of industry, but to that of science, literature and art in all ages.

The same publishers have issued the sixth number of Michelet's admirable "*History of France*," one of the best works of its class which has appeared in the present century.

Messrs. Paine & Burgess, of New York, have published "*The Greece of the Greeks*," by G. A. Perdicaris, A. M., late Consul of the United States at Athens. A very lively and satisfactory account of the present state of that interesting country, comprehending the author's observations of the scenery, resources, manners and customs of each district, made during a leisurely tour. Mr. Perdicaris, being a native of Greece, writes with all the fervour of a patriot, and condemns unsparingly the narrow policy of a government which cripples the energies of an industrious people and impoverishes one of the most fertile and delightful regions on the face of the earth.

Messrs. Wiley & Putnam have published "*Zschokke's Tales*," by Parke Goodwin, Part II, as a volume of the "Library of Choice Literature." Also, "*A Defence of Capital Punishment*," by Rev. George B. Cheever, D. D., and an Essay on the Ground and Reason of Punishment with special reference to the Penalty of Death, by Tayler Lewis, Esq., with an Appendix containing a Review of Burleigh on the Death Penalty. These are able treatises, and seasonable ones, too, as the doctrines recently preached on this subject have undoubtedly increased the number of murders in a most alarming degree. We trust that the newspaper press will make copious extracts from this volume, to correct public opinion and to make the work known and sought for. For sale by J. W. Moore, Chestnut street, below Fifth.

Messrs. Loomis & Peck, of this city, are just publishing a beautifully illustrated set of cheap juvenile books. Six of them have already appeared, of which we have only room for the titles. They are "*The Little Robinson Crusoe*," "*City Sights for Little Folks*," "*Country Sights for Little Folks*," "*The Little Æsop*," and "*The Little Pilgrims' Progress*;" Parts I and II.

Messrs. Lea & Blanchard have just issued a new number of the "*American Journal of the Medical Sciences*," edited by Isaac Hays, M. D., a work of first-rate reputation and very extensive circulation among the members of the medical profession.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have published "*The Robber: a Tale*," by G. P. R. James, one of the ablest and most pleasing of the living novelists.

Messrs. Wiley & Putnam have added to their "Library of Choice Reading," "*Leigh Hunt's Italian Poets*," in three parts. The plan of this work is to relate, in simple, unaffected prose, the stories contained in the works of the great Italian poets Dante, Pulci, Boiardo, Ariosto and Tasso, with occasional metrical translations of the choicest passages. This makes an exceedingly readable and entertaining book, and serves to give the English reader a good idea of the great poets of Italy.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have published "*The History of John Marten; a Sequel to the Life of Henry Milner*," by Mrs. Sherwood. This is a history of the trials and temptations of a young minister. It is full of moral and religious instruction, like all the works of Mrs. Sherwood, and will be read with great interest.

The same publishers have issued No. 74 of the "Library of Select Novels." It is "*The Step-Mother: a Romance*, by G. P. R. James, Esq., author of "Arabella Stuart," "Rose D'Abret," &c. James is the most popular of the living novelists of England, and this new novel of his will be welcomed by thousands of his old friends. It is longer than usual, but full of lively interest. It is written in his best style. For sale by G. B. Zieber & Co.

Messrs. Philips & Sampson, Boston, have just published "*The Coming of the Mammoth, and other Poems*," by Henry B. Hirst. It is a real pleasure to open this volume, so large and clear is the type, so fine and smooth the paper, that it seems a fitting repository for the pure and beautiful creations of genius. And many thoughts worthy of such a shrine repose here,—gems of poesy which the heart of feeling will garner among its treasures. The "Lament of Adam" is one of these gems, and the "Unseen River" we greatly admire. The harmony and flow of the verse, with some few exceptions, are maintained with uncommon facility by the writer, nor does he often find it necessary to sacrifice sense to sound, but unites them artistically and ingeniously, and with much effect. There might be some few extravagances of thought and word pointed out, but we leave these for the reader to discover, who will surely first note the beauties.

Messrs. Paine & Burgess, of New York, have published "*Over the Ocean, or Glimpses of Travel in Many Lands*," by a lady of New York. This is a pleasant manual to look over if we wish to travel when by the fireside. It brings the Old World before us, or, rather, we pass by its scenes as though we were steaming it by land or water. We have only a glimpse, but that is always the pleasantest one the scene will allow; and though little that is new can be collected from such an oft-traveled tour, still the author has thrown her cheerful spirit and true American feeling into the pages, which give a charm that a loyal American heart will love and approve. The work has the ease and vivacity of the epistolary style, when a woman is penning out her thoughts without reference to the printer; and the reader feels as though reading the real letters of a friend.

"*The Boy of Spirit, a Tale for the Young*," has been sent us by the publishers, Crosby & Nichols, of Boston. The story is deserving of much praise for the excellent sentiments it teaches, and the pleasant manner in which these lessons are given. We think the book will be a favourite with the juveniles of the land.

We copy the following from the North American, and it is only one of some three hundred that we could bring forth in praise of the Lady's Book, but we object to self-laudation. Let the public look at the notices in the daily and weekly press, and they will then see the position we hold in the literature of our country.

"GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—Our friend Godey has given us a very superior number of his book for the new year—indeed we may say the best number we have seen for a year past. The first plate, by Tucker, is a very beautiful mezzotint of a very beautiful woman, finished in the best style of the art. The portrait of Miss Leslie, from Sully's admirable picture of that accomplished lady, has so strong a resemblance to Cheney's best efforts, that we take the liberty, in the absence of an engraver's name, to call it his. The third plate is the Ruins of Jamestown, which is followed by the fashions, very creditably coloured, but *not* up to the Paris plates in beauty of finish.

"The literary contents are from some of the best magazine writers of the country, and the number altogether is a gem, not only for this season, but for all. It would no doubt be an acceptable New-year's gift to some of our fair readers.

"Godey has our warmest wishes for a larger list for 1846 than he has ever had before; and we know that, if he gets what he deserves, he will have it."

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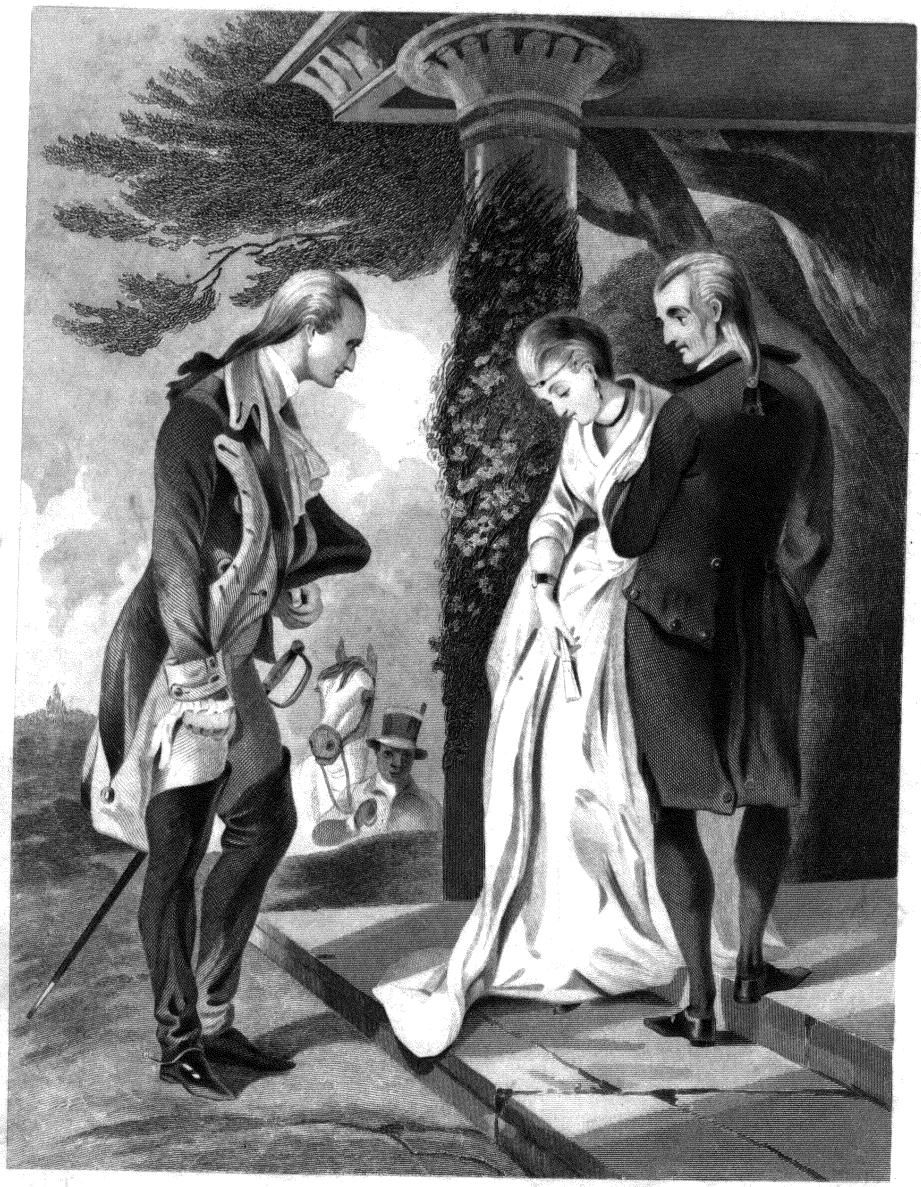

WASHINGTON'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH MRS. CUSTIS.

Drawn by F. O. C. Darley and Engraved by W. H. Ellis for Godey's Lady's Book

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GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1846.

WASHINGTON'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH MRS. CUSTIS.

(*See Plate.*)

THE subject which our accomplished friend Darley has chosen for his pencil this month, and which Mr. Ellis has so elaborately and beautifully engraved, is taken from a very lively incident in the life of Washington. It is thus delightfully narrated in a memoir of Martha Washington in Longacre's American Portrait Gallery, which is by Mr. Sparks attributed to the pen of G. W. P. Custis, Esq., of Mount Vernon.

"It was in 1758 that an officer, attired in a military undress, and attended by a body servant, tall and militaire as his chief, crossed the ferry called Williams', over the Pamunkey, a branch of the York river. On the boat touching the southern or New Kent side, the soldier's progress was arrested by one of those personages who give the *beau idéal* of the Virginia gentleman of the old regime, the very soul of kindliness and hospitality. It was in vain that the soldier urged his business at Williamsburg, important communications to the governor, &c. Mr. Chamberlayne, on whose domain the militaire had just landed, would hear of no excuse. Colonel Washington was a name and character so dear to all the Virginians, that his passing by one of the old castles of Virginia without calling and partaking of the hospitalities of the host, was entirely out of the question. The colonel, however, did not surrender at discretion, but stoutly maintained his ground, till Chamberlayne, bringing up his reserve in the intimation that he would introduce his friend to a young and charming widow then beneath his roof, the soldier capitulated on condition that he should dine—only dine—and then, by pressing his charger and borrowing of the night he would reach Williamsburg before His Excellency could shake off his morning slumbers. Orders were accordingly issued to Bishop, the colonel's body servant and faithful follower, who, together with a fine English charger, had been bequeathed by the dying Braddock to Major Washington, on the famed and fatal field of the Monongahela. Bishop, bred in the school of European discipline, raised his hand to his cap, as much as to say, 'Your honour's orders shall be obeyed.'

"The colonel now proceeded to the mansion, and was introduced to various guests, (for when was a Virginian domicil of the olden time without guests?) and above all, to the charming widow. Tradition relates that they were mutually pleased on this their first interview; nor is it remarkable. They were of an age when impressions are strongest. The lady was fair to behold, of fascinating manners, and splendidly endowed with worldly benefits; the hero, fresh from his early fields, redolent of fame, and with a form on which 'every god did seem to set his seal to give the world assurance of a man.'

"The morning passed pleasantly; evening came, with Bishop, true to his orders and firm at his post, holding the favourite charger with one hand, while the other was waiting to offer the ready stirrup. The sun sank in the horizon, and yet the colonel appeared not; and then the old soldier marveled at his chief's delay. 'Twas strange, 'twas passing strange;' surely he was not wont to be a single moment behind his appointments, for he was the most punctual of all punctual men. Meantime, the host enjoyed the scene of the veteran on duty at the gate, while the colonel was so agreeably employed in the parlour; and proclaiming that no guest ever left his house after sunset, his military visitor was without much difficulty persuaded to order Bishop to put up the horses for the night. The sun rode high in the heavens the next day, when the enamoured soldier pressed with

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his spur his charger's side and speeded on his way to the seat of government, where, having dispatched his public business, he retraced his steps, and at the White House the engagement took place, with preparations for the marriage.

"And much hath the biographer heard of that marriage from gray-haired domestics, who waited at the board where love made the feast and Washington was the guest. And rare and high was the revelry at that palmy period of Virginia's festal age, for many were gathered to that marriage of the good, the great, the gifted and the gay, while Virginia, with joyous acclamation, hailed in her youthful hero a prosperous and happy bridegroom.

"'And so you remember when Colonel Washington came a-courting of your mistress?' said the biographer to old Cully in his hundredth year.

"'Ay, master, that I do,' replied this ancient family servant, who had lived to see five generations; 'great times, sir, great times; shall never see the like again.'

"'And Washington looked something like a man, a proper man—hey, Cully?'

"'Never seed the like, sir; never the likes of him, though I have seen many in my day: so tall, so straight—and then he sat a horse and rode with such an air! Ah, sir, he was like no one else. Many of the grandest gentlemen in their gold lace were at the wedding, but none looked like the man himself.'

"Strong, indeed, must have been the impressions which the person and manner of Washington made upon the rude, 'untutored mind' of this poor negro, since the lapse of three quarters of a century had not sufficed to efface them.

"The precise date of the marriage the biographer has been unable to discover, having in vain searched among the records of the vestry of St. Peter's church, New Kent, of which the reverend Mr. Mossom, a Cambridge scholar, was the rector, and performed the ceremony, it is believed, about 1759. A short time after their marriage, Colonel and LADY WASHINGTON removed to Mount Vernon, on the Potomac, and permanently settled there."

A FRAGMENT OF FREEDOM'S HISTORY.

BY MRS. HALE.

As oaks beneath a stormy sky, when struggling with the blast,
Spread forth their arms in firmer strength and strike their roots more fast,
So firm the Pilgrim Spirit proved to battle with its foes,—
So deep it sent its living root to bless the home it chose.
Oh! faithful was that Pilgrim Band; in toil, and want, and death,
They planted in a savage land the holy Christian faith—
And deemed this rough, dark Wilderness the place by Mercy blest,
Where they might, unrestricted, keep the Sabbath's holy rest.

And thus they dwelt in faith and prayer, by men regarded not—
A staff which Pride had cast aside, and haughty Strength forgot;
And Europe's Sovereigns never dreamed what potency was given
The human mind, when free to find the Bible way to heaven.
The Pilgrim liv'd—it matter'd not—in Courts he ne'er appear'd;
The Pilgrim died—'twas heeded not—his dirge was never heard:
But Europe learned the heritage the Pilgrims held in trust,
And how the Sons were taught to guard the Fathers' faith and dust:
'Twas proven when the Briton came, with menace fierce and deep,
Like lion o'er a cowering flock, this rebel land to sweep!

As torrents leap adown the hills by thunder tempests crossed—
As snow wreaths harden in the vales beneath the winter's frost—
So cold rebukes from kingly power their loyal feelings froze,
And thus the Pilgrim Sons leap'd forth to meet their British foes.
The Pilgrim Sons, well trained were they for deeds of high emprise—
The Bible lore, the Sabbath rest had made them strong and wise;
Their voice uproused each burdened heart to break oppression's rod—
And Freedom's Host, like Israel's, stood, sustained by trust in God:
Stood, and defied that brave old Land, whose lion Banner high,
O'er prostrate Gaul and humbled Spain had shook in victory,
And swept the seas in regal pride, like conder on the air,
And Mistress of the Ocean ruled, whose empire none might dare:
Stood, and defied, and triumphed too, and from that war came forth,
As comes the sun in morning strength to bless the waiting earth—
A sovereign People, free, and formed as Freedom's Priests to stand,
And from her glowing Altar light the fanes of every land.

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A PEEP AT ROYALTY.

NO. I OF "SKETCHES ABROAD."

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS MAGAZINE BY A CELEBRATED AMERICAN LITERARY LADY NOW TRAVELING IN EUROPE.

LONDON, *January*, 1846.

THE queen!

Humph! it may be imagined that, from my republican habits and education, I felt no particular reverence or affection for those who rule by "right divine."

But I had a woman's curiosity, nevertheless, and, ashamed to confess it, I longed to see a queen—a real flesh and blood ruler of millions of toiling and suffering, and grumbling, yet loyal human kind.

I longed to see her in her woman's estate, not surrounded by the pomp and dignity of public cares, for I could imagine all the imposing artificialities of such a condition, but by the careless trifles of domestic life.

In short, I yearned to see what Her Majesty looked like, *en famille*, as a wife and mother; to note if she differed, except in rank, from the rest of her sex, and to guess, like a true Yankee, if, with every wish anticipated and every source of social anxiety removed, she was happier than us all.

This was very natural, and so I concluded to accompany a party of friends to Windsor Castle, the royal abode.

Everybody has seen London;—everybody has seen it in print, at least, if they have not threaded its crowded and elegant but shockingly dirty streets, nor breathed its phlegm-provoking atmosphere of mingled fog and soot. Everybody, however, has not seen Windsor, except in its externals, thought I; and now that its gates have been closed, by the new order of Her Majesty, to the great multitude, everybody will have but a slender chance of becoming familiar with the interesting details of the palace for some time to come.

It was a lovely morning when we left London. The almanac pronounced it midwinter, but the air was bland, the sky—for a wonder—cloudless in its blue, and the daisy here and there modestly uplifting its pale face amid the green grass, seemed to me to be timidly listening for the footstep of its mother—Spring.

I love the open air; I love the good old-fashioned mode of travel, the ample coach or comfortable carriage, the merry roll of the wheels, the pawing of the impatient steeds, and the pleasant gait that enables one to gaze leisurely around at remarkable objects and passing people. Railroads are the invention, not of an age of luxury, but of trade. They are admirable as business facilities; they suit the manifold exigencies of commerce, but, alas! they destroy all the tardier opportunities for observation and remark. They are strikingly adapted for those who simply desire to travel, but they furnish no aliment for those who wish also to think.

A private carriage, therefore, conveyed us all as far as Ealing. Thence we took the Great Western railway to Slough, where vehicles of every character can be at any moment commanded for Windsor, distant only a little over two miles.

Leaving Harley street, Cavendish Square, our route to Ealing lay through Piccadilly, the grand west-end locale of aristocracy and fashion. Then came Hyde Park, with its deeply-foliaged forest paths; its artificial river, on whose glassy bosom reposed a multitude of rare and costly aquatic birds; its mimic waterfall, and its broad road filled with gallant equestrians or with equipages, the coroneted ornaments, if not the sumptuous finish and liveried attendance of which, spoke of pomp and wealth, and power and nobility.

Next came Kensington Gardens; the barracks, with officers in splendid uniform, and tall cavalry with long swords and short jackets, and with diminutive caps suspended upon the smallest possible number of hairs upon one side of the head; Kensington Palace, with its quaint old walls and windows, its primly-graveled approach, and its armed sentinels at the gate perspiring under the accumulated weight of their importance and of a fur cap of monstrous altitude and dimensions; and that portion of London which is denominated Kensington itself, a showy street, with handsome dwellings and an abundance of stores, the front of many of them adorned with the national coat of arms, to signify that they enjoy the special patronage of royalty.

We now turned into the great road to Brentford, studded with the villas of the affluent erected in every style of caprice and fashion. Many of them are the out-of-town domicils of merchants or retired traders, and some the quiet retreat of distinguished individuals. Each has consulted his own taste in selecting a title for his residence, and it is amusing to peruse, painted conspicuously upon the gate pillars or the front wall, "Daphne Cottage," or "Victoria Hall," or "Waterloo Terrace," or "Albert Villa," or "Seringapatam Place," or "Trejago House," to say nothing of a million or less of appellations, besides, indicative of the baptizer's favourite pursuits or study, and embracing

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nearly everything peculiar in poetry, romance, or the soberer sciences.

The villages of Hammersmith and Turnham Green, both exhibiting a busy appearance, their main thoroughfares filled with omnibuses that run to and from London every few minutes during the day, next presented themselves. In the latter village, a very pretty little Gothic church, in the midst of an open and verdant public meadow of some extent that furnishes the name of this rural spot, invited our attention. The children frolicking over the level sward; the cattle laving themselves in the crystal ponds at either extremity; the many-shaped and beautiful cottages in the back-ground, and the solemn-looking church in the midst, with its tall, dark steeple, throwing its shadow over the laughing groups below, formed an exquisite picture for contemplation.

Nor was the picture marred by the accessories of the turnpike in front, over which was passing at the moment an omnibus for Kew Bridge, laden both outside and inside with passengers; a mail-coach for some more distant village, the guard of it trilling "Still so gently" with very creditable skill upon a bugle; the country postman, in his scarlet livery, driving at a rapid rate his spirited pony, and seated in his small crimson wagon, with "V. R." and a gilded crown embellishing its blushing sides; a patient donkey or two slowly pacing their way to market with vegetables; and last of all, a wedding party, in a capacious carriage of dark green picked out with gold, four spanking gray post-horses, a cockaded coachman on the box, male and female attendants in the dicky behind, two postillions in white hats, white knee-breeches, white top boots, pink satin roundabouts, and with large white satin favours on their breasts, and a world of juvenile rogues pursuing the party and shouting "huzza" at the top of their noisy lungs.

We had only about a mile farther to proceed on the highway, but to me every step was replete with interest—the rural scenery of England is so unlike, in its loveliness, that of America. Instead of the grand and the terrible, here we have the gentle and touching; instead of the rugged and sublime, we have the bewitching and the beautiful. Here are all that we have read of in our childhood, all that the old poets have taught us to dream of in romance, and that our fingers have been taught to pencil, and we have so often vowed that we would give anything for our eyes to behold. Here is the veritable cottage embosomed in ivy, the tiny mill by the rippling stream, the thrush with his sweet song in the thorny hedge, the lark soaring away towards the blue sky, and all the other picturesque details of a scene, a fondness for which all of us naturally imbibed with our first knowledge of our mother tongue in our first acquaintance with the English language.

We turned off the turnpike, and, oh, what sweet views of quiet beauty! The little lands, the green fields, the red-coated huntsmen shouting as they go, and the yelping hounds mad with joy rushing along the wooded copse or plunging into the gaping ditch that would bar their impetuous progress!

"This," said my companion, "is Gunnersbury Lane. It furnishes a delightful ride in summer, and the outspread landscape on all sides from it has elicited universal admiration. That park in the distance, with the low wall surrounding it, and the ivy stealing in such dark masses over the aged bricks, encloses what was once the favourite promenade of the Princess Amelia. Her dwelling has long since been pulled down, but that large yellow building you may perceive half-concealed among the clustered trees, is now the residence of the Baroness Rothschild—a name 'familiar as household words' to all who have any out-of-doors association with the Mammon-worshiping multitude."

"And this curve of the road, where the woodbine leaps so playfully up on the stile to get a glimpse at the traveler, and the grass is so worn and threadbare in its coat of poverty?"

"This," said she, "wears the romantic title of 'Gipsy's Corner.' The Brentford road, which we have just left, was the theatre of many of the exploits of the notorious Turpin. He levied contributions upon it as far as Hounslow, and this lane was also one of his favourite haunts. But the corner in question was a general rendezvous of the gipsies, who in their practice of palmistry bestowed ideal fortunes there upon the avaricious, and sweethearts upon those whose affections ran more upon Cupid than cupidity. The outcry of the neighbouring farmers about missing poultry, showed that the gipsies practised sundry other less equivocal arts for a subsistence, while rumours of daring highway robberies, and ultimately of one or two accompanied by a fearful shedding of human blood, led at last to judicial inquiries, when these mysterious wanderers suddenly disappeared. This corner has borne a doubtful reputation ever since, and is said to be visited yet o' nights by 'the pale glimpses of the moon' in an unmentionable way. At any rate, a barrel of sovereigns was disinterred there not long ago by a labourer who chanced to be turning up the earth for agricultural purposes."

Ah, what precious old remembrances were these! How we looked back along the line of road to Hounslow, and thence by the pretty lane to the corner so full of themes of romance! Dick Turpin and the gipsies—who had not heard of *them* even in my own far-off country? What theatre in America had not its popular drama about the one, and what stage there had not been trodden by the dark-browed, bright-eyed representatives of the other? And who could forget Hounslow while Shakspeare's highwaymen yet lived, while Falstaff, Bardolph, Poins and Pistol still kept their places in the public favour?

The lane wound along through fields cultivated like gardens on either side, until it spread out into broad unenclosed meadows in the "Manor of Ealing," and crossing the great road from Oxford street, hid itself in the foliage beyond. Here were

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more children romping with each other and a pet donkey. A young farmer in his corduroy knee-breeches, cloth gaiters, substantial shoes and red vest, was evidently just off for "Lun'un;" his pipe in his mouth and his hands in his pockets, indicating deep abstraction. A wagoner in his smock-frock, elaborately needle-worked on the breast, was whistling as he guided his team of stout Flemish horses also in the direction of the metropolis. At a cottage door stood a donkey cart containing three or four slabs, apparently of sparkling marble, each about one foot and a half wide and a yard in length.

"It is salt," said my friend. "It is carried about for sale in this shape and sawed off in pieces of any size demanded. Salt is sold by the pound in this manner, not measured as in America."

By this time we had turned from the high road again, and suddenly found ourselves by the bridge that spanned the deep cut of the railway at Ealing station. We had ample time before the arrival of the trains we awaited, to admire the neatness, adaptation, conveniences and completeness of the station houses on both sides of the railroad, although four different trains of cars stopped and passed on during our half-hour's attendance. One was the express train, and dashed past us with frightful rapidity. It accomplishes daily the distance from London to Exeter, a distance of one hundred and ninety-three miles, in four and a half hours! But then the railway is excellent in its construction; sentinels and warning-posts are maintained at almost every curve of the road; policemen in livery are on duty at every station, and everything is done with a methodical regularity and exactness that ensure both dispatch and security.

We were soon pushing along behind what Mrs. Gamp, I think, calls a "steam package," at a rapid rate. Streams, swollen with the last night's rains, and canals covered with boats, we seemed to fly over. Anon we plunged into the body of a hill, and emerging, flashed through a grove that interposed, but to find ourselves trembling over the brink of a precipice or gazing down upon some delicious landscape, with its vocal shrubbery, its winding footpath amid velvety hills, its gushing stream tumbling over jutting rocks, and its tasty white cottage smiling in the sunlight like a protecting spirit over the whole.

The cars paused for a moment at Hanwell, and we thereby obtained a bird's-eye view—for we were elevated far above—of the celebrated lunatic asylum of this place. The range of buildings, to my eye, was full of sombre magnificence, and suggested sad reflections; but the scene on the lawn below was characteristic and attractive. Here were men and women all in motion. Some were wandering pensively along the gravel walk with downcast eye and hesitating step; some pressed the earth with a haughty tread and a form erect with affected dignity; a few galloped about as if they fancied they were actual inhabitants of ponydom, while others employed themselves in the manufacture of a variety of original attitudes, or in carrying out some fantastic whim of the moment's creation. But each, even in that crowd, performed his part alone. I strained my eyes in vain to see two, at least, together. There was no concert of action whatever between them; the social feeling had fled with the mysterious spirit of ratiocination. Each lived and moved in an ideal world of his own, and one peopled with shapes and images to suit his distempered imagination.

Arrived at Slough station, the comprehensive and commodious arrangements of which compel one's admiration, I had barely time to glance at a magnificent hotel that adorns the vicinity of the depôt, and cast an unsatisfactory look at some of the royal carriages that had accompanied us by the train, before we were all hurried into an omnibus and whirled off for Windsor. The carriages alluded to were of a plain brown colour, picked in with red, and with the exception of the crown, &c., on the panel, were quite unostentatious in appearance, though one of them had a rather formidable arrangement displayed behind for offensive weapons.

Passing through Eton, (pronounced Eeton,) celebrated for its ancient and illustrious seminary, we crossed the river Thames and wound along the crooked main street of Windsor. We had several handsome views of the castle as we approached it, and, perched upon an extensive hill, the sides of which are thickly wooded and the foot washed by the rapid stream, the pile of buildings constituting this stronghold of authority presents at many points a highly romantic picture. The lofty Keep, or Round Tower in the centre, the scene of so many historical events, arrests the attention in a moment; and how memory wells up from her stores of the past each graphic incident of the times, as the eye wanders up and down the fierce-looking stones or catches at the deep embrasures that once vomited forth the red death upon its assailants.

Concluding to save time by avoiding the common entrance upon the farther side of the hill, we crossed a narrow court and commenced a pretty steep ascent of one hundred and forty-four steps, which, after a most fatiguing journey, ushered us into the cloisters, containing memorials let into the wall of deceased military knights and others. Carefully picking our way through a labyrinth of galleries, we at length emerged into the spacious court-yard of the castle. Here a striking view presented itself. On one side of us, in the lower ward, was the famous collegiate church of St. George; the low, square tower called Garter Hall; the venerable wardrobe tower, with the ivy clasping it in its close embrace; Winchester, built by William de Wykeham; Julius Cæsar's tower, with its time-worn, irregular front, and Salisbury, the residence of the bishop of the diocese. On the other side was Henry the Eighth's gateway, with the bristling muskets of the sentinels, their scarlet coats heightening the general effect when seen against the dark stone. The residences of the

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ecclesiastical officers of St. George's chapel, and those of the military knights, the minor canons, lay clerks, &c., were scattered about us, and in front rose the Round Tower itself, to a height of nearly two hundred feet from the summit of an artificial mount, and by its position between the two wards of the castle, commanding every avenue.

We approached the low wall that overlooked the wide fosse that in the olden time surrounded the Keep, but instead of water beheld a sweet little garden occupying the bed of the ancient ditch, its pretty box-edged flower beds, its tiny gravel walks, and its shrubbery of evergreens, strangely in dissonance with the anti-peaceful ideas associated with such a locality.

Presenting our order for admission to a plethoric servant in waiting, whose rich livery was gold-laced in abundance, we discovered to our mortification that the queen was present in the castle, having just entertained the day before at a grand banquet a large party of the nobility. It was impossible, therefore, to obtain a glimpse at the private apartments of Her Majesty, the portion of the castle we most longed to see. The state apartments we did not care to see, but I had heard much of the royal chapel, and we concluded to waste an hour in its examination. As the queen and her royal consort were expected to attend divine worship there within that hour, we thought it would afford us a rare opportunity to gratify our curiosity. As "a cat is free to contemplate a monarch," Mr. Dickens says—certes, it is not too great a privilege for even republican humanity.

The chapel is a grand one in every respect. The lofty pillars rise to the fretted roof, which is of elaborately sculptured stone, while the sunlight falling through the stained-glass windows, covers them with all the changing hues of the kaleidoscope, and makes them resemble at times gigantic colour-spirits abroad upon the silent earth. The glass in the windows is brilliantly coloured, and represents a number of events in Biblical history, the groups being generally designed by West.

The organ is said to be the finest toned in England. It divides the nave from the choir of the chapel, and is ornamented to excess in gold, with the insignia of the garter. The floor of the choir where divine service is performed and the ceremony of installing the knights of the garter takes place, is composed of alternate black and white diamond-shaped slabs of marble. The communion table is approached by an ascent of four steps, and upon it are massy golden candlesticks and a large golden dish, together with four gorgeously bound Bibles glittering with burnished gold. The roof is rich with carved work. The stalls (or seats) of the knights are ranged on either side of the choir, and over them, beneath a canopy of finished workmanship, are suspended the helmet, crest, sword and mantle of each, while the banner of each floats just above. The stalls of the sovereign and the princes of the blood-royal are under the organ gallery, and that of the first is distinguished by curtains and a canopy of purple velvet embroidered with gold fringe. The queen's closet, which is fitted up for her accommodation during divine service, is a gallery furnished with chairs, curtains, &c., of garter-blue silk, the windows being filled with ancient stained glass. The effect of the whole is really sublime; the "dim, religious light" through the great painted window over the altar, contributing to lend a solemn air to the impressive scene, that is singularly effective.

One of the most remarkable things in the choir is a monument of finely-wrought steel over the tomb of Edward IV. One cannot conceive how the stubborn metal was ever made to yield to even the most consummate skill in the production of such delicate and artistical divisions. But the story connected with it is also peculiar. The monument was finished by the cunning hand of a blacksmith of Antwerp, a genius of no common kind. He subsequently fell in love with a painter's daughter. He wooed and won her heart, but her hand could only be bestowed upon a painter eminent in his profession. What will not love accomplish? He devoted himself to the art, and became as famous with his pencil as he had previously been for the productions of his hammer and anvil. The man was Quentin Matys, the celebrated painter of "The Misers." The republican forces at the defeat of Charles First, in 1642, despoiled this tomb of a large collection of trophies of gold and jewels. They plundered the dead without the slightest compunctions of conscience.

The tombs of royalty and nobility are scattered here all around, showing the vanity of human grandeur and the final approximation of the great and lowly alike to the same common end. Eight recesses are divided off into separate private chapels for the remains of the members of distinguished families, and some of them contain marble figures and monuments of much beauty.

Opposite the resting-place of Richard Beaucamp, Bishop of Salisbury and first Chancellor of the Order of the Garter, is a little arch which once contained a breviary of the Catholic Church, deposited by the bishop for the use of all who approached it. A folio black-letter Bible, attached by a brass chain to the old ring let into the stone, has been substituted for the breviary.

Peeping into a small chantry farther along, I beheld a strange old painting of John the Baptist. It is divided into three compartments, illustrating the three important eras of that martyr's life. It was a capital specimen of the art at an early date, and very much resembled the pictures we see upon Chinese plates, the figures being stiff, disproportioned and completely out of drawing, and the rules of perspective flagrantly violated. No doubt it was a gem when it was originally deposited in its cell; and, after all, one can only appreciate modern excellence by its comparison with the grotesque productions of the far past.

There is a chaste monument and statue to the memory of the late Earl Harcourt in one of the

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aisles, and upon the pedestal is executed in high relief the "gallant exploit," as it is denominated, "in which his lordship, with a handful of men, captured the American General Lee." I confess that I felt a little regret that the capture of Earl Harcourt's commander, Lord Cornwallis, did not occupy a place upon the other side of the pedestal, and thus complete the picture. 'Twas a silly feeling to indulge in, but away from home one's very heart-pulses seem identified with the honour and glory of one's country.

The grand ornament, however, of the royal chapel in the monumental way, is the cenotaph of her late Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte. It was erected by public subscription as a token of the popular feeling occasioned by her decease, and must have cost an immense sum. The body of the princess is represented as upon a bier, with loose drapery gracefully thrown over its whole length, from beneath the edge of which the right hand is carelessly projected. At each corner of the bier a female attendant, covered also at full length, is placed in an attitude of the most absorbing grief.

The whole is exquisitely sculptured in white marble, and with such wonderful delicacy, that not only are the outlines of the several figures beautifully preserved, but while gazing with breathless admiration on the group, one can almost fancy that the drapery moves over the bosom of the mourners. I found it almost impossible to divest myself of the idea that I could distinctly trace the features, in one instance, beneath the marble veil that concealed them.

In enveloping the faces of the attendants and leaving the intensity of their sorrow to the imagination of the beholder, the artist has judiciously availed himself of one of the most triumphant efforts of genius handed down to us from antiquity.

The apotheosis of the princess over the bier is, however, in shocking taste. The ascent of a spirit in a material form while her body is still present, is grossly inconsistent; nor is it lessened by the companionship of the two angels, one of whom is engaged in the functions of a dry nurse, and appears to be as much at ease in them as if she had been regularly educated to their performance. Only think of an angel in such a menial capacity!

There was much to see that was scarcely worth description; and we were about to leave the royal chapel, at length, after wandering for some time up and down the hushed and solemn aisles, and gazing until we were weary at the proud effigies of kings and warriors reposing on marble pillows, some with hands piously upraised in prayer, and petitioning (if I read the good old English inscriptions aright), for the prayers of all who approached them, while the idle emblems of temporary pomp and power garnered around them showed how they clung to earthly vanities even in death; and some clustered about with small sculptured figures representing their sorrowing children, the little heads of which had been spitefully knocked off by the conquerors in some factious triumph—the castle under the third Henry being alternately in possession of both the contending factions, though eventually surprised by Edward and made his general rendezvous—we were about to leave, when a stir in the aisle behind the altar drew us from a final contemplation of the delicious group in the cenotaph of the Princess Charlotte, upon which the fading sunlight was throwing, through the orange-painted glass, a warm glow of life that gave a miraculous effect to the almost breathing marble. The doors of the chapel were thrown open at this moment, and the grand organ began to gush out its song of religious praise in tones of full and mellifluous melody. We moved towards the point of general attention.

A private door opened, and Queen Victoria with her royal consort, Prince Albert, stood before us.

In another instant they had disappeared by a special entrance that led upward to the royal closet.

In the bustle it was impossible to obtain more than a cursory glance at the royal couple, but it was satisfactory, for they passed in such proximity as to touch us, and my eyes at least were very naturally riveted upon them as they approached us and disappeared. Indeed, I pored so absorbedly over their features, that I utterly lost sight of their costume, and cannot for my life recollect what it was like, excepting that it was not *outré* enough to distract my attention.

The queen is homely, and possesses by no means the face and form pictured to the multitude by the artist and engraver. The published likenesses of Her Majesty are excessively flattering. She is short in stature, and though not exactly stout, an accurate idea of her general figure may be presented by the somewhat inelegant but significant term "lumpy." It is certainly not dignified nor graceful. Nor is her face more prepossessing; round, full and heavy, it struck me as being remarkably characterless. If anything, it wore a mixed expression of indolence and petulance. Perhaps this was the effect of some recent little domestic difference between Her Majesty and the handsome prince. Such, at least, was the impression left upon my mind by a studied perusal of her countenance.

Prince Albert is nearly the reverse of all this. He is both *distingué* in appearance and eminently good-looking. Above the medium height, neither stout nor slender, but extremely well proportioned, he seems in physical development admirably *comme il faut*, and moves with unaffected ease and dignity. The predominant expression of his face is good-natured *insouciance*, with a smile in the corner of his eye and lip that a consciousness of its gross impropriety alone with difficulty keeps from breaking out on most occasions. He looked to us as if he would have given worlds to be able at times to close his ears to the clanking of his golden fetters.

"Oh, isn't he a duck!" exclaimed a Windsor shopkeeper behind us to her gossip, as the object of my remarks faded from her sight. "How I would like to give him just one good kiss and a hug, wouldn't you?"

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Unfortunately I could not catch the gossip's whispered reply, but I suspect from the prince's general popularity, that could he have listened to it, his *amour propre* would have suffered no mortification. In fact, the women of the royal household, whatever they may think of the queen, appear to entertain the warmest opinion of her consort. They conceive him

"——— so gay, so tender—the complete
Nice man—the sweetest of the monarch's suite."

After leaving the chapel, we strolled about Windsor for another hour, but it is a dull place at this season, and the edge of our curiosity having been taken off, we gazed upon minor curiosities with indifference. Rain coming up at the same time—it only rains three hundred and sixty-five days in the year in Great Britain—we hastily gathered together our scattered party, and were soon *en route* again for London.

SIBYL SYLVESTER.

THE BELOVED.

BY D. E. WILSON.

My thoughts will turn to early home,
Where youth's bright days were past;
And while from friend to friend they roam,
They hold one, dear one, fast.

Her mild blue eyes and joyous face
Were like the star-lit sky—
Her lovely form and perfect grace
Enchanted every eye.

I knew her through life's dawning hour,
When smiles with tears could play;
And saw her, like an op'ning flower,
New charms on charms display.

I met her next, endeared to fame,
When beauty's buds had bloom'd;
Like rosy morn she gently came,
With love's soft blush illum'd.

And next I saw her on her bier,
With pale and wax-like face;
Bedew'd with many a fallen tear
From friendship's last embrace.

Before her noon-day reached its height
Her sun for ever set;
But left on virtue's path a light
That glows upon it yet.

And such is life! a bud—a flower—
And then a stricken stem;
Its ordeal, whether sun or shower,
To death will soon condemn.

But death is life, and life is death,
To saints like her, forgiven;
The angel-hand that closed her breath
Has borne her soul to heaven.

In dreams like life I've seen her since,
With bright, celestial brow;
Her smiles, that perfect bliss evince,
Seem beaming on me now.

But ah! how can I cease to mourn
Her absence, though she's blest;
My heart is like a lonely urn
Entomb'd within my breast.

THE LITTLE MESSENGER.

TO AN ABSENT WIFE.

From dewy morn to silent eve
We think and talk of her,
And now we are resolved to send
This little Messenger.

Go to the absent loved one—say,
Low whispering in her ear,
How happy we would be again
If she were only here.

Tell her we are "so lonesome" now,
And daily miss her so;
Though all too late, we ask ourselves,
How could we let her go?

And say we miss her at the board,
In her accustomed chair,
And round our quiet little hearth,
And in the house of prayer.

Tell her if she is only blest,
That we will not complain;
But every hour will seem an age,
Until we meet again.

And say we wish her health and joy—
And don't forget to tell,
That in her distant western home,
(Though lonely,) "all is well."—J. S. F.

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LETTERS FROM ROME.—TO THE EDITOR.

LETTER FOURTH.

ROME, *January*, 1846.

MY DEAR MADAM—You must excuse me for not writing you more often, and pardon a little selfishness, for my time is much occupied, and my head has been so much confused that I cannot write as I would wish. I have also been quite unwell, but am now fast recovering. This climate is considered the best in Italy for those affected with pulmonary complaints, and always during the winter there are many consumptives here, who find the soft, damp climate to agree with them, and who could not live in an exposed situation with a more bracing air. The longer I reside here the more my love for the place increases. I have given up all idea of going to Naples until after Easter. There is a world of art here, and I have enjoyed myself so much amidst the galleries of paintings and sculpture, that I begin almost to dread returning to America. You are aware that I have always been partial to Italy and Italian literature, and I take great delight in hearing spoken the "soft, bastard Latin."

I wrote you some time since a letter about sculpture I hardly know what. I think I wrote you or J—— last summer of my acquaintance with M—— and wife, of *Neuilly*. It, perhaps, may interest you to hear the particulars, as the lady, Madame M——, was of so much service to me in forming my taste for paintings. Indeed, I believe I owe to woman all the happiness I ever experienced. But to my story. I was one fête day at St. Cloud early last summer, and having visited the apartments of *Louis Philippe* in the *chateau*, was loitering around a sheet of water under the windows, watching the graceful movements of several swans. I observed some fifteen or twenty persons clustered around a gate which led to the private gardens of the king. By the time I could join them the custode came with a key, and he unlocking the gate, I passed in with the party, thinking it was free to all; but as we went up a little terrace, I found that we were counted and that the key was turned upon us. Seeing I had entered with a private party, I lingered behind. This garden, which was laid out by *Le Notre*, is one of the most charming places in the world, especially in the month of June. Shrubbery and flowers are cultivated upon low terraces to the height of nearly two hundred feet, and quite close to the chateau. The effect from the bottom is that of a mountain of flowers, interspersed with light and delicate fountains. I observed, however, that an Englishman, accompanied by two ladies and a child, were detached from the main party, and watched me with some curiosity. Soon the gentleman, leaving the ladies a short distance, came up with me and addressed me in French—"*Vous êtes Anglais, monsieur?*"

"*Non, monsieur; je suis Americain*," I replied.

"Oh, well," said he, "it is nearly the same thing; I have been in your country."

We walked along towards his companions, who remained smiling during this interview. We exchanged cards, and I was introduced to his wife. She was tall, well-formed, handsome, about thirty years of age, with dark hair and dark eyes of a most brilliant expression. She informed me that she saw I was a stranger, and had sent her husband to speak to me; that they were residing at *Neuilly* during the summer, and that a few years ago they had passed several weeks in Philadelphia. During our ramble of several hours around the garden and park, we became quite sociable. I told her of my intention of going to Italy in the winter.

"Oh," said she, "I envy you; there is so much art in Italy. Are you fond of paintings?"

I replied I was. She asked me what were my favourites in the *Louvre*. I was unable to answer; for, in fact, I had been there but once or twice. She asked me if I liked *Murillo's* paintings. I told her I did, and by chance happened to remember his own portrait in the Spanish gallery.

"I am very fond of his works," said she, "and have seen his masterpieces at *Seville*."

She then asked me about Italian paintings. I told her I was more fond of French paintings, and preferred the galleries of the Luxembourg.

"Oh, well," said she; "have you ever seen many paintings?"

I frankly told her I had not.

"Well, go for several days," said she, "to the *Louvre*, and study such and such pictures"—which she designated being by *Murillo*, *Raphael*, and other Italian masters—"and your ideas will change. I go often to the *Louvre*," she continued, "and find it one of the greatest pleasures in existence."

She was very enthusiastic in talking about art, and her agreeable manners and conversation interested me very much. I place the day upon which I met her as one of the brightest in my existence. I have marked it with a white stone. Need I say to you that I profited by her instructions? I was ever after, during my stay in Paris, a frequent visitor at the Louvre, and every day I spent there added to my happiness. I learned to distinguish the different schools, and selected my favourites. Her words proved true—my ideas did change. I now care

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little for the French school of painting, with the exception of a few of the old masters. Their modern paintings are like the people, too *mannered.* If a French artist wishes to represent a figure at devotion, he will place it in a devoted attitude, very devoted, and yet at the same time it will seem to say to the spectator, "*See how devoted I am.*" There will not be that seeming forgetfulness of self, that abandonment of the world, which you will find in the Italian schools.

The attention which I paid to art in France has prepared me to appreciate Rome, and I have to thank Madam M——, and often think of her, I assure you. G——, my companion in Rome, is a young Englishman, about a year out of college. He gave a course of lectures on art before the Royal Architectural Society last winter, and knows the order of every column, frieze, architrave and cornice in Italy, besides being an excellent judge of paintings. We agree exceedingly well, and most generally visit the galleries of art together. We have been the past week visiting some of the principal palaces here. First, the Borghese Palace. I do not think it will interest you to know by whom it was built or for whom, but will inform you that there are over seventeen hundred paintings there. To describe these I have neither the inclination nor power—and then they have been described many times. But a description of a painting is very unsatisfactory unless you are before it, or are an artist. I will mention a few of the most famous and those which pleased me, that you may compare notes if you should ever pass through the same galleries. First, the Cumaen Sybil, by *Domenichino;* the Chase of *Diana,* by the same artist; *St. Anthony* Preaching to the Fishes, by *Paul Veronese;* Descent from the Cross, by *Raphael;* the portrait of *Cesar Borgia* by the same; the Return of the Prodigal, by *Guercino,* and a Holy Family, by *Giulio Romano.* In the *Barberini* Palace is La Bella *Fornarina* of Raphael, and the sweet head of *Beatrice Cenci* by *Guido,* copies of which you have seen, and whose history *Shelley* has woven into poetry that will live for ages.

I spent a morning a short time since in a palace not far distant, where the *Aurora* by Guido is found. This is a beautiful creation. A poet's mind is here depicted if it never was before. The beauty, the grace, the light and delicate arrangement of the drapery, charm one like a pleasant dream in midsummer.

I have also been to the *Corsini* Palace. Here are many fine paintings; the famous Ecce Homo, by Guercino—but the gem to me is the Madonna by Murillo. If the sin of covetousness can be laid to me, it is for this picture. The portraits of this family interested me; indeed, the blood runs fast as one walks through the halls of this famous family. I lounged away several hours here, thinking of their strifes with the Colonna and Orsini.

There are over forty palaces here worth visiting. The air in them is generally temperate; and one if he chooses can spend the most of his time in regal magnificence, gazing on the most beautiful creations of art. I am fond of Grecian fable, and there are many landscapes illustrating scenes in that land; some by Poussin please me much. I never visit one of these galleries without returning with the feeling, as it were, of being a better man. You see in one of them, perhaps, twenty or thirty different illustrations of Scripture; then you turn to some fine head of some distinguished man of the fifteenth or sixteenth century, some sunny landscape by Claude, or some historical piece by one of the many painters of days gone by.

These pictures are mellowed by age, and the artists seem to have had extraordinary power in placing upon canvas their conceptions. They evidently understood well the human form and mind, or they could not have painted with so much freedom.

I will close this by enclosing you a few extracts from my late readings. They are from the writings of *Carlo Bini,* a merchant of Leghorn, deceased in November, 1842. They may interest you to know how an Italian talks of love and the ladies.

FRAGMENTS.

"Considering all, men are of much less worth than women. They boast of mind, perhaps, and a thousand other qualities, which, after all, they have no occasion for. When have we the sweetness, the courage, the heavenly patience, which in certain epochs of life make woman sublime."

"Woman alone understands fully the holy virtue of sacrifice. Man will never know how to love like woman."

"When woman loves truly, she loves as man will never know. In this, woman is of a texture much finer than man: all her soul is a melody of love, sweet, profound, lasting. Woman is a ray created by God to illumine the obscure and rough shades of this world. When I speak thus, I do not mean all; I mean woman, pure, dear, gentle and spiritual. The vulgar affirm that woman's love is not lasting. I do not believe them. Woman, also, has not been comprehended but by a few pure and sublime hearts. She is a weak creature, unarmed, and has always been oppressed and calumniated. And if woman is sometimes inconstant in love, it is because man often takes too soon the impulses of his brutal nature, ceases too soon to merit love."

"A woman slight and fragile, carelessly may place madness in a potent heart, confusion in a strong intellect, break and reduce to powder a will of iron, and all this would happen without inconveniency, without losing a minute's sleep, with the same *nonchalance* as she would place a pin."

"The first cause of the bad education of women are the men, who do not know or do not wish

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ever to tell them the truth. They flatter them right or wrong, in order to seduce them; after when they are satisfied—and they are soon satisfied—they leave them unhappy and corrupted without remedy. They suck the orange and throw away the peel."

"The tears of an angel wash the sins of mortals and make the roses of paradise to bloom in the dirt of this world."

"Happiness would be easy to obtain if the world observed the laws of love, harmony and attraction, that God designed in the creation—if it was permitted that every soul should gravitate liberally to its centre."

"I do not confide in those who shake the hands of every one, that call themselves friends of all. The human heart cannot be so divided, and should not satisfy all; but one may have a friend—indeed, it is necessary to have a friend—and in need make noble sacrifices for him."

"My fancy roams like a bee sucking the finest of beauty's flowers that the hand of God has lavished upon the universe. Beautiful and dear creature, who to the perfect nature of the celestials unites all the sympathy and goodness of heart of mortal nature—beautiful, perfect and dear creature, intermediate ring between heaven and earth, type of a new angel, that God would have looked upon with complacency and gathered in His eternal mind to reproduce in a better world."

"In affairs of love, the less one thinks, the less one calculates, the less one sets one's heart upon a thing, the better it is. To feel, often to feel, and always feel, but without prevention, like the good, like the Italian of olden time, this is the soul, the essence of love. Love does not reason, makes no account, does not see, and for this the ancients always painted him blind."

"I do not seek in love, warm, intoxicating pleasures, but modest joys, sprinkled with a sweet melancholy. Melancholy is a holy thing; it is the echo of harmony that plays in the heavens; it is a sentiment that perfumes love and makes it incorruptible."

"My character is strong, severe and passionate, despising the exterior form of things, attending only to the soul, not contented but with truth, and abhorring naturally coquetry of every species. My character at the same time is gallant; woman has nothing to fear from me. For me the worship of woman is holy and solemn; and when I can no longer love them nor esteem them, I would always know how to pity them sincerely."

STANZAS.

BY S. B. SHERWOOD.

THERE was a time when feelings fond and true
Had gathered round my heart on such a night,
And o'er yon broad expanse of deep'ning blue
The wings of fancy, in their wayward flight,
Had borne me onward in a wild delight,
Till earth and all her changing ones were lost
And all forgotten, then her withering blight,
And all unseen the ocean where we're tost,
Like wrecks that to an unknown land are sped acrost.

And deep within were hidden secret springs
That could be touched, as by a sudden flash
Of thought, reflecting on a thousand things
Its holy light, lending a quick'ning dash
Of beauty to the peaceful sky, the crash
Of the rude thunder in its chainless might,
And to the wild waves that the storm-winds lash
Like furious coursers o'er the trackless night,
Whilst, shuddering, man shrinks backward from the fearful sight.

Then tameless passions reveled in my breast,
And feelings such as scenes like these inspire;
The harp-strings of my soul could know no rest,
But, like the sweet and sad Æolean lyre,
Would wake to life with a resistless fire,
And sing for me a wild enchanting strain,
To die away, and in itself expire,
Till some kind touch aroused its notes again,
And cast about my heart an adamantine chain.

But this was naught but boyhood's early dreams,
The struggling of the passions to be free,
When first upon their prison fell a beam
Of light, that grew with their intensity,
And left a hope that all the world might be
A scene of sunshine lit with joy the while,
To make our life as peaceful as yon sea,
Whose every little twinkling starry isle
Should teach the heart a truth by its unfading smile.

It were a blessing had we died in youth,
Before its better feelings had grown cold,
Ere time had pointed out the bitter truth,
And stripped the dream of all its beauty, fold
By fold, and backward from the future roll'd
The rainbow tints that long deceived and hid,
As the green sod above the grave, the mould
Of what was raised to life at beauty's bid,
Now crumbling into dust beneath the coffin lid.

I would our life were fleeting as the rose
That earliest opens to the breath of spring,

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And sheds its fragrance ere the winter-snows
Their mantle on its tender petals fling,
Or to its blushing hues their pallor bring;—
Ere autumn clothes the earth as for the tomb,
Or breathes upon the flowers, withering
The wreaths that nature twined, and all too soon
Sweeping away the freshness of their vernal bloom.

Oh! who would wish to feel the mind decay?
To bear about a worn-out, useless shell?
A casket whence the gem is stolen away?
The palsied limb and sunken eye, that tell
Of life's last childhood, waiting but the knell
That warns our heirs that we are gone at last?
'Tis Death, and Death alone, should quell
The vital spark, and in a moment cast
Its sombre curtain o'er the present and the past.

Quick, crushing every fibre of the brain
At one fell stroke—the limits marking deep
'Twixt life and death—and all the endless train
Of cares and joys, with one broad besom sweep
Away for ever, to their dreamless sleep.
'Tis worse than death, that living death that stands
Above the voiceless sepulchre, and keeps,
Or tries to keep, within its nerveless hands,
The glass of life, and count its slowly dropping sands.

Say, what are all the bubbles we pursue?
The fruits of vaunting human strength and pride?
How few remain, our weary wandering through,
To cover up the marks of care, or hide
The shattered wreck, loose floating on the tide,
That bears it to a far and unknown sea,
Silently on, "till time shall open wide
His outward gate to weary age," and be
Our herald as we glide into eternity.

Ambition, avarice, and love, and fame,
What are they? What the crowning, best success?
The leaving to the world a deathless name?
Or gilded dust heaped up by wretchedness?
Will either save from utter nothingness?
Will lore outlive the first rude shock of fate?
E'en should it deign our youthful hopes to bless,
It cannot prove a shield, or recreate
Our early dreams, when time has left us desolate.

And then death comes at last—men die away
As in a sleep, and sink into the grave—
No effort or emotion to betray
The mysteries of that dreaded change, or save
To man a token from oblivion's wave.
I've sat and watched the features as life ebb'd away—
A calm, serene repose was there—they gave
No sign: 'tis thus the light at close of day
Departs, and leaves the cloud itself, so cold and gray.

The grave no voice from its deep chamber sends—
No wizard spirit from the future stands
Upon its verge, and o'er its vortex bends
The depth to fathom, or to burst the bands
Of the dead past. As 'neath the desert sands
Some work of by-gone ages lies, they lie,
Still passionless and mute, till time's rude hands
Displaces column, arch and stone, and high
Above their ruin writes its curse—obscurity.

Death and the worm have all at last, and fame
Preserves an empty sound, a breath of air,
Which, if it be euphonine, an easy name,
Men will breathe it, and they will little care
Whether 'tis linked with deeds most foul or fair,
If it but serve to lengthen out a line,
Or for a simile; 'tis their affair
Who bore it, to inquire if it be crime
Or virtue that bequeathed it to all future time.

THE HUSBAND TO HIS WIFE.

BY ANGELE HULL.

Oh! years have passed since first I wooed thee,
Dear one! for my bride,
And gazed on thee with such delight—
All blushes at my side:
And now again I look on thee,
And love thee tenfold more
Than when I bade thee fondly say,
"I love thee," o'er and o'er.

There creeps a streak of silver, love,
In that dark hair of thine;
Thy face is fair, yet still I see
Th' unsparing hand of Time:
Thy step is not so light, my love,
Yet still 'tis full of grace;
The smile is ever bright, my love—
The heart is in its place.

And day by day thou art more dear,
Thou fond and faithful wife;
Oh, what am I without thy hand
To smooth the path of life!

Thou sayest our child's sweet face is like
This furrowed one of mine;
But that fair cheek was ne'er on me—
Those soft eyes, too—are thine.

And I will cherish her the more
As she grows more like thee;
She brings to mind my heart's first love—
The bride heaven gave to me:
And thus I see thy image, love,
As thou wert in thy youth,
And hail each th' affection, aye,
Unchanging—true—as *truth!*

Soon age will come with unkind hand,
And wrinkle that smooth brow;
Then I shall bend beneath his grasp,
Though full of vigour now.
And yet, love, I can welcome him
In this our peaceful life—
So he but let me die with thee,
My own beloved wife!

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BEFRIENDING A GENIUS.

A REMINISCENCE OF A CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

BY MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN.

"PRAY, young ladies, what book is that *almost* hidden beneath the sofa pillow? Mrs. Somerville? Oh, no! the times which have produced a Mrs. Somerville also allow young ladies to be rather proud of a little blue-stockingism, and to pay tribute to her without reproach. I mean that dingy, mouldy-looking volume, with smoked edges and dog-eared corners, and the interior—I can tell without opening it—of sea-green paper covered with interjections now almost obsolete, with blushings, kneelings, swoonings and vowings, and other participles almost equally exploded; with tall, staff-like esses, instead of the compact, cunning-looking character twirled so gracefully on a modern page, and other antiquities delightful to behold from their associations with the palmy days of circulating libraries. Pray, young ladies, let me see that book."

"Mrs. Inchbald! one of the tutelary spirits of the dear old library at T——, along with Charlotte Smith and Mrs. Brunton, and the fair Porters, and Mrs. Radcliffe, and others whose names are as meaningless to the perception of you of the rising generation as the dates of Rollin or the characters of last month's French novel are indistinct to your memories. Look up a few more of those musty, tattered readables, and, my word for it, they will grow upon your fancy and affections while most of the fast-falling leaves of the present day melt away with the snow-flakes of the season. Miss Edgeworth, also—don't affect to think her too wise—one may enjoy a polka with the muses, and not the less a minuet with Minerva."

"But about T——, Mrs. Allanby—you said something about T——, didn't you? You have lived there; and isn't it delightful? Such sweet walks about the college-grounds, and so many handsome, witty, agreeable students, with their stylish uniform!"

"I spoke of the old circulating library, my dear, not of the students."

"So you did; but I do so love uniforms! I wonder that all students do not wear them. What about the library, though, Mrs. Allanby?"

"Why, in some connection with students, it was the grand flirtation factory of the town. You doubtless remember its locality, which is now degraded to the use of some hat emporium or boot and shoe *depôt*, ever to be deplored by those who prefer romantic associations and poetical remembrances to the common-place existence of the necessary realities of life. Don't you remember an old muddy-looking stone house, with a narrow, peaked doorway, and two bow windows of very green, blistered glass, directly facing the north front of the market place, and breaking the continuity of the square of handsome modern dwellings as ungracefully as would your stolen volume the well-arranged rows of your elegant book-case? Its occupants, in my school-days, were two respectable maiden ladies, Miss Rachel and Miss Urania Meems. One of the windows displayed a bandbox and two bonnets, which, as long as any of my cotemporaries could remember, had always looked as forlorn and ridiculous as an old-fashioned bonnet always looks to female eyes; and the other by wafers, quills, books, pamphlets and pasteboard cats, kittens and tigers. The millinery division of the room was under the control of Miss Rachel, and the department of literature and zoology was the jurisdiction of the younger sister. The former was a simple, quiet little woman, with coaxing, coddling ways, who sat patiently from morning till night, and from year to year, as if working at the same everlasting bonnet; but Miss Urania was altogether a different and an imposing personage. She was largely framed, loud-laughing and fast-talking; she always wore a dressy cap with bright-coloured ribbons, and prominent bunches of stiff, black false curls, called corkscrews; she had a high forehead, of which she was proud, though phrenology had not then come in fashion, and a wide mouth, displaying four artificial teeth, which, from being of a breadth to supply the place of six or eight, had an effect easier to imagine than describe. Miss Urania always affirmed herself to be a masculine character, though, even in a region where logic was one of the staples, few would have undertaken to prove that from the premises offered, that in news-telling, match-making, secret-keeping, advice-giving, and other feminine tastes and practices, she was insatiable and indefatigable. She was a prodigy of erudition, also, to us novices, a catalogue of whose book acquaintances would scarcely have made a longer line than the English alphabet—for she had repeatedly read every book in her library. Even to her sister her head was as much a matter of solemn wonder as was that of Goldsmith's schoolmaster to his neighbours. She founded upon this a right always to make selections for her younger customers, which was done somewhat in the following manner:—

"'Don't go to that side, my dear; there's no-

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thing on those shelves but gentlemen's books—you would not find them at all entertaining. To be sure, they are called classic or standard——'

"'Standard or not, Miss Urania, the gentlemen must have very little taste if they can enjoy anything with such abominable names—Peregrine Pickle! Humphrey Clinker! Tristram Shandy! *I* never think of opening a book unless it has a pretty name.'

"'I know you don't, my dear; young ladies never do. None but a masculine-minded *girl* like myself, could ever read a second page of those works. But here is one that will suit you to a T—a sweet story about a young nobleman named Lord Delmont, who fell desperately in love with a poor but lovely girl, whom he found playing the harp in an arbour. His family discover it and think it outrageous. They throw every dishonourable obstacle in the way of his marrying her, and when she hears that, she goes off clandestinely to be a governess, for she has too much sensibility to think of subjecting him to persecution. At last, however, she comes into possession of a large fortune—but I won't spoil the story by telling you any more.'

"'No, please, don't, Miss Urania; I never like to be told how a book ends before I begin it. To be sure, if one's curiosity becomes too much excited, it is impossible to resist the temptation to turn over and peep at the conclusion—but even that lessens one's pleasure.'

"But you forget, Mrs. Allanby—what about the flirtations?"

"Well, to come to the flirtations. Miss Rachel and Miss Urania were the confidants of all the young ladies, and also of all the young gentlemen, students included, in the town; and though they were too discreet to give countenance to any love-making, or even flirting, on their own premises, yet they were always ready to lay trains for its operation elsewhere. The twofold attractions of books and bonnets afforded ready excuses for a confabulation, and at certain hours of almost any day, a file of two or three, perhaps four or five, grown-up school girls, or young ladies just come out, might have been seen entering the door. After they had restored a book to Miss Urania, or scrutinized a fashion plate with Miss Rachel—which latter productions were much rarer in those days than in the present, and were then always worn to tatters before their reign of three months had expired—a conference, of which a single one shall be a sample, would ensue.

"'Oh, you sly girl! you thought I would not find out who escorted you home from dancing-school last Thursday! Don't you know that it is useless to attempt keeping such things from me?'

"'I should like you to tell, if you know, Miss Urania."

"'Should you, indeed? Are you willing that all your friends here should know? Well, then, it was Mr.——'

"'Oh, pray, Miss Urania, don't—don't! But how did you discover it?'

"'Why, I knew it was to be the morning before. A certain person—if you won't let me name him—told me that he intended to secure your company before any one else had a chance. You may thank me for not telling him how much you wished it.'

"'But you know I took care to make you promise you wouldn't, Miss Urania.'

"'And I know something else—about an agreeable surprise you are to have.'

"'Dear Miss Urania, what is it to be? I am on thorns to know.'

"'Indeed, I sha'n't tell; he would never forgive me.'

"'Do *you* know, Miss Rachel? I'm sure you wouldn't be so hard-hearted as to tantalize me as Miss Urania does.'

"'He, he, he! it wouldn't do for me to betray sister, my dear.'

"'Very well, then; I'll have my revenge. I'll not tell either of you my next secret. You love to tease one so.'

"'Don't mind her, Miss Urania,' interposed another; 'but just whisper to me if you have discovered who sent me those verses cut out of a newspaper.'

"'Pray, how should I discover it, you puss?'

"'Why, you have so much penetration you can find out anything.'

"'You wish to flatter me out of it, do you? I can tell, though, but I shall make you guess awhile.'

"'Well, was it Mr. T——?'

"'No.'

"'Mr. N——?'

"'No, indeed.'

"'Then it was Mr.—hold down your ear till I whisper it, Miss Urania; I don't want the girls to know. Was it Mr. ——? Did you hear me?'

"'She has guessed him—and see how she blushes! Dear me, if he could have seen that! But I have something to say to you, Miss Julia. Do you know that you have made a new conquest?'

"'Indeed! Of whom?'

"'Oh, you look very innocent! I dare say you did not see a certain person casting sheep's eyes at you from the second side pew in church last Sunday?'

"'I did not, positively; but I noticed that five or six students sat in it.'

"'Now, see how I have raised her curiosity!'

"'You'll tell me if I guess, won't you? Had he black hair and something of a Roman nose?'

"'Very far from it.'

"'Then, had he sandy hair with a prominent chin?'

"'A prominent chin, but not sandy hair.'

"'Oh, then I know all about it. But I have something important for your ear alone. You must not breathe it even to Miss Rachel.'

"'Now, Miss Julia, that's too bad.'

"'Well, she may tell it to you, Miss Rachel, but not to another creature in the world. Come for a moment into the back room, Miss Urania.'

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"Often as I had been an auditress, for a year or two, of similar colloquies while under the patronizing care of my senior schoolmates, I had considered myself, as they considered me, quite too young to be a participant in their interest, until one day—a memorable epoch—a significant whisper of Miss Urania wafted me a whole lustrum, it seemed to me, towards womanhood. Could it be possible that I was to have a secret, too?

"'These young ladies may all be jealous,' said she. 'What would they say to know that a certain young gentleman—not any of the youngsters of the grammar school—has his eye upon you? A grown gentleman, a fine tall fellow of the junior! Yes, upon my word!'

"'Oh, Miss Urania!' I gasped, all blushing and full of indescribable tremors and trepidation.

"'Yes, indeed; he says he don't know another such an interesting little girl, and that he intends to wait for you. Come, and I'll tell you his name,' and I followed Miss Urania into that secret-hearing back room, which had hitherto been as mysterious to me as the locked chamber of Blue Beard to his wife.

"'Bless us, what if the young gentlemen knew how we are talking about them!' Miss Rachel would exclaim; and very often the scene was changed by a waving of gray frock coats and a glitter of glazed caps through the glass door, and the whole flock of girls would dart like frightened humming-birds into a little passage, and thence through the long narrow vegetable garden, which afforded a convenient egress to another street.

"I was then about twelve or thirteen, and a day scholar at the celebrated female seminary of the town. Having now an admiration affair of my own, I considered myself entitled to visit the library for its discussion as often as I pleased; but soon a different attraction drew me to it—a new inmate of the house, fresh from the country, and full of love for all the country things which were my own delight, and amidst which had been the element of my earlier childhood. She was an orphan girl of about fifteen, whom Miss Rachel had picked up during a visit to some remote place, and rescued from a miserable dependence on poor relations.

"'Poor little Adah!' still exclaimed the kind-hearted spinster, 'I loved her mother when she was just such a nice boarding-school girl as yourselves, and it went hard with me to see her pushed about without a home or real friends. We have none but our two selves to do for, and I can teach her my trade; it will be a genteel way for her to make a living after we are dead and gone—I mean myself; sister is young and smart enough, dear knows—don't even have to wear glasses, and hasn't yet given up thinking about the beaux—have you, 'Rania?'

"And Miss Urania, though answering invariably to that oft-repeated joke, 'Tut, tut; shame to talk that way before the children!' would confirm the soft impeachment by the air with which she tossed her cap and straightened her tall figure to a still stiffer perpendicular.

"To any one who would have taken the trouble of thinking about little Adah Merlyn, it must have been painful to anticipate for the sweet, fair, zephyr-like young thing, the lot of sedentary and monotonous labour which had almost mummified good Miss Rachel. Even to me, child as I was, it was melancholy to see her, with her beautiful face tinted with the hues of the loveliest spring wild-flowers, her cheek like the wood-rose reflected upon the pure white of the wind-flower, her eyes blue and large and soft as the meadow violet, and her lips of the matchless red of the mountain berry, bending so quietly and patiently over clumsy wooden blocks and stiff, ugly bonnet frames of cat-gut and pasteboard. She was about fifteen, as I have said, though from her countenance it would have been difficult to decide what was her age. The lower part of her face had the softness and delicacy of early childhood, while her high, full, boldly-developed forehead, from which Miss Urania loved to twist back the heavy curls of fair brown hair until the blue veins of her temples showed above them, and her eyes, with their deep thoughtfulness of expression, might well have belonged to mature life.

"To my schoolmates, Adah was only their milliner's apprentice or *protegè*, but I was not of the proper constitution to feel the influence of that consideration. Her beauty, her kindliness, her truthfulness, and, besides, the fluency and grace of her language, and her constant flow of ideas, so different from the stinted and hackneyed and frivolous conceptions of school-cribbed girlhood, made her to me something to look up to and wonder at.

"It was winter when Adah came to T——, and almost from the first we had projects between us of long summer rambles we were to take among the hills. The time came for the first—a school holiday in the latter end of May. The morning was a glorious one, and we set off early, taking the turfy sides of a by-way, which led higher and higher among the ranges of hills, within whose amphitheatre the town lay low and warm. There were sometimes woods beside us, throwing their shadows across the road, and furnishing us even at their edges with violets, hepaticas, convallarias, and the exquisite clusters of the trailing arbutus; and sometimes were fields tempting us aside with buttercups, wild pinks, luxurious patches of the little bright-eyed bluet, of its rival, the delicate spring-beauty. At length we climbed a knoll, crowned with a group of old crab-trees that perfumed the air far around with the delicious exhalations of their rosy blossoms, and a view broke upon us which caused us to turn and look into each other's eyes for a moment in speechless surprise and delight. It was one of hills of the most varied outline, some wooded, some dotted with cattle, and others adorned with farm buildings of tasteful construction, blending themselves in every picturesque combination; a broad sheet of water,

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smooth as polished steel, except where it was here and there broken by small islets, whose vegetation it mirrored till they appeared like heaps of foliage overhanging walls of serpentine marble; the town lying far down below us, with its spires slender and gleaming as ancient standards, and its white dwellings shining through their superabundance of shade trees like tents in the glades of a forest. All this was presented to us at one glance, with a panorama of mountains beyond the water, fading, one behind the other, to the dimness of blue air.

"I must have gazed some minutes, and then I turned again to Adah. She had seated herself upon the short thick grass, and was looking about her with her eyes full of tears, and her lips quivering with emotion. This was strangely unaccountable to me; and while I was hesitating, in much perplexity, what question to ask her first, she covered her face with her hands, and her little form shook with the sobs which she seemed to be vainly trying to stifle. Suddenly a gentleman, to whom I was known, and whom I shall call Mr. Merivale, appeared before us, clambering round the knoll, and carrying in his hand a bunch of botanical specimens.

"'What is it distresses your little friend?' asked he, looking compassionately down at Adah; and when I shook my head, he repeated the question to herself.

"Her bashfulness conquered her excitement, and shaking the tears from her fingers, while she threw back the veil of curls from her face, she answered, in a low tone, 'Oh, nothing; only—only—everything is so beautiful!'

"Mr. Merivale closely scrutinized her countenance for a moment, and bending down, passed his hand over her forehead and the thick waves of her hair. Instantly her face and neck flushed to the hue of the blossoms over our heads, and she arose to her feet with an embarrassment that must have convinced him she was not such a child as she looked. We continued our ramble, and Mr. Merivale remained our companion.

"And now to explain who it was did us that honour. Mr. Merivale was nothing less than the admirable Crichton of the little world of T——, the handsomest man, the most intellectual and accomplished man, rich, and still young; a professor in the college—'the amateur professor' he was called, from preferring thus to make himself useful instead of leading the life of idleness his fortune would have allowed. Adah evidently felt his company a painful restraint, but when she did venture to speak, her imaginative earnestness must have contrasted strikingly with my juvenile hilarity; for I, who had been made the subject of a communication in the library, who had been pronounced worth waiting for, I was supremely elated with his descending so pleasantly to my capacity, and felt myself a person of enviable consequence, even in the eyes of the grown-up ladies who stared at us as we strolled through the streets escorted by the great catch—the great uncatchable Mr. Merivale.

"Mr. Merivale was not an *habitué* of the library. The noble one which graced his own handsome dwelling placed him quite beyond the need of its limited resources, and he was entirely too sublime to be allured by the gossip which was its extraneous attraction; therefore, Miss Urania looked much surprised when he entered with us and made advances towards a familiar chat with herself. She never was in want of a theme concerning any particular visitor—'something of particular importance'—and she ingeniously introduced sundry smiles and allusions, pointing towards a 'certain young lady'—namely, Miss Elenora Brown. This, by-the-by, was the lady considered *the* match, *par excellence*, for Mr. Merivale; a handsome, haughty, wealthy girl, of prime aristocracy, who looked down upon the whole community of students, as well as the town beaux, as undistinguished youngsters, and who, in dress, manners and appointments, was the cynosure of all misses who pretended to gentility.

"Mr. Merivale received the covert imputations of Miss Urania with the best possible grace; and as he made his parting bow, he still further charmed her by observing, 'I shall call again in a day or two, and, if you please, we will pursue this charming topic of Miss Elenora Brown more at leisure.'

"This was an engagement—so Miss Urania called it—and he kept it; and he called again and again. Miss Urania at length looked rather dubious on the subject of Miss Elenora Brown, and seemed to have an incipient hope that her conversational powers had at last found a more than commonly appreciative auditor.

"'How would it be, girls,' said she, her plural including Miss Rachel with Adah and myself—'how would it be if I were to set my cap for this elegant professor? Would he regard a few years on the wrong side? To find a woman with a well-stored mind, he must expect to go a little beyond a chit in her teens.'

"The time of preparation for the annual *fête* of our school arrived—the ball which always closed the last day of the examination. In despair of being able to construct a wreath for myself, the customary head garniture, I set off with a supply of roses, pinks and honeysuckles, the anonymous gift of some person—no doubt the certain young gentleman who thought me interesting—to beg the assistance of Adah. I chanced to meet Mr. Merivale, and confided to him my difficulty and my resource. He offered to accompany me, 'just to see how the garland should become me—he might not have another opportunity—he was too old to go to examination balls.'

"The wreath was kindly and promptly undertaken by Adah, and whilst I kneeled on the floor beside her to look and learn, Mr. Merivale took a seat near us, thus trespassing upon the side of the room tacitly prohibited to gentlemen—that of the bonnet wares. Adah looked lovely as Namouna, and no doubt sweeter, with her little white fingers

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twining themselves among the flowers, and her large soft eyes expressing her enjoyment in her graceful task. She had now learned to speak without embarrassment to Mr. Merivale, and listened with eager interest while he explained something of the pretty lore which has since found so many votaries among the fanciful and the refined—the language and sentiments of flowers.

"The garland was completed, and with faultless taste and skill. I tried it on, amidst the flattering exclamations of the sisters and the mock compliments of Mr. Merivale. Encouraged by the playfulness of the august professor, I begged the privilege of returning his admiration, and he unresistingly allowed me to set the wreath upon the piled up mass of his rich dark hair. While Miss Urania laughed her loudest, and Mr. Merivale, folding his arms and looking comical, said something about Petrarch, Miss Rachel hurriedly exclaimed, 'Bless us, here is Miss Elenora Brown!' And sure enough, we all caught the black eyes of Miss Elenora Brown flashing upon us through the glass door—all except Mr. Merivale, who was too much occupied in snatching the wreath from his head and dropping it into a bandbox which stood on the floor beside him. The well-cut lip of the young lady had a rather unpleasant curl as she received with transcendent loftiness his confused bow, and then turned to the book-shelves.

"'Anything new, Miss Urania?' she asked.

"The last supply of books was fussily produced, but the fastidious taste of the beauty could not be suited—not even by the last Waverley novel. 'It is said to be a lamentable falling off,' observed she; 'not worth reading. What do you think, Mr. Merivale?'

"'That it is, undoubtedly, a falling off,' returned he; 'yet still worth reading, if only because it affords the melancholy interest of tracing the decline of a master mind.'

"Miss Elenora made some remark, intended to be very piquant and pointed, about liking neither to observe a superior mind declining nor *descending*, and then approached Miss Rachel's dominion. 'I called to make a complaint about my bonnet, Miss Rachel,' said she; 'I think the inside trimming anything but becoming;' and she turned her classic face, smooth and fair enough to bear the trial of any glare of light, full towards the window and Mr. Merivale. Unfortunately the professor had his eyes fixed upon the bottom of the aforementioned bandbox. Miss Rachel appeared not a little amazed and chagrined, protesting that she had tried to make the bonnet perfectly sweet, and that Miss Elenora looked perfectly beautiful in it.

"'I do not object to the style or the make; it is the colour I mean,' replied the belle. 'Some colours are much more becoming to me than others. Have you not observed it, Mr. Merivale? You are a man of observation.'

"'If there is any one more so than all others, it is that in which you appear at present,' he answered, with a profoundly polite bow.

"'I'm sure *you* can wear anything, Miss Elenora, no matter how trying,' said Miss Urania.

"'Oh, pray, don't be so overwhelming!' exclaimed the beauty. 'Let me try the colours in this box.' She did so, and could make no selection she liked better than Miss Rachel's; and deploring the misfortune, she turned to go. Mr. Merivale arose from his seat and made another profound reverence. Miss Elenora held the door in her hand, evidently expecting that he would attend her; and then her eyes dilated and flashed as she drew it rather too emphatically after her. Miss Urania raised her hands and compressed her lips, the manifestation being intended for her sister alone, and both nodded as if it was a decided thing that Miss Elenora's claims were null and void.

"'Dear me,' said Miss Rachel, 'if I were rich I would give up trying to please ladies that can't be pleased!'

"'If I were rich I would read my own books, and not submit them to be criticized by people that are too particular,' rejoined Miss Urania.

"'If I were rich I would give up school,' said I, energetically, 'and have nothing to do with examinations except going to the balls.'

"'And what would you do?' asked Mr. Merivale, turning to Adah.

"'I would go to school, and never think about the balls,' said she, smiling.

"'And what would you each call being rich?' he inquired.

"'Having five thousand dollars,' said Miss Rachel.

"'Tut, sister—ten thousand you mean!' said Miss Urania, looking rather ashamed of the limited ambition of her sister.

"'Having so much money that I never could spend it all,' was my estimate.

"'I have always been so poor that I don't know what is much or little,' said Adah, reaching forward to take the wreath from the bandbox.

"Mr. Merivale anticipated her, and drew out with it a sheet of paper, closely scrawled over with what, from its irregular lines, seemed to be verses. 'A poetical tribute to your charms, Miss Urania, doubtless?' said he.

"'La, me, Mr. Merivale, how can you? As if any one would think worth while to write poetry to me!'

"'It's a copy of Adah's, or a composition, or something,' said Miss Rachel; 'isn't it, Adah? I saw her scribbling at some such a paper this morning before the birds were up.'

"'Then I must read it,' said Mr. Merivale, opening the paper; but Adah turned pale, and held out her hands so imploringly that he folded it again.

"'That's right, Mr. Merivale,' returned Miss Urania; 'let us hear it, or we will think she is rogue enough to be carrying on a clandestine correspondence.'

"'Not without her permission,' said he—so

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gently, that Adah looked up through the tears which filled her eyes, drew back her hands and stood irresolute.

"'She will let me read it, I know,' said I, full of school-girl sympathy at the threatened detection of blots, false punctuation, and perhaps other perpetrations still less venial.

"Mr. Merivale gave up the paper, and I commenced reading. I was right in my conjectures of its deficiencies in scholar-craft. Its chirography was unformed, and Lindley Murray's four grand divisions were treated lawlessly, all of them; yet the language was eloquent, the rhythm melodious, and the substance was fresh, moving, heart-inspired poetry.

"'Give me that paper,' said Mr. Merivale, before I was half through—hurrying on, I confess, as fast as possible, for I had not yet learned to value the poet's art. He read to himself, his broad brow grew more and more expansive, his lip more and more compressed; and after he had apparently finished, he sat for several minutes with his eyes fixed upon the paper. He then looked intently at Adah, pushed back her hair with the systematic clumsiness of an arrant craniologist, as he was, and without appearing to see her confusion or our surprise, he walked off with the paper in his hand.

"Shortly after this my friends entered me as a regular boarder at the seminary, and on taking possession of my little room, I found it had been arranged to receive a second inmate, who was hourly expected. When she did arrive, who should it be but Adah! She had a word to confide to me—that Mrs. D—— (our principal) had been written to from Boston to take charge of her, and had received a remittance to pay all her expenses for a year, which was to be repeated until her education was finished; that Mrs. D—— did not know whom it came from, Miss Urania and Miss Rachel could not possibly guess, and Miss Urania thought it very romantic and mysterious. For her part, Adah herself had her own conjectures; she had heard her mother say, when she was a little child, that her father had been wronged out of a large sum of money by somebody in Boston, and, no doubt, that person was doing this to make restitution, which seemed perfectly natural—she had heard of people doing very odd things from being troubled in their conscience. Also, she had an uncle, her mother's uncle, who used to live somewhere about Boston or Nantucket, an old sea-captain—it might be he; though why should he not make himself known? Adah was quite satisfied with either supposition.

"The first year passed with little incident. Adah devoted herself with conscientious diligence to her studies. She never joined in the stolen frolics and schemes of mischief popular among our young companions, yet, through her delicacy, her gentleness, and her self-denying generosity, she became the favourite of the school. At the end of the year she had taken the premium which entitled her to enter the highest class. Mrs. D—— reported her improvement to the Boston correspondent, and another year was provided for.

"Her mind now developed rapidly, and required richer food than the crude contents of the lesson books. Miss Urania offered her the use of the library, but Mr. Merivale, 'our beau,' urgently requested to be allowed to select for her from his own, and Miss Urania deferred to his judgment. I usually accompanied Adah on her visits to her two old friends, which were made at regular periods, and we seldom went there that Mr. Merivale did not drop in. Miss Rachel hinted that none of 'Rania's gentlemen visitors were so suspiciously attentive. Then he would deliver long discourses to Adah upon the books he had recommended, and would question her and listen to her opinions, all of which was very unprofitable and tedious to me, who much preferred listening to the occasional whispers of Miss Urania about important somethings concerning certain persons.

"Adah now began to receive letters from her unknown friend, eloquent, inciting, affectionate letters, full of beautiful and truthful reflections upon what should be the pursuits and aims and aspirations of a woman endowed with a high moral and intellectual nature. These communications seemed to endue her with a mental energy that acted like inspiration. Her regular lessons became trifles to her, were glanced at and at once impressed upon her memory, and when night came, and we were shut in our own little room, her real study would begin. The 'last letter' was unfolded and re-read—and each one of them had its era—as if to strengthen her efforts; the ponderous octavos of her other friend, Mr. Merivale, were opened, and with her curls—which were always falling in her way—thrown back from her face, and her cheek glowing with the intensity of her thoughts, she would sit wrapt and motionless, like a statue of a young Mnemosyne, while I dozed and slept, and waked to find her still thinking or reading, or gazing out of the window where there was nothing to see but the stars or the grim indefiniteness of tree tops, and nothing to hear but the wind.

"To know who was this mysterious, this gifted and high-principled friend, had become an object of nervous anxiety to Adah, for as she learned more of life she became fully aware of the peculiarity of her position. Should she ever see him? The letters had internal evidence that they were not written by a woman. And what was to become of her when her school days were over? For my part, I was inclined to favour the original supposition of the old sea-captain, and I fancied that it would be very delectable to have him coming some day to take her home with him to Boston or Nantucket, when he could bring her Japan cabinets and all sorts of ivory and feather fans, and queer-looking porcelain jars and mandarins, and pictures on rice paper; where she could flourish in Canton crape shawls and India cashmeres, and gold-muslin ball dresses, and everything that everybody would envy. But Adah only shook her head and tried to smile. She was growing too womanly to give me her secret thoughts.

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"The second year drew towards its close, and at the commencement of the last quarter, a new prize was instituted by our principal—one for literary composition exclusively. We had always been exercised in that 'branch,' as the prospectuses have it, generally displaying our wisdom on some given theme of a didactic nature, such as Patience, Prudence, Industry and Virtue; but on this occasion we were to be left to our own suggestions. To Adah, the time of decision had a deeper interest than that of a mere trial of ability. She had received an intimation that she might possibly then learn something more of her unknown friend.

"The examination arrived, and the first day passed quietly enough, as it concerned merely the younger classes and the minor branches. But the second was to be a gala. Then the young ladies were to be drilled in their accomplishments, and the higher prizes were to be awarded. The audience had assembled, when our stately Mrs. D—— marshaled us into the gayly-decorated schoolrooms. Adah trembled violently, and grew almost as pale as her dress of spotless white. Almost equally agitated, or rather, very much flustered, though only through curiosity, I watched her eyes as they glanced hurriedly over the company. There were many strangers present, but all of them had marks of recognition for some of our companions; and there was not one, I felt satisfied, who bore any resemblance to Adah's ideal of her mysterious correspondent.

"At the upper end of the rooms appeared the committee who were to award the prizes. Mr. Merivale was among them, and his first bow was for Adah. They sat around a table covered with the premiums—various volumes in glittering bindings—and conspicuous amidst them, the usual highest prize, a richly-chased gold medal attached to a knot of pink ribbons, and the new one, which was lying on a white satin cushion—a sparkling chaplet of wrought silver, representing a wreath of myrtle.

"Adah soon breathed more calmly, and recovered her roses. She bore her part gracefully and triumphantly. Many an eye followed her with admiration, for she had grown exceedingly beautiful, even beyond what she had been; tall, with the most rounded and elastic of slender forms; a skin which gave her neck and arms the whiteness and polish of turned ivory, and a countenance incomparably lovely in its blending of girlish modesty with the thought and dignity of intellectual womanhood. There could be but one decision, that the gold medal—the possessor of which was presumed to be endowed with every benefit of the institution—should be hers.

"The vase containing the articles in competition for the silver wreath was at length opened by Dr. M——, the venerable president of the college, and an exemplary sophomore, whom Mrs. D—— had considered discreet enough to be entrusted with a view of her tender flock, was deputed to be reader. The compositions were of every variety—stories abounding in heart-crushing sentiment and sublime verbiage, others in elaborate naturalness, epithets all *couleur de rose*, and other pet phraseology; essays ponderous with second-hand morality, and verses, of which the rhymes seemed to have been strung together before the theses had been determined on. At length the last paper was drawn from the vase, and from the envelope I knew it to be Adah's. She started and coloured deeply, and looked at Mr. Merivale, who had been listening all the time with an impassive countenance and eyes half closed. It was a charming tissue of prose and poetry, the prose brilliant with spirited and graceful fancy, the verse exuberant in fervid feeling, bold and striking thought, and musical to the ear in rich and faultless harmony. A murmur of applause circulated among the committee, and Dr. M——, blandly congratulating our principal on the success of her experiment, announced that the decision was unanimously in favour of the last article. He opened the envelope and read the signature of 'Adah Merlyn.'

"It was the custom of the occasion that each prize should be passed to her who had won it by a parent or guardian, or some privileged relation, of the company. As Adah rose to receive hers, a feeling of her loneliness seemed to come suddenly over her, and her lip quivered, while her eyes filled with tears. There was a pause of a few moments, during which Mrs. D—— held the wreath in her hand. Then Miss Urania, who, as a lady of learning, always attended the examinations, stepped consequentially forward, but before she had sailed many paces from her seat, Mr. Merivale had caught the wreath and placed it on the beautiful head of Adah. I sat close beside her, and heard him whisper a few words, but I could not catch their import, and the next instant I felt Adah grasping my arm and saw her falling back fainting.

"There was, of course, a hubbub. 'What sensibility! the excitability of genius!' exclaimed some of the ladies and gentlemen as she was carried from the room.

"Mrs. D—— soon returned with the report that Miss Merlyn had recovered, and the distribution of prizes was resumed. Mr. Merivale, however, had disappeared.

"Two or three hours passed before we were dismissed, and when I returned to our chamber, Adah was sitting with her face buried in her hands, which rested upon an open letter lying on the study table. I recognized the autograph—it was that of the unknown friend. My exclamation at discovering it aroused her, and at my question as to whether I might read it, she blushed, smiled, and drew it away. There was something in this and in her air of abstraction I could not understand. Hitherto she had always allowed me, and me alone, to read her letters. A servant tapped at the door to know if Miss Merlyn would see Mr. Merivale in the drawing-room. She arose, looked as if she was about to faint again, took a towel in her hand for a pocket handkerchief, and was going

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out. I kindly pointed out her mistake, and then had to beg her not to brush her hair with Mrs. D——'s powder-puff, nor to shake my ink bottle for her *extrait de rose.* At last she was gone, and there before me on the table lay the forgotten letter. From the distance of several steps I could see that but one side was written on, and that at the bottom was a signature. What school-girl could have resisted the temptation? I must look at the name, and I did so. It was that of 'Henry Merivale!' On the word of a lady I did not read a syllable more.

"I went out to my dressmaker's, and to make some purchases of finery for the ball which was to take place in the evening. When I returned, the whole house was in a bustle of preparation. The sun was setting, and its last rays were tinting with a faint crimson the transparent crape dress with its white satin trimmings, and the little white slippers which Adah had laid upon her bed. Her luxuriant hair was already dressed when I entered, and she stood before the toilette glass trying on a magnificent veil which floated from her head like a mist. She dropped it as she turned towards me.

"'Why, Adah,' I exclaimed, 'are you not going to wear your silver wreath? And where under the sun did you get that veil? From the old sea captain?'

"I have never since seen a face so radiant with happiness. She threw her arms affectionately round my neck, and returned, 'Don't ask any questions; you will soon know all about it, Mary, dear.'

"'Just answer me one, Adah. Whom will you open the ball with?'

"She hesitated a moment, and then answered, archly, 'With Mr. Merivale.'

"'Mr. Merivale dancing at an examination ball! Ridiculous!' And then I remembered Mr. Merivale's name to the letter, and the mystery deepened.

"Mrs. D—— now came in, looking full of business, and speaking with peculiar kindness to Adah—it seemed to me with deference, also. If this was one of the perquisites of the silver wreath, I thought one might be excusable to court it. She soon offered to assist in dressing her—another wonder to be commemorated.

"'Don't wear those blue ribbons, Mary,' said Adah; 'I have procured these white ornaments for you, and these white roses for your hair.'

"I had counted upon my blue ribbons, but somehow felt constrained to obey.

"'Do you remember the first wreath I ever made for you?' continued she, musingly. 'It is very strange.'

"'Strange! What is, Adah? To be sure, everything connected with you is strange.'

"She smiled faintly, and for a moment leaned her cheek against my head; and then she resumed her dressing, with a touching expression of half-tearful seriousness on her face.

"At dusk Mrs. D—— entered in full dress, and silently escorted Adah and me down stairs. Mr. Merivale was below, and drawing Adah's arm through his, led her to a carriage at the door. Mrs. D—— followed with me to another—a strange proceeding, I thought, as the ball-room was in the house.

"'Miss Merlyn is going to be married, my dear,' said Mrs. D——; 'I thought it best not to discompose the young ladies by announcing it until after the ceremony should be over.'

"We were handed out at a church door. Miss Urania and Miss Rachel were waiting in the vestibule, each, to the enduring jubilation of the former, attended by a professor. And Adah was led to the altar and married to Mr. Merivale—a more serious result than he had at first anticipated from befriending a genius.

"I opened the ball as Adah's substitute—the honour being hers in right of the gold medal. I was the belle of the room, though, as I afterwards had reason to expect, the story I could tell about that romantic wedding had something to do with it."

"But, Mrs. Allanby, what became of Adah?"

"She is one of your own centre-table favourites, my dear; no less admired for her graphic *nouvelettes de société*, drawn from the experience of her own brilliant social and intellectual position, than she is for her lofty and soul-teaching poetry, the inspiration of her more quiet and serious hours."

"And the two old maids?"

"Miss Urania became a bride at last, that of an elderly schoolmaster—verifying a consolatory adage of her own, 'There's luck in leisure;' and Miss Rachel is spending a happy old age in the home of Adah."

THE BEREFT.

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

"Bury my dead out of my sight."

Long working days she laboured for her child,
And loved it more the more it claimed her care;
The hardness of dull toil the babe beguiled
Of all its weariness—her only prayer
Went up to God for him—he was her all;
Her simple heart garnered its treasure there.
Now all is past. How dimly burns the lamp!
How sharp and loud rings out the cricket's call!
In the lone room, how chill in its death-damp
Gleams up the dead child's brow! And she doth turn
With a cold shudder from its stone-like stamp:
She, whose poor heart so long will wildly yearn
For objects of her love, and turns away
From that so oft caressed—the cold, unanswering clay.

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MISS MELVILLE.

CHAPTER I.

THE SINGING SCHOOL.

Such tones might well the soul enchain,
As in some fairy dell.—A. M'MAKIN.

IT was the first evening of the winter singing school in the little village of Guilford. About forty young persons of both sexes were assembled in the commodious and well-lighted school room. A young gentleman in a retired corner was slowly tuning a bass-viol. He was an eminently fine-looking man, apparently rather under five-and-twenty years of age. The expression of his countenance was pensive, almost sad. His features were striking and well-formed, his forehead high and fair, his eyes large, dark and intelligent, and shaded by long curved lashes. As he turned the screws and thrummed the strings of his fine-toned instrument, he occasionally looked up with a keen, searching glance at the merry groups around him. Here a bevy of unbonneted maidens were laughing and chattering over some new scrap of village scandal; there a romping flirt was discoursing volubly to several gay young gentlemen, stamping her little foot or boxing their ears, as occasion required; yonder a whiskered beau was pouring compliments into the ear of a timid blue-eyed girl, who smiled and blushed, and fingered the tassel of her cloak.

At length his eye rested on a young lady standing apart from the rest, intently studying a book which lay on the music-stand before her. She was below the medium height, slender and well-formed. She was a brunette, but not dark; her black hair, slightly curtained over her fine expansive forehead, dropped in a single curl behind either ear. Her features were noble but not pleasing; there was an expression of haughtiness on her brow and lip, and of languor in her drooping eyelid. One small, round arm rested on the music-stand, and the closely-fitting sleeve was of deep mourning.

Suddenly some one spoke to her, and she looked up with a smile. What a change! The smile broke over her features like sunlight, and played on cheek and lip with most bewitching sweetness. And her eye!—the young musician once caught its glance as she surveyed the assembly, apparently in search of some one—it was black and brilliant, gleaming with the richest expression of intelligence, and kindling with the light of the soul within.

"Vincent, what are you looking at?" said a voice at the side of the charmed scrutinizer.

"Ah, Duval, is it you?" said Vincent, rising to offer his hand.

"Do you leave town to-morrow?" inquired his friend.

"Yes, early."

"Well, then, we'll expect you to breakfast."

Vincent bowed his acceptance of the invitation, and in a moment rang the bell to call the school to order.

The choir of Guilford was small but not new; the long preliminary lessons on the rudiments of music were, therefore, not necessary. After a short and very lucid lecture from Mr. Vincent, a few simple and easy tunes were sung. Encouraged by their very successful performance, Mr. Vincent ventured to select a longer and more difficult piece. It was an anthem, with solo and chorus of great beauty and sublimity; but the arrangement of the parts was intricate, and required readiness and skill in execution. As the first bold and solemn strain commenced, one voice of astonishing power and sweetness swelled from among the female singers, and with the utmost propriety of expression, poured forth a volume of the richest melody; and when, as the parts separated and the difficulty increased, one voice after another grew silent or faint, that one swept on in skillful measure, now bursting forth alone in the silence of the other parts, now blending its tones in noble harmony as all were joined in the full and thrilling chorus.

Mr. Vincent resigned his instrument to Mr. Duval, and as the anthem recommenced, he slowly passed along before the seats of the ladies. He paused as he came before the one who had attracted his attention in the beginning of the evening. That voice was hers. She stood gracefully before the stand, one small, fair hand moving in regular measure upon the page, and her features bearing the high devotional expression of the words which fell from her lips. As Vincent came before her, she suddenly raised her eyes and met his admiring gaze. Both were confused; he lost the words, she lost the time, and in a moment the confusion became general.

"It was my fault," said Duval, offering back the bass-viol with a very mischievous look; "I ought not to have undertaken the management of your instrument."

CHAPTER II.

THE BREAKFAST.

Oh, say, has thy fair one a *soul*
That, when beauty's charms are o'erpast,
Will fasten affection's control
And sweeten life's path to the last?
MRS. STEDMAN.

PRECISELY at eight o'clock on the following

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morning, Mr. Vincent was announced at the door of Mr. Duval's parlour.

"Good morning to you, Vincent," said his friend, good-humouredly, grasping his hand. "Allow me to introduce you to Miss Melville, my wife's sister."

Mr. Vincent bowed, of course; but I believe a slight blush was added to the bow when he recognized in Miss Melville the exquisite songstress of the preceding night. The conversation at table was cheerful and sensible. Miss Melville spoke seldom, but when she did, her remarks were graceful and lady-like. It was evident that the muffins and coffee were becoming entirely a secondary affair, and Vincent soon forgot them altogether.

"Mary," said Mr. Duval, addressing Miss Melville, as they rose from the table, "will you try that piece of music you were practising yesterday? I should like Mr. Vincent to hear it."

She sat down to the instrument, and played without singing.

"Where did you procure that, Miss Melville?" said Vincent, walking up to the piano and lifting the sheet from the rack.

"It was given me by my friend, Miss Chamberlin."

"Who? Emma?"

"Yes. You know her then?"

"Oh, yes; I know her very well."

"Come, now, Vincent, do compliment my taste," said Mr. Duval; "that piece is my especial favourite."

"I should like to hear it sung," answered Vincent, evasively. "I see there is a song in pencil on the sheet."

Miss Melville bit her lip, hesitated a moment, and then replayed the tune and sang.

"Don't you admire this music?" she asked, as she laid it aside. "The harmony through those slow passages is noble."

"I admire the *song*," said Mr. Vincent; "the sentiment is as lofty as the language is well chosen and beautiful. Am I not right?"

The lady seemed embarrassed. Turning again to the music, she went on. "I was obliged to alter one passage slightly—there, you see. Could that have been intended so?"

"Oh," said Vincent, "that must have been Emma's mistake; in the original the notes are the same you have substituted." Then suddenly recollecting himself, he looked down in extreme confusion.

"I see how it is," said Mr. Duval, laughing heartily; "I shall have to explain to you both. The music is Vincent's; he gave it to Miss Chamberlin. The song is Mary's; and you are both too modest to join in the praise of your own compositions, though you both know as well as I do that they are extremely beautiful."

Mr. Vincent looked down with undissembled admiration at the blushing girl, as she sat slowly dropping her white fingers along the keys.

It was fully twelve o'clock when Vincent took his "early" departure from Guilford. After three hours of fast driving, he drew up at the door of a small white cottage. A pleasant-looking young gentleman met him at the door.

"Welcome at last, George," he said; "I have expected you two hours."

"Well, I forgot myself, Derby," said Vincent, returning the hearty pressure of his friend's hand. "Why, what a noble fire!" he continued, throwing off his cloak and accepting Derby's study chair.

"What kind of a school had you at Guilford last night?" asked Derby.

"Capital! What a voice that was!"

"Whose?"

"Miss Melville's."

"Who is Miss Melville?"

"The finest woman you ever saw."

"Is she so beautiful?"

"No, she is not beautiful—in fact, I thought her countenance unpleasing when I first noticed her, but the instant she looked up, the expression changed completely. Such an eye!—black as midnight yet clear as noonday. And then her voice! I never heard anything so perfect—soft and melodious as the song of a robin, yet deep, full and thrilling. She is sister to Duval's wife. I met her at Duval's this morning, and I found her high-souled as a queen, yet modest as a cottage maiden."

"Oh, George!" said his friend, laughing.

"You think me extravagant, don't you?"

"I think you are in love—decidedly and hopelessly in love!—with a woman who, for aught you know, may be a vixen or a simpleton."

Vincent joined in his friend's laugh. "No, Derby," he said, "I am not in love with Miss Melville, and I suppose I never shall be; but I do admire her. A *simpleton* she is not;" and he recounted the story of the song.

"Well, well, George," said Derby, "take care of yourself; a very talented woman may be fatally deficient in every quality of a good wife. You have never been in love—I have. I am a few years your senior, and you will permit me to say to you, as I would say to my own brother, assure yourself that she is a woman of firm and unyielding *principle* before you trust your happiness to her keeping."

"Thank you, Derby," said Vincent; "if I need your admonition I'll remember it."

CHAPTER III.

THE ENGAGEMENT.

And in her willing ear I breathed
First love's bewildering lay;
Her small hand pressed a mute consent
That happy, happy day.—E. SARGENT.

MR. VINCENT became a constant visitor at the house of Mr. Duval. He found himself studying

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Miss Melville's character closely, and, he believed, impartially. On the whole, he was not disappointed. True, she was very proud—but *dignity* (what a convenient, softening word) was so becoming to a woman! She was not vain—yet it was evident that she was fully conscious of her own fine abilities. Very well; she had a right to be. While he admired the loftier gifts of her fine intellect, he believed he discovered in her all the refinement and delicacy which are the true ornaments of the female character.

To Miss Chamberlin, who was an intimate friend of both, he was indebted for occasional scraps of information in regard to Miss Melville.

"Emma," he said one morning, as he sat at her work-table, doing gentleman's mischief among spools of cotton and floss-silks, "do you know why Miss Melville refused Mr. Hascall's arm last evening? I always thought he was a favourite with her."

"Yes, I suppose I do," said the lady, slightly hesitating. "I don't like to be a retailer of scandal, but as you are an old friend, and seem interested, I think I'll tell you the story. Mary and I were riding with Mr. Hascall the other day, and as we were descending a hill, his horse became restive and overset the sleigh. We were not hurt, but Mr. Hascall received a considerable injury in his hand. He instantly became violently angry, and used language grossly profane. After we returned, I spoke of it to Mary, and asked her why she did not reprove him. She said she was surprised and grieved, but she hoped at the time that I had not heard it, and she would not expose him. I know he felt it a keen reproof when she declined his escort last night, for I saw him glance at his wounded hand and colour deeply."

"Well, she acted nobly, didn't she?" said Vincent. "Is the report true that Miss Melville is engaged to Major Allison?" he continued, looking marvelously unconcerned, in spite of the truthful blush which was creeping up to his eyebrows.

"No," said Emma; "she is not engaged to any one. It is conjectured that she has rejected his majorship, but I don't know how it is. I own I have felt some curiosity about the matter."

"Then why do you not ask her?"

"Ask her? I would quite as soon ask Allison himself."

"Why, I thought you were her confidant."

"So I am; but she never confides secrets of that nature. Oh, take care, Mr. Vincent! don't you see you are utterly spoiling my silks? Oh, yes; and you have pulled the needles out of my purse, and tangled my Berlin wool. Well, I sha'n't talk to you about Miss Melville next time."

The term of the singing school expired. Mr. Vincent's business called him to a distant town, and Miss Melville was preparing to return to her home. Vincent felt that a question deeply involving his happiness must be settled before they finally separated. He was conscious that the deep attachment he cherished for her was founded on the sincerest respect, and he was well assured that his love was fully returned. He decided calmly, and with fervent prayer for guidance from on high. And when he bade Miss Melville farewell, he kissed the cheek of his affianced wife.

There was a singular contrast between Mr. Vincent's letters to Mary and those he received from her. Hers were beautiful, easy, frank, and always expressing ardent and *changeless* love; his were less brilliant, but teeming with the richest thought, and breathing a calm, unwavering devotion.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CHANGE.

"Mary, I believed thee true,
And I was blest in thus believing,
But now I grieve that ere I knew
A girl so fair and so deceiving."

MR. VINCENT had been educated for the mercantile business; but misfortune and fraud dissipated the very respectable capital left him by his father before it could come into his hands. Without the slightest hesitation he immediately offered himself as a teacher of music. His fine natural talents and his accomplished skill obtained for him a high salary, and now, at the end of four years, he found himself able to accept the partnership offered him by an old friend of his father. But the summer proved an unfortunate one for him. A combination of adverse circumstances made his business worse than profitless, and as autumn approached he found to his extreme disappointment, that his marriage with Mary must be deferred for an indefinite period. He immediately visited Judge Melville's, and explained to her explicitly the state of his affairs. She joined in his regret in view of the delay of their union, but soothed him tenderly under his pecuniary disappointment. She said her home was a pleasant one, and while she felt secure of his affection she should be happy. And he was cheered.

"Well, Mary," he said, gayly, "if you grow tired of waiting for me, or fall in love with somebody else, I will release you!" and he stooped to kiss her as her head rested on his shoulder.

"Thank you," she answered, playfully passing her fingers through his hair and drawing his forehead down to her lip.

"Alas! how much of misery from idle words may spring."

Vincent again engaged himself as a teacher; and now he saw Mary almost every week, and for a while everything went on as usual. But there came a change! A little change it was at first. There was less of joy in her greeting, less sadness in her farewell. Then, in speaking to Vincent of the love she bore him, she would add, "*these* are my feelings *now*—for the future I cannot speak."

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Then she seemed to avoid meeting him in private, and when he once spoke to her of it, she gave some frivolous reason and turned away with indifference. Vincent was cut to the soul. For a few weeks longer he watched in silence the gradual but still perceptibly progressive change. One morning when, as he was on the point of taking leave, they were alone for a moment; he seated himself beside her and said, in a low, earnest tone —"Mary, we ought to understand each other perfectly. Has your affection changed?"

"Why, George," she said, with all the sweetness of her former manner, "have I given you reason for such a suspicion? No, no, my friend; go and be cheerful, and rest assured that Mary will never wrong you."

He was only half relieved; and when he reached his own quiet room, in Derby's little cottage, he sat down to write to her. He mentioned to her briefly, and most kindly, a few of the things which had induced the belief that all was not as it had once been. He begged from her, in justice to them both, either a frank avowal of that change, or such an explanation as might relieve the sadness which oppressed him. He reminded her of the solemn nature of the engagement which existed between them; assured her that, as far as *he* was concerned, he felt himself as sacredly bound to her as if their vows had been already plighted at the altar. He repeated tenderly the assurance of his own unwavering love. "Good night, my dearest," he concluded; "'the Lord watch between me and thee when we are separated one from another.'"

An answer came—short, cold and formal. She acknowledged that her affection for him was not as fervent as she had once felt it. She gave no reason for the change, but hinted that some report unfavourable to his reputation had reached her ear. True, she did not give it the slightest credit, but still she referred the matter to his consciousness. She was surprised that he should express such a view of an engagement which she had never considered positive; and even had it been so, *she* could not see that the contract was so very sacred. Indeed, it was evident that he had once viewed the subject as she did. Had he not offered to release her in case she grew tired of waiting or loved another better?

But though she felt that the first rich glow of her affection had subsided, she loved him still; and though she sometimes trembled at the thought of taking upon herself the marriage vows with her present feelings, yet should there be no *farther* change before he was ready to lead her to the altar, she would be his wife. The letter closed with a cool invitation to "call when it should be convenient."

George Vincent threw the letter from him, and rested his clasped hands on the table. How many bitter thoughts swept over his heart in that one moment of anguish! "Oh, woman! woman!" he said, "it is not yours alone to 'make you idols and to find them clay!'" A tear—a tear of bitter disappointment swelled slowly on his drooping eyelash and fell on his manly cheek. Another came, and another in quickening succession, and then he bowed his head and wept like a very child. She whom he had so tenderly loved, she whom he had honoured and trusted, she who had been as the sunlight of his brightest mornings and the star of his deep midnight—even she had cast from her his love, betrayed his trust, and quenched the light of his hope.

Then a still voice whispered to his swelling heart, "Be still!" and it obeyed. Its proud and angry risings were hushed to rest, and its throb of agony ceased. He calmly rose, and lifting the letter from the floor, he crossed the hall and entered the study of his friend Derby.

"Here, Derby," he said, "I have no confidant or counselor but you. Read this letter, and tell me what I am to do."

"Why, what's the matter?" said Derby, anxiously. "This is Mary's hand, I am sure."

"I wish it were not," said Vincent; and he sat watching the countenance of his friend as his eye traced those cruel lines.

When Derby had finished, he sat for some minutes pressing his friend's hand in silence. "You will answer this letter?" he said, at length.

"I cannot."

"Oh, yes; there is surely some mistake. But what is all this trumpery about a stain on your reputation?"

"My 'consciousness' acquits me," answered George; "I never heard of it before."

"Ah, I see!" said Derby, as if a sudden thought had struck him. "Could she have meant that ridiculous figment of old Katy Rayson's? Duval told me about it yesterday. Katy has an old quarrel with Mrs. Duval, and I suppose she thought a little scandal about her sister's beau would be a fine revenge."

"What was it, any way?" asked Vincent. "Does Duval believe it?"

"Duval? He laughed at it as a perfect absurdity. Would he believe that you were drunk in the streets of Guilford three several times during your last winter's term?"

George himself could not help laughing.

"I think," continued Mr. Derby, "that you had better write at once. Here, sit down at my desk. There may be misunderstanding; and at any rate you may possess yourself of her motives for the course she has pursued."

Vincent's letter was short. He gently thanked her for her frankness, was sorry he had misunderstood her view of their engagement, and expressed his willingness to release her to any extent she desired. He repelled with dignity the intimation with regard to his reputation, which, whatever it might be, he did not hesitate to call a slander. He expressed in terms of keen irony his gratitude for her confidence in his integrity, adding, however, that she might be relieved to know that his con-

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sciousness had been consulted and refused to accuse him.

In the course of a month he received a short, pleasant note from Miss Melville, written precisely as if nothing had happened. She wondered why he had not visited her, and urged that he would do so at an early day. He did so. She received him as cordially as she had ever done. He requested a private interview. She declined on some slight pretext, but sang and played, and conversed with cheerfulness and animation. When for a few minutes they were alone, she turned to him and inquired why he had not been there before?

"I was not sure you would be glad to see me," was the reply.

She looked surprised.

"You know," he continued, "that you acknowledged a change in your feelings."

"A change! Did I? Why, no; I never acknowledged a change of any consequence," said Mary.

Vincent's large dark eyes flashed, but he did not speak, and in a few minutes he rose to take leave.

"Write to me soon, won't you?" she said, extending him her hand.

He felt the hand tremble in his grasp, and he answered—"Yes; good bye."

And he wrote—still gently and kindly, but this time plainly. He represented her conduct precisely as he viewed it—disingenuous, mysterious and unkind. Her answer, a single page in pencil, was one of decided scorn. If there had been change, she said, he himself had produced it. For herself, she had always acted conscientiously. If he censured her it was without the slightest justice. If he were at leisure and inclined to pay her one more visit, she would be happy to see him, especially as she thought some parts of his letter required explanation.

Once more he went, but now she seemed totally disinclined to advert to the subject at all; and when he urged it upon her, she said she was too unwell to converse with any ease, at the same time talking upon other subjects with very little apparent effort. He remarked that the turn the affair had taken had been to him a source of deep unhappiness. She said she could not say it had been so to her—"to be sure it was unpleasant"—but her eye fell beneath Vincent's indignant glance as the heartless words fell from her lips. He then referred to her letter, and said the style of it surprised him.

"You thought it short, I suppose," she said. "Well, I know it was; I had not time to write much."

"I thought it unkind, unladylike and unchristian," was the explicit reply.

She did not speak; and he offered to explain whatever was mysterious in his own letter. She believed there was one thing which she did not quite understand, but she could not remember just now what it was.

At this moment Mrs. Melville came in, and Mary sprang from her seat to perform some slight office for her, with the same affectionate sweetness of manner which Vincent had so often noticed and admired. "After all," thought he, "*can* that girl be so heartless?"

Half an hour afterwards, when the ladies were out for a few minutes, he heard from the hall a scrap of dialogue something like this—

"Are you going to hear our new minister tomorrow, Mary?"

"*What's that to you*, mother? If I go, it will be by myself and to please myself, and I don't see that it's any of your concern."

That sweet and sacred name of mother, which in his presence she had breathed with such respectful tenderness, now fell painfully on his ear in a high, harsh, angry tone. Oh, how unlike the light and gentle voice which but now had half charmed back to his heart the love of other days. The fairy fabric of his hope was crushed at last. Within that very hour he bade farewell to Mary Melville. It was the calm and cold "good night" which friend might give to friend. "There is a tide in the affairs of men"—Mary had neglected its fortunate flow.

One week from that evening, as Miss Melville sat wrapped in her dressing-gown before the fire of her own apartment, a servant entered and handed her a note. Her cheek flushed; she knew the handwriting and the seal of George Vincent. She opened it and read.

"Once more, Miss Melville, and for the last time, I intrude myself on your attention—not to weary you with the rhapsodies of an impassioned lover, or the complainings of a disappointed one. A *lover* I am no longer. Slowly I have felt the undoing of that bright bond which so long held my heart to you. At length the last glittering link of that golden chain has dropped away. But, Mary, there is an interest which I can never cease to feel for you; and it is because your happiness is still most dear to me that I have ventured once more to address you.

"You know, Mary Melville, that you possess talents of the very highest order, and that your accomplishments are every way enviable. Through these my attention was first attracted to you; but I believed that I discovered in you a richer charm than the most attractive natural gifts or the most brilliant accomplishments could ever bestow: I mean firm and lofty principle. Especially I admired, and deeply I loved the *sincerity* which seemed to shine from your noble soul, like a gem from a setting of gold.

"Mary, that gem is dimmed. Do not be angry with him who has suffered most deeply by your fault, if he, unwillingly, indeed, inflicts pain in pointing it out to you. *How far* you have intended to deceive me I am unable to judge, for I have never been able to fathom the mysterious inconsistency of your conduct. That you have once loved me, I cannot disbelieve. Why that love was changed you have never seen fit to explain. If your reason was a good one, honour and justice

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required you to give it—if it was not, it should never have weighed with you. Can I attribute that change to any gentler fault than the most inexcusable fickleness? Can I consider your subsequent conduct anything more innocent than utterly heartless? You will say the charge is a severe one. Look at its justice. Has she heart, a *woman's* heart, who seeks an unmaidenly triumph in trifling with the affection she has forfeited, and which had its very foundation in the respect which such trifling must destroy?

"Mary, you will love again, but never, I may venture to say, will you find a heart more truly devoted to you than once was mine. Beware! one fatal fault may one day blight affection more precious to you than I could offer.

"And now farewell—yet still believe me,

"Your true friend,

"GEORGE VINCENT."

The paper fell from Mary's grasp; tears were dropping slowly from her large and beautiful eyes.

Five years had passed away—years which had wrought sad change in Mary Melville's beauty. Her glossy curls were thinned and faded. The rich gleaming of her eye was dimmed. Her cheek was pale and hollow. She leaned pensively against a pillar in a lofty and crowded saloon. Her white and wasted hands were clasped, and on the left still sparkled the diamond ring which in happier days had been the pledge of Vincent's love. Suddenly the full, manly tones of a familiar voice fell on her ear. George Vincent was there; he was approaching her. A white-robed girl, with a sweet and noble countenance, was leaning on his arm. He recognized Miss Melville, smiled, introduced his wife, and passed on. She followed the elegant and happy pair with her eye, while an expression of deep pain flitted across her features. Then, as they disappeared among the crowd, she took the arm of her brother and walked sadly away.

H.

POETIC REVERIES.

BY MRS. LOIS B. ADAMS.

Dost thou hear a sound in the young spring-time
That seems like a youthful poet's rhyme?
Dost thou see a plant that is half afraid
To lift to the sun its bashful head?
And a bud that will not open quite
To the pleading beams of the clear sunlight?
And dost thou in thy simple heart
Stand wondering why they act such part?
Why earthward thus the plant should bend?
Why thus the bud should scorn its friend?
Or marvel why that sound, so low,
Should murmur less of joy than wo?

The poet knows that sound too well—
'Tis constant as his hopeless dreams;
Amid the grove such music fell,
And when he wandered by the streams:
And by the hill-side harps were strung
Where southern zephyrs hourly came,
And each, as o'er the strings he hung,
Half breathed the poet's humble name.

But there's no chord for him to sweep—
Does Fancy mark her cherished art?
Alas! the poet turns to weep
Amid the desert of his heart.

Weep on—such April tears will bring
Back to thy heart a warmer spring;
Thy desert shall an Eden be,
Where buds of thought their beauty blend—
Young cherubs guard the gates for thee,
And Hope's sweet rainbow o'er it bend.

Weep on—the buds must drink thy tears;
Thy smiles must be their sunshine too;
They'll live unchanged in after years,
If watered by the heart's sweet dew:
But never, never let them bloom,
Or court the critic's sunlike gaze;
His mildest look would be their doom—
Their dirge his condescending praise.

Thus have I seen the sun bestow
His warmest glances on the flowers—
While they, like others I may know,
Have kept their bright eyes closed for hours.
But, ah! the breath of praise is sweet—
The sun himself is at their feet—
Till, won at length with feigned surprise,
They half unclose their virgin eyes,
And speechless blossoms back to heaven
A rapturous passion-glance have given.

Now smiled the sun in passing gleams
On beauty thus upraised to him,
Then poured around his burning beams,
Till half those lovely eyes were dim.
And flatterers came, (deceitful things,)
And praised their opening glory too;
'Twas but to wound, then spread their wings
And bear away life's honey-dew!

Poor blossoms! ye may droop and die—
The sun's bright home is in the sky,
Yours on the lowly earth;
Thus oft the critic, proudly born,
Will deign to view, with pitying scorn,
The humble poet's birth.

Sweet poet! yet thy buds *may* bloom
Above the vaunting critic's tomb:
When side by side your graves are made,
And thou and he are in them laid,
Then oft shall fond affection sing
How dear thy cherished memory is—
For thy pale brow fresh laurels bring,
But hang the cypress wreath o'er his.

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THE PIRATE OF KEY WEST.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

The small island of Key West, the largest and most southwesterly of the Florida reef, lies about sixty miles from Cape Sable, the nearest main land of Florida, and seventy from the northern shore of Cuba. It is between four and five miles in length, with an area of two thousand acres. Its harbour is good and easy of access, forming a convenient inn for vessels on the way between the Atlantic coast and Cuba, Jamaica, and the ports of the Gulf of Mexico, as they all pass very near it; and being a military post of the United States, it is frequently visited by ships of war.

Its climate is healthy; it has a rapidly increasing population, numbering at present about twelve hundred inhabitants, and a church and Sabbath school have recently been established there. It is also the seat of the territorial court of the southern district of Florida, whose judicial authority is often called into exercise in cases connected with the wreckers—the whole reef being perilous, and not unfrequently fatal to vessels traversing the waters in certain seasons of the year.

The soil of Key West is somewhat pale and sandy, though considered good arable ground if properly tilled. Little attention, however, has been paid to its cultivation, the chief interest of the people being directed to traffic and the business of the seas. The most conspicuous vegetable growth of the island appears in the cabbage tree, and that curious production of nature, the mangrove.

Sea birds and others in great variety, some of which are very beautiful, often visit the place for pleasure, and also in cases of adverse winds and stormy weather, when they, like the sailor, *put in* for a haven till the prospect brightens for them to unfurl their little plumy sails and be off again over the wild billowy waste.

Among the native birds of the island are the ground dove, a small, innocent-looking creature; the white-crowned pigeon, in slate-blue dress, with its black-edged snow-white coronet, and the Zenaida dove. The latter, the Zenaida dove, is a rare bird, and like the two preceding, it is fond of being on the ground. It measures ten inches in length; its prevailing colour is a golden ashy-brown, while the neck is brilliant with vivid reflections of gold and green. It is altogether a beautiful, lovely little bird, and most commonly seen in its lowliness, dusting itself, and picking gravel on the earth. But its greatest and most charming peculiarity is in the melting sweetness of its notes, which have some resemblance to those of the turtle dove; yet its voice is even more tender, with something affectingly human in its sound.

The dangers besetting the road of the mariner in this latitude make the island, as it is well known, a favourite resort or home of the wreckers, a most useful and necessary, but misjudged class of people, under the present organized system of managing the concerns of their hard and hazardous services.

A gentleman* at that time employed by certain underwriters to survey the doings of these daring, indefatigable men, to claim equity towards owners, presents a list of twenty-nine vessels that were wrecked on the coast of Florida and brought into Key West during the twelve months from January 1st, 1844, to the close of the year.

The wreckers have suffered great injustice from an erroneous idea which obtains in the public mind, that they are now, like those of other days, a set of unprincipled, plundering men, caring little who loses so they can but gain by the loss. Yet it is not so. They are, in general, a class of the most humane, beneficent people in the world, and among the most important to society. The good angel of Mercy often assumes their hardy form, or makes them her instruments, when they take their lives in their hands and venture out amid the foaming, maddened waves, hidden rocks and hungry whirlpools, to rescue the drowning or suffering crew, and the sinking bark and cargo, when, but for their intrepidity and their painful efforts, all would go down together and be seen no more.

It is the business of their lives to buffet storm and surge, to suffer hardship, and to encounter temptations from Mammon which thousands in higher stations, better taught, and more elegantly bred and clothed, would not resist. They toil on an ocean field for the spoils with which it has been strown by the angry elements. Thus they have frequent opportunity of appropriating to themselves that which—their services recompensed—should be restored to its rightful owner; though but for them it would be lost to all above the surface of the deep. They need a sterner virtue than a great portion of mankind can boast, to say to the tempter, "Get thee behind me!" And cases may occur where they lack either the will or the fortitude to forego the lure, and they would yield without the strict eye of human justice to inspect their actions and the strong cords of the law to restrain them. Yet, so powerful the voice and language, so eloquent the pleading of the god of this world in the human breast, it is to be feared that, in countless in-

* John C. Hoyt, Esq., of Newburyport.

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stances unknown to all but the soul it deludes and the Omniscient Judge, this subtlety of the deceiver silences the voice of conscience, till, like a suddenly-drawn dagger, she utters it in one piercing cry long as eternity.

The first settlement at Key West was about the year 1820, after Florida was ceded to the United States. Previous to that period the place was a favourite haunt of pirates and other freebooters on the high seas. The crimes committed by many who have infested that coast and resorted to this island, when the buccaneer and the wrecker were of one brotherhood, no flood can wash out, though the footprints of the murderer on the sand are so effaced, and the blood he has shed is so lost in the great waters, that he and his victim shall never be traced till they are found together before the Judge of all men.

It is a common story, and generally believed, that the pirates landed and concealed a vast amount of gold and other treasures in the island which still remain buried deep in the sands, and people are seen at this day digging and using the divining rod in sincere hope and good faith that it will point them to strike upon "the accursed thing!" But whether they or their cotemporaries, the more federal and forcible adventurers to the submarine Eldorado, where the ship of the renowned Captain Kidd was sunk, shall first be successful in winning the prize which was the price of blood, is a question yet to be solved.

The majority of the piratical desperadoes that hung about Key West through a long lapse of years before the island was permanently inhabited, was made up of the most depraved outlaw Spaniards, though their gangs comprehended some of the blackest dregs of society of many nations. Our own country—even our Puritan New England—has been found participating in the shame and sorrow of having sons among them.

Yet some, no doubt, were there without a voluntary enlistment in the ranks of guilt, having been taken unawares in the net and dragged forward in the downward way. Many a poor deluded soul just entered among them has probably had the tenderness to feel and to say within itself, in regard to innocence, peace and hope, "the bands of the wicked have robbed me;" while its shudderings have caused the inexperienced hand to tremble and the foot to falter, till all sensibility of nature and of conscience was drowned in the maddening bowl, and the frenzied spirit thus became wrought up to a fury adequate to the commission of any crime.

The life of each of these fearful men has a story. Could this be followed out, from the helpless infant in the cradle, where a fond mother's eye hung over it, full of bright visions of the future; from the innocent heir and subsequent pupil of parental wickedness; from, perhaps, the miserable foundling of a few days, with no name but *Infamy* to bear through the wide inclement world on which it was cast out alone—could the story of each be traced from the dawn of his existence, through all the windings, the temptations, the delusions and other preliminaries to the final result, our pity and forgiving charity would, without doubt, often be exercised before we came to the fatal consummation of wickedness, on which we can look only with horror and condemnation.

The following brief sketch of the life of one New England boy may justify this supposition; but as it is a tale of real life told in abstract, the accurate giving of real names, for reasons which will appear evident in the end, must here be dispensed with.

The reader will now please to accompany the writer, not to any region of romance, nor by juggling, nor in the stupid form of a mesmerized *clairevoyant*, but a decent, self-possessed, civil companion, and in the usual short transportation way of imagination, on a short excursion to the quiet corner of a country town situated but a few miles from a place of considerable commercial importance, on the seaboard, in the Bay State. * * * * * As we come out of this hollow bend of the highway, you see yonder a line of small willows feathering the stone wall on one side of the green-edged road, flanked on the other with blackberry vines, mullen, dock, and blue-spired vervain. Farther on still are several taller and more expansive trees, that appear closely huddled together, with a plume of smoke rising above them and winding itself into a thousand fantastic curlings till it plays itself all away on the thin air.

This variegated way widens as we advance, and those old trees seem to move farther apart, while the cottage they concealed becomes apparent, with a small sheet of green before it, cut in two by a narrow footpath that leads to the humble door.

It is a sweet little rural scene, and this lowly dwelling seems dropped here, away from the noisy world, as the abode of simplicity and peace. How happy all nature appears—how the birds sing around it—while the eglantine and honeysuckle are wreathing themselves together in wild luxuriance, and throw out their mingled sweets on the passing breeze!

On a bough close to the cottage eaves sits a robin piping to her brood. The martins are on its roof and a swallow on the chimney top. The yellow bird sings in the tree, with its golden bosom shining among the green leaves, and off a little in the thicket the clear ringing note of the bob-o'link and the pleasant gossip of the mocking-bird sound merrily together. All appear as if no hand had ever been raised against them for harm or to inspire timidity. The butterfly swings lazily on the waving sunflower; the bumble-bee hums in the hollyhock's corolla; the little honey-bee snuggles close in the bosom of the rose, as if she were its mother; and even the silent toad, that crept over the clump of violets to get under a stone as we came by, seemed by its leisurely motion to retire more from modesty than fear.

The person busying himself in a small garden

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near the house is the master of this quiet spot. Now he rears his head above the gay scarlet and purple bean-flowers, and now he stoops again to inspect more closely the affairs of a little portion of the enclosure, which seems to have been set off to younger members as their lot of earth. It is formed in a perfect round, and this into three equal divisions, each being marked with a letter formed of moss, set in a slender line and neatly trimmed. The letters "W," "E," "E," are the initials of the owners of this little triune parterre; and the man looks on them with an eye of delight, showing evidently that he is a father and feels himself gifted with immortal flowers to train.

How carefully he lifted a stray branch of periwinkle that the wind had tossed into the path, and restored it to its place as if it were an idol! He touches the star-of-Bethlehem stem as though it supported the light of his path, and contemplates the forget-me-nots with a sunshine in his eye which the blaze of as many diamonds would fail to enkindle. Every plant and flower in this little round is precious to him, for it is the possession of his three children, William, Eliza and Emily—as great to their little hearts as a kingdom. Were he an astrologer, we might fancy him studying in this, their horoscope on earth, instead of in the heavens. But what prophet shall foretell of their destiny?

As we may so do without impertinence, we will now glance at the interior of the cottage while the declining sun is yet above the horizon. The supper-table is neatly spread with a frugal meal for five to partake; newly-ironed garments of children's wear hang around the fire, and lie beside the mother, who sits by the window improving the last hour of daylight, and plying her needle to repair those articles of apparel with as much assiduity and cheerfulness as she could manifest if every stitch added a gem to her crown of happiness.

But here they come—her jewels! The district school is dismissed, and a troop of gladsome boys and girls flock down the hill together till the road branches out in several ways, then they separate in little bands, each taking the most direct homeward course. Three of the brightest of the company speed towards our little cottage, and rush in like a fresh breeze, full of health and animation. The boy, a fine ruddy lad in his early teens, with his two sisters, the eldest about two years, the other four, younger than himself; and a joyous meeting they make of it with their parents, who seem to find in them a lost world returned, after the eight hours of absence since they left home for school this morning.

But since that departure an unexpected and busy magician has touched the curly head of this little fellow William, and started ideas that were never known to exist there till now. He has in his satchel a book which he did not carry away with him, and says, as he brings it forth, "It is a beautiful one—all full of pictures of ships, with sailors hauling ropes, climbing to the mast heads, sailing away off to other countries, where they get money and all sorts of pretty things! The stories tell all about what they see, and what they find to bring home, and then go off to get more and make new discoveries. It must be delightful to lead a sailor's life!"

He says Tom, the sailor's son, lent him the book; that a pedler sold it to Tom's father just before he went to sea the other day, and he gave it to him for a keepsake.

The parents examine the book, and think it is indeed pretty, and that it tells wonderful things; but whether these be true or not they were in no wise capable of judging. Nor do they in the least conceive of the hold it has taken on the mind of their only son, who has yet to learn by bitter experience, that "the tree of knowledge is not that of life." And this wild story-book is to prove like a flower which the joyous child has plucked, having a seed vessel that will plant his path of life in after years with thorns.

It is night, and all the cottagers have retired to rest, thinking and fearing no evil. Their treasures are not in silver and gold to tempt the midnight robber; and if a hungry wayfarer should call and ask a portion of such as they have, and a shelter from the damp and gloom of the silent night, they would arise and let him in and make him welcome to partake of their loaf.

But as darkness has drawn her veil over them on their untroubled pillows, so will we leave them to their rest.

Now all this is but a picture of the past. The original has disappeared forever. A long series of years has swept over that cottage and its inmates, and they are changed. The rest of their story may be told in brief.

That book which William brought home and laid beneath his pillow was the wand that enchanted him. For hours after his usual time of being lost in slumber, his eyes were open, and a new kind of scenery hung by imagination around his couch, shifting and varying like views presented through a magic lantern; and when at last he slept, his thoughts were not, as in other nights, playing in his flower-garden;—an ocean was rolling in his head, with ships sailing through it, and sailors and sea monsters rope-dancing on his young brain.

When he rose in the morning, his interest in things about home was not so fresh and lively as it was wont to be on previous mornings. Everything looked tame and familiar. His mind had become a perfect little nautilus. From that day he was infatuated with chimeras of another element, and beset with an irrepressible desire to go to sea.

His parents endeavoured to check this propensity by all their powers of persuasion and reasoning, and sometimes flattered themselves that they had succeeded, that his enthusiasm was waning away. Yet it was only like a fire stifled in one part of a building but to break out with greater force in some other place.

At length, seeing the bent of the child's inclinations for the sea so strong and durable, and be-

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coming weary with his importunities for leave to go, the father consented, and secured for William a place as cabin boy in a vessel bound to a foreign port. His small chest of effects, consisting of comfortable clothing, provisions for all contingencies from wear and tear in the form of needle, thread, wax, odd but tons, &c., some little pies, cakes, and other *bons morceaux* which a fond mother's feelings may be supposed to suggest on such an occasion, together with that more imperishable bread, the word of life, in a small new Bible, marked, "A mother's gift to her only son."

Thus equipped, and with the blessings and fond parting caresses of his parents and sisters, did the young adventurer go forth to launch his destiny on the rolling ocean and the untried world.

He went, and in due time returned, apparently sound in health and morals, and greatly advanced towards the figure of manhood. Nothing marred the joy of his return but the loss of his youngest sister, Emily, who had been suddenly snatched out of time by a violent illness soon after his departure; and the pretty trinket he had brought home for her was laid carefully away, with her name marked on its envelop.

The father's health, which had never been robust, became much changed and enfeebled after the death of his little daughter, and he feared the vigour of his constitution was undermined and wearing irrecoverably away. But he looked to his son, now rising rapidly into a promising young man, as a support should his own strength fail.

William gave up to his parents the little money he had, except what was indispensable to procure his outfit for another voyage; and after assuring them that he should be able to keep them supplied with his earnings so that they need not feel anxious or straitened in regard to their needed comforts, departed again on a longer voyage.

Thus he did repeatedly; but as he grew older he seemed less and less inclined to pass his time at home, and more fond of remaining among the sailors in the seaport towns from which he sailed, during the intervals of his voyages.

He was naturally of a lightsome, playful temperament, and yielding disposition, having withal a warm heart and an easily excited imagination, as his first possessing the story book has already proved; and going, as he did, unsophisticated from the scenes of simple nature directly among the dissipated, reckless men, who in those days constituted a large proportion of the common sailors in our commercial employ, he was a fit subject to be led astray by the older and more artful in the ways of sin. At the same time his parents, in total ignorance of the lures to vice laid in the way of a young man of this class in foreign ports, and the easy descent to the lowest moral degradation, never dreamed of him as less innocent than he was when a gladsome boy sporting with butterflies in the flower-garden.

He had good talents, and had so won his way in the knowledge of navigation as to be promoted to the rank of second officer of the ship in which he last sailed for the Mediterranean, when a long space elapsed without any letter, message or tidings of him coming to his friends at home. Day after day they looked out of the window, asking themselves why he thus tarried. Week after week they rose hopeful in the morning, began to fear at noon, and at night went anxious to a pillow whence sleep was chased by painful suspense and fearful apprehensions in regard to their beloved William's personal health and safety.

Meantime the father's constitution of body and of mind had become the prey to a sickness of the heart, a silent but sure wearing down of the spirit, produced by hope deferred, which foreboded the worst; while the mother, on the contrary, sometimes manifested that elasticity of mind which enabled it, when bent down to dust and seeming despair, by some slight relief of fancy's suggestions, to spring back quickly to its wonted height and activity. At least it was apparently so, when she would rally all her fortitude to buoy up the sinking soul of her husband and check the fading of the rose on the tear-bathed cheek of her drooping Eliza, who felt that nothing but death or helpless calamity could be the cause of this long, long silence of her brother, and the inscrutable mystery that shrouded his fate.

She would sometimes steal silently away to the round garden spot and gather the brightest flowers and those of the sweetest fragrance, then take the narrow grassy path to her sister's grave, there to lay her offering, and sit to hold communion with the spirits of her brother and her sister, which she believed to have alike dropped the mortal veil, and both to be hovering around her, as strong and warm in fraternal love as when they danced hand in hand together on the flower-sprent green, and chased the fire-flies gleaming over it in the dewy summer evening of their school-day mirth.

At last, through the instrumentality of Tom ——, now a full-grown, dread-naught, tarpaulined sailor, a vague rumour was carried to the anxious parents that their son William had become strangely altered; that he had got into difficulty in a Spanish port, and had left the vessel; that he had been fond of Sabbath-day amusements, had risked at chance games till his purse was empty, and, to forget the mortification, had resorted to the intoxicating cup, and by this had brought on a brain fever, which caused him to be carried to a hospital, at the responsibility of some benevolent American seamen then in the same port.

This report was too much for the father in the broken-down state of his health. It unmanned him; his enfeebled nervous system received from it a shock from which it never recovered. His reason at times seemed to rock and reel, and, like a careening ship under press of sail in a storm, showed fearful symptoms of becoming a wreck. Yet he said he could not believe this true of William, his own dear boy! He could never be so lost as to absent himself from his parents and plunge into

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sin without sending a word of remembrance or a kind token to show that he still lived! "If he comes not soon," said he, "I shall go down to my grave sorrowing; and if he then comes, I am sure that his tears will fall free and warm on the sods over the cold bosom of the father he has laid there."

Sometimes he would sit whole hours, a melancholy picture of a darkened mind, brooding on some gloomy subject. Then the cloud would appear to fall in a shower of tears, and the sobbing of a grieved child succeed; or perhaps a paroxysm of excitement followed, in which his little strength exhausted itself in vehement talking, walking and gesticulations, which soon settled him again in his chair. And all the while his thoughts seemed running in strange vagaries after his lost son.

But the bitterness, the yearnings, the fluttering, fainting and aching of a parent's heart under such a trial, may, no doubt, be conceived by many who have experienced similar sorrow and painful uncertainty, while they can never be understood or described by others, though their abrading influence on the flesh and the spirit may be manifest to all.

Time still swept on, and nothing definite could be learnt of the lost son and brother. Eliza, now in blooming womanhood and the only child remaining to the afflicted parents to console them and render such personal aid as her fair young frame could effect by constant efforts, began to show outward signs of some deep-seated ill that wasted her strength and reduced the healthful roundness of her symmetrical form till it became attenuated and languid, while the sorrowful, downcast expression of her dewy blue eye and the frequent sigh, told too plainly that grief was the canker, eating up the heart of that sweet rose of the wild, the lovely cottage maiden. The cough, the hectic flush, and other symptoms of rapid decline ensued, till, by that flattering but fatal progress which it is needless and too painful to follow out in detail, she was at last laid in the grave beside her only sister. To this was she carried one mild autumn afternoon, when the frost had nipped her garden flowers; but the wild asters of the season were in full perfection, and their branches of white and of purple flowers gemmed the little country burying-ground with a thousand constellations, that shone on every side among the low mossy stones.

A short time previous to her decease she fell into a soft slumber of some hours. Just before this was broken, her cheek became flushed, her pulse fluttered, and a quick irregular breathing shook her whole frame, till she threw up her arms, exclaiming, "When—when?"

Opening her eyes, she cast them around with an inquiring look on those about her, and said, "A dream—all a dream—a passing vision! Oh, so strange! And my dear brother has again melted away in air, just as I was about to clasp him in my eager arms. But I shall soon meet him; I shall see him when the view will be less terrible and more sweet than now. This vision was first awful, then glorious. How long have I slept to see so much?"

When relieved of the excitement and become somewhat refreshed and calm, she related, in such sentences as her feeble breath enabled her to utter, her dream, or whatever it might be called, that passed before her soul's eye during the last sleep from which she awoke to the things of time and sense. It was mainly thus:—

"I was borne up, I know not by what power, over a wide ocean, where it was all black, tumultuous billows. The skies above me were gloomy and dark as starless night, and loud roaring sounds issued from every gaping cavern and mountain swell of the terrible waters. The only light, except occasional flashes of lightning, that appeared among them, added but horror to the view. It was from the large fiery eyes of a frightful dragon, glowing as if they defied all the seas to quench them. They looked like two furnaces. And there, on the surface of the tumbling flood, I saw our dear William in the grasp of that horrid monster, whose claws had torn him till his face, breast and arms were disfigured with wounds and gore. In one hand he held a purse of gold and a sharp dirk, upon which the dragon was compelling him to fasten his hold tighter and tighter by pricking him till his fingers were locked about them with the strength of one in convulsions. In the other hand was a large drinking cup, which he was evidently striving to cast from him into the deep, while the monster forced him to keep it and to put it now and then to his quivering lips. It was full of a bright transparent liquor, that beaded its brim with little bubbles like floating pearls.

"I looked to the bottom of this cup, and there lay a coiled live serpent; his keen malignant eyes, wide open and looking upward, sent the sparkling brightness through the fluid, and his breathing heaved up those swimming bubbles. My soul grew sick at the sight. My brother struggled to get free, but his feet were in the waves, and effort only caused him to descend, till the dragon slid his huge filmy wing beneath him and lifted him again to continue his horrible operations. If he attempted to cry for help, the cup was pressed upon his lips till his teeth entered the flesh and his voice was choked in the throat, while streaming tears coursed down his bloody cheeks as he swallowed the sparkling poison.

"I tried to utter a shriek to let him know that I hung over him, but my voice was gone. I endeavoured to descend to his relief, but I was suspended motionless. Then my soul, defying all restraint, went up to God in prayer, that he would send His angel to bind the dragon and cast him down the deep, but I could look no longer on the awful conflict.

"My eye was turned away towards the east, and afar, beyond the dark watery hills, a rising light appeared like the coming of morning, and I heard a voice, sounding as from thence and addressed to

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my brother, saying, 'Look unto me and be thou saved! Though thy hands be crimson with guilt and thy sins as scarlet, there is a fountain which can cleanse and make thee whole; and to this have I opened up a way for thee. Escape from thine adversary and come unto me. I have poured out a cup, of which if a man drink he shall thirst no more, and the poison of the serpent shall be deadened and of none effect within him. It is mine to bestow on him bags that wax not old, a treasure in the heavens that faileth not.'

"While with suspended breath I listened, I saw only the growing light spread in the skies and shining on the face of the waters, that seemed smoothing themselves down to a saffron and silvery plain. Then there appeared in the distance a beautiful dove, skimming gently over the shimmering waves and slightly diverging from its course to the right and the left, till it stooped its beak to the water where a small object floated and brought it up. It was William's Bible. The leaves were open and all dripping and briny, but the dove took it like a feather in its beak and flew swift away, where a white misty cloud intercepted my view, so that I saw not where it went. I knew not whether it was a cloud upon my eye or one evolved from the sea, but my vision was for a few moments lost.

"Suddenly, then, there beamed up from behind the cloud such rays of glory as made me fear yet rejoice. I never beheld the like before. The cloud parted in the midst like a rent veil, and I saw one in the likeness of man clothed in shining raiment, a beaming halo around his head, and with a countenance so divinely pure and holy I dared not look upon it again with my sinful eyes. The dark shadow of a cross passed a moment before him and lay on his bosom, then quickly dissolved in the heavenly splendour that hung around him and beamed from his radiant crown. Near him stood my brother, firm on a rock, his feet fair as lilies, his form washed, healed and clothed in a full flowing vesture white as the driven snow, with a fresh green olive branch set in his bosom; his face young, beautiful and joyous as an angel's, and the fine silken locks of his sunny-brown hair, touched with a lustre like the reflection of a golden canopy. It was from a diadem suspended over his head. In one hand he held a palm branch, in the other the Bible which the dove had plucked up from off the waters and restored to him. The volume was open and his eye upon its last page. In sweet melodious tones of devotion, he read aloud, 'If any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life and out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this book.'

"His voice, which we have so long sighed in vain to hear, well nigh broke for me the thread of life. I thought my fluttering spirit would depart at the moment, and that it had already ceased to control these bodily organs. I could not move my tongue or lips, but my soul put forth the cry, 'Shall we never, never fold him to our hearts again? Shall our parents never meet their long-lost, only son, returning to their aching bosoms, and bless God that he is found?' Scarcely had the inquiry been made in spirit, when I heard a voice reply, 'Not yet.'

"With open arms I sprang forward, from sudden, irresistible impulse, to embrace my brother, when, lo! I had broke the illusion—all had vanished. And yet I feel that I shall not mourn him long nor be separated from him forever. It is written in my heart, '*He is washed—he is sanctified.*' Be this a prophetic showing of a future truth or not, I feel it is from One with whom there is no past or future, but all is an eternal present. Now has he given me—me, his frail unworthy child—this sweet assurance, so that I may depart in peace, for thus have mine eyes seen his salvation. But my vision is darkened. Come to me, and let me feel your kiss upon my freezing cheek; come, dear father, mother, for *I* see you not. Earth is passing away, yet the cold flowing waters of Jordan that chill my feet as I enter do not terrify me. Mourn not for me. Cut a lock of my hair, and when William comes, tell him it was his sister Eliza's parting gift. Weep not when you speak or hear my name. We shall all be gathered into one home, and the Lamb's face is the light thereof. Lo! the morning dawns over the dark mountains, a breeze from the heavenly land is on my lip, the breath of eternal life alone puts out the glimmering taper in this poor sinking clay. Oh, it is sweet thus to die to pain, sin and death, to live forever! I heard it once, I hear it again, that sweet seraphic strain of music in the upper air. They come, they come—a band of soft-winged angels to bear me up. Oh, Thou who receivest my spirit, support and comfort my afflicted parents!"

The rest has already been told of Eliza, how she was gathered to her sister's dust. And there they lie, side by side, with the wild flowers gemming the turf that covers their humble resting-place.

The cloud of melancholy that hung upon the shadowy form of the father rendered him a truly pitiable object. His self-accusation of having made idols of his children till God had plucked them from him, was sincere and bitter, till his disorder of body and of mind finally wore him away.

"I go," said he, "the way of all the earth. God will do the rest. Perhaps He will show mercy and accept me, for His Son's sake. Poor, and blind, and miserable, I resign myself to Him; poor, and worn, and miserable, I render my broken-down cottage of clay to the earth. There I shall not start and shiver at every gust of wind, nor see frightful visions pass any more before these hazy old eyes. They will be closed at last and their waters dried up at the fountain;—no more pumping at the heart for hot tears. And I shall sleep so peacefully—so peacefully! If my boy comes back, tell him to comfort his mother; and where his father's poor old gray head is laid, to plant a small slab of stone just to speak my name as the

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father of the two sweet children that will be so near me; and then, when his mother comes to join us there, he will give her one like it, and have it inscribed to the sleeping form that an angel wore awhile on this thorny earth. We shall all rise together at the last day. But poor William, shall he come forth where the sea gives up its dead? If he did willingly forsake us and turn knowingly into the paths of sin, may his Father in heaven forgive him freely and fully as this poor mortal, this worm of the dust does in dying! Is it not promised, 'In the even time there shall be light?' Methinks it comes in through the crevices of this crazy tabernacle as it is taken apart. But it cannot hold it now, it is falling. My cup of life has contained much blessing, much sweetness. If it was bitter in the dregs, it is all over; it is now broken and contains no more. My bed is made among the clods, and my spirit seeks its source."

Thus departed the heart-broken father, and the widow was left alone to sigh and weep over the ruins of her bower of earthly happiness. The few neighbours and relatives who had come to sympathize with her in this desolating affliction which left her solitary, departed one after another, while she remained alone in that once happy cottage-home, to people it with shades of past joys and brood over her real sorrows.

And there did she remain year after year, a sad relic of the happy household, certain that her husband and two daughters had passed beyond the power of earth to harm them, and entered, as she humbly trusted, among the redeemed on high. But over the fate of her lost son an impervious cloud had settled. Yet her fondly yearning maternal heart still cherished the secret belief, or rather hope, that he was alive and her eyes would again behold him before they were closed forever. She inhabited her cottage alone, and all within it was silent as the house of death, except the slight sounds of her own footsteps, and her voice when she sometimes read aloud the volume of consolation or sang occasionally devotional songs, and, perhaps, communed with her own heart in audible accents about her departed family, recalled plaintive airs that bore words expressive of her own sentiments or sorrows, and even with that visionary faith which foreshowed to her the coming of her lost William to bless her in the little space between her lonely home and the silent house to which her loved ones had gone down to await her coming. Her thoughts in regard to her son may in part be expressed in the borrowed words of a living British bard better, perhaps, than in any others.

"We waited—how long! but we waited in vain,
And we looked over land and we looked over main;
And ships—oh, how many!—came home from the sea,
That brought comfort to others but sorrow to me:
In all those gay ships, oh, there answer was none
To the mother who asks if she yet has a son.

"And we fed upon hope until hope was denied,
Till our health of the spirit it sickened and died;
And his father sat down in his old broken chair,
And I watched the white sorrow that stole over his hair;
And I saw his clear eye waxing feeble and wild,
And the frame of the childless grew weak as a child.

"And the angel of grief that o'ershadowed his brain,
Now wrote on his forehead in letters of pain;
And I read the handwriting, and knew that the breast
Of the weary with waiting was going to rest;
So he left a kind word for our lost one—and *I*,
I linger behind him to tell it my boy!"

And thus did she linger on till her form grew thin and bowed with age; her face was withered and furrowed by time and sorrow, and the light of her once eloquent eye had departed with the darling objects on which it shone brightly and fondly in the exercise of her sweetest affections in other days.

The spring brought back the birds and flowers, but to her sad ear the wild music of nature was only a dirge-like mocking of her sorrow; the flowers but reminded her of her withered joys. Wild weeds had usurped the once favourite flower garden, and her feeble foot shunned the narrow line that showed where the pathway lay encircling the parterre of her children. In the calm summer evenings the lonely whippowil came near and sat beneath her window, singing its one dismal plaint in doleful monotony, to pierce her heart anew by seeming mimicry of the enunciation of her son's name as it was endearingly abbreviated by the call of love in the days of his sunny childhood. The chill blast of autumn that whirled the withered leaves on high, tossed the stray white lock of hair upon her pale forehead, and wafted off her aged heart over the billows of the sea, with the one long wearing question, "Does my son live?" And when the cold snows of winter sheeted all abroad in white, she crouched by the scanty fire on her cheerless hearth with a mind little occupied about the pitiful concerns of her poor old shivering form, but full of the one great burden of her anxious maternal bosom. Her thoughts on this may again be best expressed in the borrowed lines of the poet already quoted, as they are most fitly adapted to set forth the emotions of her yearning spirit.

"Oh, weary of life, but unwilling to die
Till the latch has been raised by my lost sailor boy!
I *believe* that he lives. Were he low in the mould,
There's a pulse in my heart should be silent and cold,
That awoke at his birth, and through good and through ill,
Hath played in its depths and is playing there still;
When its star shall have set then its tide shall be dry,
And the mother be sure *where* to look for her boy.

"Oh, will he come never—lost son of the sea?
I hear a low voice that is calling to me;
It comes from that spot the dark yew trees among,
Where thy sisters and sire have been waiting me long;
A voice like a spirit's—I come, oh, I come!
Have they met my lost child past the land of the tomb?

"I shall know—but if not, if he comes to the door
When the voice of his mother can bless him no more,

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Some finger shall point to the pathway of tombs,
Where our boy may come up to our mansion of glooms;
And I think I shall hear his light tread o'er the stones,
Like the sound of the trump in the valley of bones!"

During the long lapse of years which had wrought these changes at his native home, the course of the absentee had been swift in the downward way of the soul, and that of a wild rover from sea to sea and from shore to shore in distant parts of the world. In short, being ensnared by vicious companionship and in places where the Sabbath was made a holiday, William had become familiar with the scenes of its profanation by others, till he was led to think the notion of its sacredness an old-fashioned superstition of New England Puritans, fit perhaps for simple country people to observe, but not to be heeded by the world at large; and the laws of the Bible code not binding beyond the sound of his parents' voice and the scope of their eye. Urged, lured and hurried on by wicked men, he first became their unwilling or hesitating comrade at the gambling board or the Sabbath day revel. Suffering remorse for this, he would sometimes take up the Bible his mother gave him and endeavour to get an easier state of mind by perusing its contents and thinking of the giver; but after his first steps in guilt, finding this only increased his mental anguish, he would abandon it abruptly and listen to the voice of the tempter, who placed before him the intoxicating draught. Yet the voice of nature was not hushed within him; he thought of his parents and home endearments with the bitterness of one who felt himself fallen from the virtue for which he had been loved; but he tried to return to himself so as to write home some tidings that would relieve the anxiety he knew his absence and silence were causing there. He wrote several letters to get rid of self-admonition and reproach, but so disposed of them as to make it a mere matter of chance if they ever reached his friends, because he knew they contained false reports of himself which he had not the hardness to send direct in a sure way to meet the eyes of his parents. Thus did the subtle deceiver wind his coils softly about his dupe at first, till he had made fast the hold that was to draw him into fearful deeps of crime. With the unhappy William a little sin had been as a fine filament of silk, not felt at first, till thread after thread was added with dreadful rapidity, and the strong man was bound.

A number of the daring and dissipated, chiefly men in the seafaring life, banded together under assumed names, having provided themselves with a vessel and equipments for the purpose, resolved on the desperate enterprise of making their fortune, as they said, in a short way on the high seas; and to draw in William to be one with them, was their determined object. How they laid their lure to seduce him on step by step, needs not be detailed; but his experience at sea and his knowledge of navigation qualified him to be so useful, that they resolved on making him the master of their vessel. The night before they were to sail from the bay where the bark lay, with others, at anchor, they held a carousal, and succeeded in seducing William to drink glass after glass till, in a fit of intoxication, he gave his signature by a fictitious name as one in their horrible compact. It was the pirate's oath! But now, as the laws of God and man were to be alike defied, how could so holy a thing as the Bible be retained by the commander of the company? It could not. In his fit of wild delirium, as our hero walked the deck in the darkness of night before the dawn, while the vessel was leaving her moorings, he held in his hand the sacred volume his mother had given him. It stung him to the soul. He could not go on in the fearful adventure with this in possession, yet how to rid himself of it he did not know. He dared not cast it on the fire; there was an imperishable spirit in it which he feared he might forever see shining at him in endless burning. Tear it up he could not —it would be like rending piecemeal his mother's heart. A hardened comrade came by at the moment, seized his hand and arm, and in an instant the book flashed upon the waters as the vessel sped on her way far out to sea.

Such was the beginning of a course which none can wish to follow out in narration; indeed, none can do this but one who was an actor in the scenes. We will, therefore, pass over a long lapse of time, and transport the reader again to the island of Key West, in a day previous to its settlement.

It was a calm summer day, just before the sun sunk below the western horizon, when a solitary man, the captain of a small piratical vessel, had come on shore with a mass of gold and silver, the fruit of his evil deeds, and was busy in burying it in the lonely earth. All was motionless and hushed around, and nature seemed in a Sabbath-day peace and rest, save the sound and motion of that grand type of eternity, the never-sleeping ocean, whose waves on every side came murmuring up to the edge of the sleeping isle. The man wrought on, hard and earnestly, till, between the strokes of his spade, a sound now and then reached his ear, sweet and plaintive, like human notes. He paused —the sound ceased. He smote again—the voice came also, as if some one had been touched. He hurried to finish his work, but his arm trembled and his heart faltered. He could see a great way around him, but not a creature, human or brute, was visible. The sounds were so sweet and innocent, and from some point close by him, he was astounded; he could not proceed till silence ensued. With his conscience startled, his superstitious fears began to crowd upon him in hosts of spectral forms on every side. He dared not speak —he dared not move to the right or the left, lest, if it were the notes of living human organs, his business should be detected; and if it were supernatural agency, more terrible still must it be for him to meet the messenger. At broken intervals he had at last restored the sand he had dug up to its place, and below it buried his fearful deposit.

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Near and more near came the invisible vocalist, and sweeter and more touching became its notes. The knees of the sea-embrowned pirate trembled and smote together, till he finally settled in a seat of the sliding sand. He listened; he thought it the sound of his mother's voice, then his sister's, as he had been wont to hear them in the days of his innocent childhood—for this melancholy wanderer was no other than the once happy little boy, William, of the New England cottage!

The sun had departed, his farewell smile was fast fading in the dimness of the evening twilight, and there sat the pirate amid the deep stillness of the scene, alone, and shuddering at his own conscious guilt as the view of his whole life rushed before him in the most vivid hues which an unerring memory and an awakened conscience could give the painful retrospection. Seated, as he was, on the side of a high bank, the ground behind him was so elevated it overtopped his shoulders, and there the voice seemed approaching. It drew near, and a softly-moving something was heard close upon him in the sand and small bushes at his back. In a moment down it came, brushing past his arm, a beautiful Zenaida dove! The bird, somewhat startled, too, at the unexpected meeting, lifted her wings with a sudden flutter, and half in flight, half on foot, passed off to a short distance before her relieved beholder, and again poured forth her touching notes.

To the mind that is thoroughly imbued with belief in an overruling Providence in all things, nothing seems made or ordered in vain. God has made nothing so; and it is wonderful to notice how small and apparently trivial means he uses to lead to vast results. To the eye of the *watchful* navigator He sent out a floating grass to lead to the discovery of a continent; a falling apple was the foot-rest from which the mind of the astronomer sprang up with a flight that enabled it to grasp the stars; and, as in the natural world, so in things spiritual, if we would but attend to them—nothing is without design.

He whose spirit once took the form of a dove to testify of his Son to man, had made the beautiful Zenaida dove the ministering angel to the wretched solitary of Key West. It brought him a message of innocence, love and peace. It spoke to his trembling soul in tones of sweet mercy and forgiveness, of all he had forsaken in his father's house, and of that prodigal son who said, "I will arise and go to my father." It was sent to be the means of his entering the kingdom of Heaven as a little child. With all his assailant terrors softened away and changed for this sweet little visible messenger of love, he felt the deep springs of nature that had been closed by artificial means, unsealed in his bosom and gushing up in overwhelming wellings and strong yearnings towards his paternal home, and longings after innocence and peace. He resolved from that hour, if God would spare his life and grant him grace, to become a new man.

With tears of contrition coursing down his weather-worn face, he returned to his miserable vessel, leaving his ill-gotten riches behind deep in the unconscious earth. The only two persons then on board were a young man who had been taken by the pirates and pressed under penalty of death into their service, and an untaught Spanish black man, a native of Cuba, though from early boyhood a rover on the seas. To these their master made known his intention of forsaking his wicked course of life, and exhorted them to follow his example.

The young man gladly accepted the offer of emancipation, but feared the exposure of his late criminality. This William assured him should not be exposed if he returned to the paths of virtue. The black gave no evidence of his intention to forsake his ways so long as he could escape the penalty of the law; but the master, knowing his ignorance, knew also how to manage him with threats of delivering him over to the law as a criminal, on testimony of his own and the young man's oath, when, at the same time, he, the black, could not witness against them.

Taking from their vessel into the boat such provisions as would assist them with what they could find on shore to subsist till some coming sail should heave in sight, and throwing overboard such other articles as would betray the purpose she had served, they conducted her to where she might be abandoned, and they reach the shore in safety. There they dismantled her, cut her anchor cable, and let her drive in among the whirlpools and breakers of the reef, while they made for one of the smaller islands of the range.

Here they landed, and when a ship came in sight they made signal of distress as mariners from a wrecked vessel, and were taken on board. The ship entered a southern port, where the black found a vessel that would take him to Cuba. The young man staid in the place till he could find honest employ, and William, still under his feigned name, with the place of his nativity unknown, sought and found an opportunity of returning to New England. But before he left the vessel that had taken him in, it being Sabbath morning, he saw on the deck of another lying close along side, a serious-looking sailor sit reading intently under the shade of the lowered sail. He stepped over and drew near to the reader; but what was his astonishment when in the open volume he beheld the likeness of his own cast-away Bible! He requested the sailor to let him examine it; and, lo! there appeared his own name in his mother's handwriting, the lines spread and blurred a little as if it had been wet. Concealing his emotion as one having any claim to the book, he asked the sailor how he came in possession of this Bible. He answered, that in the year 18— he was in a ship at anchor in the bay of ——, when early one morning he saw this book floating along so close to the ship's side, that he sprang into the lowered boat and caught it just as it had nearly hit upon the extended

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rope. He said he was at that time quite young, but from then till now he had never been able to learn how the book had been lost or to whom it belonged. But little did he dream what arrows he was darting into the heart of his listener in every word that reached his ear. His new visitor then explained his curiosity and inquiry on the subject, by saying that he had in former years known the young man whose name was written in the Bible and his family intimately. He said he was now bound to their place of residence, and if he could take this book home to them he thought it would be a precious relic, whether the owner yet lived or not, as he might now be far away.

The pious sailor had studied the precepts of the sacred pages too well not to render the book up readily to one who would restore it to its owner or his heirs, and he gladly gave it to the stranger, with a repeated account of how and when he found it.

William had become so completely changed in outward appearance, that none who had known him in his early days could recognize him, and his associating with foreigners of so many tongues as he had caught smatterings of, had given him a broken, outlandish accent *in his speech*, that, to the casual hearer, as he made his way homeward, he often appeared more like a foreigner than an American.

And now, as the wanderer approached his native town, unknown and unknowing as to what had been the changes at his dear paternal abode, he felt his heart swelling with emotions so great and mingled, in anticipation of the trial that awaited him, it seemed as if his bosom would burst and end all in death before he could reach the threshold he last passed over to become the fallen being he had since been before he should set foot on it again.

Every person that he met looked strange, and he made no inquiry concerning his father's family, lest some fearful truth might meet him too soon, or some good hope be prematurely realized and its fruition lessened in value by anticipation.

It was a soft afternoon of a golden Indian summer day. The sun was just retiring among the western hills, leaving a purple flush behind him in the mellow skies, when the returning prodigal came past the well-remembered country burying-ground, at a short distance from the high old trees that stood before his native cottage.

A little company of rustic people had just entered the solemn enclosure, the foremost of whom bore the dark bier on which lay a coffin overspread with the black pall. "And whom," thought he, "of all those I knew in my days of innocence and peace are they thus laying in the land of rest?"

With a kindred train of thoughts darting through his harrowed mind, he faltered and nearly paused, till the coffin with its silent tenant was let down, and the cords that had served it were brought back burdenless from the vault and thrown aside, till the performers of this last office should shovel back the mould over that sacred trust, as he had thrown it upon the pirate's spoil for the last time in Key West. It reminded him of that scene, and made him think of the hour when his own form might need the same final service, while his undying soul would be forever beyond probation—but "where?" was the one great question which came to his spirit's ear, awful as the thunder of Sinai.

"Whom, good sir, do they bury?" said he to a feeble old man who stood trembling over his staff by the roadside, near the russet stone wall that separated him from the enclosure he had not the strength to enter with the funereal group—"who is laid there?"

"Alack—alack!" said the old man, bringing his cuff and wrist across his eyes to take the tears, "it's a poor childless widow, peace to her ashes! who has not gone any too soon to the rest that remaineth for the sorrowing righteous. But the cruelest part of her mourning was when she knew not whether she wept for the living or the dead. But it's all over now; she's gone to that blessed Friend who, in His dying moments on the cross, took such tender care for His mother, giving her to His best beloved disciple. Forgive an old man's weakness, kind stranger, for I cannot speak or think of such troubles as hers, and borne with such meekness, too, without these poor old eyes, that have but a short space to look on nature, being blinded with hot tears."

The sailor could hear no longer; he hurried on to escape the pang of listening to another word, and, doubting, fearing, almost beside himself, abruptly entered his native home with as much haste and little ceremony as if he had not been absent a day.

A pretty little girl, about the age of one of his sisters when he first went abroad, sat alone and pensive on a wooden block in the chimney corner, with no living thing near her but a cat that purred at her side. Startled by the sudden rush of a dark, rude-looking stranger into the house, the child sprang up and fled through a narrow back door, followed by the affrighted pussy, that threw her ears back, her smellers out, and mewing piteously as her altered eye looked now and then over her shoulder, kept close to her companion in flight.

And there stood the solitary man, the contrite sinner, alone in the centre of the floor, awed by the solemn stillness and desolation that surrounded him, and knowing not on whom to call to give an answer to the painful burden of inquiries with which his heart seemed breaking.

"Oh, God!" he ejaculated, "for *Thou* wilt hear a sorrow-stricken penitent, leave me not to say, 'my punishment is greater than I can bear!' The way of the transgressor is indeed 'hard!' But whatever be the cup which Thou hast prepared for me, I will drink it at Thy hand unmurmuring, supported by the tender mercy of Thy beloved Son. This moment of solitude and ignorance of what awaits me in my father's house, hast Thou

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given me that before I rest my vagrant feet I may kneel down at Thy mercy seat and consecrate my broken heart and the remnant of my wretched life anew to Thee and Thy service. May the angels and the spirits of the just made perfect witness my vow, and the great angel of the covenant help me to keep it!"

The timid child dared not yet appear again for some time, but the returning funeral company revealed the bitter truth that the returning wanderer had seen no other than his own dear mother's coffined form committed to that silent, darksome mansion for him to behold her face no more till the great awaking morning, to which she had looked, when

"The trump shall be heard in the valley of bones."

He had returned to succeed her as the sole possessor of the paternal home, there to review his past life alone, owning the truth of the Scripture. "The ways of the wicked He turneth upside down."

The little girl he had found there, and those who had now assembled, were relatives and neighbours who had come to render such needed services as the case might require, and pay their respects to the memory of the departed. These soon dispersed, and William was left heir to the little portion of earth which his widowed mother had retained, and such communings with God and his own soul as a review of his checkered life may be supposed to have occasioned.

Much might here be detailed to interest and gratify the curiosity of the reader, were it not time to hasten our story to its close. The sequel is short. The repentant prodigal made humble confession before God and man that he was a guilty, sinful creature, seeking salvation by repentance and faith in the redeeming love of Christ as his only hope. His peculiar crimes were known to God, but to man he did not confess them, as man could not pardon him. And there was none to whom he could make restitution, while his true history being known during his lifetime could but give pain and shame to the nearest kindred and best friends of his family, and prevent his opportunities of doing good as a fellow-Christian among the pure and timid, by making him an object of horror from associations which memory would ever be mustering up connected with the monster he had been.

The most revolting events of his life and traits of his early character he committed to paper, and reserved them as a legacy of warning to the young and unwary of his sex, which was not seen till after his death. They were terrible secrets, with which he would not trouble others while he lived, and which, like a bundle of rankling arrows, he must bear in his own bosom alone to the end of his days. But as the anguish from the shaft that quivers in the side of the stricken deer adds speed to his flight, so did the sense of his crying sins quicken him, who had now become indeed and in truth a new man in the way of the godly and the works of righteousness. He became an active, useful and humble member of an evangelical church, and so remained for many years. He never disgraced his profession nor brought reproach or grief into that part of the Lord's vineyard where he entered as a labourer, whilst his humility and gratitude were even the more deep and warm in view of the abounding mercy and redeeming love that could grant pardon and acceptance to one like him, who felt himself the chief of sinners.

About six years ago, and in a sere old age, he died, bequeathing to a near relative the care of the history of his life, as he had penned it, and blotted the lines with many a penitential tear. His request was that such parts of it might be made known as promised in any way to be useful as a beacon or otherwise to his fellow men.

In the end he addressed himself in an exhortation to the most hardened in guilt, that they would turn and live while even an inch of time remained, presenting his own case and that of the thief on the cross as examples for encouragement and parallel monuments of forgiving mercy.

The young and inexperienced he warned, exhorted and entreated to shun temptation in every form, but especially to avoid evil company, and her "whose feet go down to death, whose steps take hold on perdition." "Beware," he wrote, "beware, as you would not barter your own soul, how you neglect or disregard the revealed will of God! Doing so is the inlet to every demoralizing and imbruting vice and damning sin. It will bring on you a chain of serpents from the pit to cling like horse leeches to your soul, till its life is sucked away and a poison infused from their fangs to give it an endless death."

Profanation of the Sabbath, the convivial cup, the gambling-board, the haunts of those that "love darkness rather than light," he numbered among the capital prognostics and great stepping-stones to destruction. "And to these," he added, "are the young and uninitiated in vice often, yea, most commonly led blindfold, or dazzled by some specious lure or false light that attracts them, till the die is cast, the fatal plunge is made which numbers them on the side of the hopelessly lost."

On his venerated and providentially saved Bible he placed a label, which was found in his own handwriting, dated not long before his decease. It was a text from its contents—from Revelation, twenty-second chapter, nineteenth verse—the same which, in her vision of a dream, his sister Eliza had heard him pronounce aloud just as her spirit was departing to behold the Author, and witness the truth, of that Eternal Word.

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LITERARY CRITICISM.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. Illustrated edition.

MR. BRYANT'S position in the poetical world is, perhaps, better settled than that of any American. There is less difference of opinion about his rank; but, as usual, the agreement is more decided in private literary circles than in what appears to be the public expression of sentiment as gleaned from the press. I may as well observe here, too, that this coincidence of opinion in private circles is in all cases very noticeable when compared with the discrepancy of the apparent public opinion. In private it is quite a rare thing to find any strongly-marked disagreement—I mean, of course, about mere autorial merit. The author accustomed to seclusion, and mingling for the first time freely with the literary people about him, is invariably startled and delighted to find that the decisions of his own unbiased judgment—decisions to which he has refrained from giving voice on account of their broad contradiction to the decision of the press—are sustained and considered quite as matters of course by almost every person with whom he converses. The fact is, that when brought face to face with each other we are constrained to a certain amount of honesty by the sheer trouble it causes us to mould the countenance to a lie. We put on paper with a grave air what we could not for our lives assert personally to a friend without either blushing or laughing outright. That the opinion of the press is not an honest opinion, that necessarily it is impossible that it should be an honest opinion, is never denied by the members of the press themselves. Individual presses, of course, are now and then honest, but I speak of the combined effect. Indeed, it would be difficult for those conversant with the *modus operandi* of public journals to deny the general falsity of impression conveyed. Let in America a book be published by an unknown, careless or uninfluential author; if he publishes it "on his own account," he will be confounded at finding that no notice of it is taken at all. If it has been entrusted to a publisher of *caste*, there will appear forthwith in each of the leading *business* papers a variously-phrased *critique* to the extent of three or four lines, and to the effect that "we have received, from the fertile press of So and So, a volume entitled This and That, which appears to be well worthy perusal, and which is 'got up' in the customary neat style of the enterprising firm of So and So." On the other hand, let our author have acquired influence, experience, or (what will stand him in good stead of either) effrontery, on the issue of his book he will obtain from his publisher a hundred copies (or more, as the case may be,) "for distribution among friends connected with the press." Armed with these, he will call personally either at the office or (if he understands his game) at the private residence of every editor within his reach, enter into conversation, compliment the journalist, interest him, as if incidentally, in the subject of the book, and finally, watching an opportunity, beg leave to hand him "a volume which, quite opportunely, is on the very matter now under discussion." If the editor seems sufficiently interested, the rest is left to fate; but if there is any lukewarmness, (usually indicated by a polite regret on the editor's part that he really has "no time to render the work that justice which its importance demands,") then our author is prepared to understand and to sympathize; has, luckily, a friend thoroughly conversant with the topic, and who (perhaps) could be persuaded to write some account of the volume—provided that the editor would be kind enough just to glance over the *critique* and amend it in accordance with his own particular views. Glad to fill half a column or so of his editorial space, and still more glad to get rid of his visitor, the journalist assents. The author retires, consults the friend, instructs him touching the strong points of the volume, and insinuating in *some* shape a *quid pro quo*, gets an elaborate *critique* written, (or, what is more usual and far more simple, writes it himself,) and his business in this individual quarter is accomplished. Nothing more than sheer impudence is requisite to accomplish it in all.

Now the effect of this system (for it has really grown to be such) is obvious. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, men of genius, too indolent and careless about worldly concerns to bestir themselves after this fashion, have also that pride of intellect which would prevent them, under any circumstances, from even insinuating, by the presentation of a book to a member of the press, a desire to have that book reviewed. They, consequently, and their works, are utterly overwhelmed and extinguished in the flood of the *apparent* public adulation upon which in gilded barges are borne triumphant the ingenious toady and the diligent quack.

In general, the books of the toadies and quacks, not being read at all, are safe from any contradiction of this self-bestowed praise; but now and then it happens that the excess of the laudation works out in part its own remedy. Men of leisure, hearing one of the toady works commended, look at it, read its preface and a few pages of its body,

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and throw it aside with disgust, wondering at the ill taste of the *editors* who extol it. But there is an iteration, and then a continuous reiteration of the panegyric, till these men of leisure begin to suspect themselves in the wrong, to fancy that there may really be something good lying *perdu* in the volume. In a fit of desperate curiosity they read it through critically, their indignation growing hotter at each succeeding page till it gets the better even of contempt. The result is, that reviews now appear in various quarters entirely at variance with the opinions so generally expressed, and which, but for these indignation reviews, would have passed universally current as the opinion of the public. It is in this manner that those gross *seeming* discrepancies arise which so often astonish us, but which vanish instantaneously in private society.

But although it may be said, in general, that Mr. Bryant's position is *comparatively* well settled, still for some time past there has been a growing tendency to under-estimate him. The new licentious "schools" of poetry—I do not now speak of the transcendentalists, who are the merest nobodies, fatiguing even themselves—but the Tennysonian and Barrettian schools, having, in their rashness of spirit, much in accordance with the whole spirit of the age, thrown into the shade necessarily all that seems akin to the conservatism of half a century ago. The conventionalities, even the most justifiable *decora* of composition, are regarded, *per se*, with a suspicious eye. When I say *per se*, I mean that, from finding them so long in connection with conservatism of thought, we have come at last to dislike them, not merely as the outward visible signs of that conservatism, but as things evil in themselves. It is very clear that those accuracies and elegancies of style, and of general manner, which in the time of Pope were considered as *primâ facie* and indispensable indications of genius, are now conversely regarded. How few are willing to admit the possibility of reconciling genius with artistic skill! Yet this reconciliation is not only possible, but an absolute necessity. It is a mere prejudice which has hitherto prevented the union, by studiously insisting upon a natural repulsion which not only does not exist, but which is at war with all the analogies of nature. The greatest poems will not be written until this prejudice is annihilated; and I mean to express a very exalted opinion of Mr. Bryant when I say that his works in time to come will do much towards the annihilation.

I have never disbelieved in the perfect consistency, and even congeniality, of the highest genius and the profoundest art; but in the case of the author of "The Ages," I *have* fallen into the general error of undervaluing his poetic ability on account of the mere "elegances and accuracies" to which allusion has already been made. I confess that, with an absolute abstraction from all personal feelings, and with the most sincere intention to do justice, I was at one period beguiled into this popular error; there can be no difficulty, therefore, on my part, in excusing the inadvertence in others.

It will never do to claim for Bryant a genius of the loftiest order, but there has been latterly, since the days of Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Lowell, a growing disposition to deny him *genius* in *any* respect. He is now commonly spoken of as "a man of high poetical *talent*, very '*correct*,' with a warm appreciation of the beauty of nature and great descriptive powers, but rather too much of the old-school manner of Cowper, Goldsmith and Young." This is the truth, but not the whole truth. Mr. Bryant has genius, and that of a marked character, but it has been overlooked by modern schools, because deficient in those externals which have become in a measure symbolical of those schools.

Dr. Griswold, in summing up his comments on Bryant, has the following significant objections. "His genius is not versatile; he has related no history; he has not sung of the passion of love; he has not described artificial life. Still the tenderness and feeling in 'The Death of the Flowers,' 'Rizpah,' 'The Indian Girl's Lament,' and other pieces, show that he might have excelled in delineations of the gentler passions had he made them his study."

Now, in describing *no* artificial life, in relating *no* history, in *not* singing the passion of love, the poet has merely shown himself the profound artist, has merely evinced a proper consciousness that such are not the legitimate themes of poetry. That they are not, I have repeatedly shown, or attempted to show, and to go over the demonstration now would be foreign to the gossiping and desultory nature of the present article. What Dr. Griswold means by "the gentler passions" is, I presume, not very clear to himself; but it is possible that he employs the phrase in consequence of the gentle, unpassionate emotion induced by the poems of which he quotes the titles. It is precisely this "unpassionate emotion" which is the limit of the true poetical art. Passion proper and poesy are discordant. Poetry, in elevating, tranquilizes *the soul*. With *the heart* it has nothing to do. For a fuller explanation of these views I refer the reader to an analysis of a poem by Mrs. Welby—an analysis contained in an article called "Marginalia," and published about a year ago in "The Democratic Review."

The editor of "The Poets and Poetry of America" thinks the literary precocity of Bryant remarkable. "There are few recorded *more* remarkable," he says. The first edition of "The Embargo" was in 1808, and the poet was born in 1794; he was more than thirteen, then, when the satire was printed—although it is reported to have been written a year earlier. I quote a few lines.

"Oh, might some patriot rise, the gloom dispel,
Chase Error's mist and break her magic spell!
But vain the wish; for, hark! the murmuring meed
Of hoarse applause from yonder shed proceed.
Enter and view the thronging concourse there,

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Intent with gaping mouth and stupid stare;
While in the midst their supple leader stands,
Harangues aloud and flourishes his hands,
To adulation tunes his servile throat,
And sues successful for each blockhead's vote."

This is a fair specimen of the whole, both as regards its satirical and rhythmical power. A satire is, of course, no *poem*. I have known boys of an earlier age do better things, although the case is rare. All depends upon the course of education. Bryant's father "was familiar with the best English literature, and perceiving in his son indications of superior genius, attended carefully to his instruction, taught him the art of composition, and guided his literary taste." This being understood, the marvel of such verse as I have quoted ceases at once, even admitting it to be thoroughly the boy's own work; but it is difficult to make any such admission. The father *must* have suggested, revised, retouched.

The longest poem of Bryant is "The Ages"—thirty-five Spenserian stanzas. It is the one improper theme of its author. The design is, "from a survey of the past ages of the world, and of the successive advances of mankind in knowledge and virtue, to justify and confirm the hopes of the philanthropist for the future destinies of the human race." All this would have been more rationally, because more effectually, accomplished in prose. Dismissing it as a poem, (which in its general tendency it is not,) one might commend the force of its argumentation but for the radical error of deducing a hope of *progression* from the *cycles* of physical nature.

The sixth stanza is a specimen of noble versification (within the narrow limits of the Iambic Pentameter).

"Look on this beautiful world and read the truth
In her fair page; see, every season brings
New change to her of everlasting youth;
Still the green soil with joyous living things
Swarms; the wide air is full of joyous wings;
And myriads still are happy in the sleep
Of Ocean's azure gulfs and where he flings
The restless surge. Eternal Love doth keep
In His complacent arms, the earth, the air, the deep."

The cadences here at *page*, *swarms* and *surge*, cannot be surpassed. There are comparatively few consonants. Liquids and the softer vowels abound, and the partial line after the pause at "surge," with the stately march of the succeeding Alexandrine, is one of the finest conceivable *finales*.

The poem, in general, has unity, completeness. Its tone of calm, elevated and hopeful contemplation, is well sustained throughout. There is an occasional quaint grace of expression, as in

"Nurse of full streams and lifter up of proud
Sky-mingling mountains that o'erlook the cloud!"

or of antithetical and rhythmical force combined, as in

"The shock that hurled
To dust, in many fragments dashed and strown,
The throne whose roots were in another world
And whose far-stretching shadow awed our own."

But we look in vain for anything more worthy commendation.

"Thanatopsis" is the poem by which its author is best known, but is by no means his best poem. It owes the *extent* of its celebrity to its nearly absolute freedom from *defect*, in the ordinary understanding of the term. I mean to say that its negative merit recommends it to the public attention. It is a thoughtful, well phrased, well constructed, well versified poem. The concluding thought is exceedingly noble, and has done wonders for the success of the whole composition.

"The Waterfowl" is very beautiful, but like "Thanatopsis," owes a great deal to its completeness and pointed termination.

"Oh, Fairest of the Rural Maids!" will strike every poet as the truest *poem* written by Bryant. It is richly ideal.

"June" is sweet and perfectly well modulated in its rhythm, and inexpressibly pathetic. It serves well to illustrate my previous remarks about passion in its connection with poetry. In "June" there is, very properly, nothing of the intense *passion* of grief, but the subdued sorrow which comes up, as if perforce, to the surface of the poet's gay sayings about his grave, we find thrilling us to the soul, while there is yet a spiritual *elevation* in the thrill.

"And what if cheerful shouts at noon
Come, from the village sent,
Or songs of maids beneath the moon
With fairy laughter blent?
And what if, in the evening light,
Betrothed lovers walk in sight
Of my low monument?
I would the lovely scene around
Might know no sadder sight nor sound.
I know—I know I should not see
The season's glorious show,
Nor would its brightness shine for me,
Nor its wild music flow;
But if around my place of sleep
The friends I love should come to weep,
They might not haste to go:—
Soft airs, and song, and light, and bloom,
Should keep them lingering by my tomb."

The thoughts here belong to the highest class of poetry, the imaginative-natural, and are of themselves sufficient to stamp their author a man of genius.

I copy at random a few passages of similar cast, inducing a similar conviction.

"The great heavens
Seem to stoop down upon the scene in love,
A nearer vault and of a tenderer blue
Than that which bends above the eastern hills."

* * * * * * *

"Till twilight blushed, and lovers walked and wooed
In a forgotten language, and *old tunes*

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From instruments of unremembered form,
Gave the soft winds a voice."

* * * * * * *

"Breezes of the south,
That toss the golden and the flame-like flowers,
And pass the prairie hawk, that, poised on high,
Flaps his broad wings, yet moves not."

* * * * * * *

"On the breast of earth
I lie, and listen to her mighty voice—
A voice of many tones sent up from streams
That wander through the gloom, from woods unseen,
Swayed by the sweeping of the tides of air;
From rocky chasms where darkness dwells all day,
And hollows of the great invisible hills,
And sands that edge the ocean, stretching far
Into the night—a melancholy sound!"

* * * * * * *

"All the green herbs
Are stirring in his breath; *a thousand flowers*
By the road side and the borders of the brook,
Nod gayly to each other."

[There is a fine "echo of sound to sense" in "the borders of the brook," etc.; and in the same poem from which these lines are taken, ("The Summer Wind,") may be found two other equally happy examples, *e. g.*

"For me, I lie
Languidly in the shade, where the thick turf,
Yet virgin from the kisses of the sun,
Retains some freshness."

And again—

"All is silent, save the faint
And interrupted murmur of the bee
Settling on the sick flowers, and then again
Instantly on the wing."

I resume the imaginative extracts.]

"Paths, homes, graves, ruins, from the lowest glen
To where life shrinks from the fierce Alpine air."

* * * * * * *

"*And the blue gentian flower that in the breeze*
Nods lonely, of her beauteous race the last."

* * * * * * *

"*A shoot of that old vine that made*
The nations silent in the shade."

* * * * * * *

"*But 'neath yon crimson tree,*
Lover to listening maid might breathe his flame,
Nor mark, within its roseate canopy,
Her flush of maiden shame."

* * * * * * *

"The mountains that infold,
In their wild sweep, the coloured landscape round,
Seem *groups of giant kings in purple and gold*
That guard the enchanted ground."

[This latter passage is especially beautiful. Happily to endow inanimate nature with sentience and a capability of action, is one of the severest tests of the poet.]

* * * * * * *

"There is a power whose care
Teaches thy way along *that pathless coast,*
The desert and illimitable air,
Lone, wandering, but not lost."

* * * * * * *

"Pleasant shall be thy way, *where weekly bows*
The shutting flowers and darkling waters pass,
And 'twixt the o'ershadowing branches and the grass."

* * * * * * *

"Sweet odours in the sea air, sweet and strange,
Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore,
And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream."

* * * * * * *

In a "Sonnet, To ——," are some richly imaginative lines. I quote the whole.

"Ay, thou art for the grave; thy glances shine
Too brightly to shine long: another spring
Shall deck her for men's eyes, but not for thine,
Sealed in a sleep which knows no waking.
The fields for thee have no medicinal leaf,
And the vexed ore no mineral of power;
And they who love thee wait in anxious grief
Till the slow plague shall bring the fatal hour.
Glide softly to thy rest, then: death should come
Gently to one of gentle mould like thee,
As light winds, wandering through groves of bloom,
Detach the delicate blossom from the tree,
Close thy sweet eyes calmly and without pain,
And we will trust in God to see thee yet again."

The happiest *finale* to these brief extracts wil be the magnificent conclusion of "Thanatopsis."

"So live, that, when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave—
Like one that draws the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

In the minor morals of the muse Mr. Bryant excels. In versification (*as far as he goes*) he is unsurpassed in America—unless, indeed, by Mr. Sprague. Mr. Longfellow is not so thorough a versifier within Mr. Bryant's limits, but a far better one upon the whole, on account of his greater range. Mr. B., however, is by no means always accurate—or defensible, for accurate is not the term. His lines are occasionally unpronounceable through excess of harsh consonants, as in

"As if they loved to breast the breeze that sweeps the
cool clear sky."

Now and then he gets out of his depth in attempting anapæstic rhythm, of which he makes sad havoc, as in

"And Rizpah, once the loveliest of all
That bloomed and smiled in the court of Saul."

Not unfrequently, too, even his pentameters are inexcusably rough, as in

"Kind influence. Lo! their orbs burn more bright,"

which can only be read metrically by drawing out "influence" into three marked syllables, shortening the long monosyllable "Lo!" and lengthening the short one "their."

Mr. Bryant is not devoid of mannerisms, one of

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the most noticeable of which is his use of the epithet "old," preceded by some other adjective, *e. g.*—

"In all that proud old world beyond the deep;"
"There is a tale about these gray old rocks;"
"The wide old woods resounded with her song;"
"—— and the gray old men that passed;"
"And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven,"

etc. etc. etc. These duplicates occur so frequently as to excite a smile upon each repetition.

Of merely grammatical errors the poet is rarely guilty. Faulty constructions are more frequently chargeable to him. In "The Massacre of Scio" we read—

"Till the last link of slavery's chain
Is shivered to be worn no more."

What shall be worn no more? The chain, of course—but the link is implied. It will be understood that I pick these flaws only with difficulty from the poems of Bryant. He is, in the "minor morals," the most generally correct of our poets.

He is now fifty-two years of age. In height, he is, perhaps, five feet nine. His frame is rather robust. His features are large but thin. His countenance is sallow, nearly bloodless. His eyes are piercing gray, deep set, with large projecting eyebrows. His mouth is wide and massive, the expression of the smile hard, cold—even sardonic. The forehead is broad, with prominent organs of ideality; a good deal bald; the hair thin and grayish, as are also the whiskers, which he wears in a simple style. His bearing is quite distinguished, full of the aristocracy of intellect. In general, he looks in better health than before his last visit to England. He seems active—physically and morally—energetic. His dress is plain to the extreme of simplicity, although of late there is a certain degree of Anglicism about it.

In character no man stands more loftily than Bryant. The peculiarly melancholy expression of his countenance has caused him to be accused of harshness, or coldness of heart. Never was there a greater mistake. His soul is charity itself, in all respects generous and noble. His manners are undoubtedly reserved.

Of late days he has nearly, if not altogether abandoned literary pursuits, although still editing, with unabated vigour, "The New York Evening Post." He is married, (Mrs. Bryant still living,) has two daughters, (one of them Mrs. Parke Godwin,) and is residing for the present at Vice-Chancelor McCown's, near the junction of Warren and Church streets.—I have thought that these brief personal details of one of the most justly celebrated men in America, might not prove uninteresting to some of the readers of "The Lady's Book."

BESIDE THE RUINED CONVENT WALL.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

Beside the ruined convent wall
I stood last eve to gaze
Upon the river's placid breast,
Where slept the twilight rays;
And while thus wrapt in musing mood,
The moonlight's melting beam
Stole soft and silent o'er the scene,
And waked me from my dream.

But as I turned to leave the spot,
A strain—so sweet, so clear—
Of heavenly music floated round,
I, starting, paused to hear:
It was not like the merry notes
That shepherds love to sing,
Nor did it breathe the sadder tones
That vesper chauntings bring.

Unearthly grew the melody
Of that enchanting air,
Whose low and thrilling harmony
Was painful bliss to share.
It died away so gradually
I knew not it was o'er,
And long I breathless listened for
The strain that came no more.

Amid the cloisters dim I roamed—
The pale stars glimmered fair
On broken arch and mouldering hall,
But no one lingered there;
Yet where the lengthened shadows fell
Upon the time-stained floor,
A band of pallid spirits passed
From out the hingeless door.

And in the rigid group I traced
A form I knew like mine,
Save that a snow-white winding sheet
Around it seemed to twine—
And deadly horror shook my frame
And stole each sense away,
For when mine eyes unclosed again
They hailed returning day.

I asked an ancient villager
Whence came the mystic strain?
He cast upon my fading brow
A glance of silent pain;
And when I urged him still to speak,
He whispered, "Those who hear
The haunted convent's music wild
Are warned that death is near."

I feel its chill upon my soul—
Its shadows round me thrown—
And I will breathe my latest sigh
'Mid strangers or alone:
But when my weary heart is still,
As evening sunbeams fade,
They'll lay me, in a dreamless sleep,
Beneath the convent's shade.

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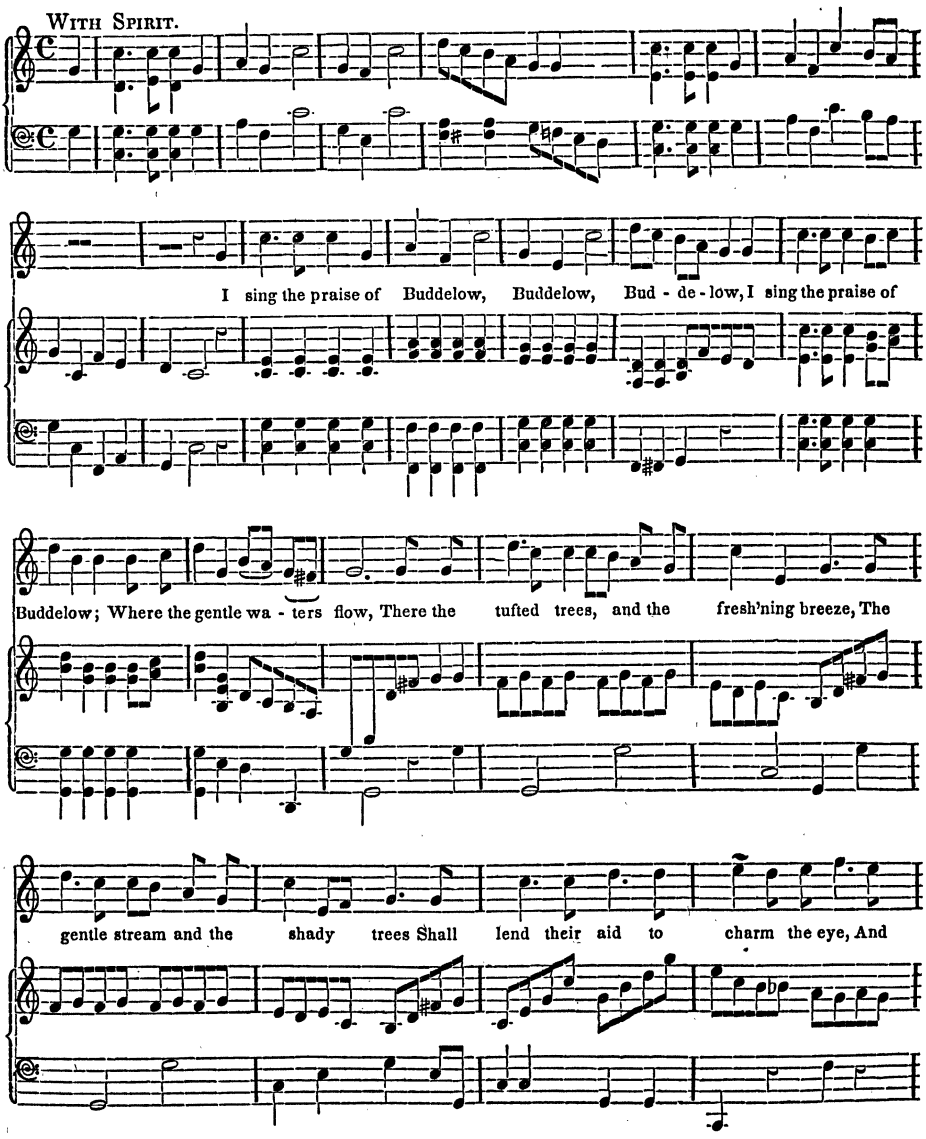
BUDDELOW.*

AN AMERICAN SONG.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY

PROF. FREDERICK W. HORNCASTLE.

[Expressly for Godey's Lady's Book.]



* This beautiful spot is near Providence, Rhode Island, and is greatly frequented by parties for the clam-fish.

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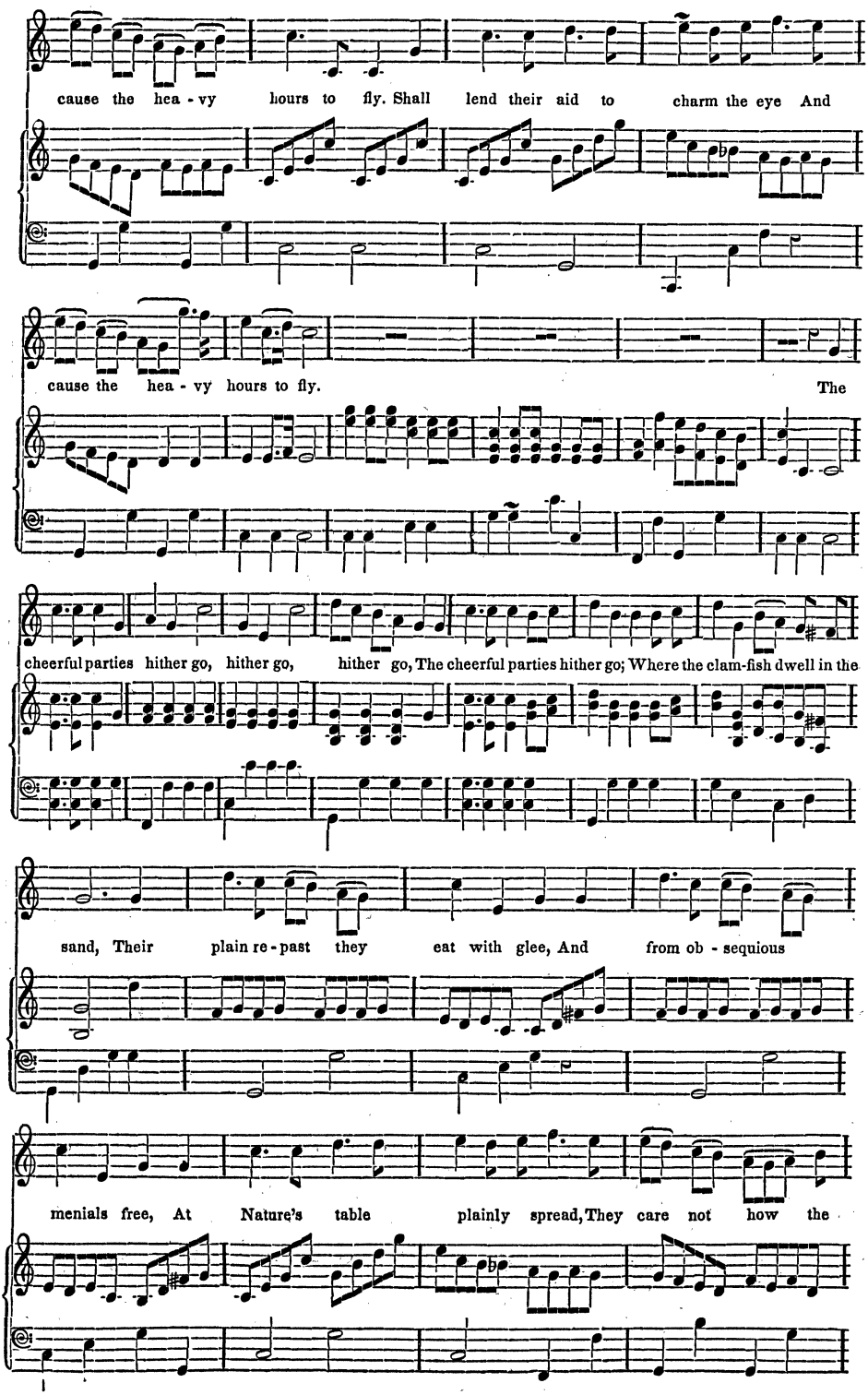

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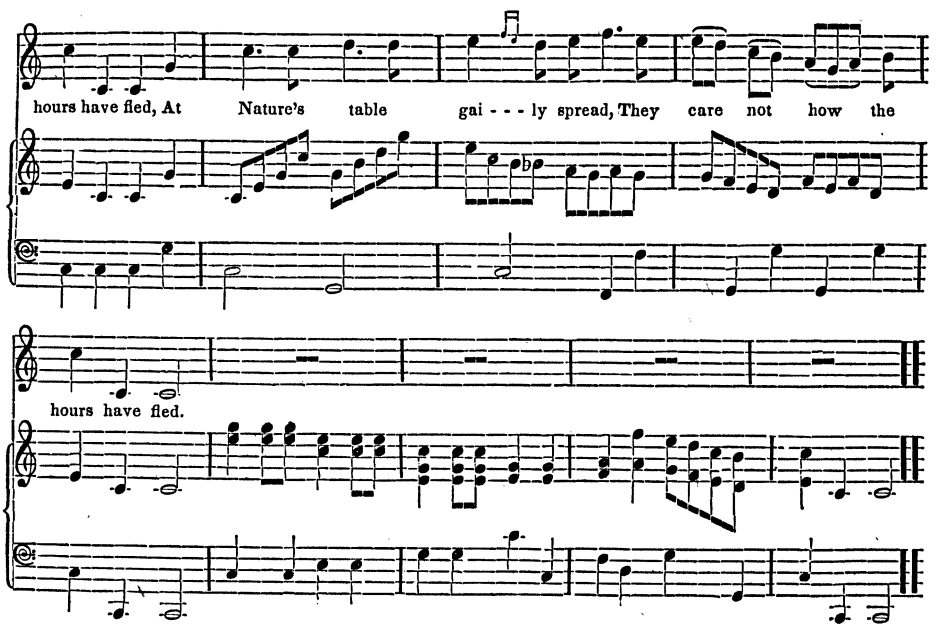

EDITORS' TABLE.

With deep regret we record the death of Mrs. MARGARET GODEY, mother of L. A. Godey. She died on the 22d of February, after a most distressing illness, which she bore with the calmness of a Christian.

The numerous readers of the Lady's Book who may have regretted its delay for several months past, will now understand the painful nature of those duties which engrossed the proprietor, and their kind hearts will sympathize with the filial sorrow of an only son. It is the least we can say in this brief notice, that all who knew this excellent and intelligent lady, honoured and loved her—and that she was such a mother as, to use the language of the celebrated Richter, will cause her children to venerate all mothers.

S. J. HALE.

"No one finds that which he has no soul to seek for, or eye to perceive," says an elegant writer. The great discoveries in the physical world by men of science were not their inventions; the things were there before they searched. They discovered the things they sought, because they knew them when they saw them; and the powers of nature are not limited to any particular age. The "mighty dead" are not mighty *because* they are dead, though it would seem that so many people think so. They were once alive, and—laughed at.

A very comforting reflection to those who feel their talents and exertions have been undervalued! Work away,

"Success is secure unless energy fails."

The novelists of the present day have an easy task compared with the writers of fiction in the olden times. Only think of the romance of the "Great Cyrus," in ten volumes—or that still longer work, "Le Roman de Perreforest," in six folios! "The Wandering Jew" is, to be sure, spun out somewhat after the same fashion; but, among the thousands or millions who have looked it over, will one dare to say, "I have read it all?"

Dr. Johnson averred that there were only three books written by mere men, which their readers ever wished longer—Don Quixotte, Robinson Crusoe, and the Pilgrim's Progress The wish for long books has not increased since his day. Those who would now succeed, particularly in magazine writing, must study brevity, as though it were not only the soul of wit, but of talent and genius. Soon it may be the fashion to write as for the magnetic telegraph—give the pith of a chapter in a sentence, jot down the leading words, and let the reader fill up the letter or story. At any rate, we must avoid what some one calls the "anemony of words."

"There is something in the shape of harps as though they had been made by music," says the author of "Festus,"—and so we think every elegant pursuit and delicate employment have a tendency to refine and shape the minds of those who pursue them.

The cultivation of flowers and the study of botany are pursuits so in unison with the young and lovely, that they harmonize naturally. This is the season for gardening, and we trust all of our readers are looking for much of their enjoyment, during the next six months, in the society

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of those sweet companions of our first mother, whose loss the great Bard makes the bitterest source of her sorrow when banished from Eden.

"Oh, flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation and my last
At even; which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names.
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, or water from th' ambrosial fount?"

A home never seems to lack elegance and beauty if adorned with flowers. How a few flower pots, seen through the window, influence the feelings of the passer-by! We are sure there is some one within who has sweet thoughts and pure fancies—some one we could like if not love. The convolvulus, trained to hang in festoons around the windows, with its beautiful blossoms of various colours, forms, to the eye of taste, a lovelier ornament to the cottage parlour than the most splendid damask hangings would afford. The columbine trailing its vines over the portico, the garden walk fringed with sweet pinks and violets, and the arbour shaded with roses—how easily in the country these requisites of pleasure may be obtained; and how much of the neatness, order, cheerfulness and virtue of families is dependent on such innocent and tranquilizing pursuits, it were vain to calculate. But the city flowers must be cultivated in the *heart* rather than the *garden*. To give relief and employment to those who have passed the late cold, cheerless winter in poverty and suffering would be the most effectual way of causing that joy which is more welcome than the first wild flower of the season to blossom in our paths. It is only by words of kindness and acts of beneficence that we can keep the affections, those sweet buds and flowers of the heart, always pure and bright.

It is encouraging to every aspirant for literary excellence to mark the rapid increase of influence which literary pursuits are obtaining. In our own country no public testimonials or government pensions are bestowed; but literary men are honoured by stations of high importance in the nation. In Great Britain, however, these substantial rewards are given to women as well as to men, and within the last ten years about twenty persons have been thus distinguished. The pensions are granted for life. Mrs. Somerville and Lady Morgan have each three hundred pounds annually. This government favour to Lady Morgan is a great triumph. The abuse of the London Quarterly, and that of all the other Tory organs, has been poured out on the head of that lady in overwhelming measure. But her genius has triumphed at last. Her writings had many faults—but her true, patriotic and noble heart always shone through the mist of a crude style and the cloud of egotism which sometimes veiled or marred her best productions. Miss Mitford—dear, delightful Mary Mitford, whom we always wish with us when we see a charming prospect or take a pleasant walk—she too has a pension. We hope it will not induce her to live at ease and forget the many who are looking for amusement from her pleasant fancies. No writer sketches village scenes with so much grace. We hope to see our friends, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, soon on the list of literary favourites who are rewarded by their Sovereign. Their "History of Ireland" deserves such a compliment.

WINTER IN THE COUNTRY.—Who that has enjoyed the scene in childhood can ever forget the sublimity and purity of its pleasures? Here is the beautiful miniature of a snow storm, taken from life by the fair hand of a country maiden. It is pleasant, now the cold Winter is past, to find that such bright fancies were left on his path.

"Now, long lines of darkly shaded ridges canopy the vault of heaven, crowding on each other as if striving for station near the Storm King. We might imagine heaven's laboratory manufacturing drifts of snow and icebergs! Denser mingle the precursors of the winter storm, and now all is merged in one vast dome of commingled preparation. Specimens of power fall from the heavens; so white, so large, so silent; they flutter, as though feathers from the dove of promise were sent to cheer the surrounding gloom; but, like false harbingers of hope, they vanish in our grasp! But now a fleecy cloud descends; it hovers over us, and we can almost see the snow flakes careering in its bosom, as though impatient of restraint to scatter its contents over the seared earth. Again tokens of the storm are softly falling; they are smaller than their pioneers; they come with regularity; and every particle is distinct and perfect. Oh! it is a shower of alabaster stars; so white, so pure, they emit crystal rays of themselves. How daintily they nestle in the bosom of their mother earth, or dally with each other as they exchange places on her lap, as though too airy to alight, too volatile to sink to rest.

"Now the pure snow overspreads the earth like a rich robe of ermine; barren fields are decked, and sandy hillocks rise in graceful swells under its envelop. The trees and shrubs are covered with its delicate tracery, now forming lily cups to retain its feathery heaps upon their interlaced branches, or drooping in wreaths or festoons about them. The dull fences and broken hedges look renovated, and as boundaries to new treasure lands. The buildings and door steps are tiled with white marble; domestic animals stand still, while the snow softly gathers upon their broad backs, as though *ruminating* upon the lovely carpet spread out before them. What a fairy scene! I feel tempted to stand in the magic distillation until I become, in appearance, the stricken wife of Lot.

"Who ever saw the like of this in Brick and Mortar City, where a hand-breadth of the meridian sky can scarcely be seen, and snow is not allowed to rest where it falls a moment? To the man of business the winter storm brings disquiet; to the man of pleasure, restraint. The sons and daughters of luxury look from their curtained windows upon the soiled pavement, and say, 'we cannot walk to-day.' The humble seamstress and labourer think of their long, dull walk to their homes; the poor shudder at their scant fuel and half-clad children. None can discover any charms in the 'elements and seasons.'"

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted. "Reminiscence," "Tableaux," "Tonetta," "A Fragment," and "A Morning Picture."

We have no room for the following: "The Forsaken," "Tribute of Affection," "Life beyond the Grave," "Fancy's Flight," "An Ode to Victoria Regina," and "The Water Lily, an Indian Sketch." The following stanza we select from "A Sister's Call to her Brother." That poem, and the others accompanying it, though displaying traces of poetic feeling, are not *quite* fitted to appear in the Lady's Book.

But *where* art thou, my brother?
Oh! send and tell us *where;*
Perchance thou'rt sick and lonely?
If so, we'll come and share,
And tenderly watch o'er thee,
And lighten every care:
Then send and tell us, brother,
Or we shall all despair.

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EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

Messrs. Carey & Hart have published "*Lives of Distinguished American Naval Officers*," by J. Fenimore Cooper, author of the "Spy," "Pioneers," "Red Rover," &c. Mr. Cooper's extensive means of information respecting the naval history of our country are well known, and he has used them with great advantages in these biographies. The volume before us contains full and satisfactory lives of Bainbridge, Shaw, Preble, Shubrick and Somers, evidently derived from original sources. Either of these lives is worth more than the low price demanded for the whole volume. We shall look with impatience for the succeeding volumes. For sale by G. B. Zieber & Co.

The same publishers have issued "*Pickings from the Port Folio of the Reporter of the New Orleans 'Picayune,'*" with eight engravings from original designs by Darley. Good wine needs no bush, says the proverb. All the world knows that the reporter of the Picayune is one of the prime wits of the day; and this volume from his pen contains more genuine humour than is to be found in any other single volume extant. For sale by G. B. Zieber & Co.

Messrs. Carey & Hart have also published "*The Incognito, or Sins and Peccadilloes*," by Don T. de Trueba, author of the "Romance of History," "Spain," "The Castilian," &c. A first-rate novel in the cheap pamphlet style.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., of New York, and Mr. Geo. S. Appleton, Philadelphia, have published "*A First Latin Book*," by Thomas Kerchever Arnold, M. A., Rector of Lynden, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; carefully revised and corrected, by Rev. J. A. Spencer, A. M. From the fifth London edition. This book develops a complete and radical change and a great improvement in the mode of instruction in Latin. It is predicated on nature and common sense, and will undoubtedly command the immediate attention of the friends of education. Teachers can now accomplish in a few months what used to be the work of whole years, and the work will be thorough as well as rapid.

The same publishers have issued "*M. Guizot's History of the English Revolution of* 1640, *commonly called the Great Rebellion, from the Accession of Charles I. to his Death.*" This work has won its way to universal favour in Europe, and we are rejoiced to see it brought out in so elegant a form in this country. No Englishman could treat the subject with the same calmness and freedom from party spirit as M. Guizot has done. The work forms a part of Appleton's "Literary Miscellany."

Messrs. Appletons have also published "*Little Lessons for Little Learners, in Words of One Syllable*," by Mrs. Barwell, author of "Sunday Lessons for Little People," an excellent first reading book, very beautifully embellished.

Messrs. Wiley & Putnam have published "*Father Ripa's Residence at the Court of Peking.*" Translated by F. Prandé This is a very delightful book. It is written with that earnest ingenuousness which marks the works of the best Italian narrators, and gives to their histories and biographies all the charms of the most delightful works of fiction. The information it contains is curious, and by no means unimportant at the present time when China is rapidly opening her hitherto sealed arcana to the curious researches of other nations. The volume forms a part of "Wiley & Putnam's Foreign Library."

The same publishers have issued "*Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Cairo*," by Michael Angelo Titmarsh. This is a capital book of travels. The author, Mr. Thackeray, has a talent at narrative and minute description which very strongly reminds us of Dickens in his best sketches, whilst the cavalier style in which he treats the monks and convents and holy places seen on his journey, savours strongly of the spirit of the author of Eothen. Commend us to travels like this, which can be read without effort and with ever-increasing pleasure.

Speaking of Dickens, Messrs. Wiley & Putnam have issued Part I. of his "*Traveling Letters, written on the Road*," full of humour and whim, as the traveling letters of the illustrious biographer of Mr. Pickwick should be.

Messrs. Wiley & Putnam have also published "*Keats' Poetical Works*," forming two parts of the "Library of Choice Reading," and "*Thiodolf the Icelander*," and "*Aslauga's Knight*," forming Nos. 60 and 61 of the same series. Keats has long been recognized as one of the most imaginative and delightful poets of England, notwithstanding the harsh judgment of the Edinburgh Review; and Fouqué, the author of "Aslauga's Knight," has held a first-rate rank among romance writers ever since his delightful "Undine" was published, some twenty-five years ago. The above works are for sale by Zieber, and by J. W. Moore, Chestnut street below Fifth.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have published the "*Dictionary of Practical Medicine*, Part 12th." Also, "*The Pictorial Bible*, No. 50." For sale by G. B. Zieber & Co.

Messrs. Harpers have also published "*Memoirs of Rev Alex. Proudfit, with Selections from his Diary and Correspondence*," &c., by John Forsyth, D.D. This excellent piece of religious biography is beautifully got up, with a fine mezzotint portrait of the Rev. Mr. Proudfit. It is for sale by G B. Zieber & Co., Ledger Buildings.

The same publishers have also added to their "Library of Select Novels," "*The Elves, translated from the German of Tieck, by Thomas Carlyle, with other Tales and Sketches.*" "*The Lady of Milan, or Fidelity unto Death*," edited by Mrs. Thomson. "*The Queen of Denmark, a Historical Novel*," by Mrs. Gore. These novels are well selected, as those of the Harpers invariably are. They are for sale by G. B. Zieber & Co.

Messrs. E. Ferrett & Co. have published several choice novels during the last month, among which are "*Waltham*," by Leitch Ritchie. "*Kruitzner, or the German's Tale*," by the author of the "Canterbury Tales." "*The Dead Boxer, an Irish Legend*," by William Carleton, author of "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry." "*Cousin Hinton.*" "*Who shall be Heir?*" "*Nan Darrell*," and "*The Secret Foe.*" All by Miss Pickering.

The same publishers have also issued a splendid octavo volume of Miss Pickering's novels, handsomely bound for libraries.

The same publishers have issued "*The Mother*," by T. S. Arthur, author of "The Maiden" and "The Wife." This volume, which has been long and impatiently awaited by those who were so fortunate as to have read "The Maiden" and "The Wife," is one of those excellent fictions which are full of moral truth; and, like the author's other domestic tales, it commends itself to all lovers of true beauty and real worth in character. It is for sale by the publishers, E. Ferrett & Co., and by G. B. Zieber & Co.

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Messrs. Ferrett & Co. have also published several additional pieces of cheap music. Among others we notice "*The London Polka Quadrilles*," by Glover, arranged for the piano, with a description of the figures. "*Philip the Falconer*," by Bellamy, music by Loder. "*Moore's Melodies*," Part II. "*Bethoven's Waltzes.*" "*Melodies of Albion*," and a new edition of "*Music from the Opera of the Enchantress*," which is now running so successfully in this city. For sale by G. B. Zieber & Co.

Messrs. Lea & Blanchard have published "*The Sportsman's Library; or, Hints on the Hunter, Hunting, Hounds, Shooting, Game, Sporting, Dogs, Fishing*," &c. &c. By John Mills, author of the "Old English Gentleman," &c. This is a systematic and well-written treatise of the subjects indicated in the title, with a full and careful index for reference. It will be found extremely useful not only for sportsmen, but for all who keep horses and dogs.

Messrs. Perkins & Purves, 142 Chestnut street, have published "*Rosa of Linden Castle, or Filial Affection: a Tale for Parents and Children.*" By the author of "The Basket of Flowers." Translated, altered and arranged, by A. H. Lockman, Pastor of the First Lutheran Congregation at York, Pa. This is a beautiful story, full of romantic and touching interest as well as moral and religious instruction. It is embellished with exquisite engravings from the original designs of that first-rate artist, W. Croome, Esq., of Phila. The first edition ran off in a few days.

Messrs. Clark & Austin, New York, have published "*The Poems of Alfred B. Street.*" Complete edition. Mr. Street has too long been a favourite with the public for his poems to require any heralding of the critic. The spirited publishers have done their duty well, and given the works of an old public favourite in a style befitting their high merit.

Mr. J. W. Moore, 138 Chestnut street, has commenced his "Select Library" by the publication of "*Memoirs of the Pretenders and their Adherents*," by John Heneage Jesse, author of "Memoirs of the Court of England," &c. This work is written in the same lively anecdotic style which has rendered the author's previous productions so remarkably popular. It relates to a very interesting period of history, and sets before us in lively colours the whole form and action of a stirring age. If such works as this are to form "Moore's Select Library," it will be extremely popular.

Messrs. Wiley & Putnam have added to their "Library of Choice Reading," the second part of "*Hazlitt's Table Talk*," an extremely interesting and valuable work from one of the ablest pens of England.

The same publishers have added to their "Library of American Books," the second series of Mr. Simms' popular collection of tales, entitled "*The Wigwam and the Cabin.*" These are among the choicest stories of that popular writer, and are more acceptable to readers in general than his novels.

"*The Flutist's Monthly Bijou*," for January and February. "*Texas Quick Step*," composed for the piano forte. "*Pray without Ceasing.*" "*The Young Highland Girl.*" All the above are from the press of J. G. Osborne, and published in his usual correct manner. We invite attention to his music saloon, 112 South Third street.

Messrs. Wiley & Putnam have made valuable additions to their "Library of Choice Reading," among which are the last two numbers of the "*Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell*," by Thomas Carlyle, one of the most important additions to historical literature made for years. "*Sketches from Life*," by Laman Blanchard, an extremely interesting book, and one of the best productions of its lamented author. "*The Cricket on the Hearth*," by Charles Dickens, a delightful story, by far the best of Boz's recent works; and Fairfax's excellent translation of "*Tasso's Jerusalem.*" These books are for sale by J. W. Moore.

Gen. Morris's new weekly, we understand, is doing immensely well. The Brigadier is determined to command success.

"*Neal's Gazette*" bids fair to have as large a list soon as the "Saturday Courier." Neal is the editor to manage a paper. His "Charcoal Sketches" alone are worth the price of the paper.

PENNSYLVANIA INSTITUTE FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.—We have received the Report of the Directors of this interesting Institution for 1845, and are gratified to learn it continues to be admirably conducted. The whole number of pupils on the first of the year was 106. Of this number,

70 are supported by Pennsylvania.
13 " New Jersey.
7 " Maryland.
3 " Delaware.
13 " the Institution or by their friends.

The charge for tuition, boarding, lodging, clothing, and medical attendance, &c. &c., is only one hundred and sixty dollars a year.

Applicants for the bounty of Pennsylvania must apply to A. B. Hulton, Esq., Principal of the Institution. Those for the bounty of New Jersey, to the Governor of that State. Those for the bounty of Maryland, to the Levy Courts or Commissioners of the several counties, or to the Mayor and City Council of Baltimore; and those for the bounty of Delaware, to the Associate Judges of the State. Any information that may be desired by the friends of the Deaf Mute, will be cheerfully given by the Principal on application to him. The most advantageous time for the admission of pupils is in the early part of October; they will, however, be received at other times.

The time allowed by Pennsylvania is *six* years; while New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland allow *only five* years—a period certainly too short.

We regret that the friends of the Institution are so limited as to preclude the admission of *all* the indigent mutes of *Pennsylvania* who should be educated in this Institution, in which there are ample accommodations for a much larger number than are at present there.

Visitors are admitted on Thursdays at 3½ o'clock, P. M. Tickets of admission (gratis) may be obtained from any of the Managers—and we venture to say that no person of intelligence and benevolence can fail to be highly gratified by witnessing the benefits conferred by the noble charity.

By looking at our cover it will be seen that a rare chance is offered to those who want the very best line, stipple and mezzotint engravings at a very low price, for scrap books or for port folios.

We have been presented by the publisher with a plate of Trumbull's Portrait of Washington, mezzotinted by Warner, and beautiful it is. We understand that it is the intention of the publisher to dispose of it by agents throughout the city. Purchasers of this picture are certain of one thing—a correct likeness of the Father of his Country.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We present this number of the Lady's Book to our patrons and the public with the full assurance that it will meet with their approbation. An original design, by Darley, of Washington's First Interview with Mrs. Custis, engraved in Ellis's best manner, is our first plate. Our second is one of our inimitable Fashion Plates, coloured—such a plate as only ourselves can give, engraved and coloured in this country agreeably to the pure tastes of our fair countrywomen. We shall continue the fashions in this style throughout the year. Our next will be fashions for children's summer dresses.

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GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1846.

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

(See Plate.)

" Ye Household Deities, whose guardian eye
Marked each pure thought ere registered on high,
Still, still ye walk the consecrated ground,
And breathe the soul of inspiration round."

THE fashions of society change, but the human heart is ever the same; its happiness is now, as it was in Eden, dependent on domestic companionship. " There is no place like home" for the development of our best and purest feelings, and the happy family circle is a scene where, if angels ever abide on earth, must be their chosen resort.

A gentleman remarked with truth, in a recent lecture—" If man desires to have his God-appointed help-meet as a co-worker with him in the cares and labours of life, sympathizing with and considerate of his interest; if he would have the benefit of her taste and charms in conversation; if he wish to make the domestic and social circle more attractive than the most luxurious *club house*, he must give to woman a fair opportunity of testing her gifts and accomplishments, he must be willing to have amusements in which she can participate, he must sympathize with her interests and feelings, and admit her confidently to his companionship."

Miss Bremer's home pictures are the most charming portions of her interesting works. In such scenes her genius seems to revel like a fairy in her imagining, and at every touch of her wand flowers spring up, the grass grows a deeper green, and sweet perfumes steal out on the soft wings of the waiting air, as though to offer a grateful oblation to the Household Deities which she has so feelingly invoked.

Blessings wait on all who make home happy, and our picture of such a family is a gem which every mind of pure taste will appreciate.

SONG OF GŒTHE'S MARGARET.

BY ERNEST HELFENSTEIN.

I AM wearying with sorrow,
My heart is like to break;
Would there were no to-morrow
With its tears, for thy dear sake.
At the lattice I have listened
For the music of thy feet,
And my eyes with tears have glistened
A stranger's look to greet.

No more I look for gladness,
For life and hope are dead—
And a cold abiding sadness
Overshadoweth my head.
I wake to find me weeping
With dreamings all of thee—
I sorrow in my sleeping,
For thou art lost to me.

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THE LITERATI OF NEW YORK CITY.

SOME HONEST OPINIONS AT RANDOM RESPECTING THEIR AUTORIAL MERITS, WITH OCCASIONAL WORDS OF PERSONALITY.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

In a criticism on Bryant published in the last number of this magazine, I was at some pains in pointing out the distinction between the popular "opinion" of the merits of cotemporary authors and that held and expressed of them in private literary society. The former species of "opinion" can be called "opinion" only by courtesy. It is the public's own, just as we consider a book our own when we have bought it. In general, this opinion is adopted from the journals of the day, and I have endeavoured to show that the cases are rare indeed in which these journals express any other sentiment about books than such as may be attributed directly or indirectly to the authors of the books. The most "popular," the most "successful" writers among us, (for a brief period, at least,) are, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, persons of mere address, perseverance, effrontery—in a word, busy-bodies, toadies, quacks. These people easily succeed in *boring* editors (whose attention is too often entirely engrossed by politics or other "business" matter) into the admission of favourable notices written or caused to be written by interested parties—or, at least, into the admission of *some* notice where, under ordinary circumstances, *no* notice would be given at all. In this way ephemeral "reputations" are manufactured which, for the most part, serve all the purposes designed—that is to say, the putting money into the purse of the quack and the quack's publisher; for there never was a quack who could be brought to comprehend the value of mere fame. Now, men of genius will not resort to these manœuvres, because genius involves in its very essence a scorn of chicanery; and thus for a time the quacks always get the advantage of them, both in respect to pecuniary profit and what *appears* to be public esteem.

There is another point of view, too. Your literary quacks court, in especial, the personal acquaintance of those "connected with the press." Now these latter, even when penning a voluntary, that is to say, an uninstigated notice of the book of an acquaintance, feel as if writing not so much for the eye of the public as for the eye of the acquaintance, and the notice is fashioned accordingly. The bad points of the work are slurred over and the good ones brought out into the best light, all this through a feeling akin to that which makes it unpleasant to speak ill of one to one's face. In the case of men of genius, editors, as a general rule, have no such delicacy—for the simple reason that, as a general rule, they have no acquaintance with these men of genius, a class proverbial for shunning society.

But the very editors who hesitate at saying in print an ill word of an author personally known, are usually the most frank in speaking about him privately. In literary society, they seem bent upon avenging the wrongs self-inflicted upon their own consciences. Here, accordingly, the quack is treated as he deserves—even a little more harshly than he deserves—by way of striking a balance. True merit, on the same principle, is apt to be slightly overrated; but, upon the whole, there is a close approximation to absolute honesty of opinion; and this honesty is farther secured by the mere trouble to which it puts one in conversation to model one's countenance to a falsehood. We place on paper without hesitation a tissue of flatteries, to which in society we could not give utterance, for our lives, without either blushing or laughing outright.

For these reasons there exists a very remarkable discrepancy between the apparent public opinion of any given author's merits and the opinion which is expressed of him orally by those who are best qualified to judge. For example, Mr. Hawthorne, the author of "Twice-Told Tales," is scarcely recognized by the press or by the public, and when noticed at all, is noticed merely to be damned by faint praise. Now, my own opinion of him is, that although his walk is limited and he is fairly to be charged with mannerism, treating all subjects in a similar tone of dreamy *innuendo*, yet in this walk he evinces extraordinary genius, having no rival either in America or elsewhere—and this opinion I have never heard gainsaid by any one literary person in the country. That this opinion, however, is a spoken and not a written one, is referable to the facts, first, that Mr. Hawthorne *is* a poor man, and, second, that he *is not* an ubiquitous quack.

Again, of Mr. Longfellow, who, although little quacky *per se*, has, through his social and literary position as a man of property and a professor at Harvard, a whole legion of active quacks at his control—of *him* what is the apparent popular opinion? Of course, that he is a poetical phenomenon, as entirely without fault as is the luxurious paper upon which his poems are invariably borne to the public eye. In private society he is regarded with

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one voice as a poet of far more than usual ability, a skillful artist and a well-read man, but as less remarkable in either capacity than as a determined imitator and a dexterous adapter of the ideas of other people. For years I have conversed with no literary person who did not entertain precisely these ideas of Professor L.; and, in fact, on all literary topics there is in society a seemingly wonderful coincidence of opinion. The author accustomed to seclusion, and mingling for the first time with those who have been associated with him only through their works, is astonished and delighted at finding common to all whom he meets conclusions which he had blindly fancied were attained by himself alone and in opposition to the judgment of mankind.

In the series of papers which I now propose, my design is, in giving my own unbiased opinion of the *literati* (male and female) of New York, to give at the same time, very closely if not with absolute accuracy, that of conversational society in literary circles. It must be expected, of course, that, in innumerable particulars, I shall differ from the voice, that is to say, from what appears to be the voice of the public—but this is a matter of no consequence whatever.

New York literature may be taken at a fair representation of that of the country at large. The city itself is the focus of American letters. Its authors include, perhaps, one-fourth of all in America, and the influence they exert on their brethren, if seemingly silent, is not the less extensive and decisive. As I shall have to speak of many individuals, my limits will not permit me to speak of them otherwise than in brief; but this brevity will be merely consistent with the design, which is that of simple *opinion*, with little of either argument or detail. With one or two exceptions I am well acquainted with every author to be introduced, and I shall avail myself of the acquaintance to convey, generally, some idea of the personal appearance of all who, in this regard, would be likely to interest the readers of the magazine. As any precise order or arrangement seems unnecessary and may be inconvenient, I shall maintain none. It will be understood that, without reference to supposed merit or demerit, each individual is introduced absolutely at random.

GEORGE BUSH.

The Reverend George Bush is Professor of Hebrew in the University of New York, and has long been distinguished for the extent and variety of his attainments in oriental literature; indeed, as an oriental linguist it is probable that he has no equal among us. He has published a great deal, and his books have always the good fortune to attract attention throughout the civilized world. His "Treatise on the Millennium" is, perhaps, that of his earlier compositions by which he is most extensively as well as most favourably known. Of late days he has created a singular commotion in the realm of theology by his "Anastasis, or the Doctrine of the Resurrection: in which it is shown that the Doctrine of the Resurrection of the Body is not sanctioned by Reason or Revelation." This work has been zealously attacked, and as zealously defended by the professor and his friends. There can be no doubt that, up to this period, the Bushites have had the best of the battle. The "Anastasis" is lucidly, succinctly, vigorously and logically written, and proves, in my opinion, everything that it attempts—provided we admit the imaginary axioms from which it starts; and this is as much as can be well said of any theological disquisition under the sun. It might be hinted, too, in reference as well to Professor Bush as to his opponents, "*que la plupart des sectes ont raison dans une bonne partie de ce qu'elles avancent, mais non pas en ce qu'elles nient.*" A subsequent work on "The Soul," by the author of "Anastasis," has made nearly as much noise as the "Anastasis" itself.

Taylor, who wrote so ingeniously "The Natural History of Enthusiasm," might have derived many a valuable hint from the study of Professor Bush. No man is more ardent in his theories; and these latter are neither few nor commonplace. He is a Mesmerist and a Swedenborgian—has lately been engaged in editing Swedenborg's works, publishing them in numbers. He converses with fervour, and often with eloquence. Very probably he will establish an independent church.

He is one of the most amiable men in the world, universally respected and beloved. His frank, unpretending simplicity of demeanour, is especially winning.

In person he is tall, nearly six feet, and spare, with large bones. His countenance expresses rather benevolence and profound earnestness than high intelligence. The eyes are piercing; the other features, in general, massive. The forehead, phrenologically, indicates causality and comparison, with deficient ideality—the organization which induces strict logicality from insufficient premises. He walks with a slouching gait and with an air of abstraction. His dress is exceedingly plain. In respect to the arrangement about his study, he has many of the Magliabechian habits. He is, perhaps, fifty-five years of age, and seems to enjoy good health.

GEORGE H. COLTON.

Mr. Colton is noted as the author of "Tecumseh," and as the originator and editor of "The American Review," a Whig magazine of the higher (that is to say, of the five dollar) class. I must not be understood as meaning any disrespect to the work. It is, in my opinion, by far the best of its order in this country, and is supported in

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the way of contribution by many of the very noblest intellects. Mr. Colton, if in nothing else, has shown himself a man of genius in his successful establishment of the magazine within so brief a period. It is now commencing its second year, and I can say, from my own personal knowledge, that its circulation exceeds two thousand—it is probably about two thousand five hundred. So marked and immediate a success has never been attained by any of our five dollar magazines, with the exception of "The Southern Literary Messenger," which, in the course of nineteen months, (subsequent to the seventh from its commencement,) attained a circulation of rather more than five thousand.

I cannot conscientiously call Mr. Colton a good editor, although I think that he will finally be so. He improves wonderfully with experience. His present defects are timidity and a lurking taint of partiality, amounting to positive prejudice (in the vulgar sense) for the literature of the Puritans. I do not think, however, that he is at all aware of such prepossession. His taste is rather unexceptionable than positively good. He has not, perhaps, sufficient fire within himself to appreciate it in others. Nevertheless, he endeavours to do so, and in this endeavour is not inapt to take opinions at secondhand—to adopt, I mean, the opinions of others. He is nervous, and a very trifling difficulty disconcerts him, without getting the better of a sort of dogged perseverance, which will make a thoroughly successful man of him in the end. He is (classically) well educated.

As a poet he has done better things than "Tecumseh," in whose length he has committed a radical and irreparable error, sufficient in itself to destroy a far better book. Some portions of it are truly poetical; very many portions belong to a high order of eloquence; it is invariably well versified, and has no glaring defects, but, upon the whole, is insufferably tedious. Some of the author's shorter compositions, published anonymously in his magazine, have afforded indications even of genius.

Mr. Colton is marked in his personal appearance. He is probably not more than thirty, but an air of constant thought (with a pair of spectacles) causes him to seem somewhat older. He is about five feet eight or nine in height, and fairly proportioned —neither stout nor thin. His forehead is quite intellectual. His mouth has a peculiar expression difficult to describe. Hair light and generally in disorder. He converses fluently and, upon the whole, well, but grandiloquently, and with a tone half tragical half pulpital.

In character he is in the highest degree estimable, a most sincere, high-minded and altogether honourable man. He is unmarried.

N. P. WILLIS.

Whatever may be thought of *Mr. Willis's* talents, there can be no doubt about the fact that, both as an author and as a man, he has made a good deal of noise in the world—at least for an American. His literary life, in especial, has been one continual *émeute;* but then his literary character is modified or impelled in a very remarkable degree by his personal one. His success (for in point of fame, if of nothing else, he has certainly been successful) is to be attributed, one-third to his mental ability and two-thirds to his physical temperament—the latter goading him into the accomplishment of what the former merely gave him the means of accomplishing.

At a very early age Mr. Willis seems to have arrived at an understanding that, in a republic such as ours, the *mere* man of letters must ever be a cipher, and endeavoured, accordingly, to unite the *éclat* of the *littérateur* with that of the man of fashion or of society. He "pushed himself," went much into the world, made friends with the gentler sex, "delivered" poetical addresses, wrote "scriptural" poems, traveled, sought the intimacy of noted women, and got into quarrels with notorious men. All these things served his purpose—if, indeed, I am right in supposing that he had any purpose at all. It is quite probable that, as before hinted, he acted only in accordance with his physical temperament; but be this as it may, his personal greatly advanced, if it did not altogether establish his literary fame. I have often carefully considered whether, without the *physique* of which I speak, there is that in the absolute *morale* of Mr. Willis which would have earned him reputation as a man of letters, and my conclusion is, that he could not have failed to become noted in *some* degree under almost any circumstances, but that about two-thirds (as above stated) of his appreciation by the public should be attributed to those *adventures* which grew immediately out of his animal constitution.

He received what is usually regarded as a "good education"—that is to say, he graduated at college; but his education, in the path he pursued, was worth to him, on account of his extraordinary *savoir faire*, fully twice as much as would have been its value in any common case. No man's knowledge is more available, no man has exhibited greater *tact* in the seemingly casual display of his wares. With *him*, at least, a little learning is *no* dangerous thing. He possessed at one time, I believe, the average quantum of American collegiate lore—"a little Latin and less Greek," a smattering of physical and metaphysical science, and (I should judge) a *very* little of the mathematics—but all this must be considered as mere *guess* on my part. Mr. Willis speaks French with some fluency, and Italian not quite so well.

Within the ordinary range of *belles lettres* authorship, he has evinced much versatility. If called on to designate him by any general literary title, I might term him a magazinist—for his compositions have invariably the species of *effect*, with the brevity which the magazine demands. We

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may view him as a paragraphist, an essayist, or rather "sketcher," a tale writer and a poet.

In the first capacity he fails. His points, however good when deliberately wrought, are too *recherchés* to be put hurriedly before the public eye. Mr. W. has by no means the *readiness* which the editing a newspaper demands. He composes (as did Addison, and as do many of the most brilliant and seemingly *dashing* writers of the present day,) with great labour and frequent erasure and interlineation. His MSS., in this regard, present a very singular appearance, and indicate the *vacillation* which is, perhaps, the leading trait of his character. A newspaper, too, in its longer articles — its "leaders"—very frequently demands argumentation, and here Mr. W. is remarkably out of his element. His exuberant *fancy* leads him over hedge and ditch—anywhere from the main road; and, besides, he is far too readily self-dispossessed. With time at command, however, his great *tact* stands him instead of all argumentative power, and enables him to overthrow an antagonist without permitting the latter to see how he is overthrown. A fine example of this "management" is to be found in Mr. W.'s reply to a very inconsiderate attack upon his social standing made by one of the editors of the New York "Courier and Inquirer." I have always regarded this reply as the highest evidence of its author's ability, as a masterpiece of ingenuity, if not of absolute genius. The skill of the whole lay in this—that, without troubling himself to refute the charges themselves brought against him by Mr. Raymond, he put forth his strength in rendering them null, to all intents and purposes, by obliterating, incidentally and without letting his design be perceived, all *the impression* these charges were calculated to convey. But this reply can be called a newspaper article only on the ground of its having appeared in a newspaper.

As a writer of "sketches," properly so called, Mr. Willis is unequaled. Sketches—especially of society—are his *forte*, and they are so for no other reason than that they afford him the best opportunity of introducing the personal Willis—or, more distinctly, because this species of composition is most susceptible of impression from his personal character. The *degagé* tone of this kind of writing, too, best admits and encourages that *fancy* which Mr. W. possesses in the most extraordinary degree; it is in fancy that he reigns supreme: this, more than any one other quality, and, indeed, more than all his other *literary* qualities combined, has made him what he is.* It is this which gives him the originality, the freshness, the point, the piquancy, which appear to be the immediate, but which are, in fact, the mediate sources of his popularity.

* As, by metaphysicians and in ordinary discourse, the word *fancy* is used with very little determinateness of meaning, I may be pardoned for repeating here what I have elsewhere said on this topic. I shall thus be saved much misapprehension in regard to the term—one which will necessarily be often employed in the course of this series.

"Fancy," says the author of "Aids to Reflection," (who aided reflection to much better purpose in his "Genevieve")—"fancy combines—imagination creates." This was intended and has been received as a distinction, but it is a distinction without a difference—without a difference even of degree. The fancy as nearly creates as the imagination, and neither at all. Novel conceptions are merely unusual combinations. The mind of man can imagine nothing which does not really exist; if it could, it would create not only ideally but substantially, as do the thoughts of God. It may be said, "We imagine a griffin, yet a griffin does not exist." Not the griffin, certainly, but its component parts. It is no more than a collation of known limbs, features, qualities. Thus with all which claims to be new, which appears to be a creation of the intellect—all is re-soluble into the old. The wildest effort of the mind cannot stand the test of this analysis.

Imagination, fancy, fantasy and humour, have in common the elements combination and novelty. The imagination is the artist of the four. From novel arrangements of old forms which present themselves to it, it selects such only as are harmonious; the result, of course, is *beauty* itself—using the word in its most extended sense and as inclusive of the sublime. The pure imagination chooses, *from either beauty or deformity*, only the most combinable things hitherto uncombined; the compound, as a general rule, partaking in character of sublimity or beauty in the ratio of the respective sublimity or beauty of the things combined, which are themselves still to be considered as atomic—that is to say, as previous combinations. But, as often analogously happens in physical chemistry, so not unfrequently does it occur in this chemistry of the intellect, that the admixture of two elements will result in a something that shall have nothing of the quality of one of them—or even nothing of the qualities of either. The range of imagination is thus unlimited. Its materials extend throughout the universe. Even out of deformities it fabricates that *beauty* which is at once its sole object and its inevitable test. But, in general, the richness of the matters combined, the facility of discovering combinable novelties worth combining, and *the absolute "chemical combination"* of the completed mass, are the particulars to be regarded in our estimate of imagination. It is this thorough harmony of an imaginative work which so often causes it to be undervalued by the undiscriminating, through the character of *obviousness* which is superinduced. We are apt to find ourselves asking *why it is that these combinations have never been imagined before.*

Now, when this question *does not occur*, when the harmony of the combination is comparatively neglected, and when, in addition to the element of novelty, there is introduced the sub-element of *unexpectedness*—when, for example, matters are brought into combination which not only have never been combined, but whose combination strikes us as a *difficulty happily overcome*, the result then appertains to the fancy, and is, to the majority of mankind, more grateful than the purely harmonious one—although, absolutely, it is less beautiful (or grand) for the reason that *it is* less harmonious.

Carrying its errors into excess—for, however enticing, they *are* errors still, or nature lies—fancy is at length found infringing upon the province of fantasy. The votaries of this latter delight not only in novelty and unexpectedness of combination, but in the *avoidance* of proportion. The result is, therefore, abnormal, and, to a healthy mind, affords less of pleasure through its novelty than of pain through its incoherence. When, proceeding a step farther, however, fancy seeks not merely disproportionate, but incongruous or antagonistic elements, the effect is rendered more pleasurable by its greater positiveness;

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In *tales* (written with deliberation for the magazines), he has shown greater *constructiveness* than I should have given him credit for had I not read his compositions of this order—for in this faculty all his other works indicate a singular deficiency. The chief charm even of these tales, however, is still referable to *fancy*.

As a poet, Mr. Willis is not entitled, I think, to so high a rank as he may justly claim through his prose; and this for the reason that, although fancy is not inconsistent with any of the demands of those classes of prose composition which he has attempted, and, indeed, is a vital element of most of them, still it is at war (as will be understood from what I have said in the foot note) with that purity and perfection of *beauty* which are the soul of the poem proper. I wish to be understood as saying this *generally* of our author's poems. In some instances, seeming to *feel* the truth of my proposition, (that fancy should have no place in the loftier poesy,) he has denied it a place, as in "Melanie" and his Scriptural pieces; but, unfortunately, he has been unable to supply the void with the true imagination, and these poems consequently are deficient in vigour, in *stamen*. The Scriptural pieces are quite "correct," as the French have it, and are much admired by a certain set of readers, who judge of a poem, not by its effect on themselves, but by the effect which they imagine it *might* have upon themselves were they not unhappily soulless, and by the effect which they take it for granted it *does* have upon others. It cannot be denied, however, that these pieces are, in general, tame, or indebted for what force they possess to the Scriptural passages of which they are merely paraphrastic. I quote what, in my own opinion and in that of nearly all my friends, is really the truest poem ever written by Mr. Willis.

"UNSEEN SPIRITS.

"The shadows lay along Broadway,
'Twas near the twilight tide,
And slowly there a lady fair
Was walking in her pride—
Alone walked she, yet viewlessly
Walked spirits at her side.

"Peace charmed the street beneath her feet,
And honour charmed the air,
And all astir looked kind on her
And called her good as fair—
For all God ever gave to her
She kept with chary care.

"She kept with care her beauties rare
From lovers warm and true,
For her heart was cold to all but gold,
And the rich came not to woo.
Ah, honoured well are charms to sell
When priests the selling do!

"Now, walking there was one more fair—
A slight girl, lily-pale,
And she had unseen company
To make the spirit quail—
'Twixt want and scorn she walked forlorn,
And nothing could avail.

"No mercy now can clear her brow
For this world's peace to pray—
For, as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,
Her woman's heart gave way;
And the sin forgiven by Christ in heaven,
By man is cursed alway."

There is about this little poem (evidently written in haste and through impulse) a true *imagination*. Its grace, dignity and pathos are impressive, and there is more in it of earnestness, of soul, than in anything I have seen from the pen of its author. His compositions, in general, have a taint of worldliness, of insincerity. The identical rhyme in the last stanza is very noticeable, and the whole *finale* is feeble. It would be improved by making the last two lines precede the first two of the stanza.

In classifying Mr. W.'s writings I did not think it worth while to speak of him as a dramatist, because, although he has written plays, what they have of merit is altogether in their character of poem. Of his "Bianca Visconti" I have little to say;—it deserved to fail, and did, although it abounded in *eloquent* passages. "Tortesa" abounded in the same, but had a great many dramatic *points* well calculated to tell with a conventional audience. Its characters, with the exception of Tomaso, a drunken buffoon, had no character at all, and the *plot* was a tissue of absurdities, inconsequences and inconsistencies; yet I cannot help thinking it, upon the whole, the best play ever written by an American.

Mr. Willis has made very few attempts at criticism, and those few (chiefly newspaper articles) have not impressed me with a high idea of his analytic abilities, although with a *very* high idea of his taste and discrimination.

His *style* proper may be called extravagant, *bizarre*, pointed, epigrammatic without being antithetical, (this is very rarely the case,) but, through all its whimsicalities, graceful, classic and *accurate*. He is very seldom to be caught tripping in the minor morals. His English is *correct;* his most outrageous imagery is, at all events, unmixed.

Mr. Willis's career has naturally made him enemies among the envious host of dunces whom he has outstripped in the race for fame; and these his personal manner (a little tinctured with reserve, *brusquerie*, or even haughtiness) is by no means adapted to conciliate. He has innumerable warm friends, however, and is himself a warm friend. He is impulsive, generous, bold, impetuous, vacillating, irregularly energetic—apt to be hurried into error, but incapable of deliberate wrong.

there is a merry effort of truth to shake from her that which is no property of hers, and we laugh outright in recognizing humour.

The four faculties in question seem to me all of their class; but when either fancy or humour is expressed to gain an end, is pointed at a purpose—whenever either becomes objective in place of subjective, then it becomes, also, pure wit or sarcasm, just as the purpose is benevolent or malevolent.

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He is yet young, and, without being handsome, in the ordinary sense, is a remarkably well-looking man. In height he is, perhaps, five feet eleven, and justly proportioned. His figure is put in the best light by the ease and assured grace of his carriage. His whole person and personal demeanour bear about them the traces of "good society." His face is somewhat too full, or rather heavy, in its lower portions. Neither his nose nor his forehead can be defended; the latter would puzzle phrenology. His eyes are a dull bluish gray, and small. His hair is of a rich brown, curling naturally and luxuriantly. His mouth is well cut; the teeth fine; the expression of the smile intellectual and winning. He converses little, *well* rather than fluently, and in a subdued tone. The portrait of him published about three years ago in "Graham's Magazine," conveys by no means so true an idea of the man as does the sketch (by Lawrence) inserted as frontispiece to a late collection of his poems. He is a widower, and has one child, a daughter.

WILLIAM M. GILLESPIE.

Mr. William M. Gillespie aided Mr. Park Benjamin, I believe, some years ago, in the editorial conduct of "The New World," and has been otherwise connected with the periodical press of New York. He is more favourably known, however, as the author of a neat volume entitled "Rome as Seen by a New Yorker"—a good title to a good book. The endeavour to convey Rome only by those impressions which would naturally be made upon an American, gives the work a certain air of originality—the rarest of all qualities in descriptions of the Eternal City. The style is pure and sparkling, although occasionally flippant and *dilletantesque*. The love of remark is much in the usual way—*selon les règles*—never very exceptionable, and never very profound.

Mr. Gillespie is not unaccomplished, converses readily on many topics, has some knowledge of Italian, French, and, I believe, of the classical tongues, with such proficiency in the mathematics as has obtained for him a professorship of civil engineering at Union College, Schenectady.

In character he has much general amability, is warm-hearted, excitable, nervous. His address is somewhat awkward, but "insinuating" from its warmth and vivacity. Speaks continuously and rapidly, with a lisp which, at times, is by no means unpleasing; is fidgety, and never knows how to sit or to stand, or what to do with his hands and feet, or his hat. In the street walks irregularly, mutters to himself, and, in general, appears in a state of profound abstraction.

In person he is about five feet seven inches high, neither stout nor thin, angularly proportioned; eyes large and dark hazel, hair dark and curling, an ill-formed nose, fine teeth, and a smile of peculiar sweetness; nothing remarkable about the forehead. The general expression of the countenance when in repose is rather unprepossessing, but animation very much alters its character. He is probably thirty years of age—unmarried.

CHARLES F. BRIGGS.

Mr. Briggs is better known as Harry Franco, a *nom de plume* assumed since the publication, in the "Knickerbocker Magazine," of his series of papers called "Adventures of Harry Franco." He also wrote for "The Knickerbocker" some articles entitled "The Haunted Merchant," and from time to time subsequently has been a contributor to that journal. The two productions just mentioned have some merit. They depend for their effect upon the relation in a straightforward manner, just as one would talk, of the most commonplace events—a kind of writing which, to ordinary and especially to indolent intellects, has a very observable charm. To cultivated or to active minds it is in an equal degree distasteful, even when claiming the merit of originality. Mr. Briggs' manner, however, is an obvious imitation of Smollett, and, as usual with all imitation, produces an unfavourable impression upon those conversant with the original. It is a common failing, also, with imitators, to out-Herod Herod in aping the peculiarities of the model, and too frequently the faults are more pertinaciously exaggerated than the merits. Thus, the author of "Harry Franco" carries the simplicity of Smollett to insipidity, and his picturesque low-life is made to degenerate into sheer vulgarity. A fair idea of the general tone of the work may be gathered from the following passage:—

"'Come, colonel,' said the gentleman, slapping me on the shoulder, 'what'll you take?'

"'Nothing, I thank you,' I replied; 'I have taken enough already.'

"'What! don't you liquorate?'

"I shook my head, for I did not exactly understand him.

"'Don't drink, hey?'

"'Sometimes,' I answered.

"'What! temperance man?—signed a pledge?'

"'No, I have not signed a pledge not to drink.'

"'Then you shall take a horn—so come along.'

"And so saying he dragged me up to the bar.

"'Now, what'll you take—julep, sling, cocktail or sherry cobbler?'

"'Anything you choose,' I replied, for I had not the most remote idea what the drinks were composed of which he enumerated.

"'Then give us a couple of cocktails, barkeeper,' said the gentleman; 'and let us have them as quick as you damn please, for I am as thirsty as the great desert of Sahara which old Judah Paddock traveled over.'"

If Mr. Briggs has a *forte*, it is a Flemish fidelity that omits nothing, whether agreeable or disagreeable; but I cannot call this *forte* a virtue. He has also some humour, but nothing of an original character. Occasionally he has written good things.

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A magazine article called "Dobbs and his Cantelope" was quite easy and clever in its way; but the way is necessarily a small one. Now and then he has attempted criticism, of which, as might be expected, he made a farce. The silliest thing of this kind ever penned, perhaps, was an elaborate attack of his on Thomas Babington Macaulay, published in "The Democratic Review;"—the force of folly could no farther go. Mr. Briggs has never composed in his life three consecutive sentences of grammatical English. He is grossly uneducated.

In connection with Mr. John Bisco he was the originator of the late "Broadway Journal"—my editorial association with that work not having commenced until the sixth or seventh number, although I wrote for it occasionally from the first. Among the principal papers contributed by Mr. B. were those discussing the paintings at the last exhibition of the Academy of Fine Arts in New York. I may be permitted to say that there was scarcely a point in his whole series of criticisms on this subject at which I did not radically disagree with him. Whatever taste he has in art is, like his taste in letters, Flemish.

Mr. Briggs's personal appearance is not prepossessing. He is about five feet six inches in height, somewhat slightly framed, with a sharp, thin face, narrow and low forehead, pert-looking nose, mouth rather pleasant in expression, eyes not so good, gray and small, although occasionally brilliant. In dress he is apt to affect the artist, priding himself especially upon his personal acquaintance with artists and his general connoisseurship. He is a member of the Art Union. He walks with a quick, nervous step. His address is quite good, frank and insinuating. His conversation has now and then the merit of humour, but he has a perfect mania for contradiction, and it is impossible to utter an uninterrupted sentence in his hearing. He has much warmth of feeling, and is not a person to be disliked, although very apt to irritate and annoy. Two of his most marked characteristics are vacillation of purpose and a passion for being mysterious. His most intimate friends seem to know nothing of his movements, and it is folly to expect from him a direct answer about anything. He has, apparently, traveled; pretends to a knowledge of French (of which he is profoundly ignorant); has been engaged in an infinite variety of employments, and now, I believe, occupies a lawyer's office in Nassau street. He is married, goes little into society, and seems about forty years of age.

WILLIAM KIRKLAND.

Mr. William Kirkland—husband of the author of "A New Home"—has written much for the magazines, but has made no collection of his works. A series of "Letters from Abroad" have been among his most popular compositions. He was in Europe for some time, and is well acquainted with the French language and literature, as also with the German. He aided Dr. Turner in the late translation of Von Raumer's "America," published by the Langleys. One of his best magazine papers appeared in "The Columbian"—a review of the London Foreign Quarterly for April, 1844. The arrogance, ignorance and self-glorification of the Quarterly, with its gross injustice towards everything un-British, were severely and palpably exposed, and its narrow malignity shown to be especially *mal-à-propos* in a journal exclusively devoted to foreign concerns, and therefore presumably imbued with something of a cosmopolitan spirit. An article on "English and American Monthlies" in Godey's Magazine, and one entitled "Our English Visitors," in "The Columbian," have also been extensively read and admired. A valuable essay on "The Tyranny of Public Opinion in the United States," (published in "The Columbian" for December, 1845,) demonstrates the truth of Jefferson's assertion, that in this country, which has set the world an example of physical liberty, the inquisition of popular sentiment overrules in practice the freedom asserted in theory by the laws. "The West, the Paradise of the Poor," and "The United States' Census of 1830," the former in "The Democratic Review," the latter in "Hunt's Merchants' Magazine," with sundry essays in the daily papers, complete the list of Mr. Kirkland's works. It will be seen that he has written little, but that little is entitled to respect, for its simplicity and the evidence which it affords of scholarship and diligent research. Whatever Mr. Kirkland does is done carefully. He is occasionally very caustic, but seldom without cause. His style is vigorous, precise, and, notwithstanding his foreign acquirements, free from idiomatic peculiarities.

Mr. Kirkland is beloved by all who know him; in character mild, unassuming, benevolent, yet not without becoming energy at times; in person rather short and slight; features indistinctive; converses well and zealously, although his hearing is defective.

JOHN W. FRANCIS.

Doctor Francis, although by no means a *littérateur*, cannot well be omitted in an account of the New York *literati*. In his capacity of physician and medical lecturer he is far too well known to need comment. He was the pupil, friend and partner of Hosack—the pupil of Abernethy—connected in some manner with everything that has been well said or done medicinally in America. As a medical essayist he has always commanded the highest respect and attention. Among the *points* he has made at various times, I may mention his Anatomy of Drunkenness, his views of the Asiatic Cholera, his analysis of the Avon

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waters of the state, his establishment of the comparative immunity of the constitution from a second attack of yellow fever, and his pathological propositions on the changes wrought in the system by specific poisons through their assimilation—propositions remarkably sustained and enforced by recent discoveries of Liebig.

In unprofessional letters Doctor Francis has also accomplished much, although necessarily in a discursive manner. His biography of Chancellor Livingston, his Horticultural Discourse, his Discourse at the opening of the new hall of the New York Lyceum of Natural History, are (each in its way) models of fine writing, just sufficiently toned down by an indomitable common sense. I had nearly forgotten to mention his admirable sketch of the personal associations of Bishop Berkeley, of Newport.

Doctor Francis is one of the old spirits of the New York Historical Society. His philanthropy, his active, untiring beneficence will forever render his name a household word among the truly Christian of heart. His professional services and his purse are always at the command of the needy; few of our wealthiest men have ever contributed to the relief of distress so bountifully—none certainly with greater readiness or with warmer sympathy.

His person and manner are richly peculiar. He is short and stout, probably five feet five in height, limbs of great muscularity and strength, the whole frame indicating prodigious vitality and energy—the latter is, in fact, the leading trait in his character. His head is large, massive—the features in keeping; complexion dark florid; eyes piercingly bright; mouth exceedingly mobile and expressive; hair gray, and worn in matted locks about the neck and shoulders—eyebrows to correspond, jagged and ponderous. His age is about fifty-eight. His general appearance is such as to arrest attention.

His address is the most genial that can be conceived, its *bonhommie* irresistible. He speaks in a loud, clear, hearty tone, dogmatically, with his head thrown back and his chest out; never waits for an introduction to anybody; slaps a perfect stranger on the back and calls him "Doctor" or "Learned Theban;" pats every lady on the head and (if she be pretty and *petite*) designates her by some such title as "My Pocket Edition of the Lives of the Saints." His conversation proper is a sort of Roman punch made up of tragedy, comedy, and the broadest of all possible farce. He has a natural, felicitous flow of talk, always overswelling its boundaries and sweeping everything before it right and left. He is very earnest, intense, emphatic; thumps the table with his first; shocks the nerves of the ladies. His *forte*, after all, is humour, the richest conceivable—a compound of Swift, Rabelais, and the clown in the pantomime. He is married.

LINES UPON SEALS.

BY MISS PENINA MOÏSE.

Device.—The Sun. *Motto.*—"Rien sans toi."

"Rien sans toi," a Rosebud's prayer
Thus ended, as it had begun;
It floated through the perfumed air,
And reached its god—the rising Sun.

The Spirit of the World was moved
By gratitude in one so young—
And he the flower-cherub loved,
Whose matins were so sweetly sung.

He to the blossom sent a ray,
And bade her ask of him a boon;
Oh! tell the Lord of Light, I pray,
My mother may not perish soon.

Already droops her languid frame—
Pale and more pale her colour grows—
No other boon of him I claim
Than to restore my parent—Rose.

"Rien sans *toi!*" exclaimed the Sun
In supplication to his god;
The Rosebud, ere his course was run,
Became an orphan of the sod.

She could not look upon the spray,
That late had been her mother's home;
But turned her little head away,
And wished for wings—far, far to roam.

But soon there came, to chasten grief,
A memory of things once heard;
As balm was brought from every leaf
Whose ashes by the breeze were stirred.

Fragrance, which is the flower's *soul*,
Survives the form of beauty dead!
Why weep, that from its finite goal
A spirit has to heaven fled?

No more she languished on her stem,
Or wished the nightingale were mute;
But wore a dewy diadem,
And gloried in her summer suit.

"Rien sans toi," from bud to beam
Again ascends through balmy air;
Nought without *thee*, oh God supreme,
Repeats a Universe in prayer.

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A DREAM.

One quiet twilight eve, beguiled by the soft sunset, I strayed alone to the ocean's side, and resting on a friendly rock, inhaled the fresh breeze as it sprang gayly from the sea. As I thus lay, watching almost unconsciously, the twinkling stars shine out one by one above me, methought I heard a sweet murmuring sound. At first it seemed but the swelling of the playful wind that breathed around me, but gently louder and still sweeter it grew, and a soft voice whispered—

"Come view the depths of the deep blue sea,
Where sports in pleasure the ocean child,
Where echoes the coral merrily
The joyous shouts of the sea nymphs wild.
E'en now my sisters wait for thee
In coral groves and grottoes of pearl,
In my nautilus bark then speed with me—
Oh, come, come; see the sails unfurl!"

I felt a tiny hand touch mine. I made an effort to draw back, but there seemed magic in the touch of the little fingers laid so gently on mine. All power to control myself was gone, and I yielded involuntarily. A mingled delirium of fear and delight thrilled through me as I felt myself sinking down, *down* in the ocean's depths—the waters flashing and glaring like enraged demons as my fairy guide and I sped onward with the rapidity of lightning. My senses were benumbed by the roar and din around, and I saw nor felt more till a sudden change recalled them.

The tempestuous waves which raged above in very fury, threatening instant destruction, now were stilled; the calm and crystal waters lay in serene repose, the coral rocks around re-echoing the joyful sounds of mirth, as we neared the dwellings of the beauteous revelers. The "Spirit of the Storm" reigned only above, and left all below undisturbed by his varied emotions. Suddenly, I was surrounded by the water nymphs, appearing from every shell and coral nook, the rocks and groves again and again reverberating with their joyful welcome. They clustered round, and as they darted about me, their trembling forms, liquid with pearly light, seemed like silvery moonbeams. One led me to their banquet, spread on the side of a moss-clad rock, and another beaming form touched to my lips a goblet of pearly shell, tinged with Aurora's ruddy hue.

In a scene like this, time passed as on golden wings, and it seemed as if I had scarce mingled with its pleasures ere its bliss was broken. Suddenly on the faces of all was depicted consternation. What means that distant, scarce perceptible noise? "'Tis Neptune!" was echoed in hurried whispers from lip to lip. They felt they had deservedly incurred the displeasure of the ocean king in bringing to his dominions a mortal, and every little sprite bethought her of her own safety, and remembered not the peril of their guest. Instantly each tiny form was ensconced in some sheltered nook, where, safe in concealment, they might look out upon the enraged fury of Neptune.

All were gone. The brilliant scene which an instant before charmed my vision, had fled; and I, terrified to find myself deserted where myriads had thronged, stood transfixed with mute horror as onward his furious coursers came—I, left alone to feed his rage. A gentle touch aroused me, and glancing down, I perceived my treacherous guide lying half-concealed under a branch of sea-weed. Hastily she motioned me to secrete myself in the shade of the sea-plant, and scarce had I, with throbbing heart, hid under its spreading foliage, ere the increasing tumult announced the arrival of the sea king. Never shall I forget that fearful moment. Even the waves in terror recoiled from his furious wrath. Enraged that his favoured nymphs came not forward as usual to welcome him, he showered his terrific anger on everything around, and goading his coursers onward, now at their utmost speed, he frowned with angry visage on all. He stopped; his piercing eye was fixed on my place of concealment; he saw me. Fiendish shrieks rung in my ears; shouts of derision crazed my brain. His demon coursers come onward. They'll trample—crush me! Fool! to place myself in the power of ocean monsters! Save me! Mercy! I die—I die!

My own cry awoke me, and relieved me from the terrors my imagination had conjured up, and instead of poor Neptune being such a monster of cruelty my fancy had depicted him, I found Morpheus was alone to blame for all my sufferings.

W. L.

TO ——, AN ENGAGED LADY.

The silly moth we nightly see admire
The taper-flame that burns but to destroy,
While gladly hov'ring round its funeral fire,
It fears no evil, lives but to enjoy.
And I, alas, the insect's folly share,
The present brave for future happiness,
Nor feel one wish to break the chains I wear,
But still adore what I can ne'er possess.—R.

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LETTERS FROM ROME.—TO THE EDITOR.

LETTER FIFTH.

ROME, *January*, 1846.

MY DEAR MADAM—You ask me what I think of the Romans? Wait a little until I have seen them, and I will write you. But I must say that my first impressions of them were rather unfavourable. In the first place, you do not see any in the street but the poorer class. On the advent of strangers in the fall, the nobility and richer class take to their houses, and you will never see them during the winter—except at the *opera*—unless you are favoured with an *entrèe* into their social circles. I also met with what I thought sundry little impositions from porters and servants, but when I remembered the *civility* and *honesty* of New York *cabmen*, and the paying of a shilling to a negro on board a North river steamboat for dusting my boots, I was satisfied in giving a few cents as *buono mano* to an Italian servant.

I came to Italy with the ideas of most of our countrymen, that I was going amongst a set of half-barbarians, who would as cheerfully cut my throat as shake my hand. My ideas were formed from the stage and romances, where, if a villain of the deepest dye is wanted, Italy generally has the credit of giving him birth.

It was some time before I could look with any complacency on the peaceful shepherds and *contadini* of the country. Their painted hats, with a peacock's feather stuck jauntily in one side, their skeepskin coats, their crimson vests and sashes, all had a rather brigandish look, and for a long time I used to shun them when I met them amongst the ruins or on the *Campagna*. But an English gentleman long resident here informs me they are very peaceful and honest persons. From my own observation I think most of the Americans come here with wrong ideas of the people; there is not one in ten who understands the language, and most of them make the tour of Italy in from three to five months, and, of course, meet with no one but porters, guides, hackmen, servants, etc., a set of people who are proverbial for taking advantage of one in every country.

Then this class of persons are in a great measure spoiled by rich English people, who are always traveling here and spending money liberally. I hear of but little crime being committed. It is true there are no papers to inform one every morning of all the little *peccadilloes*, but I am told by long residents here that the lower class of people are very honest, that there are few burglaries, and that the incentive to crime is not near so great as in other countries. Little suffices to maintain them, and the *dolce far niente* is here understood and appreciated—at least, you would fancy so to see the fat, lazy mendicants lying in the sunshine all about the city. I have no inclination to be an apologist for Roman vices, but many of my prejudices are wearing away, and I am not the wholesale slanderer of the people I once was; the people, I find, who censure them the most know them the least.

I mentioned before that you see little of the better class of Roman people in the streets, but you often see their carriages—for a Roman lady never walks; she will ride if it is in one of the most crazy and old-looking vehicles in existence. Some I have seen would be invaluable to an antiquarian. But then there are many rich equipages here, belonging to cardinals, nobility and strangers, and one of the great sights of Rome is to see the procession of them from St. Peter's on some of the great fête days; nearly a mile of rich crimson and purple carriages, drawn by jet black horses, is worth one's while to look at, especially when they are filled with the highest dignitaries of the Roman church. Then many of the foreign ambassadors and English gentry keep fine equipages, and these you see every day on the Pincian Hill.

The aspect of the Romans is sober and sad; they retain this look all the time, even while laughing. They are cautious about speaking, and are always looking about to see who is near them. This is from habit, as there are so many spies of the government about. The women are all interesting; they are generally well-formed, with black hair, and their large dark eyes very expressive. You never pass by one with indifference; if she is not handsome she is not ugly.

A gentleman who has been brought up in our American cities and accustomed to look for a pretty face as all that is beautiful in woman, will find it difficult at first to admire the Roman women, especially such as he will meet in the streets during the winter; but he will see they are well-formed and capable of being mothers of men, as they certainly are. You do not see here thin, sickly, round-shouldered shadows of persons such as you will see in New York and Boston.

The Roman ladies are considered the most beautiful in Italy, as well as the most interesting in conversation. I have had several occasions lately of judging in evening parties; and *la piu bella donzella, ch'io mai risto*, I saw an evening or two since. A description of her would be impossible by one of my temperament. She has the sobriquet of "God bless you!" given as an exclamation of surprise at her loveliness, with a feeling of love to-

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wards her which arises in the breast of every beholder. One charm with the Roman ladies is that their dialect is the softest in all Italy. But as I hope to see much more of them, I will say but little about them at present.

I have written to you before of the sad and melancholy aspect of the city, and that many persons here labour under a depression of spirits and soon weary of Rome. This sadness is agreeable to me. I think there is no beauty or happiness unless there is in it a shade of melancholy—*ho pianto la meta della mia vita;* and I think of Rome as writes some author, "*on vit avec, ou on ne comprend pas*"—one lives with, or one does not understand it. Whether I understand it or not I cannot say, but this I know—no city or spot has ever affected me so much as Rome; at times all former recollections pass away, and I ask myself if my life is not a dream.

You remember I was never renowned as an early riser, but I have found pleasure in rising before the sun for several mornings and wandering about the streets; the air clear and mild, the sky of the deepest blue, no noise to be heard save the gushing of fountains, and when the sun greets the *Campaniles,* the convent bells commence ringing; soon the streets are filled with robed priests and cowled monks, who, with artisans and aged females, are hurrying to early mass.

The streets are narrow and without sidewalks, so one generally walks in the middle of them. Immense structures, palaces and churches without number, are on each side of you. They are built of a sombre stone, and the deep shadows curtain their sides, while the sun reveals the beauties of every variety of architecture, and one involuntarily breathes thanks to the architect of the building before him.

Upon turning a corner you may find yourself in some small *piazza* silent as the tombs, but around you there may be monuments of the minds of Angelo or Raphael. Some of the palaces have statues and urns placed on the cornices. The effect by moonlight is charming. I was one night lately in the *Campo Fiore,* and accidentally came into a small piazza. The dark shadows of a palace stretched nearly across it; at a corner of the street was a shrine of the virgin, before which knelt a female at prayers; in the distance I could see a funeral procession with torches and priests chanting funeral hymns. The scene was as beautiful as the wildest fancy might wish—like a scene in a playhouse. Yet sighed I not for something else? Oh, yes; the human heart is never satisfied.

If you go amongst the ruins, which are nearly all together, and if you are familiar with history, and especially with Plutarch, and have any feeling or love for antiquity, you will be interested beyond measure in tracing out localities and ruins. I have several guide books before me, and have thought of copying some descriptions for you; but then it is tiresome. What interest can you feel in the description of a crumbling wall? The interest is to the beholder; the pleasure in the memory of the past, as one clambers over them, treading down the rank grass and modest wild flowers which grow here in abundance, startling the thousands of many-coloured lizards which are crawling around you, (but which I cannot bring myself to like,) and then to feel you are breathing the same air, gazing on the same sky and mountains as the sages and heroes of ancient Rome. Oh, this is glorious! To-day, as I clambered over the *Palatine,* putting away vines and shrubbery to view ruined sculptures and mosaic pavements which have resisted time, I could not but think some of the spirits of the Cæsars were hovering around me.

One often falls into reveries of the past. As I went up and down the *Via Sacra* and the *Forum,* my mind reverted back to the time when this place was in its glory, when Greece sent all that was beautiful in art, and the whole world paid tribute to this once mistress of the world. Temples and monuments of beauty were all around me. I seemed to hear the thrilling appeals of the Roman orators to the populace, or listened to the fertile imagination of Virgil. I could hear the distant shouts of the conquering army on the Appian way, and as they entered the Forum could see their glittering helmets and waving banners; could see the humble yet noble look of the victors as they ascended the capitol and knelt in the temple of Jove; could see the priests in robes of gorgeous splendour offering sacrifices; could see the eager, anxious look of the mother, wife and maiden, as they scanned the passing troop; could see their smiles and tears as they welcomed home the absent friends and went with them in their revelings at the festive board.

And then came a sad change—a change of fire, pillage and plunder! Fair temples and monuments were falling around me; fire and smoke ascended to heaven amidst the shrieks of dying, helpless victims, while ruthless conquerors ran mad with riot and plunder.

And now, to-day, how different was the scene! Weeds and grass were growing over the Palatine, goats were playing in the Via Sacra, and in the shade of three beautiful purple-fluted columns—all that remains of the *Comitinus*—oxen were grazing!

But this is nothing but a shadow of what crowds upon one's mind.

I was to-day shown into the Mamertime Prison. It is situated on the Capitoline Hill. It is small, and interesting from the fact of Jugurtha having been here confined. There is in it a small fountain, which tradition says appeared miraculously for *St. Peter* to baptize two prisoners. Then I went to another ancient prison, interesting from its having been the place where the *Roman daughter* nourished from her breast her *father,* who was condemned to die by starvation, the representation of which has been a favourite subject with Italian painters.

Write me often, and believe me ever, &c.

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THE DONATION VISIT.

BY N. DEERING.

Mrs. Deacon Bolster, so designated to distinguish her from divers other Bolsters in the village of Twaddleton, was in some respects a pattern woman. No house in the whole village was more free from cobwebs, no pewter exhibited a brighter lustre, no floors were more frequently scoured than Mrs. Bolster's—in short, as she herself asserted, her mansion was always in pimlico order. Her own wardrobe, too, was always in the best repair, and mindful of the maxim that a "stitch in time saves nine," she daily examined the habiliments of the deacon. Hence, if a button had somewhat started from its original position, it was immediately restored; the incipient rent was closed up, and his coat often exhibited more than one patch not entirely of the original fabric.

But Mrs. Bolster was not satisfied with being merely a good housewife. From her position in society as the wife of Deacon Bolster, she was aware that much was expected from her, and she was ambitious to be regarded, not only as one of the leading women in the village, but also as one of the most beneficent. But here was a difficulty; her strict notions of economy had with advancing years narrowed into parsimony. Hence it was, that in all the village charitable institutions she was compelled to join, she was more liberal with her advice than with her money. Such, however, was her reputation in driving a bargain, that she was always their agent in purchasing the raw materials, and she was thus enabled, "by beating down," to render the calls for a contribution considerably less than they otherwise would have been. It may well be supposed that the wandering poor who called at her door for aid did not go on their way rejoicing; if strangers in the village, their repulse was accompanied with a lecture on the sin of idleness, and with a torrent of invective at times as unmerited as it was severe. The deacon saw this with regret, but he would not remonstrate, for he was a man of peace; therefore, which was wiser, he would slip out when unobserved by his wife and dry the tears which her harshness had caused to flow. His heart was evidently in the right place; and though he had barely a competency, he deemed himself rich, and knew after all that he was only a steward.

Such were the prominent traits in the characters of the good deacon and his lady on the tenth of September, Anno Domini 1845, at five o'clock P. M., at which time the latter was seated on her low chair, peering into the recesses of a rag basket for a piece of invisible green to match her husband's coat. It seemed rightly named, for her labours thus far had not been crowned with success. Suddenly the deacon, who had left his "Variety Store" an hour earlier than usual, interrupted her search.

"Why, Deacon Bolster," she exclaimed, "here you are and the tea-kettle not on yet. If Sylvina has forgotten to wind the clock, she shall budge instantly."

"My dear," said he, "then Sylvina will probably stop, as the clock is going. The fact is, I have just heard that there is to be a donation visit tomorrow evening at Elder Prout's, and as there is but little time for preparation, I thought best to inform you without delay. We must certainly attend."

"I don't see why," she rejoined, and not in one of her blandest tones. "Elder Prout is not a Congregationalist, and I see no reason for carrying food and raiment out of our own order when there are so many suffering within it."

"My dear," said he, "Elder Prout is of our order, for you and I profess to be Christians, and so does he; and what is much better, he certainly is one. Then look at his salary, his very large family, and his numerous acts of charity. His children may have all the necessaries of life, but I am inclined to think that they lack some of its comforts."

"Husband, charity should begin at home."

"Yes, my dear, but we read that it shouldn't end there. Besides, to him, under Providence, are we indebted for the present peace and quiet of our village. Yes, I am constrained to say that Elder Prout has done more to advance the cause of temperance than all the rest of us united. Moreover, the elder's society were not backward when our own minister was visited; and what would be said if Mrs. Bolster was the only lady that kept aloof?"

This last remark had the desired effect. What would the world say—that is, the world of Twaddleton—if the president of the Dorcas Society should not be one of the foremost in a donation visit.

That evening the deacon smoked his pipe in solitude, but it was a solitude sweetened by the noise and bustle of the adjoining kitchen. The rattle of tin pans, Bill's exertions with the pestle, Sylvina's accelerated scuff, and above all, the sharp tones of Mrs. Bolster, evidently in no placid mood, satisfied him that the work which he had so much at heart had commenced in earnest. His mind was thus in a state favourable for repose. Why should he set up any longer? He didn't, but slipped off quietly to his chamber. If he had

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any doubt as to the intentions of his wife, it was removed just as he had gained that horizontal position on the right side which induces sleep. There was a disturbance among the poultry, and from their discordant notes, he concluded that Bill was among them. He was right in his supposition, and ere the clamour had ceased was in a sound sleep, for he had a good conscience.

It was customary with the deacon, immediately after his morning ablutions, to visit his cattle and poultry and feed them with his own hand. This business he would entrust to no one, and it was not neglected on the morning following the scene we have just described.

"Why, Bill, how is this?" inquired the deacon, as he stood surrounded by hens, geese and turkeys, while scattering with a liberal hand from the peck of corn which the former had just brought him—"how is this, Bill? They appear to be all here but the old gander, and I suppose he is too lame to walk. Bring him out for his breakfast."

"I rather guess he hasn't much of an appetite," said Bill.

"How do you know that? Take him out of the coop."

"I did that last night, sir."

"What! you didn't kill the gander?"

"Why, deacon, when I carried him into the kitchen by mam's orders, there was but one BILL between us."

The deacon asked no further questions. He saw it all at a glance, and with a disturbed countenance hastened towards the house. We have said that he was a man of peace; he was so, for after a few steps he wheeled suddenly to the right, and moved on what is termed a bee line to the store. That day there was such a rush of customers in consequence of the proposed visit, that he found it impossible to dine at home; yet he laboured cheerfully, though selling almost at cost, and solaced his humanity by an occasional nibble at the salt fish and cracker. But the customer he was most anxious to see did not make her appearance;—that was Mrs. Bolster. Just before the store was closed, however, Bill came in for five yards of cheap sheeting.

"Didn't Mrs. Bolster send for any other articles?"

"Only five yards of sheeting—and that of the cheap kind."

The sheeting was torn off with a degree of violence hardly called for, considering the quality of the fabric, and even caused Bill to start back from the counter on which he had been leaning.

At tea the deacon was unusually taciturn, and ate sparingly.

"I suppose, husband, you are recovering your appetite for our supper at Elder Prout's; but be careful—nothing can be more injurious than overloading one's stomach at night, especially with meat victuals."

"There will be no danger of that, Mrs. Bolster, if I confine myself to the old gander."

"The gander, husband, as you please to call it, has been thoroughly parboiled, and for seasoning and stuffing I should like to see the woman in Twaddleton that would go before me; there is marjoram enough, goodness knows. There is the goose in the pantry, and I wish you would just look at it; and, by-the-by, as I intend to go early to arrange the tables, do place it carefully in the basket."

"I suppose, my dear, there is no need of affixing the label 'this side up,' for fear of injury?"

"Do, Deacon Bolster, get along! How you do pester! Well, this is, indeed, a life of trial——"

"And of probation," added the deacon, as he left the room to discharge the duty assigned him.

By the time Mrs. Bolster had finished her toilet, he was ready to attend her, and although bearing the large basket that contained the apple of discord, he appeared not only placid but cheerful.

"I must confess, wife," said he, during their walk to the elder's, "that, judging from the exterior, it does great credit to your skill."

"You may rely on't, husband, that it will eat as well as it looks. For my part, I like something that requires chewing. When a fowl can be swallowed without that labour, I've always thought it more fit for the cat than the human species—in fine, I like to feel the bit, as it were."

"True, my dear; nobody is more fond of a tight rein."

"What did you say, husband?"

"Oh, nothing of consequence."

It would be needless, and, in fact, scarcely possible to enumerate the articles which, through the liberality of Twaddleton, were that evening displayed for the benefit of Elder Prout. Suffice it to say, that garments of every name and pattern were to be found in the best room which was set apart for that purpose, while the kitchen, in which from necessity the company were to sup, exhibited such an immense pile drawn from the animal and vegetable kingdom, as might have led a stranger to suppose that the elder cared more for the body than the soul.

On this occasion, as is customary, the elder and his wife were considered as guests merely, the reception of the company devolving on Mrs. Greely, while an effective force under Mrs. Bolster did duty in the kitchen. Mrs. Greely was much more at home than Mrs. Prout, whose natural diffidence was much increased by the multitude of her male "surroundings," by the consciousness that her dress was hardly suited to her years. Her new gown had three additional breadths, a flounce, and beneath it there protruded an excrescence called a bishop, but which, reasoning *à posteriori*, would have been more aptly termed a pillion. In these she had reluctantly been arrayed, and also in a new frilled cap, which was the work and gift of Mrs. Greely. The latter had a cousin in Portland in the millinery line, and of course was supposed to be more conversant with the prevailing fashions than her neighbours. In fact, in this department

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Mrs. Greely was considered the true standard, though in the present instance she was more entitled to credit for her liberality than for taste. The cap was a perfect rainbow in colours, and of such extraordinary magnitude, that Mrs. Prout, albeit a small woman, yet, like the "virtuous Marcia, tower'd above her sex." You might read in her looks, however, as well as in her husband's, that gratitude was the predominant feeling for this timely visit; and as such manifestations always enhance the happiness of the giver, the occupants of the parlour were in the full tide of hilarity. In one corner the elder was amusing some of the company with an account of his hair-breadth escapes in the county of Somerset, where he was suspected of Mormonism. This led to sundry reflections on the signs of the times, and to the conclusion that Nauvoo was the true field for Missionary labour. In another quarter, Major Judkins excited no little merriment in relating his first and last attempt to practice as a veterinary surgeon. He had prepared a decoction in a bottle labeled "Briggs' Bitters," for Captain Philbrook's mare; but by accident he administered a bottle of the genuine article, and the mare, to his astonishment, was——"

"In articulo mortis?" shouted Doctor Snaggs.

"No," said the major, "but drunk as Marc Antony."

This drew from the doctor a violent philippic against bitters in general and Briggs' Bitters in particular, and he maintained that the pure old cogniac was the only stimulus that assimilated with the gastric juices. The deacon in the meantime had evidently forgotten the gander, and was cracking his jokes in all directions. Finally he called up old Master Sewell and compelled him to relate a story, which the company had heard fifty times before, about the Widow Todd's oven. This story was always "as good as new" to the deacon, and he now laughed as heartily as when he first heard it. The gayety of the parlour had so completely drowned the din and clatter of the kitchen, that the guests never once thought of the feast, and it was not till Bill announced that "supper was waiting," that they found they were in a right state for more substantial joys.

There was some little difficulty at first in arranging the company, but it was soon over—Mrs. Bolster taking the head of the table between the elder and his wife, while Mrs. Greely occupied the other extreme. The deacon as he advanced looked anxiously at the viands, and perceiving the gander directly in front of his better half, he gradually retreated till he secured a chair next to Mrs. Greely. As soon as the guests were seated, the elder, at a nod from Mrs. Bolster, proceeded to ask a blessing. It was an outpouring of the heart, and would have been pronounced "lengthy" had it been less touchingly beautiful. He thanked Providence that his lot had been cast among those who had shown their faith by their works, and prayed that the individuals there assembled, who had been so liberal from their basket and their store, would be remembered in mercy. "We read," said he, "that there is that scattereth and yet increaseth. May those who have scattered this evening find it like bread cast upon the waters, and may its return be twenty fold." At this passage the deacon's head gave an involuntary shake, and a slight flush suffused for a moment the countenance of his wife.

The prayer ended, the onslaught on the viands was sudden and vigorous. Major Parsons inserted his fork into a round of beef, the deacon grappled with a turkey, while old Master Sewall described an obtuse angle on a chicken pie. As the elder was the only man in the immediate vicinity of Mrs. Bolster, he politely offered to carve the "green goose" that lay so temptingly before them; but the lady, aware of the labour and dreading the remarks to which the trial might give rise, declined the offer, remarking that he was now a guest, and as she had always carved at her own table, it was no trouble to discharge that duty here. Upon this she attacked the gander with a resolution that deserved success. Such, however, was the tenacity of its fibre, that her blows for a time fell harmless; and when at last she was enabled to dislodge the wing —the elder preferred the wing—her cheeks and neck reminded one of the peony rather than the rose.

"You must certainly try my stuffing," she exclaimed, glad to rest for a moment from her arduous labours. Was there ever a man who refused stuffing? Certainly not the elder, as she extended towards him a table-spoon filled with the savoury compound, when, lo! as the contents fell upon his plate, three golden half eagles glittered amid the mass! If the elder was surprised, equally so was Mrs. Bolster.

The eyes of both were riveted upon the plate, when the former, grasping the prize, exclaimed— "Ladies and gentlemen, only look at the contents of Mrs. Bolster's goose! I think you will agree with me that she is entitled to the first premium for stuffing."

This announcement caused a start equal to that of the electric wire, and it was followed by the most uproarious applause. Old Master Sewall, filling his tumbler with cider, proposed as a toast, "Mrs. Bolster's improved seasoning—sage and marjoram, with the addition of the Benton mint drops."

It was received with renewed cheers and a confusion of tongues never exceeded by any similar number. Major Parsons inquired whether this might not be a descendant of the goose that saved Rome. In his opinion such a breed would save any city.

Master Sewall, for his part, thought the public would have gained if some of them had been cooped up in the Twaddleton Bank. Captain Pease declared that this was the very goose mentioned by Æsop that laid the golden egg.

"At what period did Æsop flourish?" demanded

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the deacon, preserving the gravity of his countenance, but unable to prevent a twinkle in the corner of his left eye.

"Two thousand years ago," responded Mrs. Greely.

"Two thousand!" cried Squire Marble; "why, that is actionable at common law. It implies that it is an old goose, and consequently a tough one. Elder Prout, you will find that Bacon's Digest settles that matter."

The elder, who was then hard at work in the vain attempt to masticate, was unable to reply; but his looks seemed to say that if Bacon could digest that wing he was an exceedingly clever fellow.

This conversation was absolute torture to Mrs. Bolster, and she would have sunk under it had not the loss of the half-eagles again occurred to her and thus changed the current of her thoughts. The reflection caused such a heartfelt pang, that she leaned back and for awhile was apparently unconscious of her situation. But the lavish encomiums of her friends recalled her to herself, and perceiving that though she had lost in gold she had gained in reputation, she endeavoured to assume an air of cheerfulness, and begged they would not allude to such a trifle. It may easily be imagined that a supper so auspiciously commenced would be joyous to the close. It was so, and when they separated, of all those who wended their way homeward there was but one couple who manifested aught like gravity of deportment. During the walk Mrs. Bolster hardly spoke. The deacon, on the other hand, was unusually talkative, but disconnected withal. The affair with the half-eagles was a trick that Mrs. Bolster would not be likely to forgive, and he anticipated a curtain lecture. To his surprise she did not allude to it, but it was the engrossing topic by the next day all over Twaddleton, was equally well known on plantation number five, sixth range, and at last reached with additions the settlement at Bear's mill-pond. Since then several others who had seen better days, have, through the instrumentality of the deacon, received similar visits; but in all of them his wife made such liberal provision that he has not as yet found it necessary to improve the stuffing.

MY TWENTY-FIRST BIRTH-DAY.

BY WILLIAM H. CRANSTON.

Time's ceaseless pinions sweep
Above my brow, yet fresh in manhood's bloom,
And bear me on, toward the silent tomb
Of death's unfathomed sleep.

A few short years have sped
Since I, a guileless child, roamed o'er the earth,
Happy, and yet unconscious of my birth,
Or fate, to join the dead.

All then was clear and bright—
These locks fell o'er a brow unmarked by care,
And these pale cheeks were blooming, fresh and fair,
Ne'er veiled in sorrow's night.

My playmates, too, were gay—
And in life's little gambols on we pressed,
Thoughtless and unconcerned, till nature's rest
Called us from mirth and play.

We rushed with vigour on,
Anxious to gain the distant hill of life—
To wear the crown—to mingle in the strife,
And manhood's garments don.

Some by the road-side fell,
And pined a moment—then, with drooping eye,
Passed from the world—the good thus always die—
With but a faint farewell.

A passing tear we shed—
A kind glance cast toward the young and brave,
Ere their frail forms, within the silent grave,
Were numbered with the dead.

Long, long has been their rest!
In dreamless slumber do they now repose
In death's dark valley, where no wild wind blows
Above each tranquil breast.

Sweet flow'rets bud and bloom
Above the empire of the youthful dead,
And through the air their richest incense spread,
Fresh from the voiceless tomb.

At evening's quiet hour,
Within the grave-yard, 'neath the spangled sky,
While holy angels, too, are passing by,
We feel God's mighty power.

But in the world's broad field,
Amid temptations, is *our* lot yet cast—
And time's true record of the treasured past
Is now for ever sealed.

The storms of life are wild—
The sky above us is all dark and drear—
The path around us barren, rough and sere,
With few things calm and mild.

And yet the goal's in view;
The priceless gift of an immortal life
Is in reserve, beyond this scene of strife—
Not for a chosen few:

But oh! for *every one*
Who marches bravely on the desert road,
Clothed with the armour of the living God,
Until the vict'ry's won.

The struggle soon will end,
The loved and lost, the living and the dead,
Soon, soon will meet—oh! that it may be said,
With cherubim to blend!

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CONSTANCE.

BY MISS MEETA M. DUNCAN.

Oh, most gentle Jupiter, what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, "Have patience, good people."—*As You Like It.*

READER, have you ever visited that Mecca of many hopes, that city of anomalies, aptly called "the city of magnificent distances," the capital of the United States? Have you ever chanced to be there during the month of March? If so, you will be better able to appreciate the scene into which you are now about to be introduced.

Pennsylvania Avenue—"*the* avenue," *par excellence*—is in every way entitled to its reputation of "the most uncomfortable thoroughfare ever inhabited by civilized man"—from its enormous and unsheltered width; from its position, which exposes it to the continual action of high winds, and above all, from that great nuisance, its *dust!*

Upon the day on which our tale opens, though the sun shone brightly, an impenetrable cloud of dust, composed of particles from the stone with which the street is macadamized, hung over the whole length of the avenue, whilst at intervals strong gusts of wind came rushing by, sweeping all before it, blinding both man and beast who were opposed to its fury. The morning had bid fair to be pleasant; the sun was warm; the first breathings of spring were beginning to be felt, and the lilacs and willows were already putting forth their tender young buds. Congress was in session, and the avenue had at an early hour presented the throng usual at this busy season. But towards noon, as the wind sprung up, clouds of thick, blinding dust drove many an earnest pedestrian to the shelter of a hack, many a reluctant fair one's steps homeward. Among the latter we must consider a young lady who, alone and with her veil closely shrouding her face, was endeavouring painfully to stem the blast. At the moment when, with a view to avoid a fresh burst of wind and dust, she had paused at a corner for shelter, a plain family carriage drove up to the sidewalk, a window was hastily let down, and a well-known voice called aloud:—"Miss Eustace, Constance, my dear girl, do let me set you down; you will never be able to walk home in this hurricane."

The servant opened the door, Miss Eustace stepped lightly into the carriage, and the two young ladies were soon driving rapidly along the noiseless road, interchanging those greetings which proved them what the world would call friends, but which a nicer discrimination would term familiar acquaintance.

"And now, my dear Constance," said Miss Stanford, turning to her companion with vivacity, "do tell me who that handsome young man is who was with you yesterday in the Senate chamber? We were all curious to know who he was, and even mamma was struck by his elegant appearance."

"I suppose you mean Mr. Medhurst. He was with us yesterday, and is the only one of the party to whom your epithets can apply."

"But who is he, dear Constance?"

"A former ward of my father's, just returned from abroad."

"Is he staying with you?"

"Yes."

"My dear Constance, how provoking you are! You see I want to know all about this friend of yours, and you answer me in monosyllables, as if you were upon oath. Do tell me something about him; give me his history. Has he ever visited you before?"

Miss Eustace smiled and replied—"Not since we have been in Washington, Julia. In his boyhood he lived with us, and at a later period, when he left us to go to college, his vacations were always passed at my father's. He had no other home. But he has been of age three or four years, and has spent the greater portion of that time in Europe, whence he is just returned."

"Is he a Philadelphian?"

"Yes. His father and papa were intimate and dear friends, and when Mr. Medhurst died he left his only child, then motherless, to the guardianship of my father. He is called Eustace, after papa, who is warmly attached to him."

"Will he remain long in Washington?"

"I think not. Business will oblige him soon to go to Ohio, where he has a large property which requires his personal attention."

"He is wealthy, then?"

"Yes."

"And without a profession?"

"No; he studied the law to gratify papa."

"Well, I hope I shall soon have the pleasure of making his acquaintance. Bring him to see us soon, Constance, won't you?"

"You may have that pleasure this evening if you are going to Mrs. Pomfret's; he will be there."

"Yes, I am going; and I shall claim his acquaintance as your friend unless you are going yourself and will perform that kind office for me."

"No, I am not going, Julia. You know I never go to parties."

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"You are a strange girl, Constance, and I do not see why you cannot do as other people do."

"For a very good reason, Julia. My father's salary, though sufficient for all our comforts in our quiet home, is not adequate to the expenses which my entering into society would entail upon him. Besides, I have no mother, brother or sister, to protect me, and my father is too old to go to parties, or to be left alone night after night, as would be the case if I were to do as you would have me."

By this time the carriage had reached Mr. Eustace's dwelling, an old-fashioned, cheerful-looking house, with a large garden in the rear, and commanding a view of the beautiful heights of Georgetown. Miss Stanford declined alighting, and left Constance with many charges to be "more sociable" in future, her fondness for Constance having greatly developed itself since her visit to the Senate the day before!

Mr. Eustace's history was a common one. He had inherited a large fortune from his father, a wealthy merchant of Philadelphia, without inheriting with it his father's talents and business habits. Unfortunately for himself, it was years before he arrived at this knowledge, and then it was too late. The house which his father built up had lost its prudent character, and the fortune accumulated by him had dwindled to a mere shadow. The result may easily be imagined. After struggling for years against the disasters which finally overwhelmed him, he was left, a man already advanced in life, entirely destitute. Mrs. Eustace, a lovely woman, who possessed most of those strong points of character in which her husband was so deficient, was taken from her family before this crisis arrived, leaving, of a numerous offspring, only one child, Constance, then but fourteen years of age. Generous, warm-hearted and honourable in his dealings, misfortune did not find Mr. Eustace deserted in his hour of need. Numerous offers of assistance were pressed upon him, only one of which was accepted, the appointment from an old friend high in office to a clerkship in one of the departments at Washington. He removed immediately to that city upon his acceptance of the office, and had now resided there nearly three years in the fulfilment of its duties.

Constance was little more than seventeen when her father's misfortunes reached their climax; but inheriting her mother's strength of character and energy, she became all in all to him. Her prudence controlled an establishment now reduced to very narrow limits, which, with her father's characteristic indolence, was left entirely to her charge. She was his housekeeper, the faithful manager of his income, the cheerful companion of his leisure hours; her first object his comfort and happiness, her last thought herself. Though for a long time an only and much indulged child, with the quickness of a grave, concentrated mind, she had early understood the precariousness of her father's affairs, so that when the blow came it did not find her unprepared for the reverses she was obliged to encounter; and it was a beautiful sight to behold, young as she was, how her active care brightened and made cheerful their quiet home. Everywhere the traces of her graceful ministry were to be seen; in her notable attention to their domestic affairs; in the pleasant little drawing-room, with its few but carefully preserved relics of former affluence, and in the old garden, where, safe from every intruding eye, she passed hours during the fine weather.

Mrs. Eustace had been one of the finest women of her day, and her personal attractions had descended to her daughter; but though both face and form were faultless, it was the expression, the lighting up from within, that gave to the beauty of Constance its chief loveliness. Constance had numerous virtues and not many faults. Those most prominent were rather the result of circumstances than inherent. An early acquaintance with misfortune is too apt to take the gloss from existence and harden the character, and like most persons whose experience is premature, she had learned to doubt at a period of life when faith in all things abounds. Naturally open, she was now habitually reserved; yielding in character, she had become self-relying; single-minded herself, she had learned to look for mixed motives in others. In short, misfortune had exhibited life to her on its darkest side, and she had, like all ardent dispositions, fallen into extremes. Yet she was generous, affectionate and unselfish, and with a strong and cultivated mind, she possessed the most gentle feminine manners. Self-respecting to a degree which the world—so apt to apply epithets without understanding their meaning—called pride, she had nevertheless fallen from a state of lavish affluence to one of comparative poverty without a murmur and without a pang, save that which was called forth by sympathy for her father.

At the period when Mr. Eustace's misfortunes overwhelmed him, his ward was abroad. On the first intimation of it, young Medhurst wrote to his former guardian, making the most generous offers of assistance, all of which were gratefully declined; and as Medhurst had only returned within a few weeks to his country, they had met for the first time a day or two before the interview related between Constance and Julia, Medhurst having proceeded immediately to Washington to visit his friend.

The meeting on the part of Mr. Eustace was one of unmixed pleasure. There were no regrets here, nothing painful to look back upon. He had loved his ward as a son; he had never thwarted him, had allowed him as much money as he wished, humoured his caprices, applauded his spirit and defended him in his scrapes, and now, as a man, he dwelt with complacency upon the virtues and accomplishments, and even upon the manly graces, which seemed to reflect a portion of their merit upon himself. With Medhurst it was different. The change which had taken place in his guar-

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dian's circumstances affected him painfully; he could not become reconciled to it. His joy, however, in the meeting, notwithstanding this heavy drawback, was as warm and unfeigned as that of Mr. Eustace. Not that he shared in the pleasure which his guardian's retrospections afforded him; on the contrary, he had a shrewd idea that he had passed through an ordeal of petting, spoiling and indulgence sufficient to ruin a dozen boys. But somehow or other he had escaped, and he felt no disposition to censure the kind-hearted old friend, whose affection for him could see no evil in gratifying every wish of his heart. The good feeling and strong natural sense which had shielded Medhurst from the ill consequences of such blind indulgence, now taught him a just appreciation of his friend's character.

Medhurst possessed talents to command respect, much information, and great powers of application. His temper was ardent, confiding and generous. In his tastes he was simple, and his known wealth allowed him the privilege of living as he pleased, while it did not prevent his gaining that popularity which the open-handed always acquire. This thirst for popularity was his greatest weakness; from his boyhood up he had exhibited it. To be a first object with those whom he himself thought worth pleasing, to be missed when absent, and to know that his presence brought pleasure with it, was ever his first wish. This trait was not the offspring of selfish vanity, as is too often the case, but rather the craving for sympathy of an ardent, affectionate nature, which prosperity and indulgence had too much spoiled.

When Medhurst arrived in Washington, it was his intention to proceed, before the warm weather, to Ohio; but the month of June had nearly come and he still lingered at Mr. Eustace's. He had very little recollection of any other home than his guardian's house, and after so long an absence from it he found it difficult to tear himself away. Mr. Eustace's affection for him was so openly expressed, it made him so happy to have Medhurst with him, that this alone was a sufficient reason for delaying his departure. Constance, whom in earlier years he had regarded with so much affection, alone disappointed him. He missed in her that warmth so flatteringly exhibited by her father, while at the same time her companionable qualities, her feminine tastes, which silently pervaded every portion of the establishment, naturally added their share to the happiness of one so long a homeless wanderer. There were added to these inducements others equally strong. It was a long session, and Congress as yet had taken no steps towards adjournment. Notwithstanding the increasing warmth of the weather, the numerous strangers in town made it very gay, and parties and balls continued to be attended apparently with as much zest as when "the season" commenced. Medhurst had become a great favourite in society, and the manner in which he was welcomed was too gratifying to admit of his withdrawing without reluctance from a people so cordial, and attentions so flattering—a people who, possessing all the refinements and graces which properly belong to good society everywhere, may yet boast of one virtue more peculiarly their own—their kindly, unaffected and warm-hearted hospitality.

There was still another inducement, more powerful, perhaps, than all these, which we will now touch upon with as gentle a hand as possible. Mr. Stanford, the father of our acquaintance Julia, held a high office in the government. His house was one of the pleasantest in the city. The most distinguished strangers, the *élite* of both houses of Congress, the most charming women, and the gayest among the members and *attachés* of the different diplomatic corps, were constantly to be found at his hospitable table or crowding his rooms. Consequently, though neither beautiful, wealthy nor intelligent, Julia Stanford was a belle—partly through the consequence reflected upon her by her father, partly by her easy, pleasant manners, and not a little from her being the ruling star of one of the gayest houses in town. Good-tempered in the main, she had chatted, waltzed and flirted through six successive winters without any material diminution of those high gifts, still retaining her popularity and her—single station! Many wondered Julia had never married. None wondered more than Julia herself, for none knew so well how often she had seemed upon the brink of matrimony.

What has become of the good old-fashioned word "coquette?" In its stead we now have that pretty term "flirt," which with its broad mantle covers alike the most innocent social intercourse and the most downright coquetry. Formerly, "coquette" was a term of reproach; now, so poorly does its substitute supply its place, that if you are by chance thrust in a crowded room near a venerable relic who has known your grandfather, and who entertains you perforce for half-an-hour with a history of the coming-in of knee-buckles and the going-out of cocked hats, you will most probably be asked "who that old gentleman is whom you were flirting with in the corner;" and this, too, perhaps, by the very woman who, secretly encouraging and wantonly tampering with the best feelings of some single-minded man, to be whistled down the wind on the appearance of some more desirable lover, earns for herself no harsher epithet than that of "a sad flirt." How much mischief is done in the world by failing to call things by their right names!

Julia Stanford was a flirt—if such, then, must be the term—of the first water: not an open, bold flirt. She never whispered conspicuously in crowds, nor stood half an evening on a staircase that all the world might see how desperately she and Mr. So-and-so were flirting. She was too well trained to disturb the senators in their deliberations by making the senate chamber the arena wherein to exercise her skill. She had too much taste to join the herd in that privileged ground for flirting, the

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gallery of the House of Representatives. But she was not the less successful or dangerous because she chose a more unobtrusive field. The moment she beheld Medhurst in the senate chamber she was struck by his appearance; his history, which she had obtained from Constance, deepened the impression, and as she soon became acquainted with him, every fascination was employed to awaken his admiration and establish an influence over him. With our knowledge of his character, it will easily be seen that this was not a difficult task. A little while and a portion of every day was spent in her society; his presence was equally indispensable at mamma's parties and papa's dinners. There were mornings to be devoted to showing the lions to strangers, and whole days to parties of pleasure to Mount Vernon or the Falls of the Potomac; then there were drawing-rooms at the president's to attend and debates to be listened to in Congress, and as gentlemen are indispensable as escorts to the capital, few days passed that Medhurst was not summoned by a fairy little note to attend some gay group who were always ready to obey any call of Miss Stanford's which promised amusement or to wile away time. Is it to be wondered, then, that the month of June had nearly come and found Medhurst still in Washington, deferring from week to week his departure.

"Then you will not join our party to the senate to-day?" said Miss Stanford, who was making one of her now frequent "sociable visits" to Constance. "I thought by coming early I should be certain to secure you. I heard from a senator who breakfasted with papa this morning, that Mr. Clay positively has the floor to-day at twelve."

"No, Julia, not to-day; not even to hear Mr. Clay."

"Well, if you are not to be persuaded, pray mention to Mr. Medhurst, if he should come in in time, that we are going."

"I will. He has only walked to the department with papa, as is his habit; he will soon return."

"Mr. Medhurst makes you a long visit, Constance," said Miss Stanford, musingly.

"Yes, much longer than we anticipated. I presume, however, that his affairs will oblige him to leave us soon."

"Indeed! And when does he return?"

"Return?" replied Constance, in a tone of surprise. "He will not return here. Do you not know that Philadelphia is his home?"

"Yes, I am aware of it; but"—looking at Constance with a penetrating eye—"if the world says what is true, he must soon return."

"And what does the world say?"

"That you are engaged to Mr. Medhurst."

Constance raised her eyes, caught the glance of her companion, and dropping them instantly, said, composedly, though the blood rose faintly to her brow—"The world is mistaken, Julia; there exists no feeling between Mr. Medhurst and myself but the friendship which our early association would naturally give rise to."

"Well, Constance, I am glad to hear you say so. Nor am I, I confess, surprised at it, for I found it difficult to reconcile Mr. Medhurst's devotion to society with the manner and habits of a lover. You must admit, however, that it was a natural conclusion for the world to arrive at. Wiser heads than mine would think it a dangerous experiment to domesticate in one's family a man so calculated to win admiration and regard; and I am glad, my dear Constance, that you have such a shield about you as your early association."

"I should be sorry to think so meanly of my sex as to suppose any shield, save their own dignity and self-respect, necessary," replied Constance, stung by the cool insolence with which Miss Stanford endeavoured to probe her feelings.

Julia was about to reply, when the door opened and Medhurst made his appearance. Ten minutes elapsed in ill-sustained conversation, and then Miss Stanford arose to go, accompanied by Medhurst, who had consented to join her party.

"I am afraid I interrupted you young ladies in an interesting conversation," said Medhurst, when they had got into the street.

"No, indeed. I have a great mind to tell you what we were talking of," she continued, looking up into his face.

"Do."

"I was telling Constance of a report I had heard—that she was engaged to you!"

"Ah! And what did Constance say?"

"Say? Oh, she laughed very heartily at the idea."

"I am glad she was so amused," said Medhurst, dryly; "and though I can assure you that there is no foundation for such a report, I confess I am at a loss to see anything either ridiculous or absurd in the idea."

"I beg your pardon; I did not know it was so serious a subject with you."

"There is no necessity for begging my pardon; and if you mean by 'serious' that I have any particular reason for feeling hurt at her amusing herself at my expense, I assure you you are mistaken. As a boy I loved Constance most affectionately. I love her now, but she has a hardness of character, a want of tenderness in her nature, that would prevent her ever attracting me as a lover."

Miss Stanford's motives in thus misleading Medhurst are too obvious to need explanation, but had he beheld Constance a few moments after they left the house fling aside her work which the thick, blinding tears prevented her seeing, and retire in evident distress to her own room, he would have judged less harshly of his former favourite.

And now, how shall we draw aside the veil from all that is most touching and lovely in woman, her pure, maidenly reserve! how bring to light feelings so buried and crushed down as even to shrink from acknowledgment to herself! Would that our duty as a faithful historian did not require that it should be done.

From her earliest years Medhurst had been to

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Constance an object of absorbing interest—as the frank-hearted, generous boy who had petted and protected her; as the tall stripling, whose ardent, affectionate temper, and whose very wilfulness rendered his vacations a season of jubilee to her; and as the eager, restless young man, whose frequent absences from home were marked by long and confidential letters to her. Formerly Constance took great pleasure in thinking how like a brother dear Eustace was; but as Constance had never had a brother, she may be excused the delusion. Medhurst had never broken her playthings, never quarreled with, teased or tyrannized over her, but even as a boy had shown that consideration which afterwards so peculiarly marked his manner to the other sex. As Constance grew into womanhood, these feelings took a deeper tone. Insensibly his image mixed itself in her reveries and regulated her actions, till at length he became the glass through which all things were coloured to her eye, the shadow which haunted the future, "the ocean to the river of her thoughts." Intimately associated as they were, his familiar friend and frequent confidant, it was impossible that she should long continue unawakened to the nature of her feelings. Yet this knowledge came not as a startling blow. Her love had not sprung into life full-blown, neither did its acknowledgment to herself; gradually and by slow degrees did she comprehend the truth. Early glimpses of self-knowledge hastily repelled came back with added force; restless and troubled feelings, whose source was unknown and whose fruits were sadness and tears, departed not unquestioned. But more than these, than all, did the heavy weight which fell upon her heart and seemed to still its pulses when Medhurst, in the fullness of his confidence, imparted to her the progress of some new flame or told of the coldness of some cruel fair one, afford her a key to her own feelings. Constance was very young, but she had strong sense, great firmness of character, and a degree of womanly pride capable of any sacrifice. With all the exaggerated sensitiveness of youth, to her to love unsought was a circumstance full of humiliation, but to love one who clearly showed his indifference was a tenfold mortification. To measure her weakness and resolve to stifle it was the result of a single impulse. Her every hope of happiness might wither, provided her end was attained and no one saw her efforts. The consequences of such a determination were soon obvious. She gradually withdrew herself from his companionship; she listened no longer to his confidential communications, and in place of her former warm and cordial manner, now marked their intercourse by a measured civility. Medhurst noticed this change, and more than once remonstrated with her upon it. He exhibited the different stages of surprise, wounded feeling and resentment, but all with equal ill success. She neither altered her manner nor acknowledged a change, till Medhurst, attributing it to some silly, girlish notions of dignity and reserve called forth by her newly-acquired importance as a woman, and too much occupied by the stir and bustle of those varied pursuits which the quick spirit of youth engaged him in, consoled himself for her indifference and ceased to complain. All this, however, considerably damped his sense of the merits of his little Con; and when, some months after, he departed for Europe, it was with the impression that Con was not growing up as "nice" a girl as she promised to be.

True to her purpose, Constance rejoiced in Medhurst's resolution to travel abroad: absent from him, her task would be light; and repressing every painful feeling, she parted from him with apparent cheerfulness. But reason and pride cannot always triumph—the heart will have its revenge. In the deep watches of the night, when the lightnings flashed and the distant thunders rolled, she would lift her head from her sleepless pillow, and with clasped hands and streaming eyes pray for the safety of him whom she had vowed to wipe from her memory, and who, ocean tossed, was now, perhaps, exposed to the tempest's fury. And at those later periods, when news of his health and safety was delayed, anxiety overwhelmed every prudent resolve, and she knew no relief till the welcome tidings came. Except, however, during these more and more rare intervals of weakness, her purpose had not wavered. She harboured no vain dreams of the future, no weak memories of the past, and when years had flown and heavy trials came to subdue her spirit and change all things around her, Constance had learned to think her task complete. She knew herself to be greatly altered, and believed the fire burnt out which only smouldered beneath the ashes which a strong will had heaped upon it. She heard of Medhurst's return to his native land with calmness, and met him with composure. He became an inmate of their house, her daily companion, and conscience for a little while slumbered.

Medhurst was changed, but in all respects improved. Intercourse with the world had corrected his foibles and tempered many of his faults, while it had developed those traits of character which could not fail to recommend him to her more matured mind. A little while, a very little while, Constance's delusion lasted; but when she detected herself listening for his footsteps, when, like the wind o'er the Eolian harp, his distant voice stirred her heart till it gave out music, it was dispelled, and she knew that her path was still "darkened with his shadow."

This conviction was accompanied by a burst of bitter tears, a feeling almost of despair, but it was only momentary. With an impatient movement she arose and hurriedly paced the room, while her burning cheek, her brightening eye, and the quick, haughty movement of her head spoke the resolution to conquer and endure—the consciousness that her weakness was unsuspected making every effort appear light, and affording the only consolation which she experienced.

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It may appear singular that Constance, from the earliest period of her self-knowledge, should never for an instant have dwelt upon the probability of her power to attract Medhurst. This, however, may easily be accounted for. Even at the time, when most susceptible, he had made her the confidant of his various tender passions, he treated her only as a friend. Her school-fellows and intimates had many of them at various times held dominion over his fancy, but he never exhibited any marks of gallantry to her, any appearance of admiration; she was only "Con." Besides, Constance had naturally great humility. The years that had elapsed since they parted had not passed without enlightening her as to her personal attractions. She knew she was beautiful. What woman ever possessed that gift without knowing it? But to her it had proved a barren one; she undervalued it, and most of all with reference to him.

But Constance was in error in her estimate of herself. However insensible habit may have rendered Medhurst to her personal attractions in days gone by, it was not so on his return. With tastes ripened and improved by intercourse with the world, he was struck immediately with her extreme loveliness, and seemed by no means disinclined to renew his old and familiar footing with her; but all his efforts failed. His attentions, his affectionate allusions to the past, were repelled with so much coldness and reserve, that he was completely chilled; his self-love was ruffled, and he desisted from his attempts to conciliate her, consoling himself for his failure by the reflection that, however graceful, winning and lovely she might be in other respects, she possessed those defects most obnoxious to him in woman—a want of sensibility and softness of character. This conclusion was soon arrived at, for, with the promptness of an active mind and hasty temperament, he at all times thought, resolved and acted with rapidity. That he frequently fell into errors was the natural result, and in this instance he allowed himself no opportunity to correct his judgment, for he became absorbed in society and engrossed by the flattering encouragement given him by Miss Stanford, all of which naturally reacted upon Constance.

And now, it will be asked, what was the nature of Medhurst's feelings for Miss Stanford? Was he in love with her? No, not yet; but he was in a fair way to become so. Julia had assailed him on his weak side, and he was insensibly gliding into a current which must inevitably hurry him to that end. This danger lay in his security. Medhurst, like all imaginative persons, had, in the dim chambers of his secret heart, shadowed out his ideal, and neither in person nor character did Julia realize it. But gradually her power was increasing, and if uninterrupted the ideal must soon be resigned or merge in her, to be, after a brief interval, overturned from its pedestal and lie beneath the bitter waters of disappointment and regret.

A trifling circumstance, however, served in some measure to awaken him to his situation. About this time Constance was induced to accept the office of bridesmaid to Miss X——, daughter of Secretary X——, through whose friendship Mr. Eustace had received his office. The wedding was to be very brilliant, and Constance, who had never gone into society in Washington, would gladly have declined going; but the solicitation of her friend, Miss X——, and her father's urgent request, outweighed her own objections. Medhurst, as their guest, was invited with them to witness the ceremony, but the Stanfords being included only in a general invitation for a later period in the evening, he was induced to wait and accompany them.

After Medhurst had been a few minutes in the reception room, had made his bow to the hostess and his congratulations to the bride, he turned to a group of young men who were standing near a doorway, chatting together.

"Ah, here comes Medhurst," said a young *attaché*, one of the group; "perhaps he can tell us who she is. Medhurst, who is that beautiful girl over there, talking with the new minister from *******?"

Medhurst followed the direction given him, and beheld Constance standing a little apart from the crowd, conversing with a tall, dignified gentleman with several glittering orders upon his breast. He had never seen Constance in an evening-dress before, and, surprised into forgetfulness, he stood regarding her unmindful of the question addressed to him. Her dress was of a texture so light and airy as to seem almost composed of folds of floating vapour, lending to her ivory neck and beautifully-rounded arms an indescribable softness, while it imparted an air of purity and modesty entirely in keeping with the style of her beauty.

"Medhurst is as much in the dark as we are ourselves," said one of the young men.

Medhurst turned, and with a slight embarrassment of manner, replied—"Oh, no; I know her very well. It is Miss Eustace."

"Miss Eustace?" said the *attaché*, who spoke with a slight foreign accent. "Ah, I know! You lucky fellow—why, you live in the same house with her. My dear friend, I will go see you every day; I shall become very intimate with you."

"Very well," said Medhurst, laughing, and leaving the group to shake hands with a gentleman who stood near—a middle-aged man, with a pale, somewhat care-worn countenance. Mr. B. was an M. C., a man of talents and quick observation, whom Medhurst was in the habit of meeting frequently at Mr. Eustace's.

After conversing for a short time on indifferent subjects, Mr. B. spoke of Constance. Medhurst agreed with him in his high appreciation of her beauty and of her extreme loveliness upon the present occasion; but when Mr. B. enlarged upon her character, spoke of her sensibility, her tenderness of nature, her deep and unobtrusive feeling, Medhurst listened with surprise. He contented

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himself, however, by replying carelessly that he had never been in the habit of thinking her a person of much sensibility.

Astonished at this declaration from one whose opportunities for acquiring a knowledge of her disposition were so superior to his own, Mr. B. spoke with interest of the many proofs which his observation afforded him of the correctness of his judgment; he dwelt upon her touching devotion to her father, of the evidences of sensibility and feeling in her conversation, and related several anecdotes in confirmation of his argument. "I grant you," he said, "that there is not much of this upon the surface; she evidently shrinks from letting out her feelings, but an ordinary observer may easily detect their existence. Indeed, no one could have marked her countenance during the ceremony of this evening without attributing to her profound sensibility. I never beheld a face so illuminated by soul, so full of varying and beautiful emotion in my life."

"You speak with enthusiasm," said Medhurst, smiling.

"And you object, you think me wrong?"

"Certainly not. I am happy to find that one whom I have so much reason to regard highly should have called forth such high praise."

But Medhurst was not so much pleased as he wished to appear. He was piqued at the intimate knowledge professed by a comparative stranger, of one with regard to whom he had so much better a right to be informed. It was a sort of imputation upon his penetration by no means flattering; the more so, from the consciousness that past experience did not prove his judgment in the estimate of character to have been always unerring. These feelings were sharpened by Constance's successful debût. Her beauty was now "stamped in the mint of fashion," and he was by no means inclined to forego the advantages which his connection with her family and intimacy with herself afforded him. His dignity would have been sorely wounded if it had been whispered to him that he took a secret pleasure in exciting the envy of half the young men in the room. It was so, nevertheless; and it was, moreover, a sort of weakness which not one young man in ten thousand is exempt from. His curiosity, also, as well as his vanity, was aroused. Either Mr. B. or himself must be mistaken in Constance. It is not pleasant to confess one's self in the wrong; yet, as we have said, Medhurst had his misgivings of himself. He had never taken the trouble to study Constance's character; but then he remembered how particularly reserved she was to him. Mr. B.'s opinion of her was certainly very different from his own, and in secret council with himself he confessed, that if Mr. B. did not happen to be a married man he should say he was in love with Constance.

The result of all these mingled feelings was, that Medhurst set about making himself very agreeable to Constance, to whom he devoted himself during the rest of the evening, which course, besides having the effect of producing considerable nervous flutterings on the part of Constance, had the more unpleasant consequence of causing a decided attack of jealousy on the part of Miss Stanford, whose prudence for once forsook her and led her into a startling exposure of angry feeling.

Medhurst returned home to a sleepless pillow. His mind had been quickened and aroused by the events of the evening, and he paused to reflect upon his own situation. He saw his danger and shrunk from it. He felt that Julia was not the being who had haunted his day-dreams, who was to fill all the deep requirements of his heart. Kindly, charming and agreeable as she was, "his wife" bore no resemblance to her. His mind had been powerfully stirred by the deep impression he had seen made by Constance. Not that he was the least in danger of falling in love with her—far from it. Even admitting that he was mistaken in his estimate of her character, he had never been able to elicit any of those beautiful feelings dwelt upon so eloquently by Mr. B. Constance was singularly insensible to his merits, and these were sins he was not likely to overlook; but it taught him to ask himself if there did not exist beings quite as lovely who might also possess those softer qualities so indispensable in his eyes—and hope and fancy answered "yes."

Medhurst fell asleep and dreamed that he was standing at the altar with Miss Stanford as his bride, that a low voice murmured, "I, Julia, take thee, Eustace," when, lo! as he bent towards her, Constance, and not Julia, stood beside him. It was strange; and Medhurst remembered in the morning, as he lounged with a newspaper over the breakfast-table, while Constance quietly attended to her domestic duties, the strange sort of happiness which came over him in the dream when he discovered this exchange.

Medhurst's reflections of the previous night were not without their results. Always prompt, he decided to proceed immediately to Ohio. His business required him, and as it had long been understood that such was his intention, his departure would not appear abrupt. Accordingly he announced his determination to Mr. Eustace, took leave of his friends, and in twenty-four hours was on his way to the west, leaving Miss Stanford very much surprised, very much disappointed at her failure.

Julia had no heart, but her vanity, which stood to her in its place, might have suffered by Medhurst's sudden departure if a handsome young officer had not opportunely made his appearance and flung his heart at her feet. She had no time to waste upon the absent, upon vain and idle regrets. Medhurst was rich, to be sure, but he was gone. Her new lover, though poor, was very much in earnest, and that to Julia was a matter not to be overlooked.

Scarcely a fortnight after the departure of Medhurst, a melancholy change came over the fortunes of his old friend. Mr. Eustace was seized one

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morning at the department with a paralytic attack, and was taken home insensible. Everything that medical skill could prescribe was resorted to, and he was in time comparatively restored, but the whole of his right side remained torpid and helpless. This was an overwhelming blow. The physician gave him no hope of ever recovering the use of his limbs, and as time passed on without any alleviation, he was forced to resign the office which he held, and with it his sole means of support. With mind and body both weakened by disease, the destitute situation they were thus involved in almost overwhelmed Mr. Eustace. True, he had warm and efficient friends who offered assistance, but it did not enter into the views of either father or daughter to accept obligations which they had no means of ever returning. Constance was assured by the head of the department in which her father had been employed, that she should be supplied constantly with as much copying as she could do, and with this means of support in her power, added to a little income of three hundred dollars derived from a legacy left her by her godmother, and which heretofore had been appropriated to her private expenses, she cheerfully set about making the arrangements rendered necessary by the sudden change in their circumstances. They removed to a small house in the same neighbourhood, much of their superfluous furniture was disposed of, and in this comparatively humble abode did Constance, day by day, with patient industry, supply the means for their support. One servant alone remained to them; she had been Constance's nurse, and in their reverses refused to leave them.

During all this period, when events so important to his former guardian's welfare were passing, Medhurst remained at a distance unapprised of what had occurred, and it was not until within a few days journey of home, after an absence of some months, that he learned, through an acquaintance accidentally met, what had passed. Wounded and distressed by this painful intelligence, he pressed on immediately to Washington, where the melancholy intelligence was fully confirmed. He found his aged friend a helpless invalid, stripped of all the luxuries which a long life had rendered necessaries, dwelling in an abode which the hand of affection and refinement alone rescued from meanness, and dependent for his daily bread upon the exertions of his tenderly-nurtured daughter.

"It was not kind, Constance," said Medhurst, as he paced hurriedly the narrow limits of their little parlour—"nay, it was cruel to leave me in ignorance of all that had befallen you."

"Papa made no request that I should inform you, and I did not think it worth while to pain you."

"Worth while? Constance," he exclaimed, impetuously, pausing in his rapid movements, "what have I done that you should think of me thus? Did your father ever pause to think whether it was worth his while to act in anything that interested me? Did I ever give you reason to suppose that what affected you could be indifferent to me? No, Constance, no; you have acted most ungenerously; you have placed me—me, who owe so much to your father—upon a footing with the most indifferent stranger. You have wounded, mortified me more than I can express. There was a time," he continued, "when I looked to you for everything that was kind, thoughtful and considerate; but you are more changed, Constance, than any one I ever knew. I can scarcely believe you to be the same frank, affectionate, gentle-hearted girl whom, in years gone by, I loved so dearly. Why this is I cannot tell; I can only feel that I do not deserve it."

Constance endeavoured to reply with calmness, but her voice was so choked, her heart was so full, that she desisted, fearing to expose herself, and with a hurried manner merely added that she would inform her father that he had come, and left the room.

The interview between Medhurst and his former guardian was a painful one, and finding Mr. Eustace so much agitated, he deferred until the next day any conversation upon his affairs. He left him, and for the first time in his life, when residing in the same city with him, repaired to a hotel to take up his residence.

The next morning, at an early hour, Medhurst proceeded to Mr. Eustace's and requested to see Constance. He then told her that after a sleepless night he had come to make a proposition to her father which he hoped she would not oppose. He spoke with strong feeling of the state of her father's health, and of the effect which his fallen fortunes must have upon his mind. He dwelt upon the circumstance of Constance's own labours, and upon the pain which all this caused him. "And now," he said, "my wish is, that your father would consent to return to Philadelphia and reside with me for the future. His home, his heart were ever open to me. I can never return the full measure of his kindness, but I can, at least, attempt to show you both that I appreciate the value of all I have received."

Constance shook her head dissentingly.

"Constance," he said, in a tone of mortification, "why do you deny me the privilege of serving you? Why do you refuse?"

"Because I know papa never will consent."

"Ah, Constance, your own wishes are the parents of that thought. But promise me you will allow me to mention this first to Mr. Eustace, that you will say nothing to influence him?"

"I will," said Constance; and they proceeded to Mr. Eustace's room.

"I have come, my dear sir," said Medhurst, approaching his chair and raising his voice—for since his attack Mr. Eustace's hearing had become impaired—"I have come to speak to you on the subject of a proposal I have just made to Constance, who seems to think you will not gratify me by giving your consent to it. I am sure when you know how happy it will make me you will not refuse."

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Now, Mr. Eustace's hearing was particularly dull this morning, and of this opening speech he heard but a few words, and these conveyed but one idea to his mind—proposal—Constance—consent—happy—refuse—all were applicable to it. A slight colour tinged his pale face; he moved restlessly in his chair; his eye brightened and glanced from Medhurst to his daughter, who stood by the mantelpiece; then he took Medhurst's hand, and in a broken voice, said—"Refuse you, my dear boy? Never! It is the dearest wish of my heart. Take her, and if she prove as good a wife as she has a daughter, your lot will be blessed."

For an instant after the last words escaped Mr. Eustace, Medhurst and Constance stood motionless. The blood rushed violently to Constance's face, but retreating, left her pale as marble. The next moment with a rapid step she passed to her father's side.

"Papa, listen to me; you are mistaken."

The old man looked inquiringly, wistfully from one to the other; he neither heard nor comprehended what passed.

"Constance," exclaimed Medhurst, "I entreat, I implore you to desist; for God's sake do not undeceive him. Accept my hand, dear Constance; it will make *him* happy—me most blest. Does he not tell you so? Oh, do not—do not distress him thus, I pray you!"

Constance drew herself proudly up, and said, haughtily—"You forget yourself, Mr. Medhurst—or rather you forget what is due to me."

Medhurst passed his hand hurriedly across his agitated brow, sighed deeply, and in a voice lately so eager, but now depressed and low, said—"I believe I do, Constance. I thought only of myself. I was carried away by the vision so suddenly raised before me." He paused, and then continued, impetuously, the fire again returning to his eye, his voice full of energetic feeling—"Constance, why is it thus between us? How have I deserved your hatred? Hatred? Good God—yes—I believe you hate me!"

"Oh, no—no!" exclaimed Constance, bursting into tears, while, sinking at her father's feet, she buried her head in his lap.

"What does all this mean, Eustace?" asked Mr. Eustace, turning to Medhurst.

But Constance interrupted him, and waving her hand to Medhurst, she cried—"Go—go; he must know all. You *must* leave us."

Medhurst turned and left the room, and then Constance, with as much composure as she could command, told her father of his mistake. It was a painful task. Constance forgot her own wounded feelings in witnessing the deep mortification which her father suffered—for, added to the conviction that he had wounded his daughter's delicacy and confessed wishes, which, even to one so valued, his pride shrunk from betraying, there came upon him an overwhelming sense of his infirmities that bowed him to the very earth.

A few hours after the scene just described took place, two letters were received from Medhurst—one addressed to Constance, the other to Mr. Eustace, and both containing an offer of his hand. They were written in an earnest, manly spirit, but that to Constance was characterized by deep feeling. He asked her at present but for permission to endeavour to win her regard, and to believe in the sincerity of his professions. He spoke of his early affection for her; of the impression which her increased loveliness had made upon him on his return home; of her coldness, which he solemnly believed had alone prevented his being at her feet long since, and concluded by assuring her that, let her decision be what it might, the veil was now removed—he loved her, and if she rejected him, it must be under no false impression as to his motives; she must do so because she felt she could never reciprocate his feelings, and not from any doubt of their existence.

Many—many bitter tears did Constance shed over this letter ere it was replied to. She felt that she could not for a moment deceive herself as to the motives which had dictated it, and while she could not avoid honouring the generous, self-sacrificing spirit which marked it, all her woman's pride was aroused at the thought of his supposing her capable of being thus deluded. Still it was sweet to dwell upon the expressions of his love, even though assumed, and when it was answered, the reply, though short, was kind and gentle. She rejected his proposal decidedly. There was not a single word in her answer which, conveying a doubt of his motives, left a door open for further solicitation. She said her father concurred with her in her decision, and hoped that the past might be forgotten, and that they should see him as usual.

The windings of the human heart are inscrutable! The instant that Medhurst stood before Constance, through the mistake of her father, in the light of a lover, revealed to him the secret impulses of his heart. In the strange glow of happiness which came over him at that moment, the film was removed, and with the quickness of the lightning's flash he unraveled his past feelings. His impatience of her coldness; his jealous uneasiness of the admiration which she excited; the vague, restless and unsatisfied yearnings which haunted him, and which, chilled in her presence, found no adequate relief elsewhere—all came upon him with the force of instant conviction. And when the note of Constance was placed in his hands, and he beheld the fairy structure which the hopes of the last few hours had erected, shivered at a blow, his disappointment was as keen as if those hopes had been based upon the cherished dream of a lifetime. He no longer felt resentment, his pride was gone; the rock was struck, and the hidden waters of affection had welled up and washed out all else. Deep, earnest tenderness for Constance filled all his heart, and the struggles of an ardent spirit alone prevented his yielding himself up to despondency and gloom. He repaired to Mr. Eustace's; he sought to remonstrate with

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Constance, but she refused to listen to him. He poured out his feelings to her father. The heart of his old friend melted before his earnest words; he gave him his sympathy, his tears, but his daughter was inflexible.

Medhurst flew to society for relief. To look one way was madness; for, spurned by the daughter and forbidden by the father to speak of pecuniary aid, no refuge was left him. He could not leave Washington. In the despondency of his feelings he dreaded some new calamity which might overwhelm Mr. Eustace and leave Constance, perhaps, friendless upon the world; and he wandered sad and dispirited among the scenes in which a few months before he had played so joyous a part.

A little while, and the world began to talk of the "renewed flirtation" between Mr. Medhurst and Miss Stanford. While Julia, who felt that he did not love her and knew that she had but lately secretly pledged herself to another, flattered herself that the hopes which months before she had indulged in were now about to be crowned with success, and reckless of consequences so that her ends were attained, she devoted all her energies to securing an influence over him. Medhurst was particularly alive to female sympathy, and in the present state of his feelings he shunned the society of his own sex. Julia professed to be his friend; her woman's tact taught her that he had painful feelings to soothe, and in devoting herself to that purpose she beheld in the vista beyond the accomplishment of all her wishes.

One evening a small party was assembled at the mansion of Mr. Stanford. Julia had been playing for their guests, but on resigning her seat at the piano to another, she approached an open window near which Medhurst was seated. He joined her. A little while and the hum, the voices, and the moving scene within were forgotten. They gazed upon the silent night, upon the motionless trees in their deep repose; upon the shadows which fell dim and mysteriously, and upon the broad Potomac which lay stretched before them, a sultry autumnal moon mirrored in its placid bosom. They spoke, and their conversation assumed that vague tone of sentiment so often the precursor of deeper feelings. Julia believed that the golden hour had arrived, and every art, every fascination which she was skilled in, was brought into exercise. At this moment her attention was abruptly called by some one within; she turned, and in doing so beheld a young man standing in a doorway regarding her intently. She caught his eye, bowed, and coloured deeply. The young man approached, shook hands with her, and in a low voice said a few words which Medhurst did not hear.

Julia introduced Mr. Delisle. Medhurst's bow was scarcely returned. Julia attempted to converse, and Medhurst came to her assistance; but the stranger's manner was so rude and repulsive that he soon desisted. Under other circumstances he would have retired and left Miss Stanford to converse with one who appeared to be an old friend without interruption, but he did not choose to be driven off by rudeness, and he stood his ground. Mr. Delisle's temper appeared to become more irritated every moment, till, finally, in answer to some trifling remark of Medhurst's, he flatly contradicted him. Medhurst replied with dignified forbearance, but in vain; Mr. Delisle seemed determined to insult him, and his intention soon became obvious to one or two bystanders.

At that critical moment, Julia, overcome by terror, fell fainting on the floor between them. A scene of confusion ensued, during which the two young men changed cards, and before they retired to rest, all the arrangements were made by their friends for a hostile meeting at an early hour the following morning.

The reader need hardly be told that Mr. Delisle was the young officer to whom Julia had engaged herself, when, after the departure of Medhurst, all hopes of his conquest had deserted her. Delisle had been absent some weeks on duty. On his return to Washington, while taking a hasty dinner at his club before proceeding to Mr. Stanford's, he overheard some of the young men present coarsely commenting upon Julia's "flirtation" with Medhurst, and boldly asserting their belief in his success. Stung by jealousy, young, irascible and inexperienced, he flew to Mr. Stanford's to demand an explanation, and the circumstances under which he found Julia confirmed too painfully the report. All his angry passions were aroused, and we have seen the result.

On the morning appointed for this unhappy meeting, Constance arose at an early hour, as was now her wont, and proceeded to the garden, where she usually occupied herself for some time before beginning the labours of the day. Meanwhile a carriage drove up to the house, two gentlemen alighted, and without summoning a servant, threw open the hall door and lifted from the carriage a lifeless and bleeding form, which they conveyed to the nearest apartment. It was Medhurst. The meeting had taken place, and his adversary's ball had entered his side. His second, who had forgotten that he no longer lived with Mr. Eustace, or, perhaps, fearing to drive a mile or two further to his hotel with him in his wounded state—for the meeting had taken place beyond Georgetown—had brought him straight from the ground hither, accompanied by the physician.

At the moment when they had placed Medhurst upon a sofa, Constance entered the house and proceeded to this very apartment. She started when she saw strangers in the room at this unusual hour, but her glance quick as lightning took in the whole scene at once, and she beheld Medhurst, as she thought, lying bleeding and dead before her. With one frenzied bound she reached the sofa and fell on her knees beside him. She flung her arms round his lifeless body; she folded to her bosom the pallid cheek, as if her burning heart had power to impart to it the fire which scorched within; she pressed her lips madly upon the curls which lay

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thick and heavy upon his rigid brow, till nature yielded to the agony of her mind, and with one wild cry of despair she sank insensible upon the floor.

This shriek seemed to rouse Medhurst from his lethargy, whilst it attracted Martha, Constance's faithful nurse, to the room, who immediately applied herself to the relief of all, and through her good sense and exertions the physician was enabled to take immediate steps towards giving the proper attention to his patient.

The chamber of Constance fortunately was upon the first floor, and joined the room they were in. In a few minutes Martha prepared it for the reception of Medhurst, and as soon as she had assisted to remove him to it, she returned to her young lady, who still lay motionless upon the sofa where they had placed her.

With a discretion and good sense which many with higher pretensions do not possess, Martha broke to Constance on her recovery the circumstances which she had gleaned connected with Medhurst's situation. She told her that he was now conscious, and gave her reason to hope he would do well, at the same time urging her to calmness and composure, for not only must the duty devolve upon her of informing her father of this painful circumstance, but it was necessary she should have all her faculties under her control to enable her to meet the exigencies of this distressing period.

Martha's reasoning was not lost upon Constance; she had given her hope, and from such an abyss of despair had she rescued her, that she felt she could endure anything short of the worst.

When she had sufficiently recovered her composure she broke the intelligence to her father; she then sent a summons to Medhurst's servant, and with an aching heart employed herself in making those arrangements which the comforts and necessities of the sufferer might require.

For forty-eight hours neither the doctor nor Mr. X——, Medhurst's second, left him. Fever and delirium had come on, and the worst fears were entertained. On the morning of the third day consciousness returned, and Constance was told that Mr. Medhurst desired to see her, the doctor at his earnest request having granted permission.

With a throbbing heart Constance entered the sick chamber. The attendants retired to the adjoining room and left them alone. Medhurst's reason had returned, but his eyes still glistened with fever, and on either cheek glowed a bright red spot.

"Dear Constance," he said, as she laid her hand within his burning palm and sunk on her knees beside him, "listen to me, and do not deny me if you can help it. I am very feeble, and must not talk much. My wound, they tell me, is extremely dangerous. Unless the ball is removed I cannot live, and I may die under the operation. I do not grieve to leave the world, Constance, young as I am and bright as it all seems; but there is one thought that will agonize me in my dying moments unless you consent to remove it. It is your situation—your father's helplessness and your overtasked exertions. It cannot last; I foresee it all. A little while and you will both sink under it; whilst I, knowing this, lie here the possessor of thousands which must go to strangers."

"Fear not for us, Eustace," said Constance, in a choking voice; "there will be enough for both the little while we shall remain after you."

"No, Constance, no; you delude yourself, or you would delude me. Listen to me: I have no time now to make a will; my right hand is nerveless; I cannot hold a pen—and even if I could, my heirs might dispute an instrument executed under such circumstances. But, Constance, there is one title which they could not dispute: if you would consent to bear my name for a few hours—to become my wife. No one could set aside that claim, and I should die happy, knowing you were provided for. Your good pastor is now in the house on a visit in his spiritual office to me. Suffer him to perform the ceremony. It will require but a few minutes, and I shall be at rest."

"Too—too mercenary," sobbed Constance, as she still knelt at his bedside.

"Mercenary, dearest Constance?" he exclaimed, and the fiery spot burnt deeper in his cheek. "Oh, say not so! It is for my sake alone I ask you to become my wife. No other, even if long life had been permitted me, should ever have claimed that title—for you have all my love! You doubted this once, dear Constance," he said, after a pause, and gazing tenderly upon her; "but you must never do so again. If you were then unable to love me as I wished, suffer me now, at least, to believe that you have enough of old affection left to be willing to relieve my mind of this heavy weight which oppresses it. Hereafter it will be a consolation to you to reflect, that by linking your fate to mine you have allowed me the blessed privilege of being soothed and comforted by you to the last. Nay, do not wave your head so doubtingly. Believe me, Constance"—and so fervent were his words that his voice regained all its original strength—"believe me, to call you mine for a single hour, to feel you near me, to breathe my last sigh upon your bosom, would be far, far sweeter to me than to live whole ages apart from you—would be a bliss such as countless fortunes like mine could never purchase."

He sank back upon his pillow exhausted, while Constance arose from her knees with a countenance pallid as death.

"Constance," he murmured, "do you consent?"

"I do," was the reply.

"Then summon them all, now—your father, all."

Constance reached the door. His voice arrested her, and she returned to his side. In that short interval the whole expression of his countenance had changed.

"But, Constance," he said, eagerly, as she again

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bent over him "dear Constance, if I should—if I should recover?"

Constance spoke not, but laying her finger expressively upon her closed lips, she left the room.

The physician and clergyman entered immediately, and in a short time they were joined by Mr. Eustace, his daughter, and old Martha.

Constance quietly assumed her place by the sick bed, the book was opened, and in a few moments the solemn vows were spoken which bound her to Medhurst for life.

The instant the ceremony was over, Dr. Z. hurried Constance from the room and began his preparations for the operation. Several hours of agonized suspense followed, and then she was informed that the ball was removed, but that Mr. Medhurst's sufferings had been so great that his life now seemed suspended by a hair. He had fallen into a heavy stupor, and the answer ever was the same—"very little hope." This state of things lasted several days, and Constance hovered around his bed till her countenance became as deathlike as his own. At length some favourable symptoms appeared. He noticed those around him, and seemed to understand what was passing, though too weak still to express his consciousness. Dr. Z. perceived that at these moments of revival Constance's presence had an unfavourable effect upon him, his pulse became quickened, and he was always sensibly worse; in consequence of which he requested her to keep as much out of sight for some time as possible, which she did. Day after day, however, he gradually recovered strength, and the joyful news was announced that all immediate danger was over. Still fearful of injuring him, Constance continued to make her visits at stated periods and for a short time, generally choosing the hour when the doctor was present, that he might give her a hint if her visit was ill-timed. Mr. Eustace was now permitted to see Medhurst, and Mr. X—— was daily admitted to his room.

Amid the anxiety experienced during all the painful period of Medhurst's illness, the strange and dream-like marriage which had taken place between him and Constance seemed to have escaped the recollection of all. No one spoke of or alluded to it, and even the parties themselves seemed to have forgotten it. But, in truth, it was not so with either, and least of all with Medhurst. Much of his feverish restlessness, most of his later unfavourable symptoms were to be attributed to agitation of mind connected with this very subject.

One evening about this time, Mr. X—— called to make his accustomed visit to his friend. Medhurst was unusually depressed, but Mr. X—— soon roused him by taxing him with want of confidence in not informing him of his marriage. It had just been mentioned to him by Dr. Z., who believed him acquainted with it.

"Were you surprised?" asked Medhurst, languidly.

"No, not exactly surprised, except at your choosing such a lachrymose time. Of course, after what I had seen I was prepared for the event on your recovery."

"What you had seen? Why, X——, you surely had not discovered my attachment to Miss Eustace?"

"No; I had only discovered Miss Eustace's attachment to you."

"To me? My dear X——, what can you mean? You know not what painful feelings you are trifling with;" and in the excitement of the moment he poured out to his friend a rapid history of the circumstances connected with his marriage.

Mr. X—— listened with attention, and all levity of manner disappeared as he explained himself. He told Medhurst what he had alluded to as "having seen;" of all that had taken place when they brought him here from the ground wounded and apparently dead. He described minutely the frenzied despair of Constance, and acted over again for him the whole scene.

"There can be but one explanation of all this, Medhurst. She loves you! Both Doctor Z. and myself believed you 'engaged,' and we agreed, in speaking of it afterwards, that we never had conceived, much less witnessed, any exhibition so full of powerful feeling. Mrs. Siddons, in her wildest and most tragical delineations of human suffering, could not have surpassed it. No—no, Medhurst, this was not the mere outpourings of sisterly kindness, as you would have me believe. I could as soon doubt my existence as that agonized countenance, that cry of despair."

Medhurst's emotion in listening to this recital cannot be described. At times he welcomed the blissful conviction that he was loved; at others he attributed all Constance's emotion to the surprise and horror natural in one who had known him so long, and he pressed a sleepless pillow that night, recalling over and over again every word that Mr. X—— had told him.

The morning after this conversation took place, Constance made her visit to the sick room a little later than usual, and the doctor was about leaving as she entered the chamber. Medhurst seemed much stronger and better to-day than he had been yet, and he was sitting up in bed supported by pillows. Constance seated herself by a window, through which some rays of the sun were now permitted to enter, and began sewing together some bandages for Martha, who had been promoted to the office of nurse.

"Shall I leave this prescription with you, Mrs. Medhurst?" said the doctor, taking up his hat.

Constance had never heard herself addressed by this name before, and unconscious that she was spoken to, she did not lift her eyes from her work.

"Constance does not know herself by that name, doctor," said Medhurst, looking at her with an anxious expression.

Constance started; the blood rushed to her face, and making some confused apology, she took the prescription from the doctor's hand, who left the

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room with a laughing remark upon her want of memory.

For a few moments Medhurst gazed earnestly upon her downcast face, then, in a low voice, he asked her to come nearer to him.

"Constance," he said, "dear Constance, can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you? For what?"

"For deceiving you, Constance. Believe me," he said, with emotion, "when I urged you to accept my hand, I imagined myself a dying man. My motives were pure; I thought more of you than myself. But now I find myself, to my great astonishment, recovering—and recovering, too, with the feelings of a criminal. I have cheated you into becoming my wife. Constance, I cannot bear to lose your respect; I would welcome death this instant sooner than you should doubt me."

"I do not doubt you, Eustace."

"You do not? Bless you, dearest, bless you for those consoling words. But, Constance," he continued, with an eager, flashing eye, "we are married;—you are my wife. Nothing can part us now. Tell me, does this conviction make you unhappy?"

Constance did not reply. The hoarded secret of a lifetime could not be yielded up in an instant, and unable to answer she sunk on a chair beside her, and buried her burning face in the bed-clothes.

"Dear Constance," said Medhurst, "I would I could read your heart. Mine is all before you. You know how I love you, but you know not of the struggles I have endured since I discovered that I should get well. There have been moments when strange and desperate intentions have filled my mind as I have thought of you, forced a reluctant wife into my arms; but since yesterday beautiful dreams have hovered around me. I heard, accidentally, dearest, of your grief on first seeing me wounded, and I have suffered myself to hope that a regard so sincere may in time ripen into a warmer feeling. At least, dear Constance, I may say now that you do not hate me?"

"Hate you?" she replied, raising her face from its hiding-place and speaking in a low, sweet voice. "Oh, do not use that word! You have taken great pains always to read me backwards, dear Eustace. Perhaps if you try a simpler method you will discover that I never did hate you—that I have always ——"

"Always what, dear Constance?"

Here tradition leaves us, and we know not if Constance's sentence was ever completed. We can but infer from all that went before that it was a long time before Medhurst learned how full was the measure of his happiness.

In due course of time Medhurst was restored to health, when he returned with his wife and her father to their native city.

When all the circumstances connected with the duel became known, Mr. Delisle declined any further acquaintance with Miss Stanford. A change of administration took place soon after, and Mr. Stanford returned to his home, some thousands of miles from the seat of government; and at the last accounts the fair Julia still remained unmarried, an example to the rising generation of an unsuccessful flirt!

SING NOT OF OTHER LANDS TO ME.

BY MRS. JOHN K. LASKEY.

"A rock upon the rockiest heights of New England is a better home."—*James Brooks' Letters from Italy.*

Oh! sing not of bright, sunny lands,
Far o'er the billowy sea,
For dearer far our own, where stands
The shrine of Liberty!

Not for Italia's classic power
And gorgeous tinted skies,
Would we exchange our mountain bowers
Where Freedom's altars rise.

What though no regal palace dome
Or ruined fane we view—
Oh! is it not the land of home,
Land of the good and true?

We may not boast of grandeur gone,
Wedded to dull decay;
Yet knowledge here with brilliant dawn
Presages glorious day.

Nor do we boast romantic lore
Of mail-clad, warrior bands;
Of chivalry's high deeds of yore
They tell in other lands.

Yet blood, brave blood, hath bathed the soil
Where fearlessly we stand;
Ours the rich meed of strife and toil,
This glory-hallowed land.

And light hearts beat and pulses thrill
As o'er thy hills they roam,
Prompt to defend and guard thee still,
Sweet cherished land of home!

Then sing not of bright, sunny lands,
Far o'er the billowy sea,
For dearer far our own, where stands
The shrine of Liberty!

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A CHAPTER ON HOSPITALITY.

BY MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.

Few of the good and pleasant things of this world will bear analyzing. We must take them as they are, or we will lose them altogether. Even our own most fondly-cherished benevolences—the things whereby, in our secret souls, we hope to cover at least a part of the multitude of sins—change colour when we apply the severe tests with which we are wont to try the good deeds of our neighbours. It is not well to sift everything for the sake of detecting earthiness; yet the world is so full of adulterations that something is necessary in self-defence. We may inquire a little into the fair-seeming shows, at least to draw lessons for our own practice.

No quality or habit is more popular, or more naturally popular, than hospitality. It appeals so directly to the universal part of us—the poor wants of poor human nature, in the first place, and that other want no less urgent,—that what contributes to the refreshment of the body should be seasoned with love or kindness, or some show of them. We love even the pretence so dearly that we praise an inn—that abode of the mercenary demons—in proportion as there is the outward semblance of this, though we know it will all be "put down in the bill." This may be one reason why some persons who have sacrificed life's best blessing—spontaneous, disinterested affection—to the indulgence of certain anti-social uncongenialities, find their only pleasure, in advancing age, in places where the appearance, at least, of "honour, love, obedience, troops of friends," may be purchased with money—the only means left to these unfortunates.

Being popular, hospitality is, of course, a virtue which most people wish to practice in some shape, and which many people try to practise at the smallest possible expense. We do not mean expense of money—though this is sometimes spared rather unnecessarily—but of some other things not so cheap as money. Sad blunders are made—blunders of various kinds; some which cover us with shame upon reflection; some which cover us with ridicule while we are happily unconscious; some which make enemies where we hoped to have secured friends; some through means of which our pride appears, while we flatter ourselves that we are conferring a highly appreciated honour upon our guests. In primitive conditions of life, when the daily wants become especially prominent, from the degree of uncertainty which exists as to whether they will be satisfied, and how, hospitality is often impulsive and sincere. Sympathy is necessarily strong in such cases. It is in highly civilized and artificial life that hospitality becomes an art, to be studied like other fine arts, or neglected and contemned through pride and inveterate self-indulgence. Poole—Paul Pry Poole—has an amusing sketch, "A Christmas Visit to Dribble Hall," an extract from which, in the "Living Age," gave rise to this homily by calling up to remembrance certain amusing passages in our own experience, which set us upon theorizing a little in the matter. "Squire Dribble" is a person who chooses to invite people to his house, and when they are there and fairly in his power, takes particular care to avoid perceiving their wants, and especially cannot be made to understand that their habits *may* not be precisely similar to his own. Two gentlemen arrive at his country-house too late for dinner; he regrets that they did not come sooner, but promises to hurry *supper* by *half-an-hour*. On their hinting pretty broadly that so considerable a delay will be inconvenient after a long drive, he offers "a slice of something cold," with tea. In the morning he insists upon their rising at his hour, and allows them to dress in the bitter cold without fire, and so come down blue and shivering to the breakfast-table, where the eggs are counted out and the newspaper clutched by the squire, who declares he would not give a farthing for the paper unless he sees the first of it.

This is no fancy sketch;—we are convinced of it. We have seen American Dribbles who occasionally tried to be hospitable just in the squire's manner. In houses where all below stairs was costly and luxurious, we have seen the guest-chamber unfurnished even with the requisite amount of chairs and tables, no attendance of a servant offered, and no notice given of the time for rising, until the bell rang for the early breakfast which was then on the table. We have seen a lady who had visits and shopping on her hands, suffered to sit still when her time was very limited, because the walking was too bad for her to venture out on foot, and delicacy prevented her sending for a carriage, while there was one quite at liberty, though not offered. In this matter of carriages particularly, a "Dribble" hospitality is but too common; for again and again have we seen young ladies who were visiting where a coach was kept, obliged to walk home after evening parties—attended by a servant or by some woful beau—a mile or two in the cold, because, although no carriage was sent, it was well understood that the family pride forbade any inmate from using a hired one.

To be "treated like one of the family" is sometimes very agreeable, but this may be carried too far. We once knew a lady so candid as to pro-

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test against this mark of affection. She declared that when she visited, it made part of her pleasure to be treated like company. Guests differ so much in this point that one must have unusual tact if, in entertaining much, an occasional error be not committed. Some are so painfully anxious to avoid giving trouble that an additional dish makes them miserable, quite forgetting that with many a good, kind-hearted entertainer, this very trouble is a pleasure. Some again find their own habits so imperious that they play "Dribble" in other people's houses, putting everybody out as to time, place and circumstance, without a misgiving. A noted lady traveling in this country some years ago, required her bottle of Champagne every night on going to bed, and that in the soberest of eastern families. This, too, was only an item in the list of her rather onerous inadmissibles. We have heard more than one anecdote of popular clergymen, who, during occasional visits to their greatest admirers, have construed the guest-right so rigorously as to cause the entire household to heave a simultaneous sigh of relief at their departure.

Conscientious people, whose habits are very strict, and who sincerely believe certain practices and certain articles of diet to be highly deleterious, are sometimes cruelly divided between the desire to make their guests' time pass agreeably and to entertain them with the best the house affords, and the fear of contributing to evil habits or offering what is injurious to health. Since the temperance reformation many persons have learned to think every form of spirituous liquors so injurious that they dare not set anything of the kind before their friends, while, on the other hand, the old ideas of generous conviviality and hearty welcome attached to this form of refreshment are so potent, that they feel a species of regret—perhaps, also, of false shame—which makes an adherence to principle in this particular extremely difficult. Others, on the contrary, after all that has been said and written on the subject, seem still to fancy that they show their hospitality by pressing the guest to drink whether he will or not, and even in a case where it was well known that the person so pressed had been saved on the brink of ruin only by the resolution not to touch even a single glass, we have seen a lady tempt and urge the unfortunate visitor until she looked to us like some fell Mœnad luring a hapless mortal to destruction.

Even in the matter of tea and coffee some people have a conscience, and offer with reluctance to their friends what seems to them premature old age, depression of spirits, paralysis and early death. Others again are so over-kind that they must make your coffee strong enough to be sour and your tea to be bitter, reminding one of the story of the good old Jersey lady who entertained General Washington during the time of the war, when *molasses* was the usual sweetener.

"Not quite so sweet, ma'am, if you please," said the courteous great man, when he handed his tea-cup to be filled a second time.

"Oh, dear," said the hospitable dame, putting in rather an *extra* share of the precious article, "if it was *all* molasses it wouldn't be too good for General Washington!"

Pinching hospitality is bad enough, but ostentatious hospitality, if possible, worse. To see in all your host's pompous offers, in all his sedulous attentions and all his unwearied display of resources, himself and not you the real object; to feel that, while you are *gêné* with his oppressive civilities, he considers himself laying you under the greatest obligations; to find ceremonious observance taking the place of welcome, and formality rendering ease impossible—this is but too common in this country as well as elsewhere among those who lack nothing of this world's goods but the knowledge how to enjoy. A visit under such circumstances is so odious that a guest would need to be presented with a good part of the fine things he sees—according to the practice of the worthy host in the Persian Tales—to induce him to make a second attempt.

Sincerity is sometimes severely tried in cases where hospitality appears to demand one course, while truth and nature cry out for its opposite. To seem glad to see a visitor when, from whatever circumstance, you wish he had chosen to stop anywhere else; to be obliged to press him to stay when your affairs imperatively require that you should be left alone; to feel constrained to be "in spirits" with a heavy heart; to wear a hilarious aspect when mirth is "as vinegar to the teeth and as smoke to the eyes;" that we should ever do or even attempt such things, shows how deeply we feel the claims of hospitality. They are done or attempted every day, not through self-interest or any such unworthy motive, but simply from the instinctive dread of seeming deficient in what mankind in all ages have agreed to consider a sacred duty. Those who, through moroseness, pride or parsimony, decline these and kindred sacrifices, are universally denounced as selfish churls or haughty egotists, and voted inhuman by the general voice.

Like many other virtues, hospitality is practised in its perfection by the poor. If the rich *did their share* how would the woes of this world be lightened!—how would the diffusive blessing irradiate a wider and a wider circle, until the vast confines of society would bask in the reviving ray! If every forlorn widow whose heart bleeds over the recollection of past happiness made bitter by contrast with present poverty and sorrow, found a comfortable home in the ample establishment of her rich kinsman; if every young man struggling for a foothold on the slippery soil of life, was cheered and aided by the countenance of some neighbour whom fortune had endowed with the power to confer happiness; if the lovely girls, shrinking and delicate, whom we see every day toiling timidly for a mere pittance to sustain frail life and guard the sacred remnant of gentility, were taken by the hand, invited and encouraged by ladies who pass them by

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with a cold nod—but where shall we stop in enumerating the cases in which true, genial hospitality, practiced by the rich ungrudgingly, without a selfish drawback—in short, practiced as the poor practice it—would prove a fountain of blessedness, almost an antidote to half the keener miseries under which society groans!

Yes; the poor—and children—understand hospitality after the pure model of Christ and his apostles. We can cite two instances, both *true*.

In the western woods, a few years since, lived a very indigent Irish family. Their log-cabin scarcely protected them from the weather, and the potato field made but poor provision for the numerous rosy cheeks that shone through the unstopped chinks when a stranger was passing by. Yet when another Irish family, poorer still, and way-worn and travel-soiled, stopped at their door, children, household goods and all, they not only received and entertained them for the night, but kept them many days, sharing with this family, as numerous as their own, the *one* room and loft which made up their poor dwelling, and treating them in all respects as if they had been invited guests. And the mother of the same family, on hearing of the death of a widowed sister who had lived in New York, immediately set on foot an inquiry as to the residence of the children, with a view to coming all the way to the city to take the orphans home to her own house and bring them up with her own children. We never heard whether the search was successful, for the circumstance occurred about the time we were leaving that part of the country; but that the intention was sincere and would have been carried into effect if possible, there was no shadow of doubt.

As to children and their sincere, generous little hearts, we were going to say that one asked his mother, in all seriousness, "Mamma, why don't you ask the *poor people* when you have a party? Doesn't it say so in the Bible?" A keen reproof, and unanswerable.

The nearest, we recollect to have observed, to this literal construction of the sacred injunction among those who may be called the rich—in contradistinction to those whom we usually call the poor—though our kind friends were far from being what the world considers rich—was in the case of a city family who lived well, and who always on Christmas day, thanksgiving or other festival time, when a dinner more generous than ordinary smoked upon the board, took care to invite their homeless friends who lived somewhat poorly or uncomfortably—the widow from her low-priced boarding-house; the young clerk, perhaps, far from his father's comfortable fireside; the daily teacher, whose only deficiency lay in the purse—these were the guests cheered at this truly hospitable board; and cheered heartily—not with cold, half-reluctant civility, but with the warmest welcome, and the pleasant appendix of the long, merry evening, with music and games, and the frolic dance after the piano. We would not be understood to give this as a solitary instance, but we wish we knew of many such.

The forms of society are in a high degree inimical to true hospitality. Pride has crushed genuine social feeling out of too many hearts, and the consequence is a cold sterility of intercourse, a soul-stifling ceremoniousness, a sleepless vigilance for self, totally incompatible with that free, flowing, genial intercourse with humanity, so nourishing to all the better feelings. The sacred love of home—that panacea for many of life's ills—suffers with the rest. Few people have homes now-a-days. The fine, cheerful, every-day parlour, with its table covered with the implements of real occupation and real amusement; mamma on the sofa, with her needle; grandmamma in her great chair, knitting; pussy winking at the fire between them, is gone. In its place we have two gorgeous rooms, arranged for company but empty of human life; tables covered with gaudy, ostentatious and useless articles—a very mockery of anything like rational pastime—the light of heaven as cautiously excluded as the delicious music of free, childish voices; every member of the family wandering in forlorn loneliness, or huddled in some "back room" or "basement," in which are collected the only means of comfort left them under this miserable arrangement. This is the substitute which hundreds of people accept in place of home! Shall we look in such places for hospitality? As soon expect figs from thistles. Invitations there will be occasionally, doubtless, for "society" expects it; but let a country cousin present himself, and see whether he will be put into the state apartments. Let no infirm and indigent relative expect a place under that roof. Let not even the humble individual who placed the stepping-stone which led to that fortune, ask a share in the abundance which would never have had a beginning but for his timely aid. "We have changed all that!"

But setting aside the hospitality which has any reference to duty or obligation, it is to be feared that the other kind—that which is exercised for the sake of the pleasure it brings—is becoming more and more rare among us. The deadly strife of emulation, the mad pursuit of wealth, the suspicion engendered by rivalry, leave little chance for the spontaneity, the *abandon*, the hearty sympathy which give the charm to social meetings and make the exercise of hospitality one of the highest pleasures. We have attempted to dignify our simple republicanism by far-away, melancholy imitations of the Old World; but the incongruity between these forms and the true spirit of our institutions is such, that all we gain is a bald emptiness, gilded over with vulgar show. Real dignity, such as that of Franklin when he visited European courts, and was treated with more respect than stars and garters can command, and that of John Adams when he lived among his country neighbours as if he had never seen a court, we are learning to despise. We persist in making ourselves the laughing-stock

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of really refined people by forsaking our true ground and attempting to stand upon that which shows our deficiencies to the greatest disadvantage. When shall we learn that the "spare feast—a radish and an egg," if partaken by the good and the cultivated, has a charm which no expense can purchase? When shall we look at the spirit rather than the semblance of things—when give up the shadow for the substance?

THE HOLY CITY.

BY MRS. HALE.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem! the blessing lingers yet
On the city of the Chosen, where the Sabbath seal was set;
And though her sons are scatter'd, and her daughters
weep apart,
While desolation, like a pall, weighs down each faithful
heart,—
As the palm beside the waters, as the cedar on the hills,
She will rise in strength and beauty, when the Lord Jehovah wills.
He has promis'd her redemption, and the holy pledge is
good—
'Tis whisper'd through the olive groves, and murmur'd
by the flood,
As in the Sabbath stillness the Jordan's flow is heard,
And by the Sabbath breezes the hoary trees are stirr'd.

Oh! glorious were the Sabbaths Jerusalem has known,
When the presence of the Highest was so wonderfully
shown,
And the holy Law was guarded by Cherubim divine,
And the Temple's awful worship drew the Nation to its
shrine,
And the "Song of Songs" was sounded, till the melody
profound
Shook the golden roof and arches with its ocean power
of sound,
And wreathing clouds of incense rose, like doves upon
the air,
Upbearing on their balmy wings the sacrifice of prayer,
And sweet as angel greetings in the mansions of the blest,
O'er the heart of gathered Israel came the Sabbath and
its rest!

But the glory all departed when the Temple was laid
low,
And like a childless mother mourns the city in her wo;—
Still a People never perish who in Sabbath worship
bend—
God has kept his Chosen—He will keep them to the end:
Soon the days of expiation and of exile will be o'er,
And Israel return to his heritage once more.
Then shall bloom the rose of Sharon and the lilies of the
vale,
By the dews of Hermon freshen'd, breathe their fragrance
on the gale;
As the seed for centuries buried, when laid open to the
day,
Bursts forth in life and beauty 'neath the vivifying ray,
So Jerusalem shall triumph when her children are restored,
And with songs of praise and gladness hail the Sabbath
of the Lord.

SPRING.

"The Spring is here, the delicate-footed May,
With its slight fingers full of leaves and flowers."

Spring's gentle breath is wafting now
Where the fierce wind so late hath been,
And Nature's pallid, sickened brow
Is blushing with new life again.

The gentle flowers that shrank away
And paled beneath the chilling storms,
Unfold their buds and petals gay,
And rear again their lovely forms.

The murmuring rill and silver fountain
Are bursting from their icy thrall,
And gayly chasing down the mountain,
Are laughing at the zephyrs call.

From summer climes, athwart the sky,
The choirs of Nature sweep along,
Like wanderers from the worlds on high,
To tell their mysteries in song.

And shall the heart's rich feelings sleep,
When all is pure, and bright, and fair?
Nay, rather let its fountains deep
Pour out their gushing joy in prayer.

And oh! if from some deep recess,
Where sacred mem'ries sleep alone,
There wakes a chord of tenderness,
To echo love's enchanting tone:

Let this sweet music of the soul,
In all its wildering ecstasy,
Forget not *Heaven*, nor spurn control,
Till joining in its minstrelsy.—Adele.

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SATAN'S BASIN.

NO. II. OF "SKETCHES ABROAD."

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS MAGAZINE BY A CELEBRATED AMERICAN LITERARY LADY NOW TRAVELING IN EUROPE.

GLENGARIFF, IRELAND, *January*, 1846.

"BUT what a singular name," said I, "to give a dog!"

And so it was.

All the world—all the European world, I mean—has heard of Glengariff. In connection with the famous Killarney Lakes, it forms the grand rendezvous of those seekers after the picturesque who once a year, when "the dog-star rages," grow fashionably mad in Great Britain about "limpid waters," and the other thousand-and-one supposed ruralities of nature as exhibited in her quieter and more out-of-the-way haunts.

A pilgrimage to this shrine of romance is as essential here to the social redemption of the *soi-disant* worshiper of the "sublime and beautiful," as, in the country where the women are presumed to have no souls, that of the turbaned polygamist to the "Holy City" is deemed necessary to his future heritage of the houris so liberally bequeathed to the faithful by the considerate prophet.

Glengariff is, in truth, one of the most magnificent spots in existence. There is nothing comparable to it in Europe. Switzerland cannot even approach it. The would-be exclusives of England only discovered this fact recently—*i. e.*, when the Dusseldorf Steam Company began to flood the continent with cheap tourists, and enable the humblest of the pursuit-of-knowledge-under-difficulty population to imitate "my lord and my lady" at the expense of two or three guineas per head. But still it is indisputable, America—my own dear, far-off country—is the only one that can present such exquisite combinations of the great and the lovely, such rugged grandeur and majestic charms.

The southwest of Ireland is, therefore, inundated with cockneys when the London migratory season commenc s; and Glengariff, with all its noble and peculiar features, is becoming as familiar as Killarney to the common eye and ear. The latter, indeed, has been immortalized by the poet; and a better proof of the good sense as well as the good taste of the poet could not, perhaps, be adduced, than the circumstance that he (or she—was it not Lady Morgan?) confined his eulogy to the lake itself, and passed over the village upon its banks in eloquent silence.

As for Miss Kearney, the "glance of whose eye" is poetically represented to have been so fatal to the peace of mind of any susceptible young gentleman who chanced to behold it, I have always been inclined to place her in the same apocryphal category with the veritable Miss Elizabeth Martin, whose comprehensive visual organ was popularly appealed to some years ago on all occasions. Yet there is actually a tradition afloat at Killarney in relation to her individuality, and I saw one old gentleman yesterday, who said he had come "all the way from Lun'un to see the beauty," gallantly kiss the hand of a wrinkled-up mass of humanity that had been ludicrously imposed upon him as the only surviving sister of the "Kate Kearney" in question!

But what has all this to do with the dog?

Nothing—necessarily nothing—and yet much! The dog was named "Glengariff," and the oddity of his christening naturally associated itself with a volume of reflections characteristic of that celebrated and romantic spot.

Besides this, I was standing at the moment in the most striking part of Glengariff (Anglice, the rocky glen) itself, and spread out before me lay a surpassing picture. With every contempt for the fashionable affectation of enthusiasm for the beauties of nature, I felt, while contemplating the scene, a fullness of delight that I would have given worlds to have been able to transfer, in all its luxury, to words. It was obvious that I had never before really comprehended the signification of the term "sublime."

Imagine a narrow valley. Surround it on all sides by mountainous hills. Around their purpled summits let the many-coloured clouds wreathe themselves into fantastic forms, or creep in and out of their magnificent gorges like air-demons at their mysterious play. Here and there a tiny lake, mirroring the gorgeous sky in its quiet bosom, catches the eager sight. Anon, after burying itself amid the midnight foliage, it suddenly sparkles out again at your feet like a frolicsome child; then bounding away as if frightened, it leaps, rolls, tumbles, and convulsively dashes itself over broken rocks, gaping ledges and terrific precipices, until, exhausted and faint, it sinks into the rugged streamlet far down below. Here, after one broad flash in the golden sunlight, it is caught up by the thirsty shadows in the distance and seen no more. Rushing after its lost companions, many a brawling rivulet starts from its secret coverts in the tangled wood, and dashes headlong also down the craggy steep, its rich murmur lingering in your ears like the song of some fugitive bird that has burst its fetters and soared away into its own joyous and skyey home.

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Nor is this all. Hemmed in with rocky barriers that appear to admit of neither ingress nor egress, the eye wanders with peculiar solicitude from the transparent waters to the solemn depths of the ancient woods, amidst which the palmated yew, the untamable arbutus and the red-berried holly are occasionally visible from the grim and naked mountains, around whose misty tops the screaming eagles circle, to the aged rocks over which the green moss has little by little extended its soft coat of velvet, as if to comfort those desolate monitors in the chill of their solitude or soften their rugged features into an aspect of quiet repose. Turning at length from all this luxury of nature, it bounds with new pleasure as it greets the rich brown of a solitary footpath that winds its way in and out among the clasping evergreens, now coquetishly touching the lip of a miniature lake, anon flying from its pressure to the embrace of some fragrant woodbine bower—then dallying amid a golden glade vocal with the music of a hundred hidden rills, and again interring itself in the profound darkness of some secluded dell to emerge at the distance in front of Glengariff Castle, with its towers overlooking, like weary sentinels, the loneliness of its approach.

But what had this to do with the dog?

Very pertinent again; but my revery this time has not been so irrelevant. The dog, as I have mentioned, was named after this singular spot, and before me stood the animal himself, his eyes quaintly looking up into mine as if conscious that I was dying to learn his history. Beside him was his master, a short, stout personage, grotesquely clad, with a good-looking and intelligent countenance, and an eye in one corner of which the spirit of fun sat plainly concocting a thousand jocosities. His mouth was fully occupied with a comical *dudheen*, (pipe,) with the exception of that portion necessarily converted into a chimney, and from which the smoke issued in a taper column, stealing upwards until it lost itself in the region of his bushy red hair, which it probably mistook for sunset clouds.

It is Jules Janin, I think, who says, that "*au lieu du juger les hommes par les traits de leur visage vu les signes de leur écriture, on ferait mieux de les juger par leur chiens.*" A very curious mode of mapping out humanity, and one that, if carried out in Paris, might superinduce some very uncomplimentary reflections in view of what the same acute writer represents to be the lamentable condition of that meretricious metropolis—"*voilà pourquoi nous avons de très vilains hommes et de très-vilains chiens.*" Reversing the rule, (and "it is a poor rule that will not work both ways," like the old gate-hinges in the State-house yard,) the dog in one's presence would have appeared doubly interesting. If judged from the appearance of his master, something quizzical had occasioned his novel sponsorial appellation, while, on the other hand, his own *tout ensemble* suggested that it was owing to some act of grave and sober propriety more characteristic of philanthropy than of merry tricks or of (what would seem consistent enough, however), waggish tales.

And the dog's countenance, like most dogs' countenances, spoke the truth. I was right. With a sneer at Jules Janin, who could see nothing but the dog-fancier in Lord Byron, and who is only "*étonné dans ses étonnants Mémoires, à la facilité avec laquelle le noble lord renouvelle ses boule-dogues et ses lévriers à volonté,*" I had convinced myself that some handsome action had earned for my canine acquaintance his honourable distinction; and the facts verified my suspicions. At least I think so.

"And what did the dog do?" exclaims the impatient reader.

That is precisely the question I put to his proprietor.

"Och," said he, "but its the noble baste."

An Irishman, like a Yankee, rarely furnishes a direct answer to any interrogations. He always whets the edge of curiosity by delay.

I slipped a shilling into the man's hand, and a glimpse at her Majesty's likeness set in silver had a wonderfully oleaginous effect both upon his tongue and his memory.

"Arrah, thin," said he—and I am vexed that I cannot give more than a faint idea of the rich Anglo-Gaelic character of his dialect—"arrah, thin, it's more nor a year, yer leddyship—but if yees 'ud be afther putting yer purty fut just fornenst the spot, yees 'll plase till foller me."

I followed him for some minutes, during which time he kept one constantly laughing at his naive remarks or at the ludicrous stories he related of the habits and manners of the Irish peasantry.

By and by we approached a lofty mass, the upper portion of which, to an immense height, presented nothing but irregular congeries of naked stone, formed into monstrous precipices or scooped out into frightful chasms. Some coarse grass and heather adorned its ragged side, in bold contrast with its barren top; while, with a roar that fairly made one shudder and draw back in alarm, a mountain torrent gushed from the acclivities above, and falling upwards of seven hundred feet over a ledge of broken rock that looked as if it had been suddenly torn into every imaginable shape by some awful convulsion of nature, suddenly burst into a foaming basin below. Boiling and foaming, and fretting and chafing on its pebbly shore, it here ultimately stole out into a serene lake margined with trees of vivid green, and thence in two ample and noisy streamlets melted into the bosom of Glengariff bay.

I involuntarily paused to gaze at this magnificent cataract.

"Sure an' that is Hungry Hill, yer leddyship," said the guide, readily interpreting my look of wonder.

"And the stream?"

"The book-people call it Adrigole, but by this and by that, yer leddyship, we that can't be gettin'

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the edjicayshun o' the schools, call it the Divil's Own, an' the foamin' pot there to the fore"—pointing to the turbulent basin—"they call, in good owld Irish, Lough Deoul, or the lake of Sathan himself."

Here I must not forget the dog. He ran directly to Lough Deoul, as if aware of my unsatisfied curiosity, and seating himself upon its bank, fixed his eyes upon a frail piece of timber that communicated with a moss-covered rock of about a foot square on its surface, which rock, wet and slippery, its edges enticingly fringed with gaudy flowers, lay nearly in the very centre of the mass of tossing and tumbling waters. A dog's instinct is wonderful, and I felt sure that the rogue was pointing out in his own unobtrusive way the scene of his exertions. I glanced at my guide.

"Bedad, yer leddyship, but that's the spot," said he, "an' troth its none that knows it better nor himself. The baste seems to have the sinse ov raison sometimes, an' he comes here ivery day since that; an' sure if I'd drive him away he'd come the more out o' clane conthraryness."

So, by dint of pertinacity, I gained at last the story. But I must mention that Deoul is one of the few spots about this neighbourhood, the sublimity of which has not been trodden into commonplaceness by the foot of every Dr. Syntax in the United Kingdom. The usual resort is the glen itself, a narrow passage of about three and a half miles in length, and wonderful in its grandeur. "Suppose you," says a pleasant author, "the Bay of Biscay in a hurricane from the west; suppose you the tremendous swell when the topgallant mast of a ship would be hidden within the trough of its waves; and now suppose that, by some almighty fiat, all this vexed ocean was arrested in an instant and there fixed as a specimen of God's wonders in the deep. Such you may suppose Glengariff." And a very good conception you would have then of this extraordinary "Vallis Asperia," as it is denominated by O'Sullivan in his Catholic History.

But this is a description, I repeat, of that portion which is annually desecrated by the traveled multitude, legitimately "dem-foine-d" by the imaginarily artistical, and elaborately discussed in every style of verbal embellishment by those gifted with a little language and much influence with the public press.

I avoided as much as possible the common track. I might have gazed with some interest, perhaps, at Slieve Goul, and listened to the legends that have appropriated it from time-immemorial to the "good people," or fairies, as a "local habitation." I might have been enabled to speak at length of Esk Mountain, or to reiterate with variations the ancient story of the Eagle's Nest, and how Gorrane and his son Phadriz, during the disastrous O'Neill rebellion, protected the O'Sullivan's wife and family in a "boolie" they had erected under the foot of the Eagle's Precipice; might have told how the two provisioned them daily by seeking, at a desperate risk, the eyrie of the eagle, and furnishing the throats of the young eaglets with hay-band cravats to diminish their appetites, peculated upon the larder supplied by the parent-birds, that no doubt found it difficult to account for the rare *gourmandise* of their offspring. Still I preferred exploring recesses and solitudes less known to fame, and it was in one of these erratic rambles, in company with some friends, that I met with the incidents so loosely sketched in this epistle.

An English party of six, comprising two gentlemen and their wives, with a lovely infant and its nurse accompanying one couple, visited Glengariff last summer, with feelings evidently near akin to my own. They selected for contemplation those exquisite scenes that had not yet been violated by the vulgar gaze. They rambled as taste invited or fancy dictated, among hills and dales, and rocks and rills, in the sombre shade or the laughing sunshine, without following in the popular wake or submitting to be whirled in the vortex of fashionable *réglement*. They were satisfied with enjoying the luxury of their own unspeakable sensations, without being directed to go into ecstacies here or faint with wonder there, exactly according to rule; without being taught precisely when and where to exclaim "delicious," or "*magnifique*," or "sublime," just as the guide-book suggested it was *comme il faut* to indulge in those expletives.

Struck with the superb beauty of the Adrigole stream, swollen with recent rains and doubly tumultuous in its—at all times raging—passage adown the craggy side of Hungry Hill, they sought the shadow of a natural bower beside the caldron-like basin that my guide thought proper to invest with a pandemonic title. Here, unpacking the wine and sandwiches, and the other carnalities that John Bull never forgets when he enacts the part of a traveler, they resolved to feast in every sense during the lazy transit of the sultry hours of noon.

One of the party had been considerate enough to bring a flute along with him, and between the song and the dance, wine, music, &c., night crept on and began to veil the distant hills in darkness, and even the foreground in a mantle of humid mist, before they prepared for a departure. By this time one of those sudden summer storms that are so peculiar to the mountainous districts of the south of Ireland, had come upon them and added to their discomfiture. There was not a cabin probably within miles. The rain that now began to fall in a flood wakened the rich perfume of the thirsty flowers around them, and the gigantic masses of raven clouds broke into a multitude of curious forms, leaving gushes of light to come through and clothe their ragged edges as with a sparkling fringe of molten gold and silver. But these things inspired no feeling at such a moment save apprehension. Flight was out of the question. Where could they fly to? By daylight they might have sought and found the high road; at night, and in the midst of a tempest, the attempt would have been little short of madness. Nothing was left

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them but to huddle themselves together in the only sheltered portion of the refuge they had chosen, one corner of which, from the closely intertwined foliage that had grown over it, and the two or three gnarled trunks of ancient trees that embraced each other over that again, formed a comparatively comfortable shelter.

Under this rude cover the party in question had passed a long hour, and growing familiar with the terrors of the scene, had ventured to indulge in a jest at each other's countenance and condition, or at the *débris* of their recent meal, which had floated off, the cold fowl and mustard in affectionate contiguity, and the Sherry and salt wooing each other preparatory to an indissoluble and most unnatural union. All at once a shriek escaped one of the ladies. A fitful blaze of the dying daylight had converted the laugh upon her lip into a cry of agony. Her child—the infant I have spoken of—was missing! The careless nurse, who had left it playing with the wild flowers amid the grass, fancied that she saw it, when the storm came on, in its mother's arms, and sought her own safety accordingly. The mother, confiding in her faithless representative, had not dreamed of the absence of her little one until the appalling truth smote upon her heart and vision. The servant, in her fright, went into hysterics. The remainder of the party, forgetting everything but the impulse of the moment, rushed after the frantic mother as she plunged headlong into the gloom of the forest or leaped the most dismaying gulfs in her despair.

The infant was nowhere to be found. Every probable spot in the vicinity had been scrutinized. The shouts of the party had brought, too, to their assistance a peasant of the neighbourhood. Idling about, with his dog, to pick up a stray piece of silver from any chance tourist who might be induced to avail himself of his local information, he had ensconced his coat and its contents in the hollow of an overhanging rock to escape the deluge. It was only at his suggestion that, after a fruitless search for half a mile round with sticks of lighted bogwood, the party turned their attention towards Lough Deoul.

"Ah, I see," exclaims the reader; "the child had fallen into the watery flood and the dog rescued it, after the most approved fashion of modern romance."

At least, such was my exclamation when Phelim McGourke—the name of the guide, who was himself, it will be perceived, one of the heroes of his story—paused at this interesting point of unravelment of the mystery.

Phelim said nothing, but his left eye twinkled with inward satisfaction as he noted the self-complacency with which I thought to anticipate his narration. His right eye would have indulged, it is possible, in the same playful species of aggravation, but that it had been rendered, a few nights before, he told us, during "a bit ov devarshin wid the gossoons at Aimy Shevlin's wake," incapable of such pleasant performances.

"Och, bad cess to the stick that did it!" soliloquized Phelim, who seemed resolved now to punish me for my contemptuous opinion of his ability as a story-teller. "Sorra thin the care I care, yer leddyship, for the tap o' the head, seein' that it was all done 'ithout gridge, an' in the purtiest taste ov a ruction in life. The dumb side ov my mouth 'll keep that; but this three-corner skelp over the eye, yer leddyship, that's all's one as shut up my best windy from the blessed light; it came when we were all slashin' away, *threena-helua*, (helter-skelter,) an' not in a fair skrimmage wid the beautiful end of a bowld black thorn."

Here Mr. McGourke threw up his stick and dextrously caught it again as it descended, and placing two of his sinister fingers at the same moment into his mouth, emitted a shrill whistle that was fairly ear-piercing, and came back in at least fifty different echoes from the surrounding hills.

A glance, however, showed us that Phelim was only excited at the remembrance of the "diversion" at Miss Shevlin's "wake," and practising, after the fashion of his country, a few shillelah passes at a dozen imaginary opponents, with the scream of triumph with which he flattered himself he would be able to conclude a second edition of the scene in which he had so unfortunately encountered the oculist.

It was very provoking, but the sunlight is very uncertain in Ireland. The clouds marshal their hosts in a moment. The sky at one instant as blue as the purest sapphire, becomes in the next as impenetrable as one of Mr. Carlyle's philosophical rhapsodies; and a shower, succeeding that in five minutes, will as thoroughly saturate the experimentalist as would an immersion in the Atlantic ocean. Just such a shower threatened to visit us as Phelim completed his conquest over his ideal antagonists, and I had prepared to listen to the fate of the missing child.

It was useless to complain while running was of so much more service. So off we all started, making, I am sure, a very sad figure in our hurry, and scarcely pausing to take breath until we found ourselves under the roof of a humble cabin built of mud, the proprietress of which, in the civilest terms, offered us every comfort within her reach (and, poor woman! God knows she had but little to bestow) for our accommodation.

And such a rain! We had all reason to be thankful for our escape. We certainly might have enjoyed pleasanter quarters, for the drops found their way here and there through the mouldered thatch, and the pig and the donkey, and the eight small children monopolized to a great extent the drier portion of the bare earth that formed the floor of the building—a "flure," as Phelim remarked, "the more convanient becase it niver wants the wash, an' wouldn't wear out till it melted wid fright at the angel's horn at doomsday."

But the woman was kind-hearted and obliging; and though poverty was legibly written on everything about her, and want sat on her hollow cheek

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and care in every furrow of her once fair brow, she seemed somehow happy, and laughed as heartily when one of her children slipped and rolled over the pig into the puddle that graced the centre of the domicil, as if she had been surrounded by every comfort her half-naked family could have desired. The children, too, were rosy-cheeked, plump, impulsive little rogues, with more of ruddy health and sterling vivacity about them than one might readily meet with in palaces. They appeared to thrive as handsomely on sour milk and potatoes twice a-day as the most favoured child of affluence upon the delicacies that nature and art have been tortured to produce in this enlightened age as aids to precocious physical and intellectual development.

The Irish people can only be appreciated at home, amid the mountain fastnesses of their own poetic country; where the quiet lake and the gushing rock-fountain sparkle in the sunbeam; where the shady dell and flower-scented solitude are eloquent of the true fairy-land; where the hills, in whose purple sides the eagles have built their nests for centuries, pillow their heads in golden light, or don their coronet of clouds; where every stone, every path, every desolate ruin, is haunted with some old legend of the glorious past. These are the spots upon which to study the Irish character and admire the romance, the life, the generous freshness of thought, and the striking heart-warmth of a people that suffering does not seem to dispirit, penury render selfish, nor privation rob of some of the noblest traits of our common nature.

But to return to the infant at Lough Deoul—for I worried the *dénouement* out of Phelim before the rain permitted us to leave our place of shelter.

The whole party rushed, as I have said, to Lough Deoul; Phelim, who led the way, having a shrewd suspicion, from the previous conduct of his dog, that he would find somewhere in that vicinity the missing child.

"And you saw something floating in the water?"

No; but by the glare of the bogwood torch with which Phelim had provided the party, and which, now that the storm had subsided, afforded a pretty good view for some distance, the infant, recognized by its white dress, was observed lying prostrate upon the mossy islet that occupied the centre of the boiling flood.

A scream of joy from the mother, a shout from the rest of the delighted party, and, falling on her knees, the nurse volubly poured out her thankful gratitude at the discovery.

But, horror! the child returned no response to the cry of its excited parent. Was it dead?

The flowers at the water's edge were scattered as if they had been grasped and broken. The grass had been crushed evidently in a feeble struggle. The tiny plank that had crossed the turbulent Lough was floating in the stream below, and upon the islet mentioned lay the object of their scrutiny, dripping with water and perfectly motionless, while, bending over it with more than parental solicitude, his shaggy coat matted into ropy locks by the wet, sat the noble dog, a short, quick bark of honest satisfaction, in reply to their shouts, evincing the interest he took in the subject of their exertions.

"It lives!—it lives!" exclaimed one of the gentlemen, as he thought a half-checked sob fell on his ears, that were strained to catch the faintest murmur.

"Thank God—thank God!" hoarsely gasped the bewildered mother, whose mingled feelings of intense hope and apprehension almost deprived her of utterance.

"Can no one catch that piece of timber that we may cross this mad flood before it is too late?" impatiently ejaculated one of the party.

"A guinea, my good fellow, for that plank," breathed the father into the ear of Phelim. "Be quick;—an instant more and all is over!"

A plunge, a splash, a few bold strokes, and Phelim had earned the money.

Another moment and Lough Deoul was bridged, but the anxiety of the party produced a rush that again precipitated the plank into the stream. Unfortunately it flew directly under the cataract, and, thrust down to the depths of the tumbling waters, it came struggling to the surface torn completely in half, though preserving its length undiminished.

With a frail support of only about four inches width, over such a spot, it was desperate to venture. All shrunk back, excepting Phelim. He courageously rushed across, and with torch in one hand and the object of their anxiety in the other, was returning, when the deceitful plank gave way and all seemed lost indeed.

But the dog was not an inattentive observer of this absorbing scene. Plunging in, he darted towards the object of his care, and ere his master had reached the shore, the delighted mother was bathing it with kisses and the air was alive with cries of exultation.

"A light! a light! a light!" screamed the ladies.

"La, marm, how cold are its little feet," said the nurse. "I'll run for the camphor, marm; it's under your cloak in the little bower."

The mother hugged her treasure to her bosom and again kissed it with impassioned tenderness.

The torch was relighted.

But scarcely had the light fallen upon the object of her tender devotion than a horrid change came over her countenance; she gasped as if for breath and fell into convulsions.

At the same moment a scream of pleasure came from the bower which had sheltered the party during the storm.

"Here it is!—here it is!" cried the overjoyed nurse, as she burst into the crowd with her little charge, who, it seems, had crept, at the first sign of rain, through the half-foliaged corner of the bower towards his mother, and nestling in her cloak had slept, until a moment or so before, undisturbed amidst the general consternation.

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We need not paint the subsequent scenes—the laughter, the joke, the toasts, the capering of Phelim as he glanced alternately at the infant and his guinea, and the universal spirit of hilarity that pervaded all the party. Suffice it to say that the dog was christened "Glengariff," for his share in the transaction, another guinea standing sponsor for his non-abuse of his new appellation.

And what do you think was the object he had so valiantly twice rescued from the waters of Lough Deoul?

A cold turkey! It had been left from the half-eaten dinner, and had been loosely wrapped up in a pillow-case as a rural substitute for a napkin.

Jules Janin might say that the dog had appropriated the fowl for his own private gratification, and thus account for his bravery. I have my own opinion upon the subject, but I beg the reader charitably to conclude that the animal simply laboured under a mistake similar to that of his more rational companions.

Still, I repeat that Glengariff was "a very singular name to give a dog."

SIBYL SYLVESTER.

THE GIFT OF THE DYING.

From the Italian of Redaelli; dictated, when he was dying, to the lady of his love, to whom he returned, at the same time, a withered flower which he had plucked from her bosom not long before.

TRANSLATED BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

"Odi d'un nom che muore."

TAKE, love, this wither'd flower,
It bears my dying breath;
Hear, ere my lips' last power
Be yielded up in death.

How precious to my breast,
Since ravish'd first from thine,
Thou knowest and canst attest
By all the truth in mine!

Proof of my rapture then,
But rapture now no more;
Ah! take the flower again,
Which, dying, I restore.

And while thy breast, from whence
'Twas ravish'd, feels for me,
Think how 'twas snatch'd from thence,
And how restored to thee.

THE CHILD'S FIRST WORD.

BY MRS. MATILDA P. HUNT.

"TAKE CARE!" "*take care!*" that little word
Has all my heart's deep pulses stirred;
For 'tis thy first, my gentle child,
And the sweet sound has half beguiled
My spirit of the anxious fears
That clothe in grief thy future years.

"*Take care!*" a thousand times 'twould fall
From other lips unheeded all;
But on thine own it seems to dwell
Almost like some prophetic spell,
With promise and with power to be
The guardian of life's hopes to thee.

What if it seem a simple word
Amid our household language heard,
And we its warnings lightly hold?
The Sybil's Leaves, so famed of old,
No mightier word had graved thereon
Than this, thy first, my little one.

No mightier word than this—its power
Can save thee in temptation's hour,
When deeds of wrong, or thoughts profane
Thy spirit or thy hands would stain,
And keep thy feet on guarded ground,
Where Sin hath spread her meshes round.

In days to come, with words of flame,
Thy voice may speak in Freedom's name,
Or Love's entrancing accents flow
Warm from thy heart—but, dearest, know
That Love's or Freedom's gifts to share,
Thy watchword still must be, "*take care!*"

"*Take care!*" be it a charm to bind
Thy tongue from uttering speech unkind;
A talisman to stay the course
Of words which, spoken, bring remorse;
And be it aye a sevenfold seal,
If falsehood from thy lips would steal.

Couldst thou, my boy, like him of old,
Choose honour, life or glittering gold,
I'd bid thee choose, more rich and rare,
Thine earliest word alone, "*take care!*"
Keep it, as thou wouldst wisely keep
The choicest pearl that gems the deep;
In after life this word shall be
Wealth, wisdom, happiness to thee.

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"A BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK."

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

VERY few men can bear prosperity. In other words, there are very few who become wealthy whose self-estimation does not increase with their increasing riches. Some say that to this there are no exceptions. Perhaps not;—if any, they are few.

Some years ago, in a neighbouring city, lived a very good sort of a man, naturally, whose industry brought him in a moderate support, with which he professed himself content. His wife managed his domestic affairs prudently, and gave to his humble home an air of comfort that few houses of persons in his circumstances wore. This man's name was Gardiner. He was a master mechanic in a small way, with an income varying from five to eight hundred dollars per annum. He kept very accurate accounts, and carefully calculated each month the probable profits of his business, with a view to knowing the limit beyond which he must not go in his expenses. His rule was, to live within his means. If five dollars a week had been his income, he would have managed somehow or other to live on four dollars and a half.

Acting on this principle, Gardiner's external circumstances gradually improved.

His calling was one that frequently brought to his shop men in the higher stations of life—men of wealth and standing in the community. As Gardiner was a man of some intelligence, and disposed to be talkative, these persons used frequently to enter into conversation with him on various topics.

Time wore on, and Gardiner, from saving a hundred or two dollars every year, accumulated enough to purchase the house in which he lived and carried on his business. The purchase was not a very heavy one, but it gave occasion to some of his customers to banter him about growing rich.

"You will yet ride in your carriage, Gardiner," said a wealthy visitor at his shop to him one day, laughing.

"If I were as rich as Crœsus," replied the mechanic, "I would never so far forget the two good feet that have borne me thus far in life. No, no, Mr. Lyon; you will never see me in a carriage while I can walk, money or no money. Would I be less able to walk because I was rich?"

"No, I suppose not; but you would be more able to ride," said his customer, laughing.

"I would walk, notwithstanding."

"I do not believe it. The fact is, Gardiner, a man never grows rich without thinking himself of more consequence than before."

"You think so?"

"I know so."

"I don't believe a word of it. I am sure that if I were worth a million of dollars, I would not consider myself a whit better than I am now. I would not be, and why should I be the fool to think differently."

"You don't know yourself, Gardiner."

"I believe I know myself well enough to determine beforehand how I should act in such an unlooked-for contingency."

"It's not at all unlooked for by me, Gardiner," said Mr. Lyon, affecting a serious air. "A man who gets ahead like you do in the world must accumulate a fortune, and when he has done that, he must live in a style corresponding with his means."

"As you do, but not as I would."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't believe in all this extravagance and show. What would I want with half-a-dozen servants running after me? I should feel every minute like kicking them out of my way. Since I was old enough to do it, I have helped myself, and all I ask in this world is the ability to do so until I die."

"Then you blame me, and others in my position, for giving employment to a large number of persons who might otherwise find it difficult to get anything to do? There's my old coachman, for instance, who thinks it quite a privilege to be retained in my service. It gives him more pleasure to drive me out, I am sure, than it does me to ride out. And the same might be said of every other domestic in my family. We have as many as twelve employed, from the coachman down to the cook."

"Twelve servants to take care of two persons!" exclaimed Gardiner, with a sneer and a tone of contemptuous surprise. "I pray Heaven *I* may never come to that."

The manner of the tradesman offended his customer, but the latter was too well bred to betray his real feelings. On leaving the shop he said to himself, by way of soothing his chafed temper—"If we play with edged tools we must expect to be cut."

Mr. Lyon did not again visit the shop of Gardiner. The latter accounted for the fact of having lost a good customer on the ground that he had offended him by speaking the truth, and did not hesitate to talk about it freely and call Lyon a purse-proud nabob. These remarks were made to persons who knew Mr. Lyon, and who laughed at

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him for having incurred the tradesman's displeasure.

From that time Gardiner took a new pleasure in railing at what he called the follies of the rich, and carried it to such an extent that his words and manner drove other good customers from his shop. The consequence was that, from progressing healthily, his business became stationary for a while, and then showed symptoms of decline. Whether this were the "beginning of the end" with him cannot be told, for a most unlooked-for event occurred which induced him to give up his business and turn gentleman!

He was at work one day when the postman came in and handed him a package with the London post-mark upon it. On breaking the seals he found, to his utter astonishment, information that a distant relative, from whom he had expected nothing, had died without a will, and that he was the legal heir to a large estate. Accompanying this letter was a bill of exchange for twenty thousand dollars.

It was some time before he could fully comprehend the nature of his new position. He was bewildered in mind for days, and went about with a stupefied air. At length he began to feel his feet under him and to hold his head more erect. For a time he was firm on the question of giving up his shop, but, although he tried sometimes, he could not work as before, and had lost all interest in his business. At the end of a month he sold out and took a moderate sized dwelling—larger than the one he had lived in—which he furnished newly and handsomely.

The next steamer brought him further intelligence on the subject, in letters from the solicitor who had the business of the estate in charge. These letters were couched in a style of obsequiousness such as an inferior sometimes uses to a superior, and had the effect of raising the thermometer of Gardiner's self-estimation full ten degrees. There was no disguising the fact even from himself—he was a man of importance, and "just as good as Mr. Lyon or any other nabob in the country."

A third series of letters and documents, announcing the value of the estate to which he had succeeded, came by next arrival. He was worth three hundred thousand dollars!

The house into which he had moved could no longer hold him. One as large again was taken, and extensive and rich additions made to his furniture. To this new residence was attached a carriage-house; this set him to thinking about a carriage, and how delightful it would be to ride out occasionally with his family. A carriage and pair were bought, and with these had to come a coachman. He ceased from this time to speak of Mr. Lyon as a nabob, or to talk about nabobs at all.

As he had not yet determined into what pursuit he would enter—he must do something, that he clearly saw—he had leisure to discover everything around him that did not accord precisely with his new position. He was enabled to do this more readily from the fact that, as he was now known to be a man of wealth, he was received into a circle far above the one in which he had moved, and saw more of the elegancies of life than he had ever before seen or even imagined to exist. Almost everything he saw he tried to imitate, and clumsy enough were some of his imitations, exposing him to much carefully concealed ridicule, while he was proudly imagining that he was the admired observed of all observers.

Mr. Lyon was particularly attentive to him, and forward to introduce him into fashionable circles. He seemed to forget Gardiner's former position and opinions, and to look upon him as one of the *élite*.

"You do not live in your own house, I believe," Mr. Lyon remarked to him one day.

"No, I am under rent."

Gardiner felt half ashamed to admit so plebeian a fact.

"A poor way to live. No house built to rent is fit for a gentleman to occupy. Don't you intend building this year?"

"As soon as I can find a lot to suit me, I intend putting up a handsome house on a plan to suit myself."

"I have a lot that will be just the thing."

"Ah! Where is it?"

"I will show it to you if you will walk round the square with me."

The two men went and examined a beautiful site for a dwelling, one of the most beautiful to be found. It was in the very heart of the palace residences of the city.

"How will that do?" asked Mr. Lyon.

"Admirably! Do you wish to sell it?"

"I am not particularly desirous of doing so, but if you like it I shall be pleased to accommodate you, especially as I wish to build myself on the adjoining lot next you, and want just such a house in my immediate neighbourhood as your correct taste and immense wealth will enable you to erect."

Gardiner felt at least three inches taller.

Seven thousand dollars were paid cash down to Mr. Lyon for the lot, and the most eminent architect in the city employed to furnish a plan for the new dwelling. The plan when finished did not please Gardiner. It was chastely elegant, drawn after the purest styles.

"It looks mean," he objected.

"I think it is anything but mean," returned the architect, in surprise. "It has been examined by several gentlemen of correct taste, and all greatly admire it. Mr. Lyon thinks it the most perfect thing of the kind he has ever seen."

"Mr. Lyon!" returned Gardiner, shrugging his shoulders and speaking in a tone of contempt; "his taste is not worth a copper. It won't do, sir, for me. I want something more grand and imposing; something more in this style"—pointing to the sketch of a public building which hung

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against the wall, well surrounded with columns of the richest order.

"Such a building would cost you a hundred thousand dollars," coolly replied the architect.

"Well, what of that? I can pay for it."

"Oh, just as you like; you are to command and I obey. If you wish a house in that style I will prepare the plan. I didn't suppose you wished to expend over twenty thousand dollars."

"Money is no object to me. How much did Mr. Lyon's house cost?"

"Not over twelve thousand dollars."

"And Mr. G——'s house?"

"Thirty thousand."

"Very well, let mine cost a hundred thousand;" and Gardiner turned away with the air of a lord, and left the architect's room and the architect himself in amazement.

"Put a beggar on horseback," said the latter, with a quiet smile, after recovering himself, "and he will ride to—no matter where. I shall get a better job, so I needn't complain."

When it became known that Gardiner was about building a palace on a scale grand enough for a lord and fifty retainers, every one was filled with astonishment and many with disgust. There were numbers in the higher circles who, notwithstanding his admitted wealth, would not permit him to be introduced at their houses. The few times they had met him in society gave them sufficient opportunity to see that his manners were unpolished and rude, his tastes vulgar, and his character and habits formed for associations in altogether another sphere of life. To these his proud assumptions caused unmitigated contempt. Mr. Lyon, who, amid the conflicting opinions and feelings held towards Gardiner, stood his friend and made constant efforts to push him forward and advance his social position, was the object of much censure; but he maintained his ground manfully, and would never hear a word against him.

The foundations of the new palace were immediately laid and arrangements set on foot for its speedy erection; but an unexpected difficulty arose. The builder wanted some guarantee for the faithful performance of Gardiner's part of the contract before he would make himself liable to brickmaker, lumber-merchant, workmen, &c., for the heavy sums required for material and labour. Gardiner's indignation rose high when this fact was delicately hinted at by the individual who had undertaken to erect his house. He called immediately upon Mr. Lyon, and with much warmth of manner related the insulting reflection that had been cast upon his integrity. This gentleman lookod him in the face for some moments before replying; he then said, coolly—

"Why didn't you knock him down?"

"I was strongly tempted to do so," replied Gardiner.

This, however, was not true.

"You did not, and I suppose it is just as well; it wouldn't have built your house. But no matter, your money is not locked up in business, and you can deposit to your builder's credit some fifty thousand dollars, under the agreement that all his checks are to be drawn payable to your order. This sum will no doubt be considered ample security."

Mr. Lyon scanned minutely the expression of Gardiner's face as he said this. Its effect was marked. He knew that Gardiner had only received a single remittance of twenty thousand dollars from London, and that at least twelve thousand dollars of that sum had already been paid out, leaving him in possession of but eight thousand dollars with which to build a palace that would cost nearly a hundred thousand dollars.

"I will think about that," replied Gardiner, in an altered tone of voice.

"It will be the simplest plan, depend upon it. You will then feel perfectly independent in the matter, and can insist upon everything being done just as your own views and tastes may direct."

After leaving Mr. Lyon, Gardiner went home in a browner mood than he had known since the day his good fortune was announced to him.

"I have been going a little too far, I'm afraid," he said to himself as he sat down thoughtfully and glanced around upon the elegant and costly furniture with which he had attired his house. "Let me see—my London agent and banker has only sent me twenty thousand dollars; I must have a heavier remittance before I proceed further. Strange that it has not come to hand long before this. I don't understand it. There was something in Mr. Lyon's look and manner that I didn't exactly comprehend."

This first difficulty coming in to check his upward course to distinction in society, made him feel very unhappy. While his chafed feelings were still in a state of excitement, a communication of a somewhat imposing appearance was placed in his hand. He broke the seals and read with dismay the following communication.

"To William Gardiner—

"Sir—Hiram Lang, Solicitor, London, has informed me that you have erroneously been supposed to be the legal heir to the estate of Mark Herbert, deceased, and that under this misapprehension five thousand pounds have been remitted to you from London. The real heir is Henry Willing, now residing at Bath, England, whose title to the estate is undisputed. I am instructed to recover back from you the sum advanced by mistake, and now notify you that I am prepared to commence an action at law for the fulfilment of that purpose.

"James Bates, *Attorney at Law.*"

A man who grows large so rapidly generally grows small by collapse. The letter fell from the hands of the confounded Gardiner, and he was from that moment humbled and powerless. He did not dream of denying the position of the at-

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torney and commencing a vigorous effort to sustain himself at least in the possession of the money already received; he gave up at once.

As soon as Mr. Lyon parted with Gardiner, he went direct to the office of Bates, the lawyer, and dictated the above letter. The reader may as well know, at this point of our story, that all previous communications received by the duped Gardiner had never been any nearer to London than the office of James Bates, Esq., and that the money received by Mr. Lyon for the property sold to Gardiner was in fact his own money, which he had been willing to put in jeopardy to gratify the strong desire he felt to test the principles of Gardiner and humble him for the insolence of his manner on former occasions.

Most persons will think he went too far, and that nothing could justify so severe a lesson as the one he compelled poor Gardiner to learn. Not content even with the knowledge that his unfortunate dupe must be terribly cast down, distressed and mortified, he added a bitter insult by sending him a letter containing only the following line—

"Put a beggar on horseback and he will ride to the ———. A. Lyon."

Gardiner fell so heavily under this last and unlooked-for blow, that his eyes flew open and he saw just where he was standing and to whom he was indebted for means to play the fool for a brief period. He was deeply incensed on receiving this note, and had he not previously given up nearly every dollar he possessed, would have retained a tight grasp upon everything, and let Mr. Lyon get it back as best he could.

After a severe fit of illness, which came near terminating fatally, Gardiner was prepared to begin the world again in a humble way. This he preferred doing in a neighbouring city, where the story of his late rise and fall had not reached. He is again doing a very fair business, and living, as before, within his means. In a few years, if he lives and retains his health and industrious habits, he will be worth some thousands of dollars, which, from having accumulated slowly, will not seriously affect his state of mind. He will think more highly of himself as this world's goods are added to him, as almost every one does, but he will play no more "fantastic tricks." What would be the effect of suddenly acquired wealth we cannot say, but believe he would be little better able to bear it than he was before. He is still fond of chatting with his customers, but is never known to rail out, as before, against the follies of the rich. "Nabob" was once a very common word with him; he never uses it now. He is a little wiser, if no better.

THE LILY SAID, "I BLOOM FOR EVER."

BY T. HEMPSTEAD.

The Lily said, "I bloom for ever
By my own sweet gushing stream,
Where my mirrored image never
Fadeth from its golden gleam;
Deathless vines wild garlands wreathing,
Round me waste their first perfume;
From their mountain forest breathing,
Zephyrs toss my fiery plume."

O'er bright Summer's ruins flying,
Autumn stole on sallow wing—
Through the faded branches sighing
Dirges round the grave of Spring;
And beneath the tempest bending,
As the Rose had bent before,
With the winds her brightness blending,
The Lily sighed, "My bloom is o'er!"

The Primrose said, "I flourish ever
In my own green quiet dell,
Where the bright stems softly shiver
To the fount's Æolian swell;
Winds that waft the tones of heaven,
Flutter round me, faint and still;
Lute and voice to music given,
These my blooming hours may thrill."

From the sombre heavens lowering
Quickly burst the rattling shower—
Breezes on her bosom pouring,
Spoiled her glory in an hour;
And the Primrose, shorn and shaken,
Her glory's ruins bending o'er—
Of her kingly wreath forsaken,
Sighing said, "I bloom no more!"

Beauty said, "I bloom for ever
In my spring-time's blissful day,
Whose sweet zephyrs wafting never
One faint whisper of decay,
O'er me in their freshness flowing,
Twine their garlands round my brow,
That through time's dim vista g owing,
Shall be bright as even now.

"Hues of morn that never perish,
Myrtle leaves that ever twine,
Wreaths each charm of Spring that cherish
Midst their folds—these, these are mine;
Soft expression gently beaming,
Flowers of love that ever bloom,
Dewy lip of heavenly seeming—
These may wear naught of the tomb."

Midst the wild flowers playing. sighing,
Died her tones along the breeze—
Like soft music fainting dying,
Over glancing moonlit seas;
Time her sweetness envying, sweeping,
In his haste, her garlands o'er—
Midst her sadness, faded, weeping,
Beauty sighed, "I bloom no more!"

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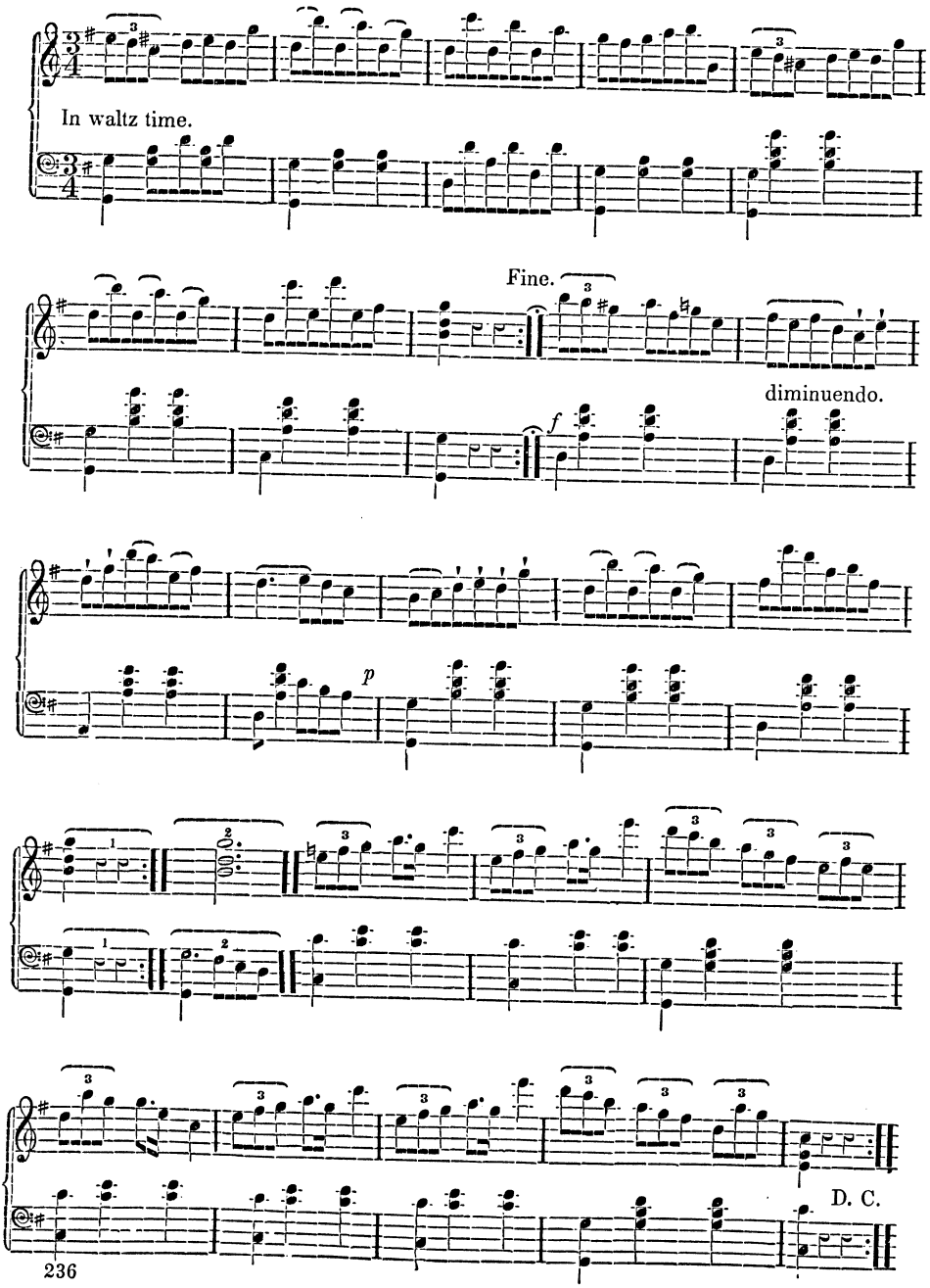
AUGUSTA WALTZ.

COMPOSED FOR THE LADY'S BOOK, AND DEDICATED TO

MISS ANNA J. WHEELER,

BY ALFRED H. COON.



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EDITORS' TABLE.

"WHAT is life worth without a heart to feel
The great and lovely, and the poetry
And sacredness of things? for all things are
Sacred—the eye of God is on them all,
And hallows all unto it. It is grand
To stand upon some lofty mountain thought
And feel the spirit stretch into a view;
To joy in what might be if will and power
For good would work together but one hour."

This love of the beautiful, this earnest wish to do something correspondent with the lovely world in which we dwell, is never so strong as in the spring season of the year, when a new creation seems going on before our eyes. When the flowers come forth, who does not feel that there is poetry on the earth? And how many try to transfer their feelings to profit, and write poetry!

"The bard's aim is to give us thoughts: his art
Lieth in giving them as bright as may be,"

says the author of Festus:—and how true are these lines,

"Some steal a thought
And clip it round the edge, and challenge him
Whose 'twas to swear to it. To serve things thus
Is as foul witches *to cut up old moons*
Into new stars. Some never rise above
A pretty fault, like faulty dahlias;
And of whose best things it is kindly said,
The thought is fair, but to be perfect wants
A little heightening, like a pretty face
With a low forehead."

ETIQUETTE.—"Is it proper for a young lady to ask a gentleman to repeat his visit, when he is taking leave, from his first call on her?" is a question which the Lady's Book is requested to answer.

We reply, yes—provided the gentleman's standing in society is known to the young lady, and she is sure he is one whom her family would be happy to receive as an acquaintance. Still, it would be much better that the invitation should be given by the mother or an elder sister, or some other member of the family than by *the* particular young lady whom he called to visit; and so it is most proper that she should not see him except in presence of some of her friends. We do not desire to have the constraint and espionage thought necessary in the Old World, especially in France and Italy, introduced into our country. We think it marks a low estimation of female character and education where young ladies are never trusted to speak or act for themselves, but are always guarded as though they were imbeciles or inclined to do wrong continually. But then our young ladies should be careful not to abuse the reasonable liberty which American society affords them. They should be chary of their smiles and conversation when with strangers, and defer all advances towards acquaintanceship with such to their older friends. The gentleman who calls without any previous visiting acquaintance with a family, should always keep in mind the direction of Count D'Orsay, "Never leave your hat in the hall when you pay a morning visit; it makes you look *too much at home;* take it with you into the room."

There is another rule for gentlemen which comprehends both sexes, and should never be disregarded by either.

If you meet a lady of your acquaintance in the street, it is *her part* to notice *you first*, unless indeed you are very intimate. The reason is, if *you* bow to a lady first, she may not choose to acknowledge you, and there is no remedy; but if the *lady* bow to *you*—you, *as a gentleman, cannot cut her.*

As a general rule, it is always proper for a superior in rank or age to speak first to the younger or inferior.

CONSTANCY.—"You will receive my young friend, Emily?"

"Do not, my dear uncle, insist upon it; I am not equal to the effort."

"But, Emily, my love, remember your promise. The three years are expired. You have no reason to expect that Henry will ever return, or that he is living."

"Spare me! spare me!" cried the poor girl—and she covered her face and wept.

"Now, Emily," and Mr. Cochrane spoke in a very soft, coaxing tone, "now, Emily, my own darling girl, you know I have been very indulgent. I have allowed you three long years to wait for Henry Dale—and not a word has been heard from him or of the vessel in which he sailed."

"I know it, uncle; I know you have been very, very kind;—and if you will only give me one year longer ——,'

"Impossible, Emily! Your health will be destroyed by these alternations of hope and fear. I cannot, I ought not to indulge you in this seclusion, in this excess of sorrow for the lost. Now, Emily, I must insist on the fulfilment of your promise."

Emily continued to weep.

Mr. Cochrane waited very composedly (he was a patient man) for the grief of his niece to subside. Then he again urged her to forget the past, to remember the duties she owed the living He expatiated on the prospect of rational happiness which an union with the excellent young man who had offered her his hand would insure, and he reverted to all those prudent considerations which a good guardian and wise man would be likely to mention.

Emily Hirst replied only by soliciting one year more for retirement. She did not say she hoped that year would release her from all earthly promises—her pale cheek said it.

"But you must consent to see my friend, Emily; and if I allow you another year, you must not sit moping in your chamber, or go rambling along the beach all alone like a forsaken damsel. You must promise me to join our evening circle, help your aunt to entertain our guests, and become accustomed to the society and attentions of my young friend, who is very impatient to see you."

Emily shook her head, and her quivering lip too plainly told how hard the struggle was to restrain her tears.

"I admire constancy in a woman," said Mr. Cochrane, warmly. "It is the pledge of all we hold dear on earth. Without constancy in the female heart, there would be no such place as home—no domestic ties—no rest on

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earth—and, I might add. no hope of heaven; for it is the cultivation of the chaste, kind, tender and generous affections of the human heart which most prepares man to believe the Word of God, and obey the precepts of his divine law. I admire the constancy you have shown, Emily; but now there are other duties ——."

"Why should I undertake duties, when I feel I cannot discharge them? Let me continue to be constant."

"No, Emily; your example will answer no good purpose, and grief is wasting your life. I have known cases where I thought this perseverance in constancy had a salutary effect on society, and, therefore, justified the lady in living a martyr to her feelings. I recollect hearing the case of a Miss S., of H. She was engaged to be married; everything was prepared; the day was fixed, and only wanted one week of the time, when the betrothed married another. The forsaken lady immediately retired to a small house which she owned, and there passed her whole life in seclusion; and a long life it was—I think she was over seventy when she died."

"Why was she justified in retiring from her *duties?*"

"Because it kept the crime of the perjured man, who had broken his faith to her, strikingly before the public, and, by the censures it called down on his head, probably deterred other young men from trifling with their engagements. Such a moral restraint is far better than the fear of the law and damages for a breach of promise."

"Was he happy?"

"No, no—his wife punished him. She was an ill-tempered, extravagant woman; but he married for beauty, and she for wealth. How could they expect happiness?"

The conversation was interrupted by a domestic. The young gentleman had called to see Miss Hirst. Emily rose to go.

"Now, Emily, my darling, stay—stay at least and see him," said the uncle.

She turned to speak—to refuse; and Henry Dale stood before her.

LITTLE CHILDREN.—The hot summer is approaching—who will care for the poor little ones that must pass this season in the city? Efforts have been made by benevolent individuals, for several summers past, to induce those who have the charge of the public squares to allow the freedom of the *grass* as well as of the *gravel walks* to the children. Could this be done, what a refreshment to the little weary feet it would be to place them, for a short time each day, on the soft, green grass! In the city of New York the deaths during the last year were over ten thousand, and more than half of these were children *under five years of age.* The sickness and mortality among city children, during the hot season, are frightful. Many of the diseases are owing to the want of places where these young beings can have free exercise and fresh air. The rose might as easily bloom without sunshine, and the lily keep its freshness without the dews of heaven, as that tender childhood should be healthful and cheerful when pent constantly between brick walls, and forced to move always on brick or gravel walks.

"Oh, for the young heart, like a fountain playing,
Give it what room you may."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We have accepted, "Southwestward, Ho! or the Mysteries of California," "The Water Lily." "My First Serenade," "The Sigh," and "Anna Read"

We have no room for "The Whirlwind," "Adventures of a Dime," "The Looking Glass," and the half-score of "Sonnets." By the way, "That Extra Scene" has been returned, as the writer requested.

EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

Messrs. Wiley & Putnam have published "*Typee; a Residence in the Marquesas,*" by Herman Melville. This work forms Nos. 13 and 14 of the "Library of American Books." It is extremely interesting—the regions in which the author makes his observations being untrodden ground, and the scenes novel and striking to an unusual degree. American travelers surpass all others in the liveliness and freedom of their descriptions and narratives. This book may be found at the store of Mr. J. W. Moore, No. 138 Chestnut street.

Mr. Moore has just published "*My own Home and Fireside. being illustrative of the Speculations of Martin Chuzzlewit & Co. among the Wenom of the Walley of Eden.*" by Syr. This book is one of the kind we like, written with a purpose, and in a bold, off-hand, lively style, full of vigour and feeling. The characters are cleverly drawn, and the hits at existing abuses are palpable and hard. A racy, original novel of this class, smacking strongly of the American soil, is a relief after the mass of foreign trash one is obliged now-a-days to toil through in order to keep pace with the current literature of the day.

Messrs. Saxton & Miles have published "*The Mount Vernon Arithmetic. Part I. Elementary.*" By Jacob Abbott and Charles E. Abbott. The authors are accomplished teachers, long known and approved. Their design is to provide plenty of plain, straight forward work for the pupils, and thereby diminish the labour of the teacher. The plan for teaching the addition of columns is new, and will, no doubt, prove highly successful. We like the introduction of well-executed pictures into this book. They will increase not only its usefulness, but its popularity.

Mr. Herman Hooker has just published "*A Thousand Lines; now first offered to the World we live in.*" By Martin Farquhar Tupper, A.M., F.R.S., author of "Proverbial Philosophy," &c. This is a very choice collection of short poetical effusions, rich with imagery, as might be expected from so highly imaginative a writer, and beautifully polished in diction and style.

Messrs. Sorin & Ball have published "*Introduction to the Sciences,*" by W. & R. Chambers. Improved, enlarged and adapted to American schools by D. Meredith Reese, Superintendent of Common Schools for the City and County of New York. Also, "*First Book of Drawing, being Exercises for Children and Young Persons on the Slate and Black Board.*" By W. & R. Chambers. And "*Rudiments of Animal Physiology, for use in Schools and private Instruction.*" These are the three numbers already issued of "Dr. Reese's Improved Edition of Chambers' Educational Course." We have examined the original series of the celebrated brothers Chambers, of Edinburgh, and found it admirably fitted for popular instruction. The whole execution of the course is characterized by that sound sense and practical wisdom for which these gentlemen are so remarkable. The task of editing this course

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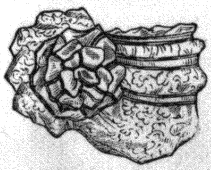

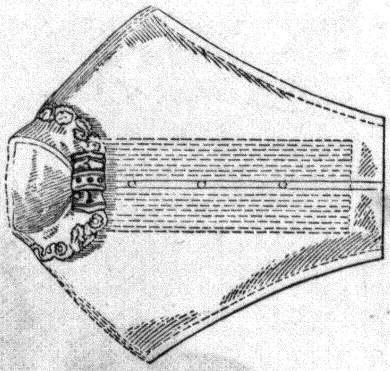

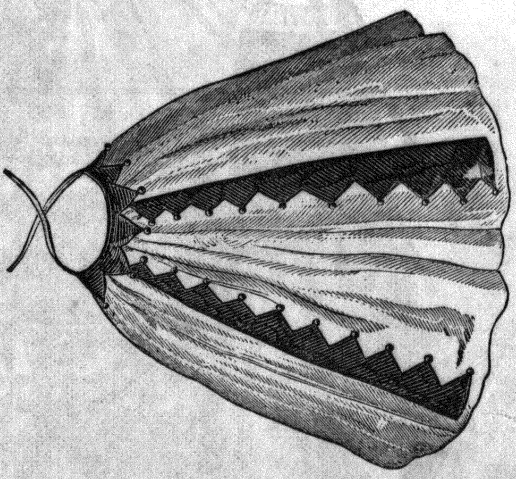

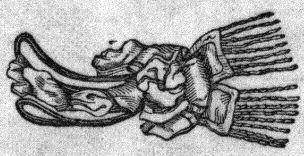

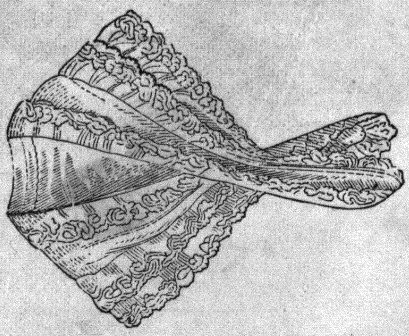

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for the United States could not be in better hands than those of Dr. Reese.

Mr. James M. Campbell, S. E. corner of Chestnut and Fifth streets, has just published the "*History of the Great Reformation of the Sixteenth Century in Germany, Switzerland, &c.*" By J. H. Merle D'Aubigné, President of the Theological School of Geneva, and Member of the Societé Evangelique. Twenty-sixth edition. The character of this work is so universally known, that the only question now is as to the preferable edition. Mr. Campbell's is in 680 royal octavo pages, at one dollar per copy, four volumes in one. He sells the fourth volume, just issued, at 25 cents in 8vo, and at 37½ cents in 12mo., bound. Our friends will do well to look in at the new and beautiful store of Mr. Campbell and examine these wonderfully cheap volumes.

Messrs. Carey & Hart have published "*Contributions to the Edinburgh Review.*" By Francis Jeffrey, now one of the Judges of the Court of Sessions in Scotland. Four volumes complete in one, and forming Volume Sixth of the "Modern British Essayists." When it is remembered that this is the work of the principal writer of the Edinburgh Review in its palmy days, the writer on whom its unparalleled success chiefly depended, the value of the work will be fully understood. It is printed at a very low price. The same amount of equally valuable reading in almost any other form would cost ten times the sum. Lord Jeffrey dedicates the book to the Rev. Sydney Smith, whom he acknowledges as the original projector of the Edinburgh Review.

Mr. Daniel Adee, 107 Fulton street, New York, has published "*The Treasury of History,*" comprising a general introductory outline of universal history, ancient and modern, and a series of separate histories of every principal nation that exists, their rise, progress, present condition, &c. By Samuel Maunder, author of the "Treasury of Knowledge," &c. To which is added the "History of the United States." by John Inman, Esq. This work is the production of an author already extensively known in this country by his former works. It comprises an immense amount of valuable historical information, filling two royal octavo volumes, 1400 pages closely printed, and afforded at the very moderate price of four dollars a set. It is a good sign when historical works of a solid character are daily issuing from the press to fill up the leisure hours of our enterprising and industrious citizens, instead of the lighter and less valuable works which have hitherto engrossed rather too exclusively the reading public of this country.

Messrs. Sorin & Ball have published a small library of narratives in half-a-dozen volumes, by Peter Parley, with well-executed engravings on wood. The titles are "*Right is Might,*" "*Inquisitive Jack,*" "*Tales of Sea and Land,*" "*Tale of the Revolution,*" "*The Adventures of Philip Brusque,*" and the "*Adventures of Dick Boldhero.*" It is rather too late in the day to commend or criticise Peter Parley's books. His praise is in all the nurseries and all the parlours too; and many of his larger works find an honoured place on the shelves of learned libraries. The New Orleans people did him no more than justice by celebrating his arrival by an ovation.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have published "*A Journey to Ararat,*" by Dr. Frederic Parrot. Translated by W. D. Cooley. Illustrated with map and engravings. This is one of the volumes of Harpers' new "Literary Miscellany," and one of the most entertaining and valuable of that excellent series. For sale by Messrs. Carey & Hart.

The same publishers have issued "*The Gardener's and Farmer's Dictionary; a Vocabulary of the Technical Terms recently introduced into Agriculture and Horticulture from various Sciences, and also a Compendium of Practical Farming, the latter chiefly from the Rev. W. L. Rham, London, Low and Youatt and the most eminent American Authors. Edited by D. P. Gordon, M.D. With many Illustrations.*" The above-quoted full title is an ample explanation of the design of this work, which is ably executed, and the whole style of getting up is highly creditable to the publishers. It is for sale at the bookstore of Messrs. Carey & Hart.

Messrs. Harpers have also issued Part 13 of the "*Dictionary of Practical Medicine,*" by Dr. Copland, and No. 15 of the illustrated edition of the "*Wandering Jew;*" also, "*Jessie's Flirtations,*" by the author of "Kate in Search of a Husband," &c. &c., a lively, piquant novel.

Messrs. E. Ferrett & Co. have published among their cheap novels, "*The Charmed Sea,*" by Miss Harriet Martineau, the latest and best story of this accomplished author. Also, "*Constance, or the Debutante.*" by J. H. Mancur, a well-written and readable story. Also, "*The Trapper's Bride,*" by Percy B. St. John, author of the "Enchanted Rock," a thrilling narrative. Also, "*The Book of Parodies and Poems of Quaint Humour; a remedy for the Blue Devils,*" edited by Matthew Merriman—a collection which it must have taken several years to make, as it embraces an immense number of parodies and extravaganzas.

Messrs. E. Ferrett & Co. have also published several new books of music in their dashing illuminated and coloured syle. Among these are "*He's on the Sea,*" composed by C. H. Rodwell, "*Don't you Dance the Polka, a Comic Song.*" "*The Anna Waltzes, from the Opera of the Enchantress,*" "*Twelve Airs from the Opera of the Enchantress,*" "*March from Norma, arranged for the Piano Forte,*" "*Quadrille de la Cour d'Angleterre, for the Piano Forte,*" "*Love's Young Dream,*" "*English and American Ballads,*" by celebrated composers, "*Music from the Enchantress,*" "*When thou hast woven the Spell,*" words by Gen. Morris, music by A. Phillips, "*Beautiful May,*" "*Chansonnette.*"

Messrs. Zieber & Co., Ledger Buildings, have just published "*A Phrase Book in English and German; with a Literal Translation of the German into English, together with a complete Explanation of the Sounds and the Accentuation of the German.*" By Moritz Ertheiler, Teacher of German in the city of New York. Price, 25 cents. This volume is highly recommended by literary men and teachers. The plan is first rate, and the execution is worthy of so excellent a plan. In our own state this Phrase Book is destined to have a very extensive circulation.

Mr. C. J. Gillis, No. 46½ Walnut street, has issued No. 13 of "*Frost's Pictorial History of the World,*" and he announces that the future numbers will be regularly issued on the first and fifteenth of every month. This number carries forward the history of the middle ages to the period of the Saracenic Conquests, and is written with great force and elegance. The pictures are really splendid—the designs proceeding from first-rate artists, and the engravings being executed by G. T. Devereux, W. Roberts, B. F. Waitt and others of equal eminence in the art. The general merit and high popularity of this work are too well known to require comment. We must not omit to notice, however, the superb style in which the Messrs. Collins have executed the printing. It is an honour to our Philadelphia press.

Messrs. Thomas Cowperthwaite and Co. have published "*Outlines of Astronomy,*" and "*Outlines of Natural Philosophy,*" for the use of schools and private learners. By C. List. Adapted to the Outline Series published under the direction of the Committee of Literature and Education of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Very neat little text-books are these for common schools, comprising quite enough for a child to attempt learning of these sciences in a compass and at a price not beyond the means of the inmates of our common schools. We greatly commend the design.

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Messrs. Carey & Hart have published "*Notes of a Traveller on the Social and Political State of France, Prussia, Switzerland, Italy and other parts of Europe during the present Century.*" By Sam'l Laing, Esq., author of "Journal of a Residence in Norway," and "A Tour in Sweden" This work has been received with remarkable favour in London, and has passed to a second edition already. The views are liberal and enlightened, and the amount of information contained in the work will, of itself, render it extremely popular in this country. The notes on the Prussian Educational System alone are worth the price demanded for the whole book.

From the Broadway Journal.

"GODEY'S MAGAZINE for October has a good engraving of 'The Battle of Concord Bridge,' from a painting by Frankenstein—also a clean-looking plate by Ellis, illustrating the Scriptural words, 'Behold the place where they laid him.' The customary fashion-plate is very well done. The contributions of the 'Lady's Book' have been steadily rising in merit for the last year, and are now, generally, better than those of any magazine of its class. They seem to be carefully written—less dependence being placed upon the mere name of the author, and more upon the intrinsic merit of the composition. The best article in the present number is 'The Duchess of Bavaria,' a story of the highest romantic interest beautifully told by Mrs. E. F. Ellet. Mrs. Hale, Miss Leslie, Mrs. Hentz, Mrs. Adams, Miss Rand, Mrs. Lee, Tuckerman, Frost, Sullivan and others have also very excellent contributions. Mr. Godey, we learn, is making unusual exertions for next year's campaign. His magazine has about it a 'keeping,' a consistency, which is one of the surest indications of long and prosperous life."

The above we accidentally found a few days since, and we take it as a text, promising that our comments shall not be much longer.

We have, since the establishment of the Lady's Book, endeavoured to foster "unfledged merit," and not to bow to the mere name. It is well known that many of those who have great names have written themselves out, and if an article by one of these is sent to a publisher, he must print it, though it be the vilest trash that was ever penned. We would from the commencement have none of this, and will place the contents of "Godey" against those of any other magazine published. Some time since we received an article from a writer of some eminence, and as it did not suit us, although a great name was appended to it, we returned it as unsuitable to our publication. We had better have stolen a horse!—but, notwithstanding the indignation expressed at our presumption, we still live to record the fact. Another publisher of this city received an article from a lady writer, and returned an answer that it was being read. The lady was very indigdant at the idea of *her* articles requiring to be read before they were printed. Now, we give notice that every article for the Book is read before it is published—and it matters not from whom it is received, if we do not like it we shall return it.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

"GODEY'S MAGAZINE FOR APRIL.—Our friend Godey has provided a very attractive number of his popular periodical for April. The embellishments are Washington's First Interview with Mrs. Custis, a coloured plate of the Spring Fashions, and a piece of music composed by Professor Horncastle. The contributors are, generally speaking, among our best writers. Several of the articles possess striking merit. Godey sustains his magazine with much spirit and ability, and if the popularity of the work will bear anything like comparison with that of the publisher, the list must be enormous."

We copy the following justly deserved tribute to our friend W. G. Simms. It is copied, we believe, from the New York Mirror, and is in answer to an article published in the Knickerbocker.

"In the same spirit were some remarks in the last number on Mr. Simms one of the most respected of American authors, the leading author of a large portion of the country, and deservedly so by the genius and industry of many years spent upon almost every department of literature, including poetry, the novel, history, criticism, the quarterly, monthly and daily press; at present, too, sitting in the legislature of his native state; with every day some addition to the esteem in which he is held, as his mind ripens under the discipline of various studies, and his noble, manly course claims the admiration of the fearless and the good. Mr. Simms is a man who may stand as the representative of the true American character. The Knickerbocker, speaking of one of his productions, calls it 'an article in a Southern Magazine [the article *did* appear in the *Southern Quarterly Review*] written by a very voluminous author, *now in the decadence of a limited sectional reputation*,' &c. This is followed by slurs upon Mr. Simms's humour and learning."

Mr. W. A. Jones is also attacked:—

"*He* is recommended to 'cultivate some sense for himself' instead of 'commenting upon the nonsense of'—Mr. Simms Mr. Jones has done nothing to injure the Knickerbocker; he had simply written an article in the Democratic Review, reviewing another by Mr. Simms. There might be a difference of opinion as to some of his remarks, but there was no ground to assail a most kind and honourable man, of literary attainments, and a high position in society, belonging to a family of distinguished legal eminence in the state for many generations."

The first number of our union is presented to the readers of Godey's Lady's Book and Arthur's Magazine. The union combines all the great contributors to both publications. Mr. Arthur, it will be seen, contributes to this number; and Mr. E. A. Poe commences No. 1 of the New York Literati. We are much mistaken if these papers of Mr. P. do not raise some commotion in the literary emporium.

We again repeat that we are not responsible for MSS. left with us, particularly poetry: of the latter the writers must keep a copy.

We call attention to the advertisement of Thomas S. Cummings. Esq., of New York, on the cover of our Magazine of this month. We have been acquainted with Mr. C. from boyhood, and have noticed his advancement in the profession of which he is now one of the brightest ornaments Mr. Cummings will perform all he promises—and if he succeeds in imparting a portion of his ability to his pupils, they will have been fortunate in their selection of an instructor.

"The *Germantown Telegraph* this week is an admirable number," etc.

"Our friend Freas has, this week, surpassed himself. The *Telegraph* is one of best weekly papers on our exchange list," etc.

"The *Germantown Telegraph*, edited by our friend Freas, contains this week, besides its usual variety of matter, one of the best stories of the month," etc.

This man's paper, like ice cream in summer time, is in everybody's mouth. Notices similar to the above weekly meet our eyes. Like that same ice cream we have just mentioned, it is nothing but Freas! Freas! Freas! put our name down.

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ONE OF OUR ANONYMOUS CONTRIBUTORS.

Engraved by Dick for Godey's Magazine.

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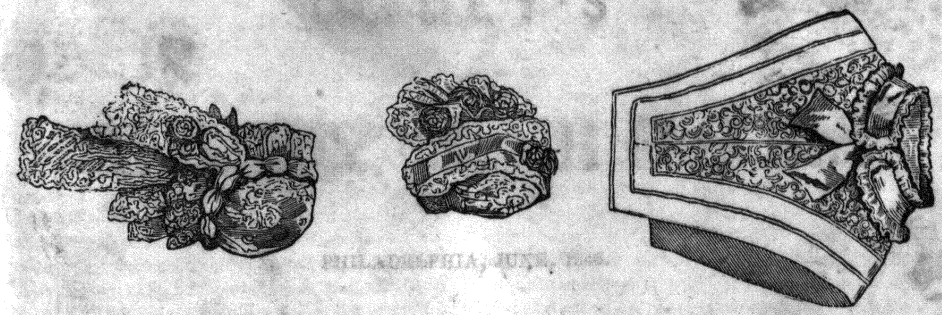

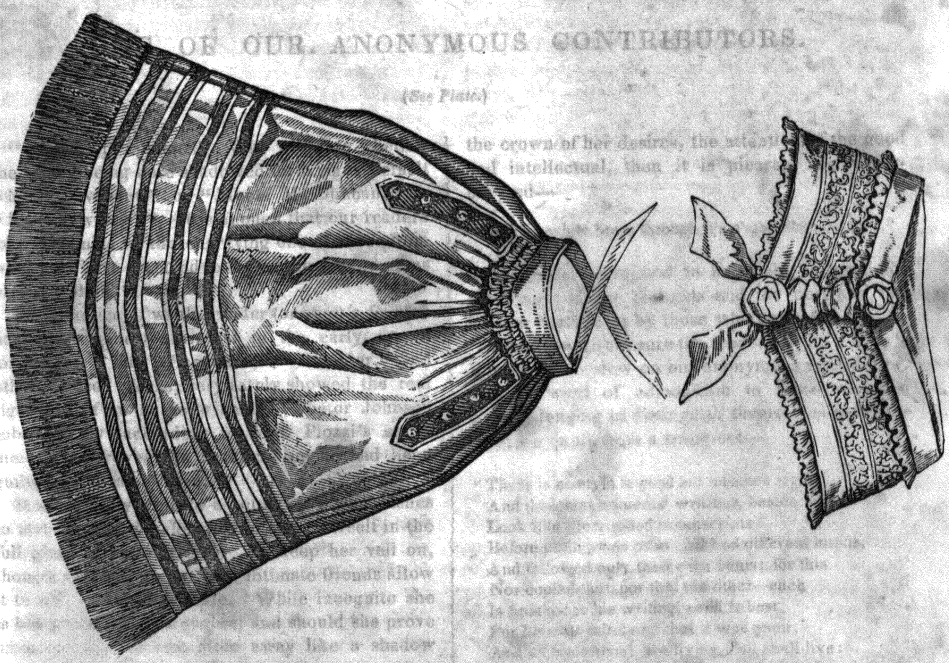

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GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1846.

ONE OF OUR ANONYMOUS CONTRIBUTORS.

(*See Plate.*)

"WHAT's in a name?" Who will care whether the lovely being here shadowed forth signs herself "Mary Davenant," or "Meeta M. Duncan," or "Sybil Sylvester?" It is enough that our readers may recognize in the engraving one of those from whom we have received many of the choice gems of our "Book."

The practice of writing under (or over) a feigned name was almost universal in the early age of magazines. The "Spectator," "Rambler," and other kindred works, very rarely showed the real signature of an author's name. Doctor Johnson subsequently (according to Mrs. Piozzi's statement) disapproved the practice, but he had been guilty of the same often.

It is certainly well for a young lady who wishes to test her ability before adventuring herself in the full glare of popular notice, to keep her veil on, though she may to her own intimate friends allow it to fall, as in the picture. While incognito she is but the shadow of genius; and should she prove unsuccessful, she can glide away like a shadow into shade, without exciting invidious remark or humiliating pity. But if she is so gifted as to attain the crown of her desires, the attention of the good and intellectual, then it is pleasant to be discovered—

"Like a white brow through it's o'ershadowing hair,"

by those she loves, and to know she is loved for the beauty of her thoughts and the purity of her written sentiments by those who know her not.

Such love we are sure the readers of the "Lady's Book" will bestow on our anonymous contributor.

As a word of admonition to those who are eagerly longing to distinguish themselves in literature, we quote from a true poet—

"There is no style is good but nature's style;
And the great ancients' writings, beside ours,
Look like illuminated manuscripts
Before plain press print: all had different minds,
And followed only their own bents; for this
Nor copied that, nor that the other—each
Is finished in his writing, each is best
For his own mind and that it was upon;
And all have lived, are living, and shall live:
But these have died, are dying, and shall die—
Yea, *copyists* shall die, spark out and out."

JOUETTA.

WOULD Grief become her? Yes, the violet wild,
Which, unobtrusive, in seclusion, rears
Its head, is lovely whilst in dewy tears!
Does Joy adorn her? All things sweet and mild
Their favour lend to Nature's favourite child.
Such is Jouetta! She has lull'd the fears
Instinctive of her parents—no arrears
Of *duty* are against the darling filed,
To be with interest paid, accruing still;
Nor on her cheek, to mar its ruddy glow,
Is set the signet of corroding ill;
Warm-hearted, tender—yet she is as snow
That's unimpaired, though thither sunbeams dance—
So cold she is to ev'ry lover's glance.—L.

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MY FIRST SERENADE.

BY A. QUILLE DRUYVERE.

My first serenade! How many joyous reminiscences, how many bright and glowing pictures of by-gone days arise in their shadowy review before me as, in fancy, I retrace my steps through life to my first serenade! The shadows of past hopes and pleasures, of hearts that loved me and forms that I adored, flit before me now in quick succession; and, like the Swedenborgian's heaven, the past sends up to memory only the dear and cherished images long laid up in the recesses of my heart. How calmly, sweetly steal these dreamy imaginings upon the soul, stealing it away from the present, wandering with it through the thornless paths of happier days, when all was bright around me; when, with a guileless heart filled with generous impulses, I knew but the sunny side of earth's existence, unconscious that its shadows, its storms were to come. He who lives but for the future, who looks not to the past, whose desert fancy has not one green and pleasant oasis for memory to rest upon, knows, indeed, but little of the joys I speak of. To him the rosy tinge which youth gave to all things ne'er comes again; he reviews not, his moistened eye with memory dwelling, the long-lost and cherished images of by-gone days. No silent contrition for past weakness, no grateful pride for virtuous actions done, no heartfelt gratitude to God for past protection through a thousand evils, crowd upon his soul; he looks but for what is yet to come, and feels that the checkered path leads but to the tomb. He passes through life, like the traveler to whom "distance lends enchantment to the view," regardless of the roses which the God of Nature has thrown around his path. The ardent, impetuous youth may well fix his heart upon the future, but it is melancholy to hear the man of years declare that he would not live his life over again. Who would exchange the memories of the past for all that to-morrow has in store for him? Who would not triumphantly exclaim with the poet of the heart—

"Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy,
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care
To bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Still—still be my heart with such memories filled,
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled.
You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

But pardon me, fair reader, I am losing sight of my first serenade.

In January, 183–, I was a laborious student at the military academy, for during the previous twelve months my ambitious hopes had been excited; the predictions of warm friends had assigned me a distinguished stand in the engineers; midnight excursions to Benny Haven's were abandoned for regular communings with "Scott's Tactics;" La Place was the idol that received my daily homage, and all things promised well for my graduating No. 1 at the approaching May examination. Such was my position when I received an invitation from my father's friend, Mr. A., of Newburgh, to a party to be given on the approaching eighth of January, accompanied by an earnest request from my sister, then on a visit there, that I would throw aside my books and go—telling me that an old schoolmate of hers, Miss Lucy Black, a distinguished belle and beauty, whom she much wished me to see, had just come up from New York.

The name of Lucy Black had no charms for me, for my sister was the only one of her sex whom I had ever regarded with aught but indifference; and then, too, the name—Lucy Black—was not to my taste. I have ever, in spite of myself, been influenced by the tone of a voice and the sound of a name, and "Lucy Black" carried me at once to my own old homestead, where, when a child, I had seen the cows milked and the poultry fed by *our* Lucy, a fair specimen of a tidy, industrious help, with black eyes and a dimple, the special admiration of the boisterous stage-driver who regularly passed the house. There is, indeed, much in a name to invite or repel our favourable regard. "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," was said by one who throughout his immortal works ever evinces the nicest discrimination in the selection and assignment of names. How sweetly fall the sounds of Juliet, Desdemona, Ophelia, Portia and Jessica upon the ear, bringing with them distinct ideas of feminine loveliness, truthfulness and devotion. It required not the great poet of mankind to tell us that a Catherine must be shrewish, an Elizabeth imperious, a Goneril or a Regan heartless and cruel, and an Helen confiding. The very sounds convey to the mind their distinctive characters. The great novelists of the age have been no less discriminating; and "Vivian Grey" prepares us for cultivated and dashing elegance, "Clifford" for perfect manliness, "Fergus," "Roderick" and "Rob Roy" for the determined, unyielding clansmen, "Ivanhoe" for the high-toned, chivalrous knight, "Balfour of Burly" for the dark, violent and bigoted leader, and "Meg Merriles" for the masculine and intractable termagant. I have a theory upon this subject fortified by a thousand proofs, of which the world shall yet

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have the advantage. It is quite enough, however, for me at present to say, that I had convinced myself that Miss Lucy Black, this cynosure of all eyes whom I was so soon to encounter, was a pretty little girl with an affectionate heart, a round, pretty face, a smart way of talking, and a *tout ensemble* that appealed at once to man's good will and protection. On my sister's account, therefore, I determined to notice and patronize her, and with this generous, self-sacrificing spirit, I entered the rooms of Mr. A. at about eleven o'clock, P. M., on the eighth of January, 183–. Quadrilles were being danced, flirtations seemed progressing, and all bore an air of joyous animation, but I was unusually listless, and after renewing my acquaintance with Mr. A. and his lady, I strolled into a room where a smiling set of pretty chatterers were pretending to listen to the tones of a piano. Clustered about the instrument were half-a-dozen or more male admirers, listening in evident admiration to a blonde beauty who, with all the airs of the opera and many a pretty protest against a bad cold, was just commencing a piece from some foreign composer—which was Greek to me at the time, but which, since my little experience in Florida, I have concluded was written in Seminole, as the only words I could distinctly understand were "*bu cah!*" Her voice beggared the notes of the whole feathered tribe, from the low chirpings of the northern blue bird to the startling cries of the laughing owl, and the swelling throat, the heaving bosom, the elevation and depression of the eye, were all calculated to evince the singer's extreme distress. Nor was her instrumental less strange than her vocal performance; and as I gazed upon her movements, in all ignorance of fashionable piano tactics, I came to the conclusion that she was hammering the instrument into some particular order preparatory to a regular performance.

At first her left hand gently rose and fell with a spring-back motion of the wrist, its fingers dwelling as lightly upon the ivory keys as a fond mother's upon her infant's snowy brow, and then came from the very depths of the instrument low, melancholy, moaning sounds, corresponding well with the interesting air of sadness assumed at the moment by the fair and practised performer. The jeweled fingers of her right hand reposed listlessly upon the keys, whose whiteness they excelled, presenting to those who had no ear for the concord of sweet sounds an object for their admiring eyes. A sound, however, like the distant booming of heavy ordnance on the extreme left, brought them into sudden activity, and in a moment more they were curveting in perfect freedom, like an untamed courser, through the ranks of keys, producing sounds between the rattle of a snake and the scattering fire of retreating infantry. A scream, something like the first of an Irish wail for the dead which I once heard, now broke as if from her bursting heart, and indicated that the *music* was coming; her hands approached each other with a sort of echelon movement, but suddenly retreated amidst a sharp fire of small notes. Her voice, however, had now recovered itself, and coming to the aid of the right hand against the left, the action became general. It was evident, however, from its violence, that it could not last long, and amidst the convulsive clutchings, the energetic poundings which were progressing on the left and the erratic-hop-skip-and-jump movements on the right, she closed her performance with such pathetic appeals of voice and air as impressed me with a misgiving that she was in some distress of mind or body. She arose, however, wreathed in smiles, and amidst a shower of pretty things prettily said by all around, she stood before me a finished specimen of a merely fashionable young lady, in tone, manner and dress. Her face was beaming with animation, and her heaving bosom, artistically concealed to the best advantage, struggled through its gossamer covering like Ben Ledd's snowy hills through the mists of the morning, calling to mind Moore's exquisite lines—

> "Oh, my Nora's gown for me,
> That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
> Leaving every beauty free
> To sink or swell as heaven pleases."

From my silent contemplation of this blonde beauty, I was aroused by the gentle voice of my sister, who, placing her arm through mine, led me away, expressing some surprise that I had lingered so long before *such* a shrine. In a few words she imparted to me her friend's history, eulogizing her in such terms as a generous, warm-hearted woman ever employs towards one she loves. We gradually approached and made our way through a semi-circle of gentlemen held in pleased attention by a lady seated in the midst of them, and whom I had scarcely time to scan before the words, "My brother, Miss Black," uttered by my sister, caused her to bend upon me the loveliest eyes I had ever met. I felt at once not only the presumption, the absurdity of my preconceived opinions, but an indistinct yet pleased conviction that my time had come, that, as a sportsman would say, I was "done for," began to creep over me.

The pretty little speech which I had framed for this express occasion, made up of "anticipated pleasure of this acquaintance," "hope long deferred—repaid by present happiness," "associated in my mind with all that was charming in Newburgh," "her name as familiar to my heart as its household gods," and other pretty nothings, died upon my lips. I had not doubted that I would say all this and more, with the charming air and frankness of a soldier, so captivating to woman, and acquit myself with as much confidence as I had ever done before Ross's blackboard. But, alas! the vanity, the weakness of verdant nineteen! I certainly said something during the momentary stillness that reigned around at my sudden introduction, but what it was I have never been able to

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recall; and to this hour my cheek burns and my hands close convulsively whenever I reflect upon my first ridiculous position in her presence.

I was somewhat restored to my usual self-possession by the first sound of her voice, whose mellow, musical tones fell upon my ear as pleasingly as the play-bell's chime upon the weary schoolboys, adding a charm to each word she uttered. Extending her hand, she said, with an air of charming frankness, that although she looked upon me as an old acquaintance, from my sister's fond and frequent representations, she had anticipated this introduction with a great deal of pleasure.

The ease and grace of manner with which these few words were said I shall never forget, for they were her first to me, and her eyes, bent upon me during their utterance, burned them into my heart. The manner, made up of conscious importance and easy indifference, with which I had sought her, had now abandoned me, and I had unconsciously assumed the steady and determined attitude and air which "*attention*" had for years daily thrown me into.

My sister had observed the effect produced upon me from the first moment, and she felt all the triumph, the gratification of a spirited woman who witnesses the humiliation of a proud heart by the gentle influences of her sex. She came to my aid, however, and by diverting the attention of Miss Black for a moment and addressing a word or two to me, recalled me to something of my usual self-possession, and enabled me to survey the lady with apparent composure.

Of that exact height which impresses every ardent lover with the belief that he can fold his mistress in his arms and carry her through fire and storm, her figure was richly, exquisitely developed, and the eye might follow forever its faultless undulations without finding a point whereon to rest a criticism. Her auburn hair was braided in rich luxuriance over a brow never ruffled, whereon innocence reposed as pure as moonlight sleeping upon snow, and a cheek where the blood never slept. The forehead, somewhat higher and broader than woman's generally, gave promise of a certain nobleness of intellect which threw a dignity, a feminine dignity around the more tender characteristics of her general beauty, and relieved the almost *abandon* expression of her olive-shaped eyes beneath their long dark fringes. In her eye, indeed, with its ever changeful expression, lay the principal charm of her face. The deep blue sea reflects not with more fidelity the summer clouds that pass over it than did her eyes the varying shadows of her mind; and they were in striking harmony with the expression of her beautiful mouth, in the corners of which, even in her gravest moments, young smiles seemed constantly struggling into being. Her voice was flexible, mellow and clear, full of joy and gladness, and readily adapted itself to the varying subjects of her conversation.

"An excellent thing in woman" is a pleasing voice, and hers was such as no man could hear and ever forget. In after years, in spite of treacherous memory, its tones would be recalled as he listened to the joyous carol of early spring birds, the soft breathings of an Eolian harp, or the affectionate whisperings of a mother's blessing. Such was the effect produced upon me in the first half hour of our acquaintance, that, though years have rolled over me since, though I have seen the world, as it is called, and been familiarized with many of the stirring scenes of life which make up the aggregate of man's experience, though I have gazed upon the beauty of my country through every phase of its checkered society, from the halls of the aristocratic, corrupted politician, to the humble cottage of the sturdy squatter, I have never met with but one Lucy Black.

I soon discovered that those whom she was entertaining so delightfully were as varied in their professions and hues of mind as were the states from which they came. To him from the far west she spoke of the vast, the boundless prairies, its broad rivers, its cloud-capped mountains and the wild adventures of its hardy pioneers; to the southerner she touched upon the sunny south, her generous soil, the beauty of her daughters, her gallant, chivalric sons, as ardent as their clime, and as changeful, too; to the politician she dwelt upon the pleasures of a Washington winter, its exciting debates, its accumulation of talent, beauty and novelty, &c.; and thus did this singularly gifted creature, by an intuitive perception of the weaknesses, the tastes or prejudices of those whom she addressed, admirably adapt her talents to the gratification of each, and all seemed equally surprised and delighted in her presence. A man was sure to be pleased with himself, because he was led unconsciously to talk upon those subjects most agreeable and familiar to himself, and this I conceive to be one of the most difficult and delicate methods of pleasing. When animated she gesticulated much and gracefully, and all her soul beamed in her face. Her manner was characterized by friendliness, the frankest confidence, but there was so much delicacy and refinement in every word and look, that her perfect purity of heart was at once acknowledged.

I had ever been accustomed to regard woman's intellectual inferiority as established, to look upon her as the reverse of her own mirror, the one speaking without reflecting, and the other reflecting without speaking, but here was a most charming proof of my error. I danced with her, and her movements, so light, so unaffected, and yet so graceful compared to those of the mere women around me, seemed the motions of a fairy contrasted with the fantastic cavotings of Burns' Cutty Sark. Like myself, she was an ardent admirer of the ballads of Burns and Moore, and when I ventured a request that she would sing, and left the selection to herself, she instantly complied, and seating herself at the instrument which the young

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lady of fashion had so violently treated, she sung, to a beautiful French air, those charming words of Nourmahal—

"There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
Where two that are linked in one heavenly tie,
With hearts never changing and brow never cold,
Love on through all ills and love on till they die!
One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss;
And, oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this—it is this!"

She sung with so much feeling, taste and harmony, that all around stood hushed and wondering, gazing upon each other in silent admiration. There was none of the artistical display, none of the adroit management which I had observed in the former player, but as the enchanting measure stole around I knew not whether the voice or the chords gave utterance to the words, so harmoniously were they blended together. I watched her eloquent face, but could not discover the slightest indication that she was aware of the pleasure she was conferring, and she appeared as free from all those little arts of coquetry which pretty and accomplished women sometimes practice, as the keys that her fingers dwelt upon.

This was a final evolution, a termination of the evening's campaign, and my poor heart, that had stood up manfully against every previous manœuvre, was carried as by a "*coup de main.*" The party soon after broke up, and with an accelerated pulse and a feverish brow I left the house of Mr. A. and sought my own room. Sleep did not visit me that night, but the hours were spent in recalling her every look and word. Throughout the following day I did not leave my apartment, for the excitement I had passed through, together with the want of sleep, had been too much for me; but as night approached, an earnest desire to manifest at once in some decided manner the passion which she had inspired, took entire possession of me, and after various plans had been suggested and rejected, I determined to serenade her. Never having attempted such a feat, I sent for a musical friend, whose aid and advice I readily secured, and he arranged the plan in a few minutes, undertaking to obtain the services of his friend Lieutenant K., then on a visit to Newburgh, and whose devotions were pretty equally divided between Bacchus and the guitar. These preliminaries completed, I passed the evening alone, and never did time lag so heavily. Shortly after midnight my two friends arrived, and as we had some distance to walk to reach Lucy's residence, I proposed that we should set out at once—forgetful, unfortunately, of the necessity or policy of some previous rehearsal. We had scarcely walked a hundred yards in the cold night air before the libations which the lieutenant had taken to fortify himself against it began to tell upon him, and long before we reached the destined scene of operations, the aid of both P. and myself was required to sustain his unsteady progress. In or out of his cups, however, he was always a gentleman in thought and feeling, and even when so oblivious as to lie upon his back and feel upwards for the earth, (a tolerable evidence of inebriety,) his ideas were conceived with dignity and expressed with grace. Like Booth, his mind at times was somewhat erratic, a peculiarity which, in the course of this evening, occasioned me no little annoyance. Upon reaching the house of Lucy, he declared that the relaxing power of the night air had operated as well upon his muscles as upon the chords of his instrument—in short, that he was all unstrung; and at this gentle intimation we placed him standing with his back against the gate post and his guitar slung around his neck. There he stood, like a nodding Bacchus. His fingers mechanically swept the strings and hurried on, with a skill that never forsook him, through a medley of airs as disjointed as his own scattered thoughts. A window above me was gently opened, and holding the half-closed blind, I perceived the shadowy outline of a beautiful arm, and the low, suppressed, but mirthful tones of feminine voices.

Here, then, was the moment for pouring out my soul, for breathing to the only woman I had ever loved the passion that burned within me. But, alas! memory had deserted her throne in the brain of the lieutenant, and after fruitless efforts to recall to his recollection many of the pretty things I had heard from him at various times, the only piece he could remember was "All's Well," an old duet which, in his boyhood's days, he had learned on the forecastle, and which still clung to him through the ups and downs of life as the songs of our childhood ever do. Despairing of anything better for the present, therefore, I took my position, stood "at ease," fixed my eyes with a most killing expression upon the window above, and began the primo, "Deserted by the waning moon." The lieutenant swept the chords, took up the second, P. fell in with his flute, and we went on swimmingly until we came to the concluding words of the verse, "all's well." The word "all," in accordance with the character of the music, we prolonged through an entire bar, and no sooner had my exhausted lungs dropped the sound than it was taken up, dilated, prolonged and swelled into the most unearthly yell immediately behind me, startling me almost out of my boots.

As I fixed my eyes upon the spot from whence it proceeded, I first perceived two long, pointed ears, vibrating with curiosity, and next the head and shoulders of a diminutive ass slowly protruding themselves into the starlight from the shade of the fence. There he stood, and I think I see him now, with his neck elongated, his villainous face curled and wrinkled up as if "doing his very prettiest," every muscle distended, and yelling out the note I had dropped until the very window panes rattled above me.

I was for a moment paralyzed, and at the first pause in this infernal music, the oblivious lieutenant, who had not yet seen the intruder, ex-

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claimed, with an air of offended dignity, "Mr. ——, had I known, sir, that you designed thus to exhibit yourself, you should not have had my countenance!"

Vainly did I point at the now silent brute, standing within a few feet of us, peering at me with imperturbable gravity, and pointing his ears backwards and forwards with a curiosity as comical as it was annoying to me; my speech was drowned in the renewed efforts of our musical ally, who was by this time evidently doing his best. To my utter horror and mortification, K., who became suddenly impressed with the belief that this formed a part of the intended serenade, repeated bray after bray with such accuracy of nasal intonation, accompanied by a wild, startling strumming on his guitar, that, unable to control my fate or endure my position, I fairly took to my heels just as the tittering from the window above began to be audible.

By four o'clock I was on my road to the Point, where I vainly strove to banish all thought of Lucy Black. Her conquests, her glory and her fate, form an interesting history of gifted woman's career, and should they be deemed worthy of the place, they shall be given to the "Lady's Book." Never have I recovered from the mortifications of that night; a guitar makes me nervous, and to this hour my cheek burns whenever I think of my first serenade.

GOOD ADVICE.

ON MARRIAGE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF C. F. GELLERT, BY J. T. S. SULLIVAN.

A YOUTH who wished to find a wife,
Whose friends suggested many a fair,
To end his great internal strife,
Sought out a sage with silvered hair.

Friend, said the hoary sage, I cannot say;
Deceived you may be, sir, choose as you may!
Seek you a wife to please alone the sight?
Go find thee one with pretty face and bright!
But if you aim at rent-rolls and estate,
Instead of what might charm thee in a mate,
Advice I'd give of quite a diff'rent hue—
Go wed a wife as rich as richest Jew!
Or if high rank to gain you'd take a wife,
Forget the idols of your early life,
And choose the daughter of the greatest man,
Nor your selection ever after scan!
Or should you wish to please alone the mind,
And leave what appertains to sense behind,
Then take a maid to suit scholastic taste,
Well versed in lore, and as Diana chaste!

Here ceased the sage his mild and gentle tone.
Bah! cried the youth, such truths by all are known!
I ask to learn how I shall choose a wife
With whom to lead a happy, quiet life—
No sharp contentions when the day is done.....
Oh! cried the sage, if that's your wish—*take none!*

STANZAS TO A FRIEND IN SICKNESS.

BY N. C. BROOKS, A. M.

PALE daughter of affliction mild and meek!
Dimmed is the lustre of thy sparkling eye,
And pale and cold upon thy faded cheek,
Where roses bloomed, the deep'ning shadows lie;
Save when the fitful flush relieves the gloom,
As lamps sepulchral light the darkness of the tomb.

Upon thy brow—pale, cold as Parian stone—
Where played the fancies of a glowing mind,
Now dove-eyed Patience holds her peaceful throne—
All thoughts of earth to will of Heaven resign'd;
And though with human love thy heart is stirr'd,
From thy meek, quiet lips comes no complaining word.

God bless thee, child of sorrow! Friendship pleads
For thee; young Childhood lifts its tear-dimm'd eyes,
And wedded Love's grief-smitten bosom bleeds
And pours forth fervent prayers and ceaseless sighs:
God bless thee, and with health to thee restore
Returning peace, and joy to them again once more!

Beneath the umbrageous covering of the grove,
And on the carpet of the flowery glade,
Where in life's springtide you were wont to rove,
And health breathed from the sunlight and the shade,
May you again a renovation find,
And balm and bloom inhale from every passing wind.

Oh! may the spirit that of old did stir
Bethesda's waters, stir each breeze for thee!
And make it to thy healing minister,
And virtue waft from every flower and tree,
Pour life and joyousness into thy soul,
And bid thee smile again and speak thee fully whole!

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SPEAK GENTLY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Speak gently! It is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently! Let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here."

"I AM entirely at a loss to know what to do with that boy," said Mrs. Burton to her husband, with much concern on her face and in an anxious tone of voice. "I never yield to his imperious temper; I never indulge him in anything; I think about him and care about him all the time, but see no good results."

While Mrs. Burton was speaking, a bright, active boy, eight years of age, came dashing into the room, and, without heeding any one, commenced beating with two large sticks against one of the window sills and making a deafening noise.

"Incorrigible boy!" exclaimed his mother, going quickly up to him and jerking the sticks out of his hand. "Can't I learn you neither manners nor decency? I have told you a hundred times that when you come into a room where any one is sitting you must be quiet. Go up stairs this moment, and don't let me see your face for an hour!"

The boy became sulky in an instant, and stood where he was, pouting sadly.

"Did you hear what I said? Go up stairs this moment!"

Mrs. Burton spoke in a very angry tone, and looked quite as angry as she spoke.

Slowly moved the boy towards the door, a scowl darkening his face, that was but a moment before so bright and cheerful. His steps were too deliberate for the over-excited feelings of the mother; she sprang towards him, and seizing him by the arm pushed him from the room and closed the door loudly after him.

"I declare, I am out of all heart!" she exclaimed, sinking down upon a chair. "It is line upon line and precept upon precept, but all to no good purpose. That boy will break my heart yet!"

Mr. Burton said nothing, but he saw plainly enough that it was not all the child's fault. He doubted the use of coming out and saying this unequivocally, although he had often and often been on the point of doing so, involuntarily. He knew the temper of his wife so well, and her peculiar sensitiveness about everything that looked like charging any fault upon herself, that he feared more harm than good would result from an attempt on his part to show her that she was much more than half to blame for the boy's perverseness of temper.

Once or twice the little fellow showed himself at the door, but was driven back with harsh words until the hour for tea arrived. The sound of the tea-bell caused an instant oblivion of all the disagreeable impressions made on his mind. His little feet answered the welcome summons with a clatter that stunned the ears of his mother.

"Go back, sir!" she said sternly, as he burst open the dining-room door and sent it swinging with a loud concussion against the wall, "and see if you can't walk down stairs more like a boy than a horse."

Master Harry withdrew, pouting out his rosy lips to the distance of full an inch. He went up one flight of stairs and then returned.

"Go up to the third story where you first started from and come down quietly all the way, or you shall not have a mouthful of supper."

"I don't want to," whined the boy.

"Go up, I tell you, this instant, or I will send you to-bed without anything to eat."

This was a threat that former experience had taught him might be executed, and so he deemed it better to submit than pay too dearly for having his own way. The distance to the third story was made in a few light springs, and then he came pattering down as lightly, and took his place at the table quickly but silently.

"There—there, not too fast; you've got plenty to eat, and time enough to eat it in."

Harry settled himself down to the table as quietly as his mercurial spirits would let him, and *tried* to wait until he was helped, but spite of his efforts to do so his hand went over into the bread basket. A look from his mother caused him to drop the slice he had lifted; it was not a look in which there was much affection. While waiting to be helped, his hands were busy with his knife and fork, making a most unpleasant clatter.

"Put down your hands!" harshly spoken, remedied this evil, or rather sent the active movement from the little fellow's hands to his feet, that commenced a swinging motion, his heels striking noisily against the chair.

"Keep your feet still!" caused this to cease.

After one or two more reproofs, the boy was left to himself. As soon as he received his cup of tea he poured the entire contents into his saucer, and then tried to lift it steadily to his lips. In doing so he spilled one-third of the contents upon the table-cloth.

A box on the ears and a storm of angry words rewarded this feat.

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"Haven't I told you over and over again, you incorrigible bad boy! not to pour the whole of your tea into your saucer. Just see what a 'mess' you have made with that clean table-cloth. I declare! I am out of all manner of patience with you. Go 'way from the table this instant!"

Harry went crying away, not in anger, but in grief. He had spilled his tea by accident. His mother had so many reproofs and injunctions to make that the bearing of them all in mind was a thing impossible. As to pouring out all of his tea at a time, he had no recollection of any interdiction on that subject, although it had been made over and over again dozens of times. In a little while he came creeping slowly back and resumed his place at the table, his eyes upon his mother's face. Mrs. Burton was sorry that she had sent him away for what was only an accident; she felt that she had hardly been just to the thoughtless boy. She did not, therefore, object to his coming back, but said, as he took his seat—"Next time see that you are more careful. I have told you again and again not to fill your saucer to the brim; you never can do it without spilling the tea over upon the table-cloth."

This was not spoken in kindness.

A scene somewhat similar to this was enacted at every meal, but instead of improving in his behaviour the boy grew more and more heedless. Mr. Burton rarely said anything to Harry about his unruly manner, but when he did, a word was enough. That word was always mildly yet firmly spoken. He did not think him a bad boy or difficult to manage—at least he had never found him so.

"I wish I knew what to do with that child," said Mrs. Burton, after the little fellow had been sent to bed an hour before his time, in consequence of some violation of law and order; "he makes me feel unhappy all the while. I dislike to be scolding him forever, but what can I do? If I did not curb him in some way there would be no living in the house with him. I am afraid he will cause us a world of trouble."

Mr. Burton sat silent. He wanted to say a word on the subject, but he feared that its effect might not be what he desired.

"I wish you would advise me what to do, Mr. Burton," his wife said, a little petulantly. "You sit and don't say a single word, as if you had no kind of interest in the matter. What am I to do? I have exhausted all my own resources, and feel completely at a loss."

"There is a way which, if you would adopt, I think might do a great deal of good." Mr. Burton spoke with a slight appearance of hesitation. "If you would *speak gently* to Harry, I am sure you would be able to manage him far better than you do."

Mrs. Burton's face was crimsoned in an instant; she felt the reproof deeply; her self-esteem was severely wounded.

"Speak gently, indeed!" she replied. "I might as well speak to the wind; I am scarcely heard, now, at the top of my voice."

Mr. Burton never contended with his wife. She would have felt better sometimes if he had done so, for then she could have excused herself a little. His words were few, mildly spoken, and always remembered. He had expected some such effect from his suggestion of a remedy in the case of Harry, and was not, therefore, at all surprised at the ebullition it produced. On its subsidence he believed her mind would be more transparent than before, and so it was.

As her husband did not argue the matter with her nor say anything that was calculated to keep up the excitement under which she was labouring, her feelings in a little while quieted down and her thoughts became active. The words "speak gently" were constantly in her mind, and there was a reproving import in them. On going to-bed that night she could not get to sleep for several hours; her mind was too busily engaged in reviewing her conduct towards her child. She clearly perceived that she had too frequently suffered her mind to get excited and angry, and that she was too often annoyed at trifles which ought to have been overlooked.

"I am afraid I have been unjust to my child," she sighed over and over again, turning restlessly upon her pillow.

At length she fell asleep and dreamed about Harry. She saw him lying on his bed, sick and apparently near to death; his pure, round cheeks, where health had strewed her glowing blossoms, were pale and sunken; his eyes were hollow—the weary lids had closed over them—he lay in a deep sleep. Mournfully she stood by his side and looked upon him in bitterness of spirit. Sadly she remembered the days past in which she had spoken in harsh and angry tones to her boy, when kinder words would have been far better. In the anguish of her soul, bowed down by sorrow and a reproving conscience, she wept.

When she again looked up she saw that a change had come over the beloved sleeper; the glow of health was upon his cheek, and every vein seemed bounding with life and health, but he slumbered still. She was about arousing him, when a hand was laid upon her's; she turned—a mild face, full of goodness as the face of an angel, looked into her own. She knew the face and the form, but could not call the stranger by name. With a finger upon her lip, and her eyes cast first upon the sleeping boy and then upon the mother, the visitor said, in a low, earnest, but sweet voice—"Speak gently!"

The words sent a thrill through the heart of Mrs. Burton, and she awoke. Many earnest thoughts and self-reproaches kept her awake for a long time; but she slept again, and more quietly until morning.

The impression made by her husband's reproof, her own sober reflections and the dream, was deep. Earnest were the resolutions she made to deal

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more gently with her wayward boy—to make love rule instead of anger. The evils against which she had been contending so powerfully for years she saw to be in herself, while she had been fighting them as if in her generous-minded but badly-governed child.

"I will try to do better," she said to herself, as she arose, feeling but little refreshed from sleep. Before she was ready to leave her room she heard Harry's voice calling her from the next chamber, where he slept. The tones were fretful; he wanted some attendance, and was crying out for it in a manner that instantly disturbed the even surface of the mother's feelings. She was about telling him angrily to be quiet until she could finish dressing herself, when the words "speak gently" seemed whispered in her ear. Their effect was magical —the mother's spirit was subdued.

"I *will* speak gently," she murmured, and went in to Harry, who was still crying out fretfully.

"What do you want, my son?" she said, in a quiet, kind voice.

The boy looked up with surprise; his eye brightened, and the whole expression of his face was changed in an instant.

"I can't find my stockings, mamma," he said.

"There they are, under the bureau," returned Mrs. Burton, as gently as she had at first spoken.

"Oh, yes, so they are," cheerfully replied Harry; "I couldn't see them nowhere."

"Did you think crying would bring them?"

This was said with a smile and in a tone so unlike his mother, that the child looked up again into her face with surprise that was, Mrs. Burton plainly saw, mingled with pleasure.

"Do you want anything else?" she asked.

"No, mamma," he replied, cheerfully, "I can dress myself now."

This first little effort was crowned with the most encouraging results to the mother; she felt a deep peace settling in her bosom, the consciousness of having gained a true victory over the perverse tendencies of both her own and the heart of her boy. It was a little act, but it was the first fruits, and the gathering even of so small a harvest was sweet to her spirit.

At the breakfast table the usual scene was about being enacted, when "speak gently" coming into her mind prevented its occurrence. It seemed almost a mystery to her—the effect of words gently spoken on one who had scarcely heeded her most positive and angrily uttered reproofs and injunctions.

Although Harry was not as orderly in his behaviour at the table as the mother could have wished, yet he did much better than usual, and seemed really to desire to do what was right. For nearly the whole of that day Mrs. Burton was able to control herself and speak gently to her boy, but towards evening she became fretful again from some cause or other. From the instant this change made itself apparent she lost the sweet influence she had been able to exercise over the mind of her child. He no longer heeded her words, and she could no longer feel calm in spirit when he showed perverse and evil tempers. When night closed in, the aspect of affairs was but little different from that of any preceding day.

Heavy was the heart of Mrs. Burton when she sought her pillow, and the incidents and feelings of the day came up in review before her mind. In the morning her heart was calm and her perceptions clear; she saw her duty plainly and felt willing to walk in its pleasant paths. In treading these she had experienced an internal delight unknown before; but ere the day had passed, old habits, strong from frequent indulgence, returned, and former effects followed as a natural consequence.

As she lay for more than an hour resolving and re-resolving to do better, the face of Harry often came up before her. Particularly did she remember its peculiar expression when she spoke kindly, instead of harshly reproving him for acts of rudeness or disobedience. At these times she was conscious of possessing a real power over him; this she never felt in any of her angry efforts to subdue his stubborn will.

On awaking in the morning her mind was renewed; all passion had sunk into quiescence; she could see her duty and feel willing to perform it. Harry, too, awoke as usual, and that was in a fretful, captious mood; but this rippling of the surface of his feelings all subsided when the voice of his mother in words gently spoken fell soothingly upon his ear. He even went so far as to put his arms around her neck and kiss her, saying, as he did so —"Indeed, mamma, I will be a good boy."

For the first time in many months the breakfast hour was pleasant to all. Harry never once interrupted the conversation that passed at intervals between his father and mother. When he asked for anything it was in a way pleasing to all. Once or twice Mrs. Burton found it necessary to correct some little fault of manner, but the way in which she did it, not in the least disturbed her child's temper, and instead of not seeming to hear her words, as had almost always been the case, he regarded all that she said and tried to do as she wished.

"There is a wonderful power in gentle words," remarked Mr. Burton to his wife, after Harry had left the table.

"Yes, wonderful, indeed; their effect surprises me."

"Love is strong."

"So it seems—stronger than any other influence that we can bring to bear upon a human being."

"Whether that being be a child or a full grown man."

"True, without doubt; but how hard a thing is it for us to so control ourselves that the sphere of all our actions shall be full of love. Ah, me! the love-theory is a beautiful one, but who of us can always practice it? For me, I confess that I cannot."

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"Not for the sake of your children?"

"For their sakes I would make almost any sacrifice, would deny myself every comfort—I would devote my life to their good; and yet the perfect control of my natural temper, even with all the inducements my love for them brings, seems impossible."

"I think you have done wonders already," Mr. Burton replied. "If the first effort is so successful, I am sure you need not despair of making the perfect conquest you desire."

"I am glad you are sanguine; I only wish I were equally so."

"It might not be as well if you were. It is almost always the case that we are most in danger of falling when we think ourselves secure. In conscious weakness there is often real power."

"If *that* consciousness gives power, then am I strong enough," replied Mrs. Burton.

And she was stronger than she supposed, and strong because she felt herself weak. Had she been confident of strength she would not have been watchful over herself, but fearing every moment lest she should betray her natural irascibility and fretfulness of temper, she was all the time upon her guard. To her own astonishment and that of her husband, she was able to maintain the power she had gained over Harry, and to be calm even when he was disturbed.

But in all our states of moral advancement there are days and nights as in our natural life. There are times when all the downward tendencies of our nature are active and appear to govern us entirely; when our sun has gone down and all within us is dark. At such times we are tempted to believe that it has become dark forever, that the sun will no more appear in our horizon. This is only the night before the morning, which will certainly break and seem brighter and full of strength to the anxious spirit.

Such changes Mrs. Burton experienced, and they were the unerring signs of her progress. Sometimes for days together she would not be able to control herself; against all the perverse tempers of her child her feelings would react unduly. But these seasons were of shorter and shorter duration on every recurrence of them, and the reason was, she strove most earnestly for the sake of that child to reduce her whole mind into a state of order.

It must not be supposed that Mrs. Burton always found the will of her boy ready to yield itself up even to the control of gentleness and love. With him, too, was there a night and a morning, a season when all the perverse affections of his mind came forth into disorderly manifestations, refusing to hearken even to the gentle words of his mother, and a season when these were all quiescent and truly human, because good affections governed in their stead. These changes were soon marked by the mother and their meaning fully comprehended. At first they were causes of discouragement, but soon were felt to be really encouraging, for they indicated advancement. Faithfully and earnestly, day by day, did Mrs. Burton strive with herself and her boy; the hardest struggle was with herself;—usually, when she had gained the victory over herself she had nothing more to do, for her child opposed no longer.

Days, weeks, months and years went by; during all this time the mother continued to strive earnestly with herself and with her child. The happiest results followed; the fretful, passionate, disorderly boy, became even-minded and orderly in his habits. A word gently spoken was all-powerful in its influence for good, but the least shade of harshness would arouse his stubborn will and deform the fair face of his young spirit.

Whenever mothers complain to Mrs. Burton of the difficulty they find in managing their children, she has but one piece of advice to give, and that is to "SPEAK GENTLY."

MY COUSIN.

BY MRS. E. A. SEDGWICK.

I HAD a cousin once, whose smile
Was sweet as Spring's first flowers;
A voice, the melody of which
I've listened to for hours.

Her presence, too, was always hail'd
With joy amid the throng;
And many happy hours were spent
In listening to her song.

Hers was a mind that could indite
Sweet poetry to please,
And stir the feelings of the heart
Like Summer's gentle breeze.

I have that lovely cousin yet—
But now she's sadly chang'd;
She sings the song, she smiles the same,
But oh! she is derang'd.

I've sat and look'd upon that face,
As she in wild words spake,
And saw her parents sorrowing,
As though their hearts would break.

And this fond heart has bled to think
A being once so mild
Should lose a mind as pure as hers,
And be a maniac wild.

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THE CHOICE OF FLORA.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HERDER.

When Jupiter summoned before him the ideal forms of the creation which he was about to call into existence, there appeared among others the blooming Flora. Who can describe her charms? What pencil can portray her beauty? All the treasures of earth's maiden bosom were combined in her form, her colours, her brilliant vesture. All the gods gazed in admiration, all the goddesses envied such matchless beauty.

"Choose thee," said Jupiter, "from this numerous host of gods and genii a companion—but take care, heedless child, lest thy choice disappoint thee."

The volatile Flora looked around. Oh that she had chosen the beautiful Phœbus, who loved her deeply; but his beauty was too high for the maiden, his love for her was too silent and respectful. Giddily she cast her eyes around, and she chose—who would have believed it?—the light, frolicsome Zephyr.

"Senseless being!" said Jupiter; "but like thy sex in preferring flattery and show to a deep and silent love. Hadst thou chosen Phœbus, thou and thy whole race would have shared with him immortality. But enjoy thy choice!"

Zephyr embraced her, and they disappeared. She flew away, in the form of a flowery pollen, into the region of the god of breezes.

When Jupiter at last brought into real existence the ideal forms of his world, and the lap of earth was all ready for germination, he summoned Zephyr.

"Hither, oh, youth, bring thy beloved, and behold her earthly appearance!"

Zephyr came with the flowery pollen; the fine dust flew away over the wide extent of earth. Phœbus, for the sake of his former love which still lingered in his heart, inspired Flora with life and animation; the goddesses of streams and fountains, with sisterly interest, lent their aid in adorning her; Zephyr embraced her, and Flora shone in a thousand variegated, springing flowers.

How she rejoiced in her charms when she found herself in the softly-moving arms of her lover, yielding to his fond kisses! But short was her joy. When her beauty appeared in its greatest brilliancy, and the bridal couch was spread with all the charms of fragrance and of colouring, the inconstant Zephyr was weary, and left her. Phœbus, full of compassion for her unwise, disappointed love, with his consuming beams made an early end of her grief.

Maidens, every spring this story begins anew. Ye bloom like Flora, choose ye a beloved unlike Zephyr.

C.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG CHILD.

BY JAMES H. PERKINS.

Stand back—uncovered stand—for lo!
The parents that have lost their child
Bow to the majesty of wo!

He came, an herald from above—
  Pure from his God he came to them,
Teaching new duties, deeper love,
  And, like the boy of Bethlehem,
He grew in stature and in grace;
From the sweet spirit of his face
They learnt a new, more heavenly joy,
And were the better for their boy.

But God hath taken whom He gave—
  Recalled the messenger He sent;
And now beside the infant's grave
  The spirit of the strong is bent.

But though the tears must flow—the heart
  Ache with its vacant, strange distress—
Ye did not from your infant part
  When his clear eye grew meaningless.
That eye is beaming still, and still
  Upon his Father's errand, he,
  Your own dear, bright, unearthly boy,
Worketh the kind, mysterious will,
And from this fount of bitter grief
  Will bring a stream of joy.
Oh, may this be your faith and your relief!

Then will this world be full of him; the sky,
With all its placid myriads, to your eye
Will tell of him; the wind will breathe his tone;
And, slumbering in the midnight, they alone,
Your Father and your child, will hover nigh.
Believe in him—behold him everywhere—
And sin will die within you; earthly care
Fall to its earth—and heavenward, side by side,
Ye shall go up, your infant for your guide:
Ye shall go up, beyond this realm of storms,
Quick and more quick, till welcomed there above,
His voice shall bid ye in the might of love,
Lay down these weeds of earth, and wear your native forms.

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PLEURS.

BY MISS MARY GARDINER.

The town of Pleurs, situated among the Alps, and containing about 2,500 inhabitants, was overwhelmed, in 1618, by the falling of Mt. Conto. The avalanche occurred in the night, and no trace of the village or of any of its inhabitants could ever after be discovered.

'Twas eve, and Mount Conto
Reflected in night
The sunbeams that fled
With the monarch of light—
As great souls and noble
Reflect evermore
The sunshine eternal
That floats on Time's shore.

A slight crimson veil
Robed the snow wreath on high,
The shadow an angel
In passing threw by;
And city and valley
In mantle of gray,
Seemed bowed like a mourner
In silence to pray.

In the limitless ether
Came forth, one by one,
The star host in glory,
Like dews from the sun,
Sublimed and condensed
By arcana divine,
And fashioned in secret
As gems in a mine.

And the sweet vesper bell,
With a clear, measured chime,
Like the falling of minutes
In the hour-glass of Time,
From mountain to mountain
Was echoed afar,
Till it died in the distance,
As light in a star.

The young peasant mother
Had cradled to rest
The infant that caroled
In peace on her breast;
The labourer, ere seeking
His couch of repose,
Told his beads in the shade of
A fortress of snows.

Like a bird of ill omen
Drew closer the night;
The reveler's palace
Was flooded with light—
And the cadence of music,
'Mid gay dance and song,
In harmony wond'rous
Went up 'mid the throng.

The criminal counted,
With visage of wo,
The chiming of hours
That were left him below;
And the watcher, so pale,
In the chamber of death,
Bent over the dying
With tightly drawn breath.

The watchman the midnight
Had told with shrill cry—
When, hark! through the silence
What sounded on high,
With a terrible roar
Like the thunders sublime,
Whose voices shall herald
The passing of time?

On came the destroyer,
With dark-working will;
Each pulse in that city
For ever stood still;
The blue sky with glory
Was mantled by day,
When the traveler passed
On his perilous way.

Lake, valley and forest
In sunshine were clear;
But when of that village,
In wonder and fear,
He questioned the landscape
With terror-struck eye,
The mountains in majesty
Pointed on high!

The strong arm of Love
Struggled down through the mould;
The miner dug deep
For the jewels and gold;
And workmen delved ages
Their sepulchre o'er—
But found of that city
A trace never more.

And now on the height
Of that fathomless tomb
The fair Alpine flowers
In loveliness bloom—
And the water-falls chant,
Through their minster of snow,
A mass for the spirits
That slumber below.

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THE FREE COMPANION'S FAITH.

A LEGEND OF AUVERGNE.

BY HENRY W. HERBERT, AUTHOR OF "MARMADUKE WYVIL," "CROMWELL," "THE BROTHERS," ETC. ETC.

THOSE were hard times for France when their brave but unlucky king, captured at Poictiers, lay a prisoner unransomed in the tower of London; when a weak regent feebly governed the disordered realm; when the nobility, dispersed, at variance with each other, fearful of foreign foes and domestic treason equally, each in his solitary keep lay hushed in grim repose; when the whole kingdom was overrun by the ferocious peasant hordes, who had cast off their feudal fetters and rioted far and near in massacre and conflagration; when, last not least, the Free Companions, Germans and English, Gascons and Spaniards, and Italians, parceled out the whole territory of the state at pleasure, laid towns and provinces under contribution, took castles and built forts, and harassed all the country, that it was desolate and well nigh deserted.

At this time it was that Sir Seguin de Batefoi, who, wearied at length with continual strife and bloodshed, had set his heart at length on returning to his native Gascony, gave to his two esquires, Louis Rainbaut and Linousin, the two fair towns of Brioude, ten leagues to the northwest of Le Puy in Auvergne, and Ance, on the Saone opposite to Trevoux.

Those were French towns, towns in the very heart of France, populous, rich and strong; yet could one fierce adventurer, fighting for his own hand, though under the shadow of St. George's cross of England, give them like goods and chattels to his subordinate marauders, and they hold them fearless and free from any interruption—for, through the provinces of Auvergne, Forêts and Velay, the gentlemen had been oppressed so sorely with ransoms in order to regain their liberty, that they had no heart to take up arms any more; and in the great and warlike land of France, where every baron was a captain and every feudal lord a general in the field, there were no great lords left who raised any men. The most of them were hostages in England, during which time their vassals and their lands were plundered, and there was no help for it, since so dispirited and broken were the hearts of men, that fifty stout and sturdy vassals would cry "*Sauve qui peut*," and betake themselves to the hills and woods at the first flutter of a Free Companion's banner over a poor half score of lances.

So it fell out that Louis Rainbaut and Linousin held easily and fairly Brioude and Ance, and might have held them till they died had it not been for a quarrel that broke out between them, so venomous and bitter that never could it be allayed until blood ran to quench it. "And this," as old Froissart says, "was the way of it."

They had been brothers in arms many years; they had wrought many great and gallant deeds in company; rarely had they laid lance in rest but they won fame and booty; each of them had died many times, ere this befell, under shield, manfully, had it not been for the hardihood and prowess of the other; each had lain oftentimes in prison till he was ransomed by the gold or rescued by the steel of his true fellow. It was a sad thing that between comrades so valiant and so trusty—for surely they loved each the other as well as though they had been one mother's children, and had sworn each upon the blest Evangelists and the cross handles of their swords not to survive the other—I say it was a pity and a sin that between comrades such as they were, so vehement, wrath should be kindled.

Now, Louis Rainbaut was not only a stout man-at-arms, very bold and expert with the lance, skillful on horseback and a captain in the field so good that none were better, but was moreover a right graceful and gracious squire of dames. He was well made and tall, with a fair skin and bright keen eyes like an eagle's, and a clean chiseled nose like that same eagle's beak, and a profusion of long, curling yellow hair, a token of his Gascon birth. He was gay, too, and *debonair;* courtly and excellent in the dance, and a famous player on the lute and gittern, and in all ways well calculated to win the love of ladies.

And so it came to pass that he won the heart of a very handsome girl, Alice of Nerestan, and lived with her and loved her *par amours;* and though she was not his wife—for men said that he had left a dame in Gascony to whom he was bound by ties of holy church—yet he esteemed her all as one as if she were such; for he was passionately fond of her, and took her counsel in all matters and was constant and faithful to her alway.

But pity 'twas that it should be so, for much evil came of it, and blood thereafter. She was but a light o' love and a wanton—and how, indeed, should it have been otherwise when she had cast away for him the honourable love and proffered marriage of an honourable and true suitor, when she had fled from her father's hall and sacrificed both maiden modesty and good repute to dwell the outcast leman of a fierce Free Companion.

Now, Louis Rainbaut was oftentimes, as a good

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captain needs must be, in the saddle and abroad, and would ride once a month or yet more frequently from Brioude to Ance, to see that the garrison kept watch and ward, and that all things went on well in his seigniory.

It is a good six and twenty leagues from Brioude to Ance, and, moreover, the country is very mountainous and rugged, with high volcanic peaks and ridges, and deep rocky glens and gorges, and wild mountain torrents and dark forests over much of the land. There could not be a properer region anywhere, or one more perfect for ambuscades and stratagems, sudden invasions or unexpected onslaughts, than that which lay between the two places. Yet little cared Louis Rainbaut for that, for he was of himself a right fearless and valiant man-at-arms, and his horses were of the best that even Spain and Barbary could furnish; and he rode well attended, never with less than forty lances, English and Gascons; and he had several forts and castles of his own, both in Forêts and Velay, where he could halt when he chose and refresh himself. Therefore, although he knew certainly that the gentlemen and knights of Auvergne and Velay would fain have set upon him if that they could have taken him at disadvantage, he took no heed of them at all, but rode ever to and fro as he listed, as free as the wind that blows, and no man knows whence it cometh or whither it goeth; and no one dared to meddle with him or to set on foot any expedition, so great was the fear abroad of the brave Free Companion.

The only thing that ever troubled or disturbed in anywise the bold heart of Louis was the disconsolate and unprotected state of his fair ladye when he rode abroad, for she was always so subdued and tearful, so full of vague apprehensions and doubts and dread on his account whenever he bid her adieu, and so gayly glad and almost immeasurably happy when he returned to her arms, that it did in truth grieve and disturb him not a little when he was forced to buckle on his harness and mount his *détrier;* yet was he still forced so to do, for had he not he would have lost his suzerainty of Ance, and, what would have been yet worse, he would in so great a degree have departed from the established usages and set at nought the feelings of the free lances, that he would but for a very little time have had either company or lances at his back.

But, loving as he did his brother in arms, Linousin, holding him worthy of all confidence and trust, and reposing his honour fearlessly upon his good faith, he gradually came to regret his temporary absences the less, for now he entreated him always to have the lovely Alice under his care and protection in all gentleness and courtesy; and, for that he feared, lest she should pine away and her gay spirits sink in his absence, he besought him to ride forth often with her, to let her see the falcons fly both at fur and feather, and the keen grayhounds ourse the stag, and to direct her thoughts at eventide from sorrow by minstrelsy and dance, and masks and pageants, and whatever else might tend to delight her soul and diversify her solitude.

Of a truth that was a pleasant charge to Linousin, for he too was a lusty debonair esquire, and amorous withal, and passionately an admirer of such charms as Alice of Nerestan possessed in no slight or secondary measure. She was tall and magnificently shaped, glowing with health and passionate high blood, a wild, ardent and impetuous creature of the warm and voluptuous south, with large black eyes floating in dim and humid languor, yet veiling in their depths beneath the long lashes a spark of living fire; with hair so lustrously and intensely black that it appeared to wear that purple tinge which probably suggested to the classic poets the epithet of "hyacinthine;" with a complexion pale and hueless in its ordinary aspect, but when the least excitement of surprise or affection, or desire kindled it into life, varying into every bright and beauteous hue, from the first faint carnation blush to the deep crimson glow of overmastering passion.

Alas that so fair a form should have enshrined a spirit so depraved and evil! Alas for human nature that such things should so often be, that a body so lustrously and purely beautiful that it appears meet habitation for an angel of the Lord, should be degraded into a temple for an incarnate fiend!—for surely as there is nothing in the whole range of the creation, nothing in the whole range of man's uncontrolled and illimitable fancy so exquisite, so touching, so like a foretaste of the perfection which is to be hereafter, as the perfection of earthly loveliness in woman's form and face, informed and animated by a soul pure and affectionate, artless and frank, and loving, tender and warm, and single-minded, so is there nothing so terrible or so suggestive of the saddest thoughts touching the degradation and corruption of our nature, as the unholy union and alliance of corporeal endowments of the brightest and most coveted with mental qualities the lowest and most sensual and brute-like.

That was, indeed, a pleasant trust to Linousin, and pleasantly did he discharge its duties. Never was there so much of merriment and glee, so much of revelry and music, feasting and gallantry, and jovial riot within the castle of Brioude as when the lord of the fair Alice was wending on his way by flood and forest, amid foes and perils, to the bank of the far Saone. And it was noted soon by many that, though she wept as painfully as ever when her bold paramour fared forth with his army, scarce had the fanfare of his trumpets died away on the passing wind and the glitter of his lances vanished behind the hill, before the tears were wiped away from the eyes that now beamed all the brighter by the contrast, and the lips were bedecked with soft and wreathed smiles to greet the false friend of the too confiding chatelain.

Thus matters still went on, the traitors growing bolder in their treason, and less fearful of discovery as they continued longer undiscovered,

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until at length one morning when Louis Rainbaut was alone in his chamber, with his page clasping the rivets of his corslet and adjusting the volant piece of his helmet, the young man looked up several times so wistfully in his face and with so singular an expression of affection and melancholy mingled, that Louis said to him at last, almost impatiently—"Ho, in Heaven's name, why look'st thou in my face so strangely, sirrah? Hast aught to say that it becometh me to hear? For if so, out with it quickly, and if not, get thee on with thy devoir and anger me not by staring so unmannerly and wildly."

"Fair, sir," replied the page, "before Heaven, I have somewhat that I ought to say and that it very much concerneth you to know, but, by my halidom! I am afraid to speak it, for you are still a violent man, Louis, and prompt to anger, although a good lord and a kind master; and, of Heaven's truth, I dread to tell it you, for it will surely grieve you very sorely, and it may be that you shall be so enraged that you will slay me."

"Tush! man," replied Louis, "this is mere lunacy and driveling. I never am an angered with any man for doing or saying that which he deems his duty—may Heaven forbid it!—and I command thee speak out what thou hast to speak, and that speedily, for, lo! I hear the horses' hoofs in the court-yard, and the jingle of the harness as the lances are mustering. Get on with thy tale and be brief, I say."

"Well, sith it must be so," answered the page, "and since thou wilt not be an angered with me, here it is in a word. Linousin plays thee false with the fair Alice of Nerestan! *Paramours* have they loved each the other this year and better in thine absence, and it grieved me to see thee so foully and traitorously abused."

Louis Rainbaut bit his lip hard, so hard that the blood spirted out, and his eyes blazed with fiery passion for a moment, and he clinched his hand hard as if he would have smitten the speaker, but by a mighty effort he controlled himself.

"Ha!" he said, striking his hand heavily on the oaken board which stood beside him—"ha! have a care, Paul, have a care that thou sayest not this thing for any grudge to Linousin. I think he struck thee with the pommel of his sword the other day."

"He had better not strike me again with the pommel of his sword," answered the boy, fiercely, "or he shall taste the blade of my dagger. But it is not for that at all that I spoke, but that I judged it my bounden duty to let you know what was passing. Now that you know it, I have no care in the matter. If you choose to have vengeance, well; here am I to obey your orders. If you choose to bear with it, well; it is not I who am dishonoured."

"But, sirrah, I do *not* know it," replied Louis; "nor, on my faith, do I at all believe it."

"Then watch, and you shall see; and if I have lied to you, willing am I to abye the penalty."

"You shall," said Louis Rainbaut, "you shall abye it. But, look you here, I have altered my mind; you shall ride to Ance with me to-day. Go and get on thine harness, and bid some of the varlets saddle the roan horse for thee that we won from Sir Guerrot de Salieres."

"Gladly," cried the boy, springing up, "gladly I will go with you. I had much rather go along with you than stay here and see things that grieve my soul and that I cannot hinder. But you are wrong to mistrust me, Rainbaut, for I would not deceive you for the world—for I love you, because you stood friend to my poor mother when the Bourg D'Armesen would have wronged her; and I would not betray you, because I would not play the part of Judas even unto mine enemy, much more to my good lord and master."

"Go to—go to, boy; I do not distrust you, but I trow you may well be yourself deceived. At all events, I do not believe a word of this that you have told me. But now get thee gone and put on thine armour, and that as quickly as you may."

The young man said no more, but hurried from the room; and then Louis Rainbaut, suffering his face to express the emotions which distracted him, strode up and down his narrow chamber in great perplexity and deeper despondency than would have been expected from a man so hardened in the ways of the world, so tried in the crucible of danger and suffering, and who held his life, as it were, at a pin's fee, ready to be cast off at a moment's notice.

"It may be so," he muttered to himself—"it may very well be so. I have observed of late that her joy is not so passionate when I return from brief absence, nor her love so affectionate or burning. I fancied, moreover, but yestreen, that I discovered a sly glance passing between the two that spoke of some secret understanding. I will watch—I will watch, and if it be so he shall rue it—he shall rue it!"

As he spoke a light step was heard coming through the corridor; it paused at the door of his apartment; a gentle hand lifted the latch, and the beautiful form of Alice of Nerestan entered. Her superb hair was all disheveled, and fell in long, luxuriant masses all around her, reaching almost to her little feet, which, all unstockinged, had been thrust in haste into the velvet slippers as she had sprung from her couch in haste to bid adieu to her renowned cavalier. Her dress, too, was but scanty and in some disarray, betraying more of her loveliness to view than modesty would have revealed even to a licensed lover's eye. But her fine eyes swam in tears, and the expression of her face, as she threw her arms about the steel-clad neck of Louis, was disconsolate and melancholy rather than ardent or voluptuous.

"Ha, fair wench!" exclaimed Rainbaut, "art thou active so early? I left thee in so sweet a sleep that I would not awaken thee. What hath so suddenly aroused thee?"

"Oh, Louis," she replied, tenderly, "the moment that you leave my side, let me be sleeping

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never so soundly, slumber leaves my eyelids and my soul starts to a sense of its solitude. It is another sense, a prescience most secret and mysterious that tells when you are nigh, filling me with soft pleasure, and when you leave me breaks with a sudden pang upon my deepest and most holy feelings. And you are going from me now! Oh, Louis, Louis, when will you rest contented with the renown that you have won already—with the wealth that your arms have acquired you? When will you hang up these hateful arms and tarry with me evermore and be mine—mine own altogether?"

"Out on thee, silly girl!" said Louis, laughing, but folding her to his heart as he spoke, and kissing her tenderly. "Wouldst have me play the recreant and dastard? Why, bright and beautiful, were I to do as thou wouldst have me, I should be no more worthy thy dear love. Out on thee, silly Alice! I go but for three days, or four at longest. Nay, dry thine eyes, dear girl; I will be back anon. Three days is but a little space;—besides, thou wilt have Linousin here to while away the hours."

"Tush! Linousin—I hate Linousin!" she answered, turning up her rosy lip and tossing her fair head scornfully.

"Hate Linousin? Hate my most trusty friend and bold brother? No, Alice, that will never do. But, hark, there go my trumpets! One kiss, sweet girl—yet one more—yet another! Fare thee well—fare thee well, my beauty. In four days look for me, and until then, farewell!"

And as he released her from his embrace she staggered to a seat faint and breathless, and falling into it buried her fair face in her long rosy fingers and burst into a flood of bitter and convulsive weeping.

But Louis Rainbaut hurried from the apartment and passed through the long corridors and down the staircase with all his heavy harness clanking about him, and mounted his charger in the courtyard among his assembled men-at-arms, and ordered his trumpet to sound instantly and his companions to set forward. But as they filed forth from the vaulted arch of the barbican, he tarried for a few moments and spoke earnestly in a low voice to a gray-haired, fresh-coloured warder who was standing by the chains of the *pont levis* as he rode out of the gate, and who was evidently an Englishman by the expression of his bold, blunt features, and by the athletic proportions of his frame.

The old man nodded his head sagaciously in reply and winked his eye as his lord spoke, and when he had concluded, he said—"Ay, ay, I understand, Louis—I understand, and I will do it."

"Remember, then," said Rainbaut; "and above all be silent."

The cavalcade rode forth at a rapid pace, the long line of glittering spears soon reached the open country beyond the walls of Brioude, and after vanishing and again reappearing half-a-dozen times as the train swept up and down the slight declivities of the plain, at last sank from the eye entirely behind a bold woody ridge, the first step of the mountain chains which diversify the face of Auvergne and Velay. One long, keen flourish of the trumpet came down the wind, calling the stragglers to close up as they scaled the steep ascent, but as the banners disappeared beyond the brow, its shrill notes were deadened by the leafy woodlands and pierced the ear no longer.

Within a little while, if there had been any eye on the watch, it might have seen, in Alice de Nerestan's secret chamber, that beautiful but frail and faithless creature sitting in the deep embrasure of a large oriel window, partially curtained by a drapery of silk and gold, with her fingers interlocked in those of Linousin's left hand, and her lovely head, with all its wealth of luxuriant ringlets resting upon his bosom, while his right arm was entwined about her round and slender waist; and ever and anon she would raise her large lustrous eyes to his, and her voluptuous, rosy lips half open as if to court a kiss. But there were none at that time nigh to observe them, and they imagined fondly that their crimes and their faithlessness were unseen of man and unsuspected; and all the livelong day they consumed in their guilty dalliance, and the sweet shades of quiet twilight fell like soft balm, with refreshing dews and pleasant breezes over the hot and arid earth; and night, with its broad round moon and myriads of bright constellations spangled the dusky skies, and still they were together, nor dreamed that discovery was at hand, and after discovery, sure vengeance!

The night was far advanced toward morning, and the moon had already set, when two horsemen completely armed approached the outer gate of Brioude at a rapid trot, and drew their horses up unchallenged at the drawbridge. It told ill for the discipline of Linousin that armed men could approach the very walls at that untimely hour without so much as a question or alarum from the sentinels, several of whom were walking to and fro on the esplanade above the gate-house or sitting in the guard-room around the fire, and all of whom distinctly heard the clatter of the hoofs on the stony road, but without manifesting anything either of surprise or suspicion.

In a moment a low whistle was heard from the lips of one of the horsemen, and without waiting for any further communication, the English archers lowered the pont levis, drew up the portcullis and admitted Louis Rainbaut and his page, Paul de Turide, for it was they who had returned thus unexpectedly from their expedition.

Leaving their horses at the gate-house, they walked silently through the streets to the castle, and there they were admitted in like manner, without any question or disturbance, the old English warder being on the watch with whom Rainbaut had spoken as he rode out from the castle in the morning.

As he entered the postern, Louis said to the old man, in a low voice—"Is all ready, Matthew?"

"All, as you ordered it," was the reply: "the

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little door is open by the south tower which gives access to the stair, all the men upon duty are your own trusty followers, and I have thirty Gascons fully armed in the guard-room, besides my own archers. The torches are ready, also, and the trumpets."

"Well done—well done," returned the captain; "draw out your men, then, as quietly as you may, and when I wave my scarf from the loop in the turret yonder, do as I bid you. But, by the light of heaven! I shall rouse the whole garrison with the clanking of these steel boots of mine. I were best doff my harness."

"No, no," replied Matthew; "only the spurs, which jingle merrily. The staircase and the corridor are all laid deeply down with rushes; a troop might march through without waking any one."

"Ah, ha!" said Louis, clapping the old man on the shoulder, "thou art a shrewd varlet, and sagacious, too, as well as faithful. Now I will go; see thou to the rest. Come, Paul."

And with the words he walked directly across the court to the little door mentioned in the angle between the *corps de logis* and a large square tower, and raising the latch entered cautiously and stole up the staircase, followed by his page, until he reached a small landing-place lighted by a single loop in the outer wall and having three doors opening on it—one that of the beautiful Alice de Nerestan's chamber.

Placing the page on one side of this doorway, he looked out of the loop himself, and seeing that his thirty Gascon men-at-arms were mustered in complete harness, with some three score of English archers, each holding in his hand a large flambeau of wax and rosin ready to be lighted at a moment's notice, and that six trumpeters were standing near them handling their brazen instruments, he waved his scarf silently to Matthew Aymery and took his post opposite to Paul de Turide.

A minute had not passed before a fierce, lurid glare, like that of a mighty conflagration, began to stream in through the loophole, making the little landing-place as light as day, but with a red and angry glow far different from the genial sunbeams. At the same time the deafening blast of the six brazen trumpets rose with a startling clangor on the silence of the night, and the effect of the sudden din was increased by the clash of arms as the Gascons struck their shields with their bills and battle-axes, and by the thundering shout of the archery.

At the first scream of the brazen trumpets the quick ear of Louis Rainbaut caught a sound in his lady's chamber as of a man leaping out of bed, and the next moment the door was thrown open and Linousin rushed out bareheaded and barefooted in his shirt only and his drawers, with his sheathed sword under his arm.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, as his eye caught the brilliant glare, and, dazzled by it, perceived not he figures of the two armed men who stood beside him, "what in the fiend's name meaneth this?"

"That thy treason is discovered!" thundered the voice of Louis Rainbaut in his ear, and at the same instant his right arm was mastered and his throat compressed as if in an iron vice by the gauntleted gripe of his injured comrade, while his left was seized by the page.

The lovely face and form—all disrobed and disheveled—of the fair Alice appeared for one moment at the door of her chamber as she heard the sound of the scuffle, but she retreated instantly on perceiving what had happened, and locked her door, as if afraid of some injury to herself.

But Louis Rainbaut laughed hoarsely as he heard the jar of the bolts, and cried aloud—"No, no, sweet woman, there is no penalty for thee;—it is thy sex's frailty, and while I scorn and loathe I still pity. But for thee—for thee, traitor and liar, thou shalt rue it!"

And without any further parlance he dragged him down into the court-yard, where all the inhabitants of the place were now assembled, half dressed and in confusion and dismay, some with unlighted torches in their hands and some with weapons snatched up in haste, but all astonished beyond measure and inquiring loudly what was the meaning of the din and turmoil.

As soon as Rainbaut showed himself dragging Linousin down the private staircase, which all knew led only to the chamber of Alice, a wild and jeering laugh burst from the lips of the followers of Louis, and there was for a moment no more questioning among the others, for all saw what had happened, and even among those lawless plunderers there was a sense of honour which esteemed any breach of faith among comrades or brothers in arms most base and flagitious.

Without saying one word, Louis stalked forward with his captive till he had reached the middle of the court where the archers were assembled, in the green national costume, with their short swords at their sides, their arlaces slung about their necks, their long bows bent and ready in their hands, and four-and-twenty peacock-feathered arrows at every yeoman's girdle. Here he released him with a jerk which sent him staggering headforemost into the middle of the islanders, two of whom, seemingly prepared for what they had to do, bound his hands tightly before him and lashed them round his waist with a stout hempen cord, and then drawing their arlaces, cut his shirt from his back with so much more haste than care, that the blood in several instances followed the slashes of the long keen blades.

At first the spectators looked on quietly at this summary process, but after a little while a dozen or two friends and followers of Linousin began to draw together and whisper one with the other; then a large, powerful man, dressed in a brigandine or light coat of mail, hastily thrown over his brawny shoulders, and wearing a stout pot helmet on his head, stepped up to Rainbaut, and said, in a dogged

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voice—"Now, Louis, we must know what you are going to do with Linousin. We will not have him hurt."

"You must know, must you?" answered Rainbaut, somewhat sneeringly. "And you will not have him hurt, hey, Naudon le Bagerant? And, pray, who the devil are you, to cross me? And what matters it to you what I do with him?"

"As for the last," returned le Bagerant, "we are not, that I know, responsible to thee. We took service, I and a score or two more with Linousin, who is as stout a man-at-arms and as wise a leader as any in Auvergne, let the other be who he may; and Sir Seguin de Batefoi gave this town here of Brioude and, Ance on the Saone as much to him as to you—that is what it matters to us. And for the rest, if you do not know who I am, I will let you know very shortly. I am as good a man as you any day."

"Are are—are you?" said Louis, quietly, seeing that Linousin's men were beginning to muster thick and that some of them had taken advantage of the delay to arm themselves completely. "Lend me your axe, Matthew Aymery, my good friend," for he was entirely unarmed, except his sword which hung by his side; then, as he seized the heavy weapon, he strode one pace forward and making it play like a rush round his head, he said —"if you be as good a man as I any day, there is no better day than this to try it. Guard yourself, Naudon!"

But the other did no such thing, but muttered something about not being armed in proof.

"So much the worse for thee, le Bagerant; thou shouldst have known better than to thwart me till thou wert ready. Nevertheless, guard yourself, I say, or I will hew you down unguarded."

Admonished thus, Naudon le Bagerant, who had a name second to few or none among the Free Companions for fearlessness and fierceness, struck a full blow at him with a ponderous mace which he held, hoping to take Louis at unawares and to finish the combat at a single blow. But Louis, whose keen eye discovered the intention, writhed his body aside and returned him a stroke, dealt with so good a will, though he turned the edge of the axe intentionally away, upon the head, as drove down his steel cap on his scull and stretched him stunned and senseless at his feet on the pavement.

"There," said Louis, with a laugh—"there, carry him away to his own chamber; he will be none the worse of it either, but a great deal the better. He is a stout fellow, too, but not so good as I, by any means. Take your axe, Matthew, take your axe; it is an excellent, good piece of stuff. Sheffield, I'll warrant it, which you think better than our steel of Bourdeaux."

"Ay do we think so, Louis," answered the warder, "for it *is* better."

"Now, then, my comrades," said Rainbaut, seeing that there would be no more opposition to his will, "had Naudon asked me civilly what I was about to do with this pitiful knave, I would have told him, but I answer no man upon compulsion. I am going to have him flogged with bowstrings at the corner of every street in Brioude, and a plain coat put upon him and thrust him out of the town and banish him as a traitor. A fellow who would wrong a comrade as he has wronged me, in a point so tender, would think very little to selling all of us to the King of France. This is what I am going to do. How, then, does any man here fancy that he can hinder or wish to try his hand at it? If so, let him step forward."

But no one moved a foot, and when the English archers set up their deep and national acclamation, three jolly cheers that made the castle ring from turret to foundation, several of Linousin's men joined in the cry and all went forth to see the execution.

And right rigidly was it performed, for the stout Britons, in their scorn for anything like treason, plied their yew staves and silken bowstrings with a vengeance that the blood flew from every blow; and still at every corner was the keen discipline repeated among the glare of torches and the prolonged blasts of the merry-mocking trumpets, and the loud proclamation telling to all the citizens of Brioude, who, startled from their beds at that untimely hour, came crowding down to hear and see the nature of the crime and the extent of the punishment.

Linousin bore it, to do him justice, like a man; no cry disgraced his character for hardihood; scarcely a momentary contortion could be observed on his dark features; but when the fearful scourging was at an end, and when a vassal's coat was thrown over his lacerated shoulders and he was literally kicked like a houseless cur through the gate-house, he turned and shook his fist at Louis, who sat on his powerful war horse laughing disdainfully, and muttered something between his clinched teeth, while his whole face was distorted with an expression of almost fiendish vengeance.

The gates were closed behind him, and Rainbaut with his men returned to the castle quietly, and the town of Brioude was soon as still and tranquil as though no disturbance had occurred since sunset.

But Linousin went his way, with his back smarting bitterly and his heart smarting worse, yet with the mixed consciousness of wrong and sense of indignity, toward the town of La Voulte upon the Rhone—for he had lived with the Lord de la Voulte in his youth; and after he had taken up arms for the King of England, in all his excursions to Ance and in the country of Velay, he had spared the lands of the Lord de la Voulte, for he had been very kind to him of yore.

At first the lord knew him not, but having looked at him for a long time, he said—"Thou resemblest very much Linousin, who was formerly my page."

"On my troth!" he replied, "my lord, I am Linousin, and your servant also."

And then he told him all that had befallen him,

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and how he had ever spared the lands of de la Voulte, and proffered to him to put Louis Rainbaut into his hands to do with him as he should list, so he would make his peace with France.

Then was the Lord de la Voulte very glad, for the name of Rainbaut was feared far and wide throughout that country, and he well knew it would be held a very noble feat to take that famous free-booter; and he made peace far and near for Linousin, and mounted him and armed him as soon as he could bear arms with honour, and led him to see the senéschal of Velay at Puy, that they might be known to each other.

It was not long before word was brought to Linousin that Rainbaut had gone forth from Brioude for Ance, and knowing that he would soon return and being well acquainted with all the roads and passes of the land, and the ways by which Louis was wont to go and return, that traitor bade the Lord de la Voulte to assemble all his power, for surely now he would deliver Rainbaut into his hands that day.

Then the Lord de la Voulte gathered his men and displayed his banner, and he brought together a great power, above three hundred spears, with the Bailiff of Velay and the Lord de Mont Clare, Sir Guerrot de Salières, who was a mortal enemy of Louis because he had harassed his lands very grievously and driven off his cattle and his horses; and with him came his son, Sir Plouserat de Vernet and the Lord de Villeneuve, and all the men of arms that dwelt thereabout.

Now, when they reached Nonnay they formed two ambuscades; the Viscount of Polignac commanded one and the Lord de la Voulte the other; and the Viscount de Polignac took post near St. Rambut in Forêts, at a place where Louis de Rainbaut would be forced to pass the river Loire at the bridge, unless he should cross higher up at a ford above Puy. The Lord de la Voulte lay at Nonnay.

Now, at this time Louis had forty lances with him, the flower of his garrison at Brioude, thinking not to meet any one, and least of all the traitor Linousin, whom he in truth despised so much that he thought nothing of him. But for all this, Louis Rainbaut was a right wise and wary leader, and made it his practice never to come and go by the same road. He had come out this time by St. Rambut, and as he returned home he went over the hills above Lyons and Vienne, below the village of Argental, and thence straight toward Le Monastier, which is but three short leagues from Puy. Then he passed secretly between the castles of Monistrol and Montfaucon, and made a circuit toward the village of Le Batterie, midway between St. Julien and Nonnay, for he cared not to ride through either of those towns.

On this road, near Le Batterie, there is a narrow pass in the woods which cannot be avoided, and here the Lord de la Voulte had placed his ambuscade, two hundred well appointed spears under his own broad banner.

It was about the middle of the day when Louis entered into this pass. He and his men had ridden all the night, and the sun was exceeding hot and the horses were very weary, and many of the cavaliers were slumbering in their saddles. Of a truth, they were not in so good array as they might have been, for Louis had so often ridden through that country without meeting any to oppose him that he had become somewhat over-confident and careless.

He had removed his casque, which was hanging at his saddle bow, and his head was covered only with a velvet cap, and a page bore his lance and shield behind him, when all at once, when they were in the thickest of the wood, there rose a cry —"La Voulte! La Voulte! for the Lord de la Voulte!"—and they were charged on all sides by two hundred spears and broken in a moment, and the greater part of them unhorsed, for they were riding much at their ease. But for all that Louis was not won easily, for he drew out his two handed sword, and bare-headed as he was, struck down two knights and an esquire, shouting at every blow, as he stood up in his stirrups manfully—"St. George for Brioude!"

But an esquire of Auvergne, named Amblardon, came up behind him in the melèe and struck him between the shoulders with a mace and felled him to the neck of his horse, and by a second blow dismounted him and made him his prisoner.

Then when Linousin saw that he was thus caught—for you may be sure, that though he was a stout man-at-arms, he trusted not himself within the sweep of his comrade's two-handed sword—he came up to him and said, reproachfully, as if he were the injured party—"Ah, Louis, Louis, you should have ridden with a better company, for did you not bethink you of the insult and shame you made me suffer at Brioude, all for the sake, too, of a pitiful mistress, whom you loved *paramours!* I did not think that so small a matter as a woman would have made you so deal with me. Had she been mine I would not have been so angry; for surely for two such as we were, brethren at arms and sworn friends, one lady might have served to love!"

Then all the lords and knights laughed heartily that Linousin should hold so strange opinions touching the love of women, but for all that they laughed they did not approve his words, for they despised and loathed him as a traitor though they might use him as a tool. Nor did Louis Rainbaut laugh either; nor, by my faith! had he any cause, for the King of France caused him to be beheaded at Villeneuve, near Avignon. Thus died Louis Rainbaut. May God receive his soul! for he was very valiant in the field, and as true and courteous as he was valiant.

But Linousin, when that he had betrayed his friend and broken his faith foully to his sworn brother-in-arms, and received as his reward the government of Brioude, which surrendered after the garrison had lost its leader and all the flower of its garrison, thought to live at his ease and in

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security with Alice de Nerestan. But it is ever difficult to judge of a woman's humour, and Alice, who had betrayed Louis when alive for this same Linousin, was true to him now that he was dead, and contemned the foul traitor and spat at him, nor would so much as suffer him to approach her.

Thereafter, wherefore it was none knew, whether it was that the rage of disappointed love maddened him, or that the consciousness of his disloyalty oppressed him, or that the scorn of all honourable men made him aweary of his life, but in a little while he mixed some deadly poison in his wine, and was found dead in his chamber and frightfully distorted. Thus, though he had not honesty or manhood to preserve it unstained, he had not courage to survive the breach of his "Free Companion's Faith."

MY MOUNTAIN HOME.

BY MRS. HALE.

My mountain home, my mountain home—
What holy thoughts arise,
When from its threshold forth I come
To greet the morning skies;
In loving neighbourhood we stand,
With nought 'tween me and heaven—
It seems as I might raise my hand
And clasp the blessings given.

My mountain home, my mountain home—
What joy uplifts my soul
To see the lightnings 'neath my feet,
And hear the thunders roll,
Like Titan voices from the earth,
And ere their mutterings cease,
To watch the smile of Love come forth
And tint the Bow of Peace.

My mountain home, my mountain home—
How safe and strong it stands!
The floods, like conquering hosts, may come
And sweep the level lands;
And through the forest's green retreats
The whirlwind rend its path—
Unmoved my mountain fortress meets
The flood and whirlwind's wrath.

My mountain home, my mountain home—
Though valleys fairer lie,
My spirit pines amid their bloom—
It shuts me from the sky;
The mountains purer fancies bring
Than e'er in vales arise,
As larks their sweetest strains will sing
When nearest to the skies.

My mountain home, my mountain home—
When night's mysterious tone
Wakens high thoughts, we only win
Amid the wild and lone,
Then, as of old on Sion's Hill,
God's presence seems to come,
And with the angels' treasures fill
My heart and mountain home.

EROS AND ANTEROS.

BY MRS. VOLNEY E. HOWARD.

The versions of the different attributes of Eros (Love), and Anteros (Passion), are various. The one which I have adopted can easily be seen by the definition above affixed to each name.

Oh! Love hath slanderers base and false,
In sooth believe them not;
Who the true Eros e'er hath known
Has never him forgot.

The fire that burns on Eros' shrines
Glows with a heavenly flame;
But from the caverned depths below
Thy torch, Anteros, came.

Bright Eros cheers the household hearth,
And smooths the silver hair;
But dark Anteros flies apace
From age or pain or care.

Anteros oft steals Eros' name,
But, differing from their birth,
Eros the glad soul lifts above—
Anteros drags to earth.

Lay then thy early offerings, youth,
Upon the purer shrine—
For if thou to *Anteros* bow,
Eros may not be thine.

Darkling Anteros' lurid fires
To ruin lead the way;
But thy bright star, oh Eros! lights
To God's eternal day.

St. Antonia de Bexar, Texas.

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FROM "OUR FANNY."

DESCRIPTION OF THE TUILERIES.

PARIS, 1846.

I FEEL, dear M——, as if I had volumes to tell you, and yet I do not think I can interest you by any description I may attempt; but E—— can enlighten you and understand better what I wish to tell you. I have not viewed any of the curiosities here yet, but have been delighted with what I have seen of the city, and astonished at the sights on the first—the king's *fête*, which I suppose E—— has witnessed; the magnificent illuminations and fireworks in the Champs Elysées. Oh, if you were only here, you would be as delighted as I am. The Tuileries I can describe to you only by saying that when I go there I feel as if I were in fairyland, everything is so beautiful; the magnificent trees, the innumerable walks, the crowds of people wandering about or seated, amusing themselves by watching the children, who are in myriads, I may say, playing all kinds of games; and this immense and beautiful piece of ground to be in the midst of a city like Paris is truly wonderful. On the evening of the first, all this ground, which is immediately at the back of the palace, and for nearly three miles down to the Arch of Triumph, was illuminated by festoons of lamps as thick as possible, and then on each side, as far as the eye could reach, were hundreds of lights, and all the little temporary theatres, ball-rooms, show-rooms, and every kind of amusement you can think of, were covered with lamps of every size and colour. Do not think that I am giving you any description of what I saw, for that is impossible. Unless you were familiar with the ground, no one could give you the most distant idea of the beauty of it. I really felt as if I were in a trance or transported by magic into Aladdin's wonderful regions, for I could not believe my senses that all was real around me. Thousands of people in every direction, and all enjoying some amusement; all ages and sexes—everything not only surpassing all I had ever seen before, but anything I ever imagined. Tell E—— that he has often said he would like to see me in Paris that he might witness my surprise; tell him I could not understand then why he said so, but I can now, for everything is charming. You may think it a matter of course I should say so about Paris, but if I did not *really* find it so I would not hesitate to tell you the contrary. I never formed any idea of the beauty of the city, but always thought it was the gayeties that made the place, instead of which I find a magnificent city, noble streets and superb buildings, rich and massive churches—and recollect I have not visited any famed ones save the Madelaine.

On finding that father decided to remain here instead of going to Toulon, we have not made any exertion to see anything, knowing we have plenty of time. You may be sure, my dear M——, I was charmed with his decision, for I did not really like going to Toulon, although I should like the journey, but not to stay there. My impression is we may be here at least a year, and I sincerely hope you and E—— will be here in that time. Tell me when you write what is the prospect of your coming—if it is not being too inquisitive.

I suppose you wonder how we get along with the language. Very well, so far—that is, *without* speaking it; for C—— has been with me until within a few days, and we have a servant who speaks both languages easily. I can understand very well, but cannot express myself. But I am going to commence study in the course of a week, with a lady who is highly recommended, and I am sure I shall be able to talk easily in two or three months. If desire can be of any assistance I shall speak sooner.

Oh that I had the power of transporting you here without the disagreeable voyage! How delighted Mr. M—— would be to walk about in the garden of the Tuileries, and when tired of walking, to sit down and be amused for hours watching the myriads of children at play—all ages, all sizes, from the little tottler to the noble boy of ten and the graceful girl of the same age—when, wearied of their noise and playful enjoyments, he could, by turning down one or two of the lovely walks, see the gay and the grave seated in quiet converse or promenading in the seeming enjoyment of all life's blessings. I can assure him it would surpass his walk on the battery—not meaning, however, that the battery is not a lovely spot; but it wants the care and taste to make it what it might be, and the police to keep it, when made, from being destroyed and abused. You are not pained with the sight of drunken misery as you are likely to be in our city, and you are not open to insult in any public place. Two ladies can go—or a lady and child—anywhere, and if she behaves like a lady, will be treated like one wherever she goes. I often think, my dear friend, were you here, how we should trot off and see things and places. As it is, I do not walk much, except in the evening, and not within a few weeks often then.

We have been to two *soirées*, one at Mr. Green's, the banker's, and night before last at Mr. Draper's, both pretty parties, but different from ours. There is not the room that is in a New York house, and

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they do not have costly suppers; but in one room is a table in the centre, on which are large silver trays with ices in little forms (as you had some), which are replaced constantly as they are used. There is also a tray with syrups and lemonade, and plates with small cakes. At the end of the room is a counter, covered with a white cloth, and on it are a variety of larger cakes and urns, with coffee and chocolate and tea. The head waiter stands behind that, and after dancing you go up there and ask him for whatever you may wish. It is a much less expensive way than in New York, and by that means you can entertain much oftener. They dance the cotillion like ours, only there is no balancez to partners. The quick waltz and the polka are very simple. The music is a piano and violin or flageolet.

THE GLEN AND THE STREAM.

BY MRS. LONG.

"So the foundations of his mind were laid."—WORDSWORTH.
"It is not good for a woman to change her faith."—EXPERIENCE.

ONCE more I'm in the glen—once more I see,
Like some plumed army on yon swelling hill,
The tall green corn wave all its glittering blades.
I stand beneath this oak's dark shade, and gaze
Up at the blue sky, twinkling through the leaves.
Behind, the poplar, with a maiden grace,
Stands slim and smilingly—and there the ash,
Thin, tremulous and gray, his silvery stem
All over scored with records of the past,
Seems almost human in its memories.
There, too, the soft green willow's hazy form
Rounded so cloudlike, and the chestnut tree,
Stretching its long arms out towards the earth,
As gladly 'twould hand down its wealth autumnal
Into the very laps of little children.
Above, the dark-limbed walnut stands erect,
And folds her foliage, soft and delicate,
Around her, like some Cleopatra dusk
Robing herself in orient drapery.
There, by the pathway hiding, as in wait
To greet some rustic belle, his scarlet crest
Alone revealed, the sumac, soldier-like,
Peeps from behind yon hedge of blackberries.

Oh, life and motion! wherefore in my heart
Doth sadness brood thus ever in your presence?
Why doth not joy leap up within me when,
Thou mighty wind! I do but hear the voice
Of thy glad salutation? Why instead
Hear I the footstep of a solemn lay
Tread its wild measure through my heart and brain,
Mingling its melody with every tone
Of breeze and bird? It is thy voice, oh stream,
Murmuring, for ever murmuring!
Down at the root of all this world of green,
That fain would hide with tangled vines and moss
And feathery fern, these solemn naked rocks,
Which thou as unremittingly dost strive
To lay all bare to the blue eye of heaven.
It is thy voice, oh stream! Long in my soul
For utterance thou shalt not urge in vain.

How steadily thou murmurest on, thou tangled little stream,
That stealthily in this deep glen hides from the day's broad beam;
Small birds are singing near thee—green branches wave on high—
But neither breeze nor bird's glad song thy murmuring may put by.

There, rippling over slippery rocks, thine unchanged voice I hear,
And in the same low monotone thou'st sounded many a year;
I have no power to make thee mute, forget thee as I will;
All other voices sometimes cease, but thine will not be still.

The sound of music dies away—keen disputation, mirth,
Business and converse have an end—evening enfolds the earth—
The tired children sink asleep in blessedness and dream,
Then, with the "voices of the night," I hear thee, murmuring stream.

So steadily, so steadily thou soundest in the glen,
Outliving still the voice of winds, of music and of men;
Or if in some calm summer hour silent thou seemest to lie,
Heaven's thunder wakes thee! and once more I hear thy voice on high!

Oh, sweet Rock Run! that voice of thine, what is it like to me?
A stream that in my being's depths soundeth as ceaselessly;
There, amid fragments of old faiths, fixed in disorder deep
Within my soul in infancy, CONSCIENCE its course doth keep.

Though 'mid your wild, luxuriant growth, Imagination, 'Thought,
That proudly wave your boughs above, the truths thus early taught,
The rustling wind of intellect, and fancy singing free,
Make a glad noise, they cannot win my *heart* away from thee.

So steadily, so steadily thy voice is in my ear,
Above and through my late-learned lore, my childhood's faith I hear;
And stern old truths look sadly down, like those gray rocks o'er thee,
And every whisper of this stream echoes as sighingly.

In vain! in vain I've bid thee go sing me some freer strain;
Sweep, with the cataract's strong wing, out to the mighty main;
In vain! in vain thy narrow stream flows tortuously along,
With the same sound that first it learned these rocks and crags among.

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LETTERS FROM ROME.—TO THE EDITOR.

LETTER SIXTH.

ROME, *January*, 1846.

MY DEAR MADAM—There is a world of art in the Vatican. I have been here several times, but have never been able to reach the galleries of paintings until to-day. The Vatican, you will recollect, is an immense assemblage of irregular buildings, built in different ages by different popes, and now used principally as a museum of art, and at certain periods of the year is the residence of the pope. It is said there are about eleven hundred rooms now united, some of which are over five hundred feet in length, and it takes one several days to go through the different galleries and pay any attention to the works of art which they contain—indeed, the enumeration of these fills a large volume. The buildings are not remarkable for any beauty of architecture except in parts, but the Vatican is renowned in history. Who that knows anything of church history has not read or heard of the Vatican? The interest here to me is, however, that it is the spot where so many master-minds have laboured.

Some of the greatest triumphs of *Michel Angelo* are here;—first, the Sixtine Chapel, so well known to all lovers of art. It is here that is placed the "Last Judgment," but it is smoked and faded, and I have seen it but once, and then in a great crowd a short time since. I was not as well pleased with it, perhaps, because I do not like his style, though he is accounted a great model for young artists, from his painting with such freedom and boldness. He was an extraordinary man—sculptor, painter, poet and architect, and succeeded in all. There are many monuments of architecture of his designing here. The dome of St. Peter's was one of his proudest triumphs. His paintings are mostly in fresco. He thought himself the best in sculpture, and used to sign himself "*Michel Angelo, scultore.*" He restored many of the ancient works of art, and was a man of colossal mind. Below you will find a literal translation of one of his sonnets—but Italian poetry suffers much by such translations. It shows he was an admirer of the great poet Dante.

"SONNET—UPON DANTE.

"From the world he descended to dark abysses; thereafter he saw one and another hell. To God, guided by great thoughts, he alive ascended, and then gave true light to us on earth. Star of high price, with thy rays thou revealedst to us blind the hidden eternities, and hadst the reward at the last that the wicked world often gives to its most valued heroes. The works of Dante were scarcely known; the beautiful desires about that ungrateful people that fail to give safety to the just only. Would I were like thee, and born to similar fate! For thy rigid exile with thy virtue, I would give the world the more happy state."

Here is an epigram upon one of his works, with a reply.

"EPIGRAM,

"By G. B. Strozzi, upon the Statue of Night, sculptured by Michel Angelo.

"The Night, that you see in so sweet act sleeping, was by an Angel sculptured in this stone. And why sleep?—thou hast life. Awake her if thou dost not believe it; speak to her"

"REPLY,

"In the person of 'Night,' by Michel Angelo.

"Grateful to me is sleep and the mere being of stone, as long as prejudice and shame ask not to see, not to hear, is to me a great fortune; therefore do not wake me. Ah, pray, speak low!"

I have to-day seen for the first time the "Transfiguration." To say it is beautiful is not enough; it is a painting, a poem, a history, and beautiful in each character. Raphael was a true painter, and he is beloved as well as admired by all. His paintings were nearly all Scripture subjects, full of beauty, grace and gentleness. The "Transfiguration" is considered the most valuable of his works. The large frescoes by him in several rooms here attest his great genius. In one of the rooms is a portrait of Raphael painted by himself. I send you a translation of a sonnet by *Giambatista Zappi*, an author of the seventeenth century.

"RAPHAEL—PAINTED BY HIMSELF IN THE VATICAN.

"This is the great Raphael! Behold the idea of the noble genius and the beautiful face, in whom as many gifts as nature could place so many he took from her bounty. One day, being indignant at having always to make others eternal, upon the canvas painted himself—and he could not paint a subject that might be greater than himself. After, when Death saw the double agreeable face, he suspended the black, fatal bow: 'Which,' said he, 'is the counterfeit and which the true—and which wound?' 'Wound this useless, perishable veil,' the soul replied, 'and do not touch the picture. Each one of us two were born immortal!'"

These translations lose their beauty in the English tongue, unless they are handled by more skillful persons than myself.

It is amusing to stand here before works of art and listen to the criticisms—"This hand appears to be a little out of drawing—that eyebrow is a little too high—that drapery is rather heavy,"

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finding fault with the best works with little ceremony, and less taste. It was my misfortune to visit "*La Fornirina*," by Raphael, with one of this class of persons. He completely dissected one of the sweetest pictures in Rome. Since that time I have been careful with whom I visited paintings.

I think there are faults in all the great masters; there is, there can be no such thing as perfection, and the best paintings have minor faults. But then they show the mind of a genius; they have the stamp of a poet. You sympathize with them when you see the works of their creation, and overlook the minor faults as you would those of a friend whom you loved very much. I see and hear artists criticising the old masters, saying "such a thing is out of drawing, such colours are bad," who cannot for the life of them paint anything worthy of notice. I have seen paintings which, perhaps, were nearly faultless as regards drawing, colouring, grouping, etc., and yet they made no impression; they lacked soul; they were mere mechanical figures, as it were—they did not show you the mind of a genius.

There are some thirty or forty great paintings in the collection of the Vatican. The "Transfiguration" and the "Communion of St. Jerome," by *Domenechino*, are considered the two best, and, indeed, they would probably sell for more than any other two paintings in the world.

I have been very much interested to-day by watching a beautiful Saxon girl of Germany—the first one I ever saw—beautiful complexion, fair as snow, with light blue eyes and flaxen hair, such as the old Italian poets sing of.

I meet every day with persons as well as works of art which affect me. Rome during the winter is a great resort for strangers from all parts of Europe. It is strange how one's prejudices against foreigners melt away after a few months' residence here. I had never dreamed that Germany could produce such an angel-like creature as was dancing through the halls of the Vatican to-day. Most of the visitors in the Vatican are strangers—a majority English, but you sometimes see the peasantry, in their thick shoes, examining with interest ancient statuary; and I am told the common people of Rome are good judges of art—and, indeed, they should be, for it is everywhere around them, in their houses, their churches and the streets.

One of the great disadvantages of Rome is, that you cannot go anywhere without meeting swarms of English. If you go to see a ruin you find a party with guide books, sketch books, and servants around in your way. A few days since I was on the top of the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, when a carriage drove in with a son of John Bull, who placed his eye-glass very coolly on his face, and without taking the trouble to descend, looked about him for a few moments and then drove off, quite satisfied with having seen the ruins. There are several families of English ladies here, of a certain age, whom G—— and myself meet everywhere. One party we call the "Big Bonnets." G—— has told me in what reign they were worn in England, but I have forgotten. This party consists of five, and they are indefatigable in their researches; we meet them everywhere. G—— has taken such a dislike to them that he will not go where they are if he can help it; but then we see some handsome English ladies and fine specimens of men. I would never have believed that the English gentlemen were better formed than the Americans, but it is true; to judge by those we see here there is no denying the fact. An Englishman appears to walk more erect and to be more satisfied with himself than an American. They have not the anxious look and pale faces of our countrymen. G—— and myself often dispute about it, yet we can both distinguish an American the moment we see him from an Englishman.

Jan. 6th.—This morning being extremely beautiful, I was tempted to wander out of the city. The sky was intensely blue, not a cloud to be seen, the air soft and balmy—indeed, the people here say they have not had so pleasant a winter for several years. It is very agreeable to be able in January to be roaming over fields of grass and flowers, and breathing an air that is not all the while admonishing you of consumption. I first visited a large villa, within the walls, upon which there is an elevation of earth thrown up by *Servius Tullius* to protect the walls of Rome. We here found some of the largest orange trees we ever saw, loaded with fruit, and while walking across a field some labourers in a garden came running to us with hands moist with dirt and full of old coins, which they represented as having just found and were anxious to dispose of; but my friend remembered hearing of a manufactory in town where we could procure modern *antique* coins, probably of more *value* than these. They laughed when they saw they could not deceive us. However, I have been a little sorry ever since I did not purchase them. I could have told a good story about their genuineness if I had not been undeceived. Since then G—— and myself have made up our minds to believe all the stories we hear in future, especially when there is any possibility of pleasure being taken in the belief.

We next visited the ruins of the Baths of Diocletian. These in their magnificence covered several acres of ground. There were halls of gymnastic exercises, halls of music and various other amusements, besides containing room for over three thousand persons to bathe at a time. It took some forty thousand men seven years to build these baths. Upon a part now is a convent of the *Chartreuse*. The cloister is square in form, and was designed by Michel Angelo. It is a portico sustained by one hundred columns. We walked around it several times, ruminating upon the thoughts of its silent inhabitants, and wondering if we could ever be made to submit to a living death.

We entered the church *Santa Maria degli Angeli*. It is remarkable for being in the form of a

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Greek cross, each nave being one hundred and sixty feet in length, and the height to the ceiling one hundred and thirty feet, and this in part supported by huge gray siennite columns, the bases of which were some sixteen feet in circumference. This is getting quite elaborate for me!

The church contains a meridian laid with fine marble and metals in the pavement, with the twelve signs of the zodiac. The time of the city is regulated by this. There are many fine frescoes and paintings here by the best masters, and it is one of the most interesting churches of this city of churches.

Passing out of the *Porta Salara*, we rambled to the *Villa Albani*, the roadside being lined with the most beautiful lizards imaginable. They are of all colours, and seem to grow spontaneously from the ground. The Villa Albani is one of the most delicious retreats in existence. The grounds are laid out with shrubbery, fountains and statuary, and with great taste and art. The villa, or palace, it should be called, was built by the Cardinal Alexander Albani, and is considered the most beautiful at Rome. There are twenty-eight marble columns in front, which produce a fine effect. Upon entering you ascend a large staircase into a large room painted by Raphael Mengs, representing Parnassus with Apollo and the muses. We went through several rooms, driving the occupants before us, they leaving their work until we could see their private apartments. The rooms were all painted in fresco, mostly representing some mythological divinities, and filled with gems of art. Indeed, there have been several volumes written upon the works of art here. The rooms were beautifully furnished, and we were some time wandering through different cabinets of mosaics, gems and precious stones, besides visiting two long galleries of sculpture and admiring a statue thought to be that of Brutus. In the garden there is what is called a coffee-house. It is a regal saloon, formed of marble columns, pilasters, windows and mirrors —a complete fairy palace. The room contains statues, busts, mosaics and different marbles, while the ceiling is painted by some old master, and represents a Bacchanalian scene. The room was lined with sofas, and books lay upon the centre-table. I found Irving's "Alhambra" among some others. Fit book for such a place. I took it with as much pleasure as I would have taken the hand of some dear absent friend. G—— went off into the garden, and I lay down by the open casement. The sunlight streamed in, warming the variegated marbles. There was no noise save the gushing of fountains. Before me lay the desolate Campagna, and in the distance I could see the broken lines of the crumbling aqueducts, and the blue Appenines lifting their heads against a bluer sky. There was a sadness in the soft air that was peculiarly agreeable, and I read the tales of Moorish splendour with a mind wrapt, as it were, in Elysium, and most sorry was I to leave the spot. I could not but think that the possessors of this beautiful place must sigh and mourn for the time that has passed, when there was a brilliant court at Rome, and when their riches and treasures were admired by others save strangers.

INVOCATION TO POESY.

BY MRS. C. H. W. ESLING.

Spirit of Beauty! from thine unseen height
Shed on my soul thy soft mysterious light;
How for thy gentle presence do I yearn!
Spirit of Beauty—oh! return, return.

Oh! I have loved thee, Poesy, too well;
How have I bowed me to thy magic spell!
How have I clasped thee to my inmost heart!
Spirit of Beauty, why depart, depart?

I have invoked thee in mine earlier days,
By woodland haunts and nature's flowery ways,
By pebbly brook, by marshy stream and rill,
By cavern, grotto, and by grassy hill.

These are thy haunts, sweet Spirit—thou dost dwell
In the blue violet, and the lily's bell,
In the bright stars that gem the clouds of even,
In everything that bears the stamp of heaven.

When sorrows stole upon mine earlier years,
When youth's glad smiles were chased by starting tears,
When shadows fill'd my soul, a darksome throng,
I've poured my sadness forth in gentle song.

No more I wander now by purling streams,
No more indulge in fancy's rainbow dreams,
No more on dewy lawn and flowery vale
Count the sweet incense of the summer gale.

At early day, when the glad lark upsprings,
And at heaven's gate his morning matin sings,
No more I roam, lured by the early breeze,
To watch the sun come smiling through the trees.

But in my home, beside the household hearth,
Where bloom immortal flowers of earthly birth,
Where kindred meet, where joyous children come,
Gild with thy sunshine the glad hearth of home.

Spirit of Beauty! from thine unseen height
Shed on my soul thy soft mysterious light;
How for thy gentle presence do I yearn!
Spirit of Beauty—oh! return, return.

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THE LITERATI OF NEW YORK CITY.—NO. II.

SOME HONEST OPINIONS AT RANDOM RESPECTING THEIR AUTORIAL MERITS, WITH OCCASIONAL WORDS OF PERSONALITY.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

ANNA CORA MOWATT.

Mrs. Mowatt is in some respects a remarkable woman, and has undoubtedly wrought a deeper impression upon *the public* than any one of her sex in America.

She became first known through her recitations. To these she drew large and discriminating audiences in Boston, New York, and elsewhere to the north and east. Her subjects were much in the usual way of these exhibitions, including comic as well as serious pieces, chiefly in verse. In her selections she evinced no *very* refined taste, but was probably influenced by the elocutionary rather than by the literary value of her *programmes*. She read well; her voice was melodious; her youth and general appearance excited interest, but, upon the whole, she produced no great effect, and the enterprize may be termed unsuccessful, although the press, as is its wont, spoke in the most sonorous tone of her success.

It was during these recitations that her name, prefixed to occasional tales, sketches and brief poems in the magazines, first attracted an attention that, but for the recitations, it might not have attracted.

Her sketches and tales may be said to be *cleverly* written. They are lively, easy, *conventional*, scintillating with a species of sarcastic wit, which might be termed good were it in any respect original. In point of style—that is to say, of mere English, they are very respectable. One of the best of her prose papers is entitled "Ennui and its Antidote," published in "The Columbian Magazine" for June, 1845. The subject, however, is an exceedingly hackneyed one.

In looking carefully over her poems, I find no one entitled to commendation as a whole; in very few of them do I observe even noticeable passages, and I confess that I am surprised and disappointed at this result of my inquiry; nor can I make up my mind that there is not much latent poetical power in Mrs. Mowatt. From some lines addressed to Isabel M——, I copy the opening stanza as the most favourable specimen which I have seen of her verse.

"Forever vanished from thy cheek
Is life's unfolding rose—
Forever quenched the flashing smile
That conscious beauty knows!
Thine orbs are lustrous with a light
Which ne'er illumes the eye
Till heaven is bursting on the sight
And earth is fleeting by."

In this there is much force, and the idea in the concluding quatrain is so well *put* as to have the air of originality. Indeed, I am not sure that the thought of the last two lines is *not* original;—at all events it is exceedingly *natural* and impressive. I say "natural," because, in any imagined ascent from the orb we inhabit, when heaven should "burst on the sight"—in other words, when the attraction of the planet should be superseded by that of another sphere, then instantly would the "earth" have the appearance of "fleeting by." The versification, also, is much better here than is usual with the poetess. In general she is rough, through excess of harsh consonants. The whole poem is of higher merit than any which I can find with her name attached; but there is little of the spirit of poesy in anything she writes. She evinces more feeling than ideality.

Her first decided success was with her comedy, "Fashion," although much of this success itself is referable to the interest felt in her as a beautiful woman and an authoress.

The play is not without merit. It may be commended especially for its simplicity of plot. What the Spanish playwrights mean by dramas of *intrigue*, are the worst acting dramas in the world; the intellect of an audience can never safely be fatigued by complexity. The necessity for verbose explanation, however, on the part of Trueman, at the close of the play, is in this regard a serious defect. A *dénouement* should in all cases be taken up with *action*—with nothing else. Whatever cannot be explained by such action should be communicated at the opening of the story.

In the plot, however estimable for simplicity, there is of course not a particle of originality, of invention. Had it, indeed, been designed as a burlesque upon the arrant conventionality of stage incidents in general, it might have been received as a palpable hit. There is not an event, a character, a jest, which is not a well-understood thing, a matter of course, a stage-property time out of mind. The general tone is adopted from "The School for Scandal," to which, indeed, the whole composition bears just such an affinity as the shell of a locust to the locust that tenants it—

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as the spectrum of a Congreve rocket to the Congreve rocket itself. In the *management* of her imitation, nevertheless, Mrs. Mowatt has, I think, evinced a sense of theatrical effect or point which may lead her, at no very distant day, to compose an exceedingly *taking*, although it can never much aid her in composing a very meritorious drama. "Fashion," in a word, owes what it had of success to its being the work of a lovely woman who had already excited interest, and to the very commonplaceness or spirit of conventionality which rendered it readily comprehensible and appreciable by the public proper. It was much indebted, too, to the carpets, the ottomans, the chandeliers and the conservatories, which gained so decided a popularity for that despicable mass of inanity, the "London Assurance" of Bourcicault.

Since "Fashion," Mrs. Mowatt has published one or two brief novels in pamphlet form, but they have no particular merit, although they afford glimpses (I cannot help thinking) of a genius as yet unrevealed, except in her capacity of actress.

In this capacity, if she be but true to herself, she will assuredly win a very enviable distinction. She has done well, wonderfully well, both in tragedy and comedy; but if she knew her own strength she would confine herself nearly altogether to the depicting (in letters not less than on the stage) the more gentle sentiments and the most profound passions. Her sympathy with the latter is evidently intense. In the utterance of the truly generous, of the really noble, of the unaffectedly passionate, we see her bosom heave, her cheek grow pale, her limbs tremble, her lip quiver, and nature's own tear rush impetuously to the eye. It is this freshness of the heart which will provide for her the greenest laurels. It is this enthusiasm, this well of deep feeling, which should be made to prove for her an inexhaustible source of fame. As an actress, it is to her a mine of wealth worth all the dawdling *instruction* in the world. Mrs. Mowatt, on her first appearance as Pauline, was quite as able to give lessons in stage *routine* to any actor or actress in America as was any actor or actress to give lessons to her. *Now*, at least, she should throw all "support" to the winds, trust proudly to her own sense of art, her own rich and natural elocution, her beauty, which is unusual, her grace, which is queenly, and be assured that these qualities, as she *now* possesses them, are all sufficient to render her a great actress, when considered simply as the means by which the end of natural acting is to be attained, as the mere instruments by which she may effectively and unimpededly lay bare to the audience the movements of her own passionate heart.

Indeed, the great charm of her manner is its naturalness. She looks, speaks and moves with a well-controlled impulsiveness, as different as can be conceived from the customary rant and cant, the hack conventionality of the stage. Her voice is rich and voluminous, and although by no means powerful, is so well managed as to seem so. Her utterance is singularly distinct, its sole blemish being an occasional Anglicism of accent, adopted probably from her instructor, Mr. Crisp. Her reading could scarcely be improved. Her action is distinguished by an ease and self-possession which would do credit to a veteran. Her step is the perfection of grace. Often have I watched her for hours with the closest scrutiny, yet never for an instant did I observe her in an attitude of the least awkwardness or even constraint, while many of her seemingly impulsive gestures spoke in loud terms of the woman of genius, of the poet imbued with the profoundest sentiment of the beautiful in motion.

Her figure is slight, even fragile. Her face is a remarkably fine one, and of that precise character best adapted to the stage. The forehead is, perhaps, the least prepossessing feature, although it is by no means an unintellectual one. Hair light auburn, in rich profusion, and always arranged with exquisite taste. The eyes are gray, brilliant and expressive, without being full. The nose is well-formed, with the Roman curve, and indicative of energy. This quality is also shown in the somewhat excessive prominence of the chin. The mouth is large, with brilliant and even teeth and flexible lips, capable of the most instantaneous and effective variations of expression. A more radiantly beautiful smile it is quite impossible to conceive.

GEORGE B. CHEEVER.

The Reverend George B. Cheever created at one time something of an excitement by the publication of a little *brochure* entitled "Deacon Giles' Distillery." He is much better known, however, as the editor of "The Commonplace Book of American Poetry," a work which has at least the merit of not belying its title, and *is* exceedingly commonplace. I am ashamed to say that for several years this compilation afforded to Europeans the only material from which it was possible to form an estimate of the poetical ability of Americans. The selections appear to me exceedingly injudicious, and have all a marked leaning to the didactic. Dr. Cheever is not without a certain sort of negative ability as critic, but works of this character should be undertaken by poets or not at all. The verses which I have seen attributed to *him* are undeniably *médiocres*.

His principal publications, in addition to those mentioned above, are "God's Hand in America," "Wanderings of a Pilgrim under the Shadow of Mont Blanc," "Wanderings of a Pilgrim under the Shadow of Jungfrau," and, lately, a "Defence of Capital Punishment." This "Defence" is at many points well reasoned, and as a clear *resumé* of all that has been already said on its own side of the question, may be considered as commendable. Its premises, however, (as well as those of all rea-

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soners *pro* or *con* on this vexed topic,) are admitted only very partially by the world at large—a fact of which the author affects to be ignorant. Neither does he make the slightest attempt at bringing forward one novel argument. Any man of ordinary invention might have adduced and maintained a dozen.

The two series of "Wanderings" are, perhaps, the best works of their writer. They are what is called "eloquent;" a little too much in that way, perhaps, but nevertheless entertaining.

Dr. Cheever is rather small in stature, and his countenance is vivacious; in other respects there is nothing very observable about his personal appearance. He has been recently married.

CHARLES ANTHON.

Doctor Charles Anthon is the well-known Jay-professor of the Greek and Latin languages in Columbia College, New York, and Rector of the Grammar School. If not absolutely the best, he is at least generally considered the best classicist in America. In England and in Europe at large, his scholastic acquirements are more sincerely respected than those of any of our countrymen. His additions to Lemprière are there justly regarded as evincing a nice perception of method and accurate as well as extensive erudition, but his "Classical Dictionary" has superseded the work of the Frenchman altogether. Most of Professor Anthon's publications have been adopted as text-books at Oxford and Cambridge—an honour to be properly understood only by those acquainted with the many high requisites for attaining it. As a commentator (if not exactly as a critic) he may rank with any of his day, and has evinced powers very unusual in men who devote their lives to classical lore. His accuracy is very remarkable; in this particular he is always to be relied upon. The trait manifests itself even in his MS., which is a model of neatness and symmetry, exceeding in these respects anything of the kind with which I am acquainted. It is somewhat *too* neat, perhaps, and *too* regular, as well as diminutive, to be called beautiful; it might be mistaken at any time, however, for very elaborate copper-plate engraving.

But his chirography, although fully in keeping so far as precision is concerned with his mental character, is, in its entire freedom from flourish or superfluity, as much *out* of keeping with his verbal style. In his notes to the Classics he is singularly Ciceronian—if, indeed, not positively Johnsonese.

An attempt was made not long ago to prepossess the public against his "Classical Dictionary," the most important of his works, by getting up a hue and cry of plagiarism—in the case of all similar books the most preposterous accusation in the world, although, from its very preposterousness, one not easily rebutted. Obviously, the design in any such compilation is, in the first place, to make a *useful school-book* or book of reference, and the scholar who should be weak enough to neglect this indispensable point for the mere purpose of winning credit with a few bookish men for originality, would deserve to be dubbed, by the public at least, a dunce. There are very few points of classical scholarship which are not the common property of "the learned" throughout the world, and in composing any book of reference recourse is unscrupulously and even necessarily had in all cases to similar books which have preceded. In availing themselves of these latter, however, it is the practice of quacks to paraphrase page after page, rearranging the order of paragraphs, making a slight alteration in point of fact here and there, but preserving the spirit of the whole, its information, erudition, etc. etc., while everything is so completely *re-written* as to leave no room for a direct charge of plagiarism; and this is considered and lauded as originality. Now, he who, in availing himself of the labours of his predecessors (and it is clear that all scholars *must* avail themselves of such labours)—he who shall copy *verbatim* the passages to be desired without attempt at palming off their spirit as original with himself, is certainly no plagiarist, even if he fail to make *direct* acknowledgment of indebtedness—is unquestionably *less* of the plagiarist than the disingenuous and contemptible quack who wriggles himself, as above explained, into a reputation for originality, a reputation quite out of place in a case of this kind—the public, of course, never caring a straw whether he be original or not. These attacks upon the New York professor are to be attributed to a *clique* of pedants in and about Boston, gentlemen envious of his success, and whose own compilations are noticeable only for the singular patience and ingenuity with which their dovetailing chicanery is concealed from the *public* eye.

Doctor Anthon is, perhaps, forty-eight years of age; about five feet eight inches in height; rather stout; fair complexion; hair light and inclined to curl; forehead remarkably broad and high; eye gray, clear and penetrating; mouth well-formed, with excellent teeth—the lips having great flexibility and consequent power of expression; the smile particularly pleasing. His address in general is bold, frank, cordial, full of *bonhommie*. His whole air is *distingué* in the best understanding of the term—that is to say, he would impress any one at first sight with the idea of his being no ordinary man. He has qualities, indeed, which would have insured him eminent success in almost any pursuit; and there are times in which his friends are half disposed to regret his exclusive devotion to classical literature. He was one of the originators of the late "New York Review," his associates in the conduct and proprietorship being Doctor F. L. Hawks and Professor R. C. Henry. By far the most valuable papers, however, were those of Doctor A.

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RALPH HOYT.

The Reverend Ralph Hoyt is known chiefly—at least to the world of letters—by "The Chaunt of Life and other Poems, with Sketches and Essays." The publication of this work, however, was never *completed*, only a portion of the poems having appeared, and none of the essays or sketches. It is to be hoped that we shall yet have these latter.

Of the poems issued, one, entitled "Old," had so many peculiar excellences that I copied the whole of it, although quite long, in "The Broadway Journal." It will remind every reader of Durand's fine picture, "An Old Man's Recollections," although between poem and painting there is no more than a very admissible similarity.

I quote a stanza from "Old" (the opening one) by way of bringing the piece to the remembrance of any one who may have forgotten it.

"By the wayside, on a mossy stone,
Sat a hoary pilgrim sadly musing;
Oft I marked him sitting there alone,
All the landscape like a page perusing;
Poor unknown,
By the wayside on a mossy stone."

The quaintness aimed at here is, so far as a single stanza is concerned, to be defended as a legitimate effect, conferring high pleasure on a numerous and cultivated class of minds. Mr. Hoyt, however, in his continuous and uniform repetition of the first line in the last of each stanza of twenty-five, has by much exceeded the proper limits of the quaint and impinged upon the ludicrous. The poem, nevertheless, abounds in lofty merit, and has, in especial, some passages of rich imagination and exquisite pathos. For example—

"Seemed it pitiful he should sit there,
No one sympathizing, no one heeding,
None to love him for his thin gray hair.

"One sweet spirit broke the silent spell—
Ah, to me her name was always Heaven!
She besought him all his grief to tell—
(I was then thirteen and she eleven)
Isabel!
One sweet spirit broke the silent spell.

"'Angel,' said he, sadly, 'I am old;
Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow:
Why I sit here thou shalt soon be told"—
(Then his eye betrayed a pearl of sorrow—
Down it rolled—)
'Angel,' said he, sadly, '*I am old!*'"

It must be confessed that some portions of "Old" (which is by far the best of the collection) remind us forcibly of the "Old Man" of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"Pröemus" is the concluding poem of the volume, and itself concludes with an exceedingly vigorous stanza, putting me not a little in mind of Campbell in his best days.

"O'er all the silent sky
A dark and scowling frown—
But darker scowled each eye
When all resolved to die—
When (night of dread renown!)
A thousand stars went down."

Mr. Hoyt is about forty years of age, of the medium height, pale complexion, dark hair and eyes. His countenance expresses sensibility and benevolence. He converses slowly and with perfect deliberation. He is married.

GULIAN C. VERPLANCK.

Mr. Verplanck has acquired reputation—at least his literary reputation—less from what he has done than from what he has given indication of ability to do. His best, if not his principal works, have been addresses, orations and contributions to the reviews. His scholarship is more than respectable, and his taste and acumen are not to be disputed.

His legal acquirements, it is admitted, are very considerable. When in Congress he was noted as the most industrious man in that assembly, and acted as a walking register or volume of reference, ever at the service of that class of legislators who are too lofty-minded to burden their memories with mere business particulars or matters of fact. Of late years the energy of his character appears to have abated, and many of his friends go so far as to accuse him of indolence.

His family is quite influential—one of the few old Dutch ones retaining their social position.

Mr. Verplanck is short in stature, not more than five feet five inches in height, and compactly or stoutly built. The head is square, massive, and covered with thick, bushy and grizzly hair; the cheeks are ruddy; lips red and full, indicating a relish for good cheer; nose short and straight; eyebrows much arched; eyes dark blue, with what seems, to a casual glance, a sleepy expression—but they gather light and fire as we examine them.

He must be sixty, but a vigorous constitution gives promise of a ripe and healthful old age. He is active; walks firmly, with a short, quick step. His manner is affable, or (more accurately) sociable. He converses well, although with no great fluency, and has his hobbies of talk; is especially fond of old English literature. Altogether, his person, intellect, tastes and general peculiarities, bear a very striking resemblance to those of the late Nicholas Biddle.

FREEMAN HUNT.

Mr. Hunt is the editor and proprietor of the well-known "Merchants' Magazine," one of the most useful of our monthly journals, and decidedly the best "property" of any work of its class. In

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its establishment he evinced many remarkable traits of character. He was entirely without means, and even much in debt and otherwise embarrassed, when, by one of those intuitive perceptions which belong only to genius, but which are usually attributed to "good luck," the "happy" idea entered his head of getting up a magazine devoted to the interests of the influential class of merchants. The chief happiness of this idea, however, (which no doubt had been entertained and discarded by a hundred projectors before Mr. H.,) consisted in the method by which he proposed to carry it into operation. Neglecting the hackneyed modes of advertising largely, circulating flashy prospectuses and sending out numerous "agents," who, in general, merely serve the purpose of boring people into a very temporary support of the work in whose behalf they are employed, he took the whole matter resolutely into his own hands; called personally, in the first place, upon his immediate mercantile friends; explained to them, frankly and succinctly, his object; put the value and necessity of the contemplated publication in the best light—as he well knew how to do—and in this manner obtained to head his subscription list a good many of the most eminent business men in New York. Armed with their names and with recommendatory letters from many of them, he now pushed on to the other chief cities of the Union, and thus, in less time than is taken by ordinary men to make a preparatory flourish of trumpets, succeeded in building up for himself a permanent fortune and for the public a journal of immense interest and value. In the whole proceeding he evinced a tact, a knowledge of mankind and a self-dependence which are the staple of even greater achievements than the establishment of a five dollar magazine. In the subsequent conduct of the work he gave evidence of equal ability. Having without aid put the magazine upon a satisfactory footing as regards its circulation, he also without aid undertook its editorial and business conduct—from the first germ of the conception to the present moment having kept the whole undertaking within his own hands. His subscribers and regular contributors are now among the most intelligent and influential in America; the journal is regarded as absolute authority in mercantile matters, circulates extensively not only in this country but in Europe, and even in regions more remote, affording its worthy and enterprising projector a large income, which no one knows better than himself how to put to good use.

The strong points, the marked peculiarities of Mr. Hunt could not have failed in arresting the attention of all observers of character; and Mr. Willis in especial has made him the subject of repeated comment. I copy what follows from the "New York Mirror."

"Hunt has been glorified in the 'Hong-Kong Gazette,' is regularly complimented by the English mercantile authorities, has every bank in the world for an eager subscriber, every consul, every ship-owner and navigator; is filed away as authority in every library, and thought of in half the countries of the world as early as No. 3 in their enumeration of distinguished Americans, yet who seeks to do him honour in the city he does honour to? The 'Merchants' Magazine,' though a prodigy of perseverance and industry, is not an accidental development of Hunt's energies. He has always been singularly sagacious and original in devising new works and good ones. He was the founder of the first 'Ladies' Magazine,'* of the first children's periodical; he started the 'American Magazine of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge.' compiled the best known collection of American anecdotes, and is an indefatigable writer—the author, among other things, of 'Letters About the Hudson.'

"Hunt was a playfellow of ours in round-jacket days, and we have always looked at him with a reminiscent interest. His luminous, eager eyes, as he goes along the street, keenly bent on his errand, would impress any observer with an idea of his genius and determination, and we think it quite time his earnest head was in the engraver's hand and his daily passing by a mark for the *digito monstrari*. Few more worthy or more valuable citizens are among us."

Much of Mr. Hunt's character is included in what I have already said and quoted. He is "earnest," "eager," combining in a very singular manner general coolness and occasional excitability. He is a true friend, and the enemy of no man. His heart is full of the warmest sympathies and charities. No one in New York is more universally popular.

He is about five feet eight inches in height, well proportioned; complexion dark-florid; forehead capacious; chin massive and projecting, indicative (according to Lavater and general experience) of that energy which is, in fact, the chief point of his character; hair light brown, very fine, of a web-like texture, worn long and floating about the face; eyes of wonderful brilliancy and intensity of expression; the whole countenance beaming with sensibility and intelligence. He is married, and about thirty-eight years of age.

PIERO MARONCELLI.

During his twelve years' imprisonment, *Maroncelli* composed a number of poetical works, some of which were committed to paper, others lost for the want of it. In this country he has published a volume entitled "Additions to the Memoirs of Silvio Pellico," containing numerous anecdotes of the captivity not recorded in Pellico's work, and an "Essay on the Classic and Romantic Schools," the author proposing to divide them anew and designate them by novel distinctions. There is at least some scholarship and some originality in this essay. It is also brief. Maroncelli regards it as the best of his compositions. It is strongly tinctured with transcendentalism. The volume contains, likewise, some poems, of which the

* At this point Mr. Willis is, perhaps, in error.

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"Psalm of Life" and the "Psalm of the Dawn" have never been translated into English. "Winds of the Wakened Spring," one of the pieces included, has been happily rendered by Mr. Halleck, and is the most favourable specimen that could have been selected. These "Additions" accompanied a Boston version of "My Prisons, by Silvio Pellico."

Maroncelli is now about fifty years old, and bears on his person the marks of long suffering; he has lost a leg; his hair and beard became gray many years ago; just now he is suffering from severe illness, and from this it can scarcely be expected that he will recover.

In figure he is short and slight. His forehead is rather low, but broad. His eyes are light blue and weak. The nose and mouth are large. His features in general have all the Italian mobility; their expression is animated and full of intelligence. He speaks hurriedly and gesticulates to excess. He is irritable, frank, generous, chivalrous, warmly attached to his friends, and expecting from them equal devotion. His love of country is unbounded, and he is quite enthusiastic in his endeavours to circulate in America the literature of Italy.

LAUGHTON OSBORN.

Personally, *Mr. Osborn* is little known as an author, either to the public or in literary society, but he has made a great many "sensations" anonymously or with a *nom de plume*. I am not sure that he has published anything with his own name.

One of his earliest works—if not his earliest—was "The Adventures of Jeremy Levis, by Himself," in one volume, a kind of medley of fact, fiction, satire, criticism and novel philosophy. It is a dashing, reckless *brochure*, brimful of talent and audacity. Of course it was covertly admired by the few and loudly condemned by all of the many who can fairly be said to have seen it at all. It had no great circulation. There was something wrong, I fancy, in the mode of its issue.

"Jeremy Levis" was followed by "The Dream of Alla-Ad-Deen, from the romance of 'Anastasia,' by Charles Erskine White, D.D." This is a thin pamphlet of thirty-two pages, each page containing about a hundred and forty words—the whole equal to four pages of this magazine. Alla-Ad-Deen is the son of Alladdin, of "wonderful lamp" memory, and the story is in the "Vision of Mirza" or "Rasselas" way. The design is to reconcile us to death and evil, on the somewhat unphilosophical ground that comparatively we are of little importance in the scale of creation. The author himself supposes this scale to be infinite, and thus his argument proves too much; for if evil should be regarded by man as of no consequence because, "comparatively," *he* is of none, it must be regarded as of no consequence by the angels for a similar reason—and so on in a never-ending ascent. In other words, the only thing proved is the rather bull-ish proposition that evil is no evil at all. I do not find that the "Dream" elicited any attention. It would have been more appropriately published in one of our magazines.

Next in order came, I believe, "The Confessions of a Poet, by Himself." This was in two volumes, of the ordinary novel form, but printed very openly. It made much noise in the literary world, and no little curiosity was excited in regard to its author, who was generally supposed to be John Neal. There were some grounds for this supposition, the tone and matter of the narrative bearing much resemblance to those of "Errata" and "Seventy-Six," especially in the points of boldness and vigour. The "Confessions," however, far surpassed any production of Mr. Neal's in a certain air of cultivation (if not exactly of scholarship) which pervaded it, as well as in the management of its construction—a particular in which the author of "The Battle of Niagara" invariably fails; there is no precision, no finish about anything he does—always an excessive *force* but little of refined art. Mr. N. seems to be deficient in a sense of *completeness*. He begins well, vigorously, startlingly, and proceeds by fits, quite at random, now prosing, now exciting vivid interest, but his conclusions are sure to be hurried and indistinct, so that the reader perceives a falling off, and closes the book with dissatisfaction. He has done nothing which, as a whole, is even respectable, and "The Confessions" are quite remarkable for their artistic unity and perfection. But in higher regards they are to be commended. I do not think, indeed, that a better book of its kind has been written in America. To be sure, it is not precisely the work to place in the hands of a lady, but its scenes of passion are intensely wrought, its incidents are striking and original, its sentiments audacious and suggestive at least, if not at all times tenable. In a word, it is that rare thing, a fiction of *power* without rudeness. Its spirit, in general, resembles that of "Miserrimus" and "Martin Faber."

Partly on account of what most persons would term their licentiousness, partly, also, on account of the prevalent idea that Mr. Neal (who was never very popular with the press) had written them, "The Confessions," by the newspapers, were most unscrupulously misrepresented and abused. The "Commercial Advertiser" of New York was, it appears, foremost in condemnation, and Mr. Osborn thought proper to avenge his wrongs by the publication of a bulky satirical poem, leveled at the critics in general, but more especially at Colonel Stone, the editor of the "Commercial." This satire (which was published in exquisite style as regards print and paper) was entitled "The Vision of Rubeta." Owing to the high price necessarily set upon the book, no great many copies were sold, but the few that got into circulation made quite a hubbub, and with reason, for the satire was not only bitter but personal in

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the last degree. It was, moreover, very censurably indecent—*filthy* is, perhaps, the more appropriate word. The press, without exception, or nearly so, condemned it in loud terms, without taking the trouble to investigate its pretensions as a literary work. But as "The Confessions of a Poet" was *one* of the best novels of its kind ever written in this country, so "The Vision of Rubeta" was decidedly *the best* satire. For its vulgarity and gross personality there is no defence, but its mordacity cannot be gainsaid. In calling it, however, the best American satire, I do not intend any excessive commendation—for it is, in fact, the *only* satire composed by an American. Trumbull's clumsy work is nothing at all, and then we have Halleck's "Croakers," which is very feeble—but what is there besides? "The Vision" is our best satire, and still a sadly deficient one. It was bold enough and bitter enough, and well constructed and decently versified, but it failed in *sarcasm* because its malignity was permitted to render itself evident. The author is never very severe because he is never sufficiently cool. We laugh not so much at the objects of his satire as we do at himself for getting into so great a passion. But, perhaps, under no circumstances is wit the *forte* of Mr. Osborn. He has few equals at downright invective.

The "Vision" was succeeded by "Arthur Carryl and other Poems," including an additional canto of the satire, and several happy although not in all cases accurate or comprehensive imitations in English of the Greek and Roman metres. "Arthur Carryl" is a fragment, in the manner of "Don Juan." I do not think it especially meritorious. It has, however, a truth-telling and discriminative preface, and its notes are well worthy perusal. Some opinions embraced in these latter on the topic of versification I have examined in an article called "Marginalia" published lately in "The Democratic Review."

I am not aware that since "Arthur Carryl" Mr. Osborn has written anything more than a "Treatise on Oil Painting," issued not long ago by Messrs. Wiley and Putnam. This work is highly spoken of by those well qualified to judge, but is, I believe, principally a compilation or compendium.

In personal character Mr. O. is one of the most remarkable men I ever yet had the pleasure of meeting. He is undoubtedly one of "Nature's own noblemen," full of generosity, courage, honour—chivalrous in every respect, but, unhappily, carrying his ideas of chivalry, or rather of independence, to the point of Quixotism, if not of absolute insanity. He has no doubt been misapprehended, and therefore wronged by the world; but he should not fail to remember that the source of the wrong lay in his own idiosyncrasy—one altogether unintelligible and unappreciable by the mass of mankind.

He is a member of one of the oldest and most influential, formerly one of the wealthiest families in New York. His acquirements and accomplishments are many and unusual. As poet, painter and musician, he has succeeded nearly equally well, and absolutely succeeded as each. His scholarship is extensive. In the French and Italian languages he is quite at home, and in everything he is thorough and accurate. His critical abilities are to be highly respected, although he is apt to swear somewhat too roundly by Johnson and Pope. Imagination is not Mr. Osborn's *forte*.

He is about thirty-two or three—certainly not more than thirty-five years of age. In person he is well made, probably five feet ten or eleven, muscular and active. Hair, eyes and complexion, rather light; fine teeth; the whole expression of the countenance manly, frank, and prepossessing in the highest degree.

THE RANZ DES VACHES.*

A PARAPHRASE.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

When shall I, at a single glance, behold
All the uncounted objects of my love—
The fountains that flow onward, never old—
The village spire—the cottage and the grove—
The mountains high? nor these alone—the sweet,
The beauty of them all? Ah! when, indeed,
Shall I with her beneath the roof tree meet,
And frolic to the music of the reed?

When shall I these behold? When shall I see?
The father and the mother whom I love—
Brother and sister—and the flocks so free,
Gay leaping down the mountain through the grove?
Ah! in what happy moment shall these eyes
Grow bright with this sweet picture, and my feet
Stand in that happy valley which supplies
All that the world contains of good and sweet?

* Literally, the Song of the Cows. The original, of which this is a feeble paraphrase, is said to possess a powerful effect on the wandering Swiss—an effect so powerful that it was forbidden to be sung among the recruits of this nation in the French army. Yet there is nothing in the sentiment but its nature and the peculiarly touching simplicity of the music.

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A DINNER TO A GREAT MAN.

BY F. E. F., AUTHOR OF "A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE," "THE WIDOWER," ETC. ETC.

From morn to e'en it's nought but toiling,
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling.—BURNS.

"My dear," said Mr. Johnson, "Mr. Graville is in town."

"So I see by the papers," rejoined the wife. "They are making a great fuss with him, I suppose. These grandees have rather a hard time of it, I think, with all their honours," she added, with something of philosophic contempt in her tone.

"I met him to-day," continued Mr. Johnson, with considerable animation of manner, not answering his wife's sage remark, "and to my surprise he recognized me at once and greeted me with great cordiality."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Johnson, almost breathless with delight, her philosophic indifference at once put to flight by the condescension of the great man towards her husband. "Where did you meet him? Tell me all about it. Did you call upon him?"

"Oh, no; it was so long since we had met, and since then he has become so distinguished, that I should not have thought of claiming his acquaintance again—certainly not of calling on him——"

"Why not?" interrupted his wife, quickly, who did not relish hearing that any man was so far above her husband that he should be diffident about even making a call. "You were very intimate at college, were you not?"

"Yes, yes; but college friendships are soon forgotten, particularly by those who rise in the world. Your great guns have not long memories. However, as I was saying, I had no idea of calling on Graville, but I happened in at the —— House, where he is staying. I was rather surprised at the crowd in the drawing-room, as I had forgotten all about Graville's being there, when, just as I was going to ask what the meaning of it was, he entered, and, to my surprise, recognized me as soon as his eye rested on me. He shook hands most cordially, and alluded to our college days with evident pleasure; asked if I had not married, and whether I had a family, and said he would be glad to make your acquaintance, and even inquired my address that he might call. I own I was very much gratified," continued Mr. Johnson, in a tone and with a look that showed how precious are the civilities of the great to those who are not so prosperous.

Mrs. Johnson had long ere the conversation reached this point, laid down her work, giving up eyes, ears and soul to all her husband said. As soon as he came to a pause, she asked twenty questions in a breath as to what else he said, and what her husband said, and if he had told him how high John had graduated, and that he wanted Sam to go to West Point, and Heaven knows where her interrogations would have ceased if her breath had not failed for a moment, when Mr. Johnson answered, rather impatiently—"No, no; we only conversed together about ten minutes. There were two or three committees waiting to see him, and some one coming up to speak to him, he broke off hurriedly, asking me to call again, and so I came away. I could see," continued Mr. Johnson, with evident exultation, "that his talking so long and intimately with me excited a good deal of attention. Franklin and Boors, and half-a-dozen others came up at once to ask me to introduce them, but I told them they had better apply to the committee; I was in a hurry, and so I left. Franklin is a forward fellow, and would, I know, rather that I should have introduced him; but I did not want to. I did not choose to bore Graville with such people."

"You were quite right," replied Mrs. Johnson, much pleased that her friend, Mrs. Franklin's husband, had seen the distinction with which Mr. Graville had treated *her* husband, and not—if the truth must be told—very sorry that Mr. Johnson had taken the opportunity to put down Mr. Franklin—"you were right; these great people are mighty careful of themselves and don't like being bored. But, my dear," she continued, with sudden earnestness, "Graville is, I suppose, one of the most influential men now in power, is he not?"

"Unquestionably," replied her husband.

"Well, then," she resumed, with great animation, "could not he get a commission for Sam at West Point?"

"Certainly, if he chose," replied Mr. Johnson; "a line from him would settle the matter."

"Then, my dear husband," urged Mrs. Johnson, "why don't you ask him? It would be such a great thing for poor Sam. Now, don't be mealy-mouthed," she continued, imploringly, as her husband did not answer immediately.

"I was thinking of it, Jane," he replied, slowly—for, though he had almost made up his mind to do so, he yet hesitated a little at setting his wife's imagination off in the same track.

After a pause, during which Mrs. Johnson seem-

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ed to be meditating deeply, she looked up and said—"He is at the head of the —— Department, is he not?"

"Yes."

"Then the office of ——— is in his gift, is it not?"

Mr. Johnson nodded affirmatively, and the eyes of the husband and wife met with the same expression.

Poor Mr. Graville! How many visions were built upon the few civil words spoken in the warmth and, it must be added, heedless moments of a sudden recognition!

"I hope you may be at home when he calls," said Mr. Johnson. "Perhaps you had better not go out at all this week; I should be sorry to have you miss him."

"Miss him?" exclaimed Mrs. Johnson, in a tone almost of horror at such a calamity's befalling her, for by this time she had made up her mind to ask him herself for Sam's warrant if her husband would not, and then maybe she would say a word or two about—but here she paused, and gasped even in imagination; and now her excitement was such that she rose and paced the room, while her husband puffed his cigar slowly and complacently, cogitating maybe the same schemes that nearly turned his wife's brain.

Mr. Johnson continued to puff on in silence for some time, when at last, drawing the cigar from his mouth, he said, looking at his wife—"What do you say to my asking him to dinner?"

"I have been thinking of that, too," she replied, as she approached his arm-chair and planted herself in front of him; "it's the best, the very wisest thing you could do. He will then see the boys, and—there's no telling the good that may come of it," she added, with great excitement.

"Well, well, I don't know that," replied Mr. Johnson, in a more careless manner, partly to cool down his wife's hopes and partly because his larger knowledge of the world had taught him to build less on the kind feelings, not to speak of kind words, of a great man. "It would not be a bad thing, though; and as he spoke of wishing to know you, it gives me a good opportunity of asking him—in a quiet way, of course; we can't undertake great parties—just a family dinner."

Mrs. Johnson could not but smile at the idea of Mr. Graville's eating one of their "family dinners"—corn beef and cabbage! or, maybe, beefsteak and potatoes!—table-cloth and china to match! However, she said nothing; get Mr. Graville invited, the dinner should be settled after that; and so she took up her knitting, leaving her husband to think over the hints she had thrown out, while she counted up to herself her glasses and silver forks, and made up her mind as to what she should borrow from her more wealthy sister to supply the deficiencies of her own scanty china closets.

The topic was not resumed, however, that evening between the husband and wife. Mrs. Johnson said nothing more on the subject until her husband returned the next day to dinner, when she asked him before he had got off his great coat, rather anxiously, "if he had seen Mr. Graville?" to which he answered, impatiently, "no, that he had had other things to do than run after Mr. Graville."

Mrs. Johnson was too prudent a wife to press the point at present, but determined to "bide her time" and keep him up to the mark.

The day after, however, she was made happy by her husband's saying—"I saw Graville to-day, and he says he will be very glad to dine with us some day before he leaves town."

"Ah!" ejaculated Mrs. Johnson, with infinite satisfaction. "Did you call?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Johnson. "He was surrounded as usual, but he came forward at once in the same cordial manner as soon as he saw me. I asked him to dine, and he said very promptly that he would be very glad to, that it would give him great pleasure to be introduced to you and to see my children, but he could not name a day just then he was so engaged; the very first, however, he could give us he would;—he should like to take his beefsteak and talk over old times with me exceedingly. So I was glad to see he expects no great dinner."

"I wish he had named the day," said Mrs. Johnson, anxiously. "How long were you with him?" she inquired.

"Not over ten minutes," replied her husband. "He is so surrounded and beset in every way," continued Mr. Johnson, half impatiently, as if others had not as good a right to bore the "big bug" as himself. "People were crowding in, and those confounded committee men who are about him seem to think themselves defrauded if he speaks to any one they don't introduce. I see they eye me very curiously, and are monstrous civil, too; but as I found him so occupied, I came away very soon. He has promised us the first disengaged day, and that is all I wanted. And now I suppose you are satisfied," he continued, smiling, as it was purely to gratify her that he had made the push.

"Quite," she replied. "I suppose he will not stay in town long."

"No; he leaves the beginning of next week. He will come to us about Friday or Saturday, I imagine."

Mrs. Johnson said nothing more; but she was up bright and early the next morning, and had the front parlour given an extra cleaning, and was only waiting till her husband was off to do the same by the dining-room.

When Mr. Johnson next saw Mr. Graville he was more than ever engaged, and seemed perplexed and even embarrassed when his old friend reminded him of his promise of dining with him. He had more invitations to dinners and suppers than he could have eaten in a year, besides political assemblies and committees to attend to, and was about apologizing, when, seeing that it was

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such a keen disappointment to Mr. Johnson, and that, moreover, he did not mean to let him off, he finally promised to delay his departure one day and dine with him the following Tuesday.

Some of those who surrounded him seemed surprised at this condescension, but as he said to a gentleman with whom he was particularly intimate, "Johnson made such a point of it, and one does not like to mortify a man who is rather down in the world. He has not been successful, I am told; has a large family, too—and, moreover, there was no getting off, so I have determined to remain over Tuesday."

Mrs. Johnson gasped when her husband told her that he had asked Mr. Graville for the following *Monday*, and only breathed freely when she found Tuesday was the day finally settled on, so that she would have no unprofitable Sunday intervening to arrest all the exertions she must put forth to make her table fit for so great a man.

Mr. Johnson no longer talked of a "family dinner;" his vanity would not permit him to "hide his light under a bushel;" he could not keep so distinguished a guest to himself—he must have others to meet him by way of showing how honoured he was.

So by the time the important Tuesday had arrived, he had asked rather more guests than his small dining-room would hold, and Mrs. Johnson was almost out of her wits with the perplexity and multiplicity of her occupations. The best china was to be taken down and the silver cleaned; but that was nothing if there had only been enough of it.

"Mamma," said Fanny, her eldest daughter, who was assisting her, "there are only sixteen soup plates, and you know we set down eighteen at table."

"Oh, heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Johnson, in a tone of despair. "When were the others broken?"

There was even a tone of vexation towards her daughter, who communicated the unpleasant fact, very much as if the poor girl might have been guilty of breaking the absentees whose loss she announced.

"I don't know what to do! Such folly in your father to ask so many! You must write a note to your Aunt Waring to ask for half-a-dozen of hers. Has the boy come back yet?"

"No; you know you just sent him for knives and glasses."

"Well, well; make out a list of what we want. Have you counted the spoons?"

"Yes; we are very short I am afraid."

"Jenny must stand in the pantry and wash them as fast as they come from the table, and so we'll make out very well, I think."

The cook, too, was not only to be directed but aided. The housemaid was taken from her usual duties to perform all sorts of offices; and as for the waiter-boy, he was fairly run off his feet. A regular waiter was hired to officiate on the great occasion, but he did not come until most of the arrangements had been made, and the supreme contempt with which he surveyed the small dining-room, and the scorn with which he received the intelligence that there were no silver dessert-knives when he asked for them, made Mrs. Johnson thankful that he had not come sooner. He had not seen the house half-an-hour before he decided that they "*warn't* real quality," and Mrs. Johnson already was more afraid of him than she was of Mr. Graville.

The hours waxed on, however, and a sort of order was coming out of chaos, though Mrs. Johnson was still in the kitchen when Mr. Johnson came home, and half an hour later a breathless child came down to inform her that "the company were coming, and pa wanted her in the parlour right away."

So heated and worried, Mrs. Johnson had to watch her opportunity to slip through the hall and fly up stairs to begin her toilette.

The repeated ringing at the bell did not tend to tranquilize and cool her as she dressed in all the flurry of a belated hostess, added to which were continual messages from her impatient and not very considerate husband, sent up as often as he caught a child to send it up by.

At last, however, heated, flurried and half-dressed, Mrs. Johnson made her *entrée* in the drawing-room just ten minutes before the folding-doors opened, and she was to be led in "to eat from off the plate she late had washed." Such was her first introduction to her husband's distinguished friend.

It did not require the penetrating eye and knowledge of the world of a Mr. Graville to perceive with half a glance the true state of affairs, but as far as his easy and agreeable powers of conversation could go to restore his fluttered hostess to tranquillity, they were exerted; but the man who could have made poor Mrs. Johnson forget her shortness of knives and glasses, and steep in oblivion her fears of the plum-puddings being underdone, must have been something more than common, certainly. Her eye wandered in the midst of his most agreeable sallies, and a nervous look after the boy who aided the "man of parts," showed that both her head and ears were in the pantry.

Her children's voices, too, drew her attention from time to time at the side table where they sat, and her ear caught the sound of the little girl imploring the servant for "one of Aunt Waring's tumblers," and the second's boy asking in a loud tone for champagne. A quick admonitory look reproved the youngsters into silence, and as she turned from them, her husband informed her, with a reproachful glance, "that the ham was not half boiled."

With a *naiveté* that almost caused her stylish waiter to faint, she replied, with an equally earnest answering look, "that it had been *on* ever since ten in the morning."

Then, too, there was Mr. Graville's plate to be

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looked after, for Mrs. Johnson was not up to the modern fashion of letting her guests take care of themselves, and to her horror she found him eating soup with a dessert-spoon. She would in the first impulse have snatched it from his lips, but at the moment she made the fatal discovery he was fortunately relieved of plate and all by the well-trained servant, who was fairly ashamed of the whole concern.

And how she pressed the poor over-fed man, who had been dining and supping ever since he left home till he longed to be starved, to take some of the *pâte*, with an earnestness that showed that the *pâte* was *the* dish! The children, too, sent the boy (they did not dare to speak to the high-bred black) for oysters with a perseverance that showed what a treat they were considered. And then Mr. Johnson would call without pause for plates till they came most smoking to his hand. But still Mr. Graville talked on good-naturedly, deaf and blind to all that was going on, and would have made himself agreeable if his host and hostess would have let him. Others of the guests joined in the conversation, and in the animation of the moment Mrs. Johnson trusted they did not see that no champagne came at her husband's order, who *this* time comprehended (as it touched on his own department) the look that told him that the champagne was out.

To the great relief of host and hostess, and guests, too, the first course was finally through. The dreadful pause which succeeds the removal of meats ere the dessert makes its appearance, was longer than usual by half an hour, thereby telling the anxious Mrs. Johnson that there was some hitch in the machinery down stairs. It came at last, however, as soon as the china and glass were ready to receive it, and a little sooner, perhaps, for the ice cream seemed melting in the hot dish in which it had hastily been thrust.

The dinner was at last fairly over, and Mrs. Johnson withdrew from the table, and as she entered the drawing-room with her daughter Fanny she drew a long breath, and for the first time that day sat down to rest.

Exhausted and mortified, she remained half an hour in profound silence, and was just planning a conversation with Mr. Graville when the coffee should draw the gentlemen to the drawing-room, which was to make amends for what she felt as yet had been a failure, when the door opened and in came the great man himself—but, alas! with hat in hand—to take his leave, with many expressions of regret, "but he had inadvertently promised to show himself at the theatre, and was already an hour behind his time."

"Would not he wait for coffee?" Mrs. Johnson urged and pressed; but no—"to his vexation and regret he found the manager had announced his name to the public as an expected guest, and he must depart;" and with a gracious and flattering speech as to the "pleasure it had given him to meet his old friend again and see him so happily surrounded," glancing kindly at the children, and with a still more graceful compliment to herself, he was off, while Mrs. Johnson was in the very act of ringing for the coffee she seemed determined he should drink.

Yes, he was gone, and "there was an end of it!"

The end of it? No, indeed; the grocer's bill was twice its usual sum that week; the butcher's —Mrs. Johnson turned pale when she eyed the sum total. And what the wine cost Mr. Johnson would never tell, but he was so cross whenever she asked him that she knew the amount must be frightful.

And Sam's commission had not even been asked for! Poor Mrs. Johnson could have cried over her disappointed hopes and long bills.

Although the actual dinner had been no pleasure, yet Mrs. Johnson soon recovered her spirits sufficiently to draw some pride from it, and "when Mr. Graville dined with us" and "Mr. Graville said so and so," were phrases that fell frequently from her lips, and the satisfaction with which she uttered them almost compensated for the pain the event caused her at the time of its taking place.

PASSING THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. MATILDA P. HUNT.

'Tis fair to see the orient sun glide through heaven's fadeless blue—
Tis fair the evening's silvery orb and gem-like stars to view;
But oh! 'tis fairer, fairer far, the happy smile that plays
Upon the guileless brow of youth in life's unclouded days.

'Tis sweet to hear the murmuring stream—the breeze that sighs along;
'Tis sweet to list in Summer shades the woodland choir of song;
But ah! 'tis sweeter, sweeter far, the light and joyous tone
That speaks a heart to sorrow's scar, and sin's dark stain unknown.

'Tis lovely in the morning's beam, the dew-drop glittering bright—
'Tis lovely on the ocean wave, the hues of shade and light;
But oh! 'tis lovelier, lovelier far, affection's moistened eye,
Or on the cheek where beauty dwells, the tear of sympathy.

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TABLEAUX.

BY MISS MARGUERITE MERTON.

TABLEAUX! there is magic in the word. A whole array of "by-gone hours" arises with the sound. In its magic spell we see at once the beauties of all ages, without regard to chronology, from the time of Cleopatra to the quaint pageantry of the days of Elizabeth, while eastern profusion and Puritan simplicity follow each other in rapid succession. What young girl has not rejoiced at the pleasure of arranging a tableaux? Whose heart has not beat higher when selected to perform some conspicuous part? and searched through albums and keepsakes for the prettiest scenes, and debated on the most becoming costumes? And then the hero of the piece—that is the great cause of anxiety, the chief object of the petty plans and manœuvres, to which the dress and scenery are but secondary considerations. And when that is all settled, it becomes perfectly impossible in any one to help laughing—why, no one can tell, but that they never could. The graver the piece, the more laughable, of course. But this was never any serious obstacle; it only adds to the delightful excitement—a slight veil of uncertainty thrown over the success which increases the pleasure—especially in the country, where hired dresses cannot be procured, and the very novelty of the thing is the greatest enjoyment.

The prettiest tableaux I ever saw or expect to see, was—but, of course, you would like to hear, gentle reader, so I will tell you all I know about it.

A group in the summer parlour of Lorimer Hall were engaged in discussing these all-important affairs. The tableaux were to "come off" the very next evening; the cards (I had the honour to receive one) were out, yet the pieces and actors were not quite arranged. A few characters were wanting in almost every scene, none of which could be dispensed with, because the yellow drapery of this was so becoming to one young friend, and another "just suited" the heroine of that. Shawls of every hue and texture were thrown over the chairs, and the rosewood sofas were strown with Spanish mantles, gipsy hoods, and veils sufficient for a whole convent—(a nun taking the veil is absolutely necessary, you know, to a tableaux) Miss Lorimer was trying the effect of black or white on her complexion, while her sister Julia was carrying on a conversation with Charles Fitzorven, a college friend of her brother Harry's, who, to their great dismay, was leisurely reclining on a pile of velvet and satin thrown on the arm of the Louis Quatorze sofa.

"And so, Mr. Fitzorven," said Julia, "you think yourself and Spanish cloak will have a good effect in 'Sir Walter Raleigh and Queen Elizabeth?' I suppose you will not mind the footprints of my stately sister Cecilia any more than the gallant Raleigh regarded the soiling of his rich mantle by the foot of majesty?"

Fitzorven bowed acquiescence, and Miss Lorimer debated between a tiara or coronet, one being more regal, the other more becoming.

"Ah, Fitzorven," cried young Lorimer, from the sofa, "you will be turned out from our conference. Just think—when you should have said, 'It is impossible for Miss Lorimer's delicate foot to leave any impression,' or 'what her foot has touched will be increased in value in my eyes,' merely to bow and——"

"A great deal better than to make such silly speeches," retorted Julia. "But, Harry, don't tease us; do help us to think of a Miranda. I am too dark, Cecilia is too tall, and Agnes Beverley ——"

"And why not Agnes?" inquired Harry.

"Oh, she is in too many already, and as you are to be Ferdinand, it would not do. You are together"—she continued, as Harry exclaimed "he did not see what that had to do with it"—"in the 'Rivals' and the 'Overheard Proposal,' and the people would talk, you know."

"Let them talk, (they always do); I do not care."

"Nor I either, then; I am sure it is nothing to me."

"Never mind, Julia," said Cecilia Lorimer, thinking Fitzorven would not form a very high opinion of her sister's amability. "Here comes Agnes and Clara Morton. Clara is to act in the 'Return,' you know. No, they have gone past to the village, I suppose, for the green silk. I hope they will not forget the fringe for your turban."

"It's of no consequence; I shall not wear it."

"Not in Lalla Rookh? Why, Julia, you amaze me; I thought you were so anxious to act her."

"Anxious? You know, Cecilia, I never cared anything about it. But neither Harry nor Mr. Fitzorven thinks I will suit it, so they may get some one better; I am sure I don't want to."

"And I am sure you are not wanted," said Harry, imitating her tone.

"And I merely said," rejoined Fitzorven, "that I thought Miss Julia would appear to greater advantage in the next scene as Mary, Queen of Scots, and as she could not dress in time for both, I thought——"

"Oh, I did not understand you," said Julia,

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rather mollified. "To be sure, an eastern dress is not, after all, becoming to me."

"Recollected for the occasion, was it not?" whispered Harry to Fitzorven, who shook his head and laughed. "But who shall we have for Lalla Rookh, for Agnes Beverley has got a blue simarre to wear as a Persian slave, you know?"

"Agnes Beverley forever!" whispered Julia, aside to her sister. "Because blue velvet is becoming to her, Harry will insist on her appearance, and we must persuade Clara Morton or Adeline Selby with their light features to represent the eastern beauty. Provoking enough! However, Mary, Queen of Scots, shall be splendid, I am determined. Cecilia, will you act it?"

Miss Lorimer glanced on the Persian canopy and rich attire of Lalla Rookh, and then threw a despairing look at the mirror. With her blue eyes and auburn ringlets she would look more like the pictures of the Grand Lama than the Princess of Cashmere.

The sudden fall of a vase of flowers on the piazza made them all turn around, and a young girl, her dark curling hair falling from beneath her hat, blushed deeply as the fragments of the vase in her hands showed that she had been the cause of the accident.

"Oh, Florence, you are always so careless!" exclaimed Miss Lorimer, in a tone of vexation.

"Indeed, cousin, I could not help it," she replied, stooping to gather the garlands she had displaced.

"Shall I assist you?" said Fitzorven, approaching her.

"Thank you. It was so heavy!" she exclaimed, alluding to the vase—an Egyptian jar, which was to have appeared in "Cleopatra." "But I must gather more flowers now," and she pushed back the curls from her heated brow with a hand of pearly whiteness.

"Why would not Florence do?" cried her cousin Harry, suddenly fired with the idea.

"Florence, indeed!" returned Julia, contemptuously; "Florence is only a child."

"A year or two less ancient than my venerable sister. Ah, Julia! Come, Florence," continued he, "what say you—will you be the Persian princess, my little coz? Fitzorven, would not she make a better Lalla Rookh than either of my sisters?"

But Fitzorven was—where?—in the garden refilling Florence's basket. She laughed, shook her head, and bounded off the piazza.

"Florence must act, Charles," exclaimed Harry Lorimer to Fitzorven, the next day, as they were erecting the tableaux frame in the hall, the drawing-room being prepared for the reception of company; and as the summer parlour, to which we have already introduced our readers, opening into the hall, was convenient for a dressing-room, it was arranged for that purpose. "I have persuaded her in vain," he continued, "for Julia says she is too young to appear. But how splendidly her long hair would look and her marble white arms."

It was a great day at Lorimer Hall. Clara Morton and Miss Selby spent the day there in assisting Agnes Beverley and the Misses Lorimer in preparation, and when evening came every one was so fatigued. Florence, dressed in white muslin, (as there was to be a dance after the tableaux,) had been employed all day in gathering flowers and running from place to place. She threw herself on a couch in the dressing-room, hoping to obtain a little rest before the company arrived. The coming twilight cast its soft repose around, and unconsciously she fell asleep.

"Come here, Fitzorven, and see this lovely picture," called Harry, as, about an hour afterwards, he entered the room to procure something for the scenes. Florence, her head supported on her exquisitely moulded arm, around which her soft, dark tresses floated with the gentle evening air, was reposing, a crimson shawl lightly thrown over her, on the velvet sofa, unconscious of the admiration she excited. "No; a thought strikes me. Run, call Agnes Beverley—quick, and do not let any one see you."

"Now, Agnes," said he, when they returned, "I have thought of such a good plan. Charles, help me move this sofa into the hall. Make haste, or Julia will be here. Go, Agnes, and keep her awhile, and when you come back, bring some of the things they have got there."

"It would be a pity if she should waken," said Fitzorven. "How beautiful she is!"

"Beautiful, indeed. I wonder we never thought of her before."

"Here come the carriages," exclaimed Harry, soon after, as a party drove up the avenue. "See, Cecilia has gone down to receive them; they will soon come here."

Before long Agnes entered. "They are dressing," she said, for the 'Return,' and we must manage to have Lalla Rookh acted before they come in. Cannot you tell them, Harry, to go into the music gallery on some pretence, for I would not have Julia to miss it?"

"Oh, yes—but quick, lower the curtain. Now, Agnes, are you ready?"

Just behind the sleeping Florence, but full in view, stood Agnes Beverley, dressed with great taste as a Persian slave, shading her lovely princess with a parasol drooped with crimson gauze, which fell luxuriantly around her. Fitzorven, moustached with burnt cork, caught up a guitar and flung himself on a fautueil at her feet.

The ringing of a bell summoned the company into the hall, which was darkened and filled with seats, Harry having previously enjoined silence, and then desired the other actors to go up in the gallery to behold a scene which was to be represented by Fitzorven and Agnes.

"I know what it is," said Julia, as she ran up stairs followed by the others; "Harry was deter

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mined to have that picture of the 'Stolen Kiss,' and he has persuaded Agnes to act it."

At length the curtain drew up, and to the delight of the spectators and astonishment of the Misses Lorimer, the beautiful Lalla Rookh and her handsome attendants were revealed to view. Her long drooping lashes did not quiver, but rested on her flushed cheek, which one lovely arm supported, while the other, clasped with a rich bracelet, laid carelessly on the crimson velvet which partly fell over her white dress. A string of pearls was negligently wound with her dark, rich hair, and around her neck Agnes had found time to clasp a ruby necklace, which increased its fairness. The handsome Feramorz looked at her with an ardour not at all required of the character.

The audience began loudly to applaud despite the efforts of Harry, who could not, by some means, lower the spiteful curtain. Oh, Florence was getting awake, and why would not they be quiet, and why would not the curtain drop! The beautiful Lalla Rookh opened her eyes, and completely bewildered by the scene, started up; Feramorz touched his guitar, and the curtain fell.

No other piece during the course of the evening was so much admired; although Julia looked very pretty when she made her appearance as Mary, Queen of Scots. Florence was not allowed to escape to arrange her dress, and she went during the whole evening by the name of Lalla Rookh. But this would not have completed Julia's vexation had she not found that, after all, Harry had acted the "Stolen Kiss" with Agnes Beverley, though not before an audience.

The Lorimers have had no tableaux since, but it is thought a beautiful scene will take place there next winter, except that Florence will be older and dressed entirely in white, (Agnes Beverley unfortunately cannot attend her, having appeared in the same character a few months before,) and Feramorz will dispense with moustache and guitar for white kid gloves and a wedding ring.

ADMONITION.

BY D. E. WILSON.

Believe not they are faithful friends
Who flatter you and smile,—
They seek to gain some selfish ends
By pleasing you the while.

The bees that court the blossom gay,
Are more sincere and true;
For though they steal its sweets away,
They do not sting it too.

But true and faithful they must be
Who venture to offend,
By eager importunity,
Your errors to amend:

Who, like the plaintive birds of night,
Disturb your calm repose,
And wake you, till returning light
Exposes lurking foes.

Your own true soul is not unkind
Because it gives you pain—
For when to error you're inclin'd,
It calls you back again.

When gloomy sorrow and dismay
Lie heavy on your heart,
Be sure your soul designs to say,
"From evil ways depart."

For pain is sent by Providence
To bar the road to sin;
Without it you, by negligence,
Might venture further in.

But when by pleasure you are led,
There's far more danger still;
For then your onward course is sped
Almost against your will.

It blinds you till the good is past—
Beguiles the fleeting hour,
And hurries you along so fast
Resistance has no power.

The further pleasure draws you in,
The greater strength it gains,
Until it plunges you in sin,
And bound with mighty chains.

But soon come Pain and Penitence
To seek you, lost and lone,
And strive, with friendly diligence,
Your error to atone.

Pain galls you with his iron hand
In wrenching off your chain,
Which binds so close, that one more bland
Might toil at it in vain.

And Penitence kneels weeping there,
To aid in your release—
Then leads you back, with anxious care,
The road to health and peace.

And then a calm and pure delight
Within your soul distils—
And all your prospects shine so bright
You fear no future ills.

Against vain pleasures always guard,
And in this great truth trust—
That goodness meets a full reward,
As sure as God is just.

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THE ONLY DAUGHTER.

BY MISS C. CHURCHILL.

Mrs. Elton was a very remarkable woman. She had a faculty of making everybody lose their tempers while she kept her own—she ruled her family with unlimited sway; kept a sharp eye upon her daughter Grace; worked a little, visited a little, read a little, and talked a great deal. She was withal a decided man-hater. Whoever proved rash enough to bestow a glance upon the pretty daughter, was directly nearly annihilated by a terrible look from the watchful mamma. So terrible, that twenty smiles from the young lady could hardly compensate for it.

Grace was very pretty—so said every one who had seen her face—so *thought* many who had only heard her voice in the psalm on Sunday; and when she was eighteen, her dear mamma groaned in her secret soul, that she should be the mother of so bewitching a creature. Her papa began to grow fidgety. It was time for his sweet flower to unfold to leaves he thought—but how venture to propose to mamma to send forth her beautiful child to be spoiled in the wicked world? Mr. Elton meditated long upon a subject which lay near his heart. At last, even as a cat pounces upon the mouse, which it has been long marking for its own, so Mr. Elton pounced upon the matter in question.

"My dear, I shall bring home with me a young man whom I am determined shall marry Grace."

"My dear," replied Mrs. Elton, colouring slightly, from the surprise caused by the sudden flash of spirit in her meek husband—"he shall not see her." Mr. Elton gave up quietly. He had watched his mouse in vain.

Grace was fortunately a very quiet sort of a girl. She loved papa and mamma, her books, and her flowers. Moreover she loved her pretty friend Mary, and, for aught I know, might have fallen in love with the only young man of her acquaintance, Mary's tall brother, had it not been for a great pair of eyes of a fiery colour, stealing out from under a mass of stiff hair of the same fiery hue. Mrs. Elton was not afraid of Daniel Hartly. To be sure he had even hinted that if she were a little taller—had a little more colour, and wore prettier bonnets, he might condescend to take pity upon her forlorn state; but Mrs. Elton feared him not.

Mamma was convinced that Grace would never fall in love with any one, until the proper moment when she should desire her to do so. And to tell the truth, Grace would as soon have thought of stopping to admire the very stones by the wayside as the young men whom she met everywhere. Great, therefore, was Mrs. Elton's astonishment, when, one morning at church, she detected her daughter's eyes in the very act of gazing in another direction than the pulpit, and a pair of doubtful hue returning the compliment! Her movement of surprise called poor Grace to her senses. She turned seriously to the preacher, resolved not to move her eyes from his face again through the morning. Yet, when her mamma, a few moments after, glanced at her face to see that all was right, the blue eyes were absolutely directed towards another part of the church. The look of indignation which Mrs. E. thought proper to assume, was not lost upon Grace. She did not again venture to lift her eyes from the glove which she had been pulling to pieces. Jerk the first—off came the button; jerk the second—a great rent through the length of the glove; jerk the third—a finger amputated.

"Mercy on me! What is the child about!" mentally ejaculated Mrs. Elton, as she rapped the knuckles of the offender with her fan—"a bran new pair of gloves!"

Grace felt that her mamma was displeased with her, but she tried to persuade herself that it was on account of the gloves. "I'm sure I've done nothing else," said she to herself again and again—yet somehow she anticipated a lecture, and trembled at the thought.

The next evening, Mr. Elton, with his wife on one arm, and Grace on the other, set off upon their usual walk. The retired lane to which they bent their steps was a favourite of Mrs. E.'s, because nobody else ever thought of setting foot there. Grace liked it because mamma never ordered her to draw her thick green veil over her face while there, and Mrs. Elton was satisfied, because there was nothing in it to call for especial like or absolute disgust.

In the midst of this green lane there was an old house, and on the garden-gate there sat a man, busily engaged in drawing. On hearing footsteps, why should not he turn, and on seeing pretty Grace, why should he not look pleased—and when thus looked upon by a handsome young man, why should not Grace blush?

Mamma perceived the stranger of yesterday—she perceived his look of delight, and the blush of Grace—and pinched papa's arm. This being a signal formerly agreed upon between them, Mr. Elton prepared to obey it. But as each particle of his face was of itself a distinct smile, it required a considerable length of time to screw up his broad and sunny countenance into the gall and vinegar expression desired. So the young man received from the good papa, what he conceived

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to be a very gracious smile. "I'll get an introduction to that man," said he to himself—and the three were gone.

The next night Mrs. Elton debated whether it would be expedient to go where he of the eyes might also choose to wander—but at last, concluding that no one save herself would take so dismal a walk more than once, she entered it without reluctance. There sat the young man upon the post, and again his eyes met those of Grace. "I'll never set foot here again," secretly vowed Mrs. Elton.

The next evening Grace came down more becomingly attired than usual. She had evidently been enjoying a private interview with her dressing-glass—perhaps it had said to her, "My love, you look prettily in your last new dress," but I can't positively assert that it had said anything.

"Shall we walk to-night, mamma?"

"No." And Grace ran back to her room and fastened her door. Presently she heard her mother's voice, and flew to unlock it.

"Why was your door fastened, Grace?"

"For nothing in particular, mamma."

"Nothing in particular! People do not fasten their doors for nothing," said Mrs. Elton, looking suspiciously at Grace. At this moment she started suddenly, and closed the blinds with no gentle hand. Grace started, too, and had time to see that the young stranger was in the street.

"Grace! don't let me find your blinds open again for a month," cried mamma.

"My love," said her father, one night at tea, "do you remember that we saw a gentleman sitting upon the gate of the old house in the lane, a few nights ago?"

"Yes, papa;" answered Grace, colouring in spite of herself.

"Well, I have found out to-day that he is the author of those poems which you admire so much. His name is Lawrence Norton."

Up stairs two at a time, flew Grace, and snatching a well-worn volume from the shelf, sat down to the 26th reading. The poems were never half so beautiful before—she was sure of that—but somehow she could not help feeling a little uneasy sensation, as she gathered from certain odd lines that the poet certainly loved somebody with all his heart. Who could it be? What a happy creature his sister—his wife must be! The next Sabbath she saw the poet at church. When she felt quite sure that he did not know it, she looked at him because he *was* a poet. Certainly he had a fine intellectual head and face—and his eyes were so dark and expressive! But then it was not right to have such thoughts on a Sunday, so Grace ordered all vain and foolish ones to depart from her mind.

One evening, as they sat together at tea, Mr. Elton said to his wife—"My dear, do you remember your old friend Lucy Lawrence?"

"Oh yes! but it is many years since I have seen her. She married—who was it—odd that I can't remember."

"There is a son of her's in town, and as I knew you would like to see him, I invited him to spend an evening with us. His name is Lawrence Norton—the same of whom I spoke to you, Grace."

"Well," said Mrs. Elton—but her countenance expressed anything but pleasure. She seemed absorbed in thought several minutes; at last, suddenly starting, she addressed Grace. "My dear, I quite forgot to tell you that your friend Mary is not well, and I think you had better go this evening and see her."

"What if *he* should come while I am gone," thought Grace—and she thought it expedient to drink half a cup of scalding tea.

"Why what's the matter with the child?" cried Mrs. E., seeing her eyes full of tears.

"The tea is *so* hot, mamma!"

"Hardly worth crying about, however."

Grace set off on her visit to Mary. On her return home she danced into the parlour singing—what do you think she was singing? One of Lawrence Norton's songs—and who should be there but the poet himself, and probably he knew that those words were his own. How should Grace recover from the confusion into which she had thus danced! It was rather late, and she knew that he must stay only a few minutes longer. The few minutes, however, were well improved by the young man, for he lost no time in getting acquainted with the beautiful one who had sung *his* song. It was natural enough that Grace should be pleased when she heard him invited by papa to come again—it was right for the young poet to be glad to come again.

Grace could think of nothing else for a whole week. She read his poems, she could not help hoping she should meet him if she walked out—she ran to the window many times a day when some tall personage was passing. "How delightful it will be," thought she, "to hear him talk a whole evening! I hope he will not send mamma word when he is coming again! If he does, woe be unto me—I shall be sent away."

Strange to tell, the poet *did* take pains to let Mrs. Elton know that he was about to honour her with his company again. Grace was directly desired to spend the evening with her friend Mary.

"How provoking," she thought. "Why am I sent out of the house in this style every time any one comes into it?" Grace was not in a very good humour. She walked slowly along the street with her eyes cast to the ground—vexed with herself because she couldn't help thinking of Mr. Norton—and vexed with her mamma for denying her his delightful society.

"However," thought she, "I have always admired him ever since I have seen his poems, and there's no harm in thinking of a poet." At this moment her foot caught itself in a string which lay tangled in her path—to save herself from falling, she caught at the nearest post, which post proved to be no other than Lawrence Norton! In her

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haste to release the astonished poet from her embraces, she fell, and the young gentleman imagining that she had fainted, took her unceremoniously in his arms, and carried her into the house that seemed nearest. Great was his mortification when he found that the lady had not fainted, and if he might judge from the colour of her face at the moment, had no thought of doing so. It was happily the home of kind Mary Hartly, and she had a faculty of making everybody at ease in her presence. It was soon ascertained that Miss Grace had sprained her ankle, and that her walking home was out of the question. Mary was very sorry—but neither papa nor brother was at home, so Lawrence Norton went off very cheerfully for a carriage. Grace was assisted to creep into it by the poet—he could not do less than to accompany her, and in a few minutes the gentle, uncomplaining girl was lying comfortably upon the sofa at home, with papa, mamma, and Lawrence Norton around her. What could mamma do! Could she send the young man out of the house? Could she forbid his looking extremely handsome? Could she order him to become tedious, common-place, "prosy dosy" in his conversation?

The next day, however, Mrs. Elton took good care to confine Grace to her own room. "It will never do," said she, "for you to stay down stairs, where we are constantly in danger of having visitors." Moreover the dear mamma, anxious to ascertain, if possible, the state of her daughter's heart, began to talk of Lawrence Norton. But how should she discover that which Grace knew not herself? A serious address on the evils of falling in love followed this examination, and so deep was the interest of the subject, that Mrs. Elton did not perceive the approach of the dinner hour, nor the well-known ring of her husband. At last a forcible entrance was made into the room by the dear little man himself.

"Why what's the matter?" cried he; "here I've been waiting for dinner this half hour—dinner growing colder and colder, and I hotter and hotter. Then I come and knock at your door till my knuckles are black and blue—no answer—call till my lungs are sore—no answer—and now I should like to know the meaning of all this." By this time Mr. Elton's wrath had evaporated, and he threw himself into a chair, and burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, when the astonished mamma made known to him the subject of her morning's lecture.

"And all because you fancy that poor Grace may be smitten with the perfections of Lawrence Norton, or the poet with hers? Did not I tell you, my dear, that the man has a wife?" and Mr. Elton ran down to the parlour.

Mrs. Elton followed her husband, and Grace, with the blood rushing away from cheek and life, threw herself back upon her pillow in an agony of contending emotions. She had learned that of her heart, which is not often easily taught—why should she not with wonder and with shame own to herself that she loved? Poor Grace! How her mamma wondered at the feverish flush of her cheek, as she returned to her side—how she instantly sent for Dr. Morton, and how anxiously she watched his face as he sat by the pillow of his patient! The Dr. was a wise as well as a good man. He did not attempt to administer a dose to the sick heart, but simply recommending *quiet* in a significant tone, he withdrew. Alas! to what quiet was Grace now condemned. The servants went about with listed slippers; papa was obliged to part with his boots the moment he entered the house—and the really kind mamma flitted noiselessly about like a spirit. At last Grace contrived to convince her papa that she should die, if imprisoned in this room in profound stillness, so while Mrs. E. had gone down to scold a servant for slamming a door, Mr. Elton took Grace in his arms, and safely bore her to the sofa in the parlour. When Mrs. E. entered the room, there lay the poor invalid, with a brighter colour in her cheek than had been seen there for a week. She was decidedly better. What had papa whispered in her ear when her head lay on his shoulder in the way down stairs. Oh, he only told her that Mr. Lawrence Norton had been there every day to ask respecting her—that he thought him a fine fellow—that he wished he had a son exactly like him. That evening he came again. Why should not Mrs. Elton receive him graciously? was he not a married man? Why should not Grace frankly acknowledge that she was very glad to see him again? Why should he not stay as late as he chose, and be urged to come as often as he liked! Delightful married man! Grace had never liked anybody half so well; and she could not help thinking that nobody had ever thought so well of her. As he was taking leave, Mrs. Elton smilingly asked if his *wife* were in town.

"My wife, madam!" cried the poet, looking as much surprised as if he had never heard of such a thing before.—"Oh, ah—I understand—she *is* in town;" and Lawrence Norton looked at Mr. Elton half laughing, and added, "I did not know that I had told you about my wife, or at least I had forgotten her for the moment."

"Well!" cried Mrs. Elton, the moment he had taken leave, "a fine husband truly! Really, he looked as much astonished as if I had asked the most ridiculous question in the world! But all men are alike, I believe. So you see, Grace, what you may expect if you are ever married."

"I don't want to be married," said Grace.

"That's a good girl, and now we'll have you up stairs and to bed—poor child! you must be sadly tired! That man has asked you so many questions and made you talk so much! I could see that you wished him out of the house all the time!"

What could Grace say? She satisfied her conscience with a faint "Oh no, indeed," which her mamma did not hear.

The poet came so often, that Mrs. Elton began to get out of patience. "He comes at all sorts of

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odd hours," said she, "and what vexes me is, that he never mentions his wife, never asks us to go to see her, never brings her to see us. Poor thing! how much she is left alone!"

"My dear," answered Mr. Elton seriously, "I could give you a hint of something;" and he glanced significantly at Grace.

"Oh, I see now," said Mrs. Elton to herself. "Why didn't I think of it sooner. Of course it's not odd that she is not to be seen."

It became quite evident that the young gentleman "had something upon his mind," as the phrase is. Once or twice, when Grace had been alone with him for a minute, he had begun to say something which had never been finished. Grace wondered what it could be. One morning papa insisted upon taking her out for a ride. It was a fine day, and there was nothing to prevent—yet Grace seemed somewhat reluctant. She was thinking how the poet *might* come during her absence. Papa, however, would not allow her to decide for herself, and they set off. Presently they saw Lawrence Norton coming down the street. "He's going to our house I dare say," thought Grace. Papa must needs get out of the chaise to speak to the young man. In a few minutes he returned—declared that he had business that required attention—that Norton had nothing to do, and would like to take his place if Grace were willing. Why should she not be willing? The poet, in a happy mood, exerted himself to entertain his companion, and the ride proved a delightful one.

At last there came a pause in the conversation. All pauses are awkward, and rather than say nothing Grace said something about Mrs. Norton.

"You refer to my mother, I presume," said he.

"Oh, no—to—to—you mentioned your wife some weeks ago, I think."

"My wife! oh—I remember. Is it possible that you thought me serious—that you believed that."

"Indeed," said Grace, very much alarmed, "my father assured me that you were married."

"That is very odd. Some time ago—before I had seen you, or rather before our acquaintance had commenced, your father said to me one day—'when are you to be married?' and I answered, 'Oh, for the present, poetry is my little wife.' The young gentleman improved the opportunity of making known to Grace that he had never been in love until now, &c. &c.

And Grace had owned that she was willing to have him ask mamma a little question. Certainly when the chaise stopped at Mr. Elton's door, there were two very bright faces revealed. The poet took papa away, and Grace was glad to dance up to her own room.

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Elton, "Lawrence Norton has proposed."

"Proposed what?"

"To marry Grace."

"What, *our* Grace? What do you mean, Mr. Elton? To take another wife?"

"Yes, my dear."

"And what did you say? Did you stand still and smile?"

"Yes, I smiled, I assure you, and told him that if Grace happened to fancy him that I was willing."

"Why what *is* the matter with mamma?" cried Grace, as she entered the room.

"Grace!" cried Mrs. Elton, "your papa has told that vile Lawrence Norton that he may have you for his *other* wife, if you wish it."

Grace looked down, and smiled slightly. Papa thought proper to explain—Mrs. Elton listened with a mixture of vexation and amazement—and at last promised to think of the matter—and perhaps by the time Grace was twenty-five, she might give her answer. In one year there was a wedding.

THE KNIGHT AND MAID.

BY J. W. PHELPS.

'Twas five o'clock or so by sun,
A bland autumnal afternoon,
When, weary from the fight just won
O'er the Chief of the "Crescent Moon,"
A Knight, with helmet off, reclin'd
On the brow of a west'ring hill;
Towns and fields lay before, behind,
Around—all subject to his will;
Cool on his brow the fondling wind,
Sooth to his ear the babbling rill.

A maiden came with locks of wool
She'd gathered from the brambles there;
From morn till eve—a basket full
Rewards a long day's toil and care.
Smit with the scene, she paused awhile,
And gazed, and humm'd an idle air,—
An artless maid, as free from guile
As e'er the breeze that stirr'd her hair:
She glean'd scant locks of wool the while
The *Knight* won many cities fair.

"And what wouldst *thou*, my unwrought gem?"
The Knight exclaim'd in scornful glee,
And look'd as once Jerusalem
Look'd down on humble Galilee:
"Thou wouldst with wealth thy basket fill,
And lead the life of Lady Gay?"
"Nay," said the maid, "the poor, the ill
I'd raise, and for the haughty pray:"
And *she* still gleans upon the hill,
But that proud Knight is pass'd away.

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EDITORS' TABLE.

A NEW PLAN.—"*Celui-la est bon qui fait du bien aux autres*," says a distinguished French writer; and we think the plan lately adopted by an association of ladies in this good city of Philadelphia deserves such a motto. It is well known that many teachers of primary schools are needed in the Southern and Western States, while in the Middle and Eastern States are numbers of educated, excellent young ladies, who would gladly engage in the work of instruction if they only knew where a suitable location could be found. This "Ladies' Education Society," as it is styled, is intended to remedy these inconveniences by finding where female teachers are wanted, and will be employed and paid, and then to assist in procuring suitable young ladies and sending them to these distant unoccupied places. The great advantages of employing female teachers in preference to men are beginning to be understood. Horace Mann, the intelligent Secretary of the Mass. Board of Education, has given his opinion thus: "Reason and experience have long since demonstrated that children (of both sexes) under ten or twelve years of age, can be more genially taught and more successfully governed by a female than a male teacher. Females govern with less resort to physical force, and exert a more kindly, humanizing and refining influence upon the dispositions and manners of their pupils. The proportion of schools kept by females which have been broken up on account of the insubordination of the scholars, or discontinued because of the incompetency of the teachers, is far less than of schools kept by males."

Accordingly in Massachusetts female teachers are employed in all the public schools—including both winter and summer terms—in the proportion of nearly two to one: viz., 2,595 male teachers, 4,700 female teachers.

We note these facts to show our southern and western friends that we contemplate sending them the choicest specimens of instructors; that "accomplished and highly-gifted young women," to quote again from Mr. Mann, "are the best school teachers in the world."

But some expenses must be incurred before the teacher can be settled in her new home, where it is believed she will be kindly cherished and comfortably supported, and will, besides her week-day school, establish a Sabbath school, if there is none in the place, or assist in one if already formed, and devote herself, with earnest purpose of heart and mind, to her employers, doing all the good in her power.

One hundred dollars will, it is thought, meet all the necessary expenses of obtaining and sending a teacher. If any friend of education will remit that sum, or any society of ladies become responsible for the amount, a teacher will be obtained and sent wherever a favourable location can be secured.*

DEAD LETTERS.—A very important department in the Post Office at Washington, is the *Dead Letter Office*. Here all the unclaimed letters, passing through every post office in the Union, are finally received, opened, and if they contain nothing valuable, publicly burned. There are five or six cart loads of these precious letters burned every quarter. The whole number of dead letters thus destroyed last year was *fourteen hundred thousand*, according to the report of a gentleman who visited the office lately. Letters containing money, drafts or anything of value, are preserved, and, with the valuables, kept in the office. "The amount of money thus found is very large," says this writer; "sometimes as much as $300 are found in a week in the dead letters. An iron chest is kept for the purpose of these deposits. In looking over the files of this chest, I was astonished at the amount of money there, and the large sums contained in some of the letters—some single letters containing $50, $40, $20, and so on down to $1. One letter contained a £10 note—very likely the property of some poor emigrant, (intended for his wife and children) who had made a mistake in sending it, and no owner could be found."

Then there is a long string of *rings* taken from the dead letters, doubtless intended for the white fingers of maidens fair, many of whom may have "pined in thought," or been made wretched by jealousy and hope deferred, while these pledges of affection from their true-hearted swains are now lying valueless in that old iron chest. Truly it may be called the grave of love and sentiment.

And then there may be seen, also, books, ribbons, night caps, garters, stockings, stays, gloves, and many other equally useful or curious contents of letters—all thrown into this receptacle of "things lost to earth," or at least to their owners.

But all the important papers and legal documents found in letters are carefully labeled and preserved. One gentleman, in a distant state, who had lost, some seven or eight years ago, the papers establishing his claim to a valuable estate, lately bethought himself of this resource, and, sure enough, he found the papers.

So if any of our readers have had letters, containing cash or valuable papers, lost, they had better search the *Dead Letter Office* at Washington.

SELF-FORMATION.*—Much has been written on the importance of self-education. We in our country are always hearing the subject talked about, but to little purpose. Who ever tells us where to begin, or what to do? Orators will quote a hero or scholar ready made, and say, "Behold the effect of self-education!" But what was the process by which the individual mind struggled upward and onward? Every one can see the towering majesty of the oak; but who can analyze the process by which its growth was effected? This is not necessary as regards the tree: the same power that created at first carries forward all its works, save man, by a natural process, to perfection. The human being has something to do, in order to fulfil the designs of his Maker. The human mind is free, and must use that freedom for good, or it cannot reach the standard of excellence its capacities may attain. We have seen no directions that afforded such real assistance in the work of self-education, as may be found in a book recently published in Boston. We give a few se-

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* Communications on this subject, if sent to the Editor of the Lady's Book, will be carefully attended to.

* See Editors' Book Table.

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lections, that our readers may have a foretaste of the treat which the book affords to all who have hearts and souls.

"Time is a cross, capricious old soul, and is sure to revenge the smallest slight we may be so ill advised as to put upon him."

"It was said by one of the old heathen poets, Let us begin from God."

"The mind must have its Sabbath."

"The love of nature is sure to expand itself into the love of God."

"Complacency and cheerfulness are conditions of all intellectual success."

"As happiness depends mainly on occupation, so does intellect on happiness."

"I never knew a man of high intellect who was not withal kind, agreeable, ready-witted, and, above all, highly amiable."

"Happiness, the poet tells us, was born a twin, and I confess I never knew the man that could enjoy it singly."

"The support that really sustains us is in our own spirit; and the independence of the mind is the only real independence."

"It is a great thing to attempt any improvement whatever, of heart or mind, regularly and methodically."

"It is not by means of facilities, but through difficulties, that the mind must grow up to greatness."

"The spirit of business is the same as the true spirit of literature; and the perfection of each is the union of energy and thoughtfulness."

"With most of us, idleness is the parent, not merely of uneasiness, but of fretfulness, malevolence and the whole host of evil passions."

"It is surprising how long people may live in the world and never think at all."

"Knowledge is conscious truth; but learning, as we get it and possess it, is often neither truth nor conscience."

"There is a soul in nature, wherewith our own spirit, if we commune with it early enough and long enough, must feel sympathy. Her soul should be the soul of us all; it should animate, pervade her children.

"Of all worldly habits, the habit of gambling is the most adverse to intellectual advancement, the most ruinous to intellectual health."

"It is only while we put our reliance on God that we can walk surely."

"Religion is, indeed, essential to the strength, the real, refined strength, as well as purity and elevation of the mind."

"No human imagination or invention can supply the especial grace of Christianity, the warmth of its hopes, the fullness of its assurances, the preciousness arising from its price, its earnestness, comfort and entire confidence.

"The intellectual man may fancy that he is independent of religion. True, if he is a man of high energies and talents, he may do much; but if he can do much without religion, gracious heaven! what will he not do with it?

"I never yet knew an irreligious man of the highest and most powerful intellect."

"How great, how magnificent how arch-angelic a nature is that of the true poet! how high, ay, high above all other dignities upon earth, save that of virtue itself!"

"This poetical affection was the amulet that I wore constantly about me; and oh, the great and good and glorious charm that it was and has been to me!

"The sentiment of poetry is the lamp of life, the soul of all our finer enjoyments, the very instinct of virtue, the essence of all that is good and generous, the prompter of benevolence, the counselor even of devotion itself."

To CORRESPONDENTS.—We have marked for insertion the following articles: "The Solitary Convict," "Caroline," "To *****," "The Orphan Sailor Boy's Farewell," "Horace Weston," and "The French Bean."

We must decline "A Beautiful Plant," "To a Lady," "My Sister's Grave," "The Eclipse," and "Songs to my Harp."

"A Country Girl" is informed that she was mistaken in thinking her article was rejected. The allusion to "A Subscriber" in the March number was not meant for her. The "Little Sketch" had not reached us when that number was completed, and only came in time for the short extract which was given in the April number, before the memory of Winter had passed away in the green beauty of Spring. We shall be glad to hear from her again.

EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

"*Self-Formation; or the History of an Individual Mind. Intended as a Guide for the Intellect through Difficulties to Success.*" By a Fellow of a College. Boston: Crosby & Nichols, pp. 504. We agree with the author of the "Preface," "this book is perfectly original, both in plan and execution, and *meets the case* as no other work on self-education ever has done." It is the record of a heart and mind laid open for the benefit of others, not to minister, like the "Confessions" of Rousseau, to the self-love and egotism of the writer. Light always shines when the mind is prepared to receive it; and truth is found when the heart seeks earnestly to find it. The great merit of this volume is that it describes the process of preparing and seeking aright. But the impressive and beautiful portion of the book is that relating to the religious impressions of the author. We wish every young man in our land would not only read but study this manual of self-improvement.

"*Areytos; or Songs of the South.*" By W. Gilmore Simms. Rich in the beautiful imagery of the South, these songs seem to breathe the soft spirit of the land where the magnolia perfumes the air and the rose is ever in bloom There is also a vein of patriotic as well as of tender love running through the compositions—the true, loyal feelings of an American heart, which will make them favourites with all who love their country. We have not space to point out particular favourites in this collection; many deserve to be set to music, if they have not already been so. We particularly like the song beginning—

"Quiet is on the earth."

And another—

"Come when the evening into silence closes."

And this—

"Be at my side when the winds are awaking."

Messrs. W. Taylor & Co., New York, have published "*Wieland, or the Transformation,*" by C. Brockden Brown. The novels of Brown have been out of print ten or fifteen years, and we are extremely happy to see a reprint of them commenced in this cheap form. In intensity of interest this novelist has never been surpassed. The work is sold by Colon & Adriance, Arcade.

Messrs Paine & Burgess have issued Paulding's "*Old*

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Continental," in handsome binding, two volumes in one. The book appears to be having remarkable success. It is sold by Messrs. Perkins & Purves, No. 142 Chestnut street.

Messrs. Jordan & Wiley, Boston, have published "*Peter the Brigand*," from the French of S. Henry Berthoudt. Berthoudt has long been one of the most popular writers in Paris. This novel is for sale by Messrs. G. B. Zieber & Co.

Mr. R. S. H. George has recently published several religious works, among which are "*Dissolving Views, or the Life of a Christian and a Christian Child*," by William Haig Miller, author of "Magic Lantern," &c., a neat volume, dedicated to juvenile missionary associations, and eminently calculated to enlist the feelings of the young in the missionary cause; "*Perfect Peace; Letters Memorial of the Late John Warren Howell, Esq., of Bath, M.R.C.S.*," by the Rev. David Pitcairn, Minister of Eve and Rendall; this has gone through five editions in London; "*The Sunday School Teacher's Encouragement*," by the Rev. Benjamin Dorr, D.D., Rector of Christ Church, Philadelphia—a very popular little book from one of our most respected divines; "*The Prayers of the Church*," selected and arranged under different heads, by Richard Newton, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Philadelphia—a very convenient manual for private devotion.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. have published "*Marguerite de Valois, an Historical Romance*," by Alexander Dumas, forming No. 3 of "Appleton's Library of Popular Reading." It is a spirited novel of French history, referring to the sixteenth century. Mr. Dumas is well known as one of the liveliest, most readable and most unexceptionable of the living writers of France. His services are engaged by the bibliopolists of Paris for several years in advance. This is one of his best efforts, and will be extensively popular in this country.

Mr. C. J. Gillis, No. 46½ Walnut street, has published No. 14 of "*Frost's Pictorial History of the World*." The history in this number is continued through the "Rise of the Saracenic Power;" and the chapter on "Charlemagne and his Successors" is commenced. The embellishments are very splendid, referring to Mohammed and his successors, and the great emperor Charlemagne. "The Battle of Poitiers," the "Passage of the Alps," and the "Coronation of Charlemagne" are very spirited and beautiful. The variety of embellishments in this work, and the unparalleled profuseness of illustration, must strike every one who sees it. Nor is the history itself less worthy of notice. It carries the reader forward pleasantly and cheerfully, introduces him to the great heroes and sages of past times, and leaves upon the mind a most vivid impression of the great leading events in the world's history. Every family should possess a copy for reading and reference. The numbers cost no more than is charged for the trashy cheap literature which is thrown away as soon as it is once read; whereas a book of this kind is worthy to be treasured up, splendidly bound, and placed permanently in the family library as a classic.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have published "*The Commander of Malta*," by Eugene Sue. Translated from the French by Adelbert Doisy. It is a highly interesting story, of which the scene is laid in the south of France, under the administration of Richelieu. It forms No. 79 of "Harpers' Library of Select Novels."

The same publishers have issued "*Darwin's Voyage of a Naturalist*," forming Nos. 10 and 11 of "Harper's New Miscellany." This work is written in a clear, lively, interesting style. The information on natural history and geology is fresh, and highly important to men of science, and the narratives and descriptions generally are given in the cheerful strain which is always acceptable to the common reader.

From the same press we have a neat little volume, entitled "*Elizabeth Benton, or Religion in Connection with Fashionable Life*," which attempts the solution of several moral problems of transcendent interest to parents, teachers, and all who have the care of young people. It is for sale by Messrs Carey & Hart.

Messrs. E. Ferrett & Co. have published "*The Freaks of Cupid*," by an Irish Bachelor, a very entertaining book in the style of Charles O'Malley and Harry Lorrequer.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., New York, and George S. Appleton, Philadelphia, have published "*A Practical Introduction to Latin Prose Composition*," by Thomas Kerchever Arnold. Edited by Rev. J. A. Spencer, A.M. This work, like the First and Second Latin Book of the same author, is remarkable for the practical knowledge of the best methods of instruction which it displays. By classifying the difficulties of composition, and adopting an arrangement of the progressive kind, the pupil is first instructed in what is easy and intelligible at sight, and then carried forward to the more abstruse parts of the subject gradually and pleasantly. These books of Mr. Arnold will go into very general use.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have published "*The Chevalier d'Harmental, or Love and Conspiracy*," by M. Dumas, whom we have already spoken of as the best and most unexceptionable of the French novelists. It is for sale by Messrs. Grigg & Elliot.

Among the new music recently published by Messrs. E. Ferrett & Co., we notice "*Selections from Fry's Opera of Leonora*," "*Eight New and Fashionable Polkas*," "*American Ballads by American Authors*."

Mr. Wm. H. Graham of New York, has published "*The French Cook*," a full and literal translation of "La Petite Cuisiniere Habile," giving full directions for the most celebrated and delicious potages, entrées, entremets, crêmes, fritures, sauces, pâtées, pâtisserie, confitures, gélées, &c., with delicacy and economy. With full directions for preserving fruits, meats, fish and vegetables. This little book ought to have a prodigious run. We devoutly hope it may find its way into every kitchen in the United States, for if there is any thing in our free and enlightened republic which greatly needs "the searching operation of reform," it is our cookery. The book sells for 25 cents, and may be found at the periodical and cheap publication store of Messrs. G. B. Zieber & Co.

Mr. J. W. Moore has published No. 3 of "Moore's Select Library," "*Scenes and Adventures in Spain from* 1830 *to* 1840," by Poco Mas—an admirably written and delightful book, full of all sorts of romantic interest, lively description and dramatic delineations of character. Nothing at all comparable with this book has been published respecting Spain since Slidell's celebrated descriptions of the scenery and people of that interesting country.

Messrs. Carey & Hart have published "*Log of a Privateer's-Man a Hundred Years Ago*," by Captain Marryat, R. N., author of "Peter Simple," &c. It is pleasant to find Captain Marryat returning to the sphere in which he was most successful—the sea-novel This short story, published in the cheap pamphlet form, is in Marryat's best vein.

The same publishers have sent us, "*My Shooting Box*," by Frank Forester, author of "Warwick Woodlands." This forms volume 3d of "Messrs. Carey & Hart's Library of Humorous American Works," with illustrations by Darley. It is written, by Mr. Herbert, in a genial spirit. Sporting is evidently a favourite recreation with him, as with most English gentlemen of his class. All these sketches of character are done *con amore*, and tell very effectively. This volume will be one of the most popular of this highly popular series.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have published "*Peers and Parvenus, a Novel*," by Mrs. Gore, well known as one of

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the best novelists of the day, and one of the liveliest writers of any period. They have also published "*Uncle John*," by Mary Orme, a very entertaining and well-written story. Both these novels are for sale by Messrs. Carey & Hart, and by G. B. Zieber & Co.

Messrs. Leavitt, Trow & Co., New York, have published "*The Life of Julius Cæsar*," which forms No. 1 of the "Library of Useful and Valuable Reading." The 2d No. will be "*Glimpses of the Dark Ages.*" These works are sold by George S. Appleton, Philadelphia.

Messrs. Burgess & Stringer, of New York, have published "*Sweethearts and Wives*," one of Mr. Arthur's best nouvellettes.

Messrs. E. Ferrett & Co. have published the "*Captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena.*

"*Forest Leaves*," by Mrs. Lydia J. Pierson. We recommend a perusal of this little work to all those who are fond of the simple and pathetic in poetry. It is difficult to say in which department Mrs. Pierson excels, poetry or prose.

S. Hart & Co., South Fourth street near Chestnut, have sent us two beautiful little games for children, "*The Oracle of Destiny, or New Fortune Teller*," and "*The Bohemian Gipsey Girl, or Peep into Futurity*," both works edited by Professor Punch, of Laughandgrowfat College. The learned Professor has been very successful in these his two last works, and we commend them to those for whose use they are intended.

We have received Nos 75 and 76 of "*Harpers' Illustrated Edition of Shakspeare.*"

Daguerreotype Likenesses.—There is one person in the city of Philadelphia whom we most heartily commend for his faithful and beautiful Daguerreotypes, and that is T. P. Collins, No. 100 Chestnut street. It is like going to a public meeting or a party, to visit his rooms, so many familiar faces meet the eye. We could name some hundred or more, but as Mr. C. is a very gentlemanly man, we advise our friends here, and those abroad who may visit this city, to give him a call. His terms are very reasonable, and a person may be Daguerreotyped between the time of ringing a hotel bell and the rush into the dining-room, and every body acquainted with the magnetic telegraph movement of a set of hungry boarders, knows that only a few seconds are required for that operation.

H. A. Dreer, Chestnut street near Third, will please accept our thanks for a box of seeds. We are not able at present to say how good they are, but, from what we know of Mr. D. and of his fame as a florist, we will engage to say that in due time they will produce most beautiful flowers.

"Go to Roussel's."—This answer you will invariably receive if you ask where to get perfumes, soaps, or other toilet articles. We do not mention his mineral water here, although we are at a loss to know what we should do without it. And where is Roussel's? Nearly opposite our office, which is 101 Chestnut Street. In his window is a great bear with "Roussel" labeled on it. This is not a good portrait of the man—for he is very far from resembling the worthy who bears his name. Mr R. is a Frenchman, and one of the most polite of his nation. But as if to show that politeness belongs to no particular nation, his assistants, who are not from La Belle France, are as polite as he is. We are prevented by want of space, from enumerating the various articles that are for sale at his establishment; but of his soaps we can speak from experience; they are superior to those imported, and retain their perfume until the last morsel is used. Pomatums, hair oils, including bear's oil, Amandine, for the prevention and cure of chapped hands, and for softening and whitening them, also form a part of his stock.

As for extracts of flowers, or perfumes for the handkerchief, he has an endless variety; Colognes of his own, which equal any imported, *Eau Lustrale*, a wash for the hair: for all these articles Mr. R. has been awarded gold and silver medals, the highest premiums whenever they have been exhibited, at New York, Boston, and Philadelphia; they are *got up* with consideration for the human family, and they are all recommended with strict regard to truth; *that is*, he never puts up any wonderful *hair renovators* so powerful as to restore the hair rubbed off your trunk. Mr. R.'s perfumery has been sent to England, France, East and West Indies, and placed in comparison with the finest there, and it has always been approved of, and pronounced by the best judges to be unsurpassed.

The articles purchased wholesale are precisely the same as those retailed at the counter.

There is a branch of this establishment at No. 159 Broadway in New York, which is superintended by a gentleman admirably well calculated to attend to the belles who promenade that fashionable street.

"Bribery and Corruption.—We notice that several of our cotemporaries are offering bribes in the shape of novels, &c., for subscribers to their papers. Why not reduce their subscription price and done with it?"—*N. Y. Mirror.*

In the face of the above, we feel inclined to enter a little into the bribery and corruption business. Something novel at least, a shawl! a beautiful camels' hair shawl, as a premium to the lady or gentleman (the latter can give it to a lady) who makes us the largest remittance between now and the first of January, (agents of course excluded,) just the time to wear it. This is serious—and now, who will have the shawl?

The editor of Neal's Gazette, our own inimitable Charcoal Sketcher, acknowledges the receipt of a life subscriber to his excellent paper. Good! *We* have not yet received one who expressed his wish to be a life subscriber, but we have at least 2,000 who commenced with us in 1830. It is, we believe, their *intention* to be life subscribers. May they continue until we stop them! Why is not the plan adopted? Life subscriptions! Let some one make us a suitable remittance, and we will constitute him an L. S.

DRESS.

Presentation of Mrs. McLane, the Lady of our Minister to the Court of St. James, to the Queen.—The following is a description of the dress she wore on the occasion. "The latter wore a train of rich pink lade, trimmed with fullings of tulle and ribbon; double petticoats of pink crape over glace, trimmed with fullings of tulle and bouquets of apple blossoms. The headdress was composed of feathers and blonde lappets. The ornaments consisted of pearls.

"The Queen wore a dress of white tulle illusion, over a rich white satin slip, trimmed with bouquets of cerise flowers; train of cerise and silver brocade, lined with white satin and trimmed round with cerise and silver blonde; the body and sleeves were ornamented with diamonds. The headdress was composed of a wreath of cerise flowers and diamonds, with feathers and silver blonde lappets. The whole costume was superb, and was entirely composed of British manufacture."

We add to the above, descriptions of several other dresses.

The dress of another of the debutants was ornamented chiefly with roses, pink and white—the ground of those

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ornaments being virgin white—a dress of white tulle, with bullions of tulle, lined with pink crape lisse, over a white silk slip. The roses on the dress were arranged in wreaths, and the sleeves and body were trimmed with blonde and roses. The headdress was a bouquet of feathers, with blonde lappets, pearls and diamonds.

The presentation dress of another was singularly appropriate to the class and style of beauty possessed by the charming wearer; a train and body of white silk, glace, richly trimmed with tulle, &c.; and petticoat of white tulle over glace silk, the petticoat looped up with variegated geraniums. The headdress comprised a plume of white feathers, ornamenting the dress.

Among the other presentation dresses, we may notice one which was beautiful from its elegant simplicity and perfect good taste. The train was composed of rich ottoman velvet, shot with white, trimmed with tulle and ribbons; two petticoats of tulle, trimmed with vine leaves, over a rich white glace silk. The headdress, a plume of feathers, and point lace lappets.

Another was composed of a magnificent white *tunique* richly embroidered with gold stars. The train was of what is called Pompadour silk, gold and white, trimmed with Brussels lace. A magnificent stomacher of diamonds, a rich pearl necklace, and a headdress of feathers, and lappels of Brussels lace, completed this costume.

The following was considered beautiful from its elegant simplicity. It was composed of a white crape dress, trimmed with white crape roses, over a white satin slip; a manteau of watered white silk, also trimmed with white roses, and blonde; and a headdress of white ostrich feathers, lappets and diamonds.

Our readers will find a good description of dress in the letter of "Our Fanny."

In our next number our lady readers will find, under the appropriate head of "*Ladies' Work Department*," some engravings of different kinds of fancy work, with full directions.

It is our intention at an early period to publish a number of our work containing articles selected from those we have on hand, omitting the author's name in every case. It will be good guessing matter for our subscribers to tell by the style, if they can, the writers of the various communications. We shall carefully avoid giving any hint on the subject, leaving the whole matter to the judgment of our readers.

THE AUTHORS AND MR. POE.—We have received several letters from New York, anonymous and from personal friends, requesting us to be careful what we allow Mr. Poe to say of the New York authors, many of whom are our personal friends. We reply to one and all, that we have nothing to do but publish Mr. Poe's opinions, *not our own*. Whether we agree with Mr. Poe or not is another matter. We are not to be intimidated by a threat of the loss of friends, or turned from our purpose by honeyed words. Our course is onward. The May edition was exhausted before the first of May, and we have had orders for hundreds from Boston and New York which we could not supply. The first number of the series, (with autographs,) is republished in this number, which also contains No. 2. The usual quantity of reading matter is given in addition to the notices.

Many attempts have been made and are making by various persons to forestall public opinion. We have the name of one person,—others are busy with reports of Mr. Poe's illness. Mr. Poe has been ill, but we have letters from him of very recent dates, also a new batch of the Literati, which show anything but feebleness either of body or mind. Almost every paper that we exchange with has praised our new enterprise—the union—and spoken in high terms of No. 1 of Mr. Poe's opinions.

HELP,

"That which gives assistance; he or that which contributes to advance a purpose; a hired man or woman" —*Webster's Dictionary.*

Mrs. Kirkland, in her admirable work, has given us some idea of Western "Help." Here are some instances of Northern "Help."

"How are you off for servants now?"

"Very badly; I have just discharged my cook; I could do nothing with her."

"Why you have had her only a week!"

"I know it—but what could I do? Yesterday I told her we would have the lobster cooked for dinner, also the beef, etc. In a little while she came running into my room. 'Ma'am, dear, do you expect that animal for dinder?' 'What animal?' 'The lopster, as you call it.' 'Lobster, you mean, Betty; and why not?' 'Sure, ma'am, if you wait for him you'll go widout. He won't stay still long enough to be cooked. There he is, kicking and sputtering away like all the world. I can't do nothing wid him, ma'am!' I went out to see what was the matter, and lo! she had spitted the poor lobster, and was attempting to roast him before the fire. No wonder he kept 'kicking and sputtering.'"

The above is one instance.

A friend of mine once told her cook to grate a lemon, and she did "clean through," rind and pith. Another, who had ordered eggs boiled soft for breakfast, was greeted, after having waited with exemplary patience, with, "It's no use your ringing for them eggs agin; I have had them down an hour, and they won't bile soft!"

"The baby is sick, my dear."

"Well, give it castor oil. Dennis, bring up that castor oil."

"It's all gone, sir—divil a drop is left."

"Gone! why we have not yet opened the bottle."

"Sure you have had it every day, and I've seen you use it myself upon your salad."

"Why, you scoundrel! you don't mean to say that I've been eating castor oil every day during the salad season?"

"Sure you have, sir."

"Did you not see the bottle was labeled 'Castor Oil'?"

"Sure and I did, sir; and didn't I put it in the *castor* every day?"

"Biddy," said we to a raw servant girl lately from "t'other side of the pond," "bring me a glass of ice water."

"Yis, ma'am."

A long time elapsed, and no Biddy. We commenced a search for Biddy, and we found her before the kitchen fire holding a large lump of ice to the blaze, and, as it melted, she would drop it into the tumbler.

OUR FASHIONS.

Will our subscribers and the press, please notice our Fashion Plates, and compare them with any foreign plates coloured or uncoloured. Let it be remembered that ours are coloured in every number. We should like a comparison made between those of American manufacture—modified from the grossness of the French—and any either of foreign or those professing to be of foreign manufacture. If the one in this number will not satisfy, that in the July No. shall exceed it, at least in workmanship.

We have been forced to reprint No. 1 of Poe's Literary Opinions. The demand for the May number we could not supply by some hundreds of copies. It will be found in this number.

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REPRINT FROM THE MAY NUMBER.

THE LITERATI OF NEW YORK CITY.—NO. I.

SOME HONEST OPINIONS AT RANDOM RESPECTING THEIR AUTORIAL MERITS, WITH OCCASIONAL WORDS OF PERSONALITY.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

In a criticism on Bryant published in the last number of this magazine, I was at some pains in pointing out the distinction between the popular "opinion" of the merits of cotemporary authors and that held and expressed of them in private literary society. The former species of "opinion" can be called "opinion" only by courtesy. It is the public's own, just as we consider a book our own when we have bought it. In general, this opinion is adopted from the journals of the day, and I have endeavoured to show that the cases are rare indeed in which these journals express any other sentiment about books than such as may be attributed directly or indirectly to the authors of the books. The most "popular," the most "successful" writers among us, (for a brief period, at least,) are, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, persons of mere address, perseverance, effrontery—in a word, busy-bodies, toadies, quacks. These people easily succeed in *boring* editors (whose attention is too often entirely engrossed by politics or other "business" matter) into the admission of favourable notices written or caused to be written by interested parties—or, at least, into the admission of *some* notice where, under ordinary circumstances, *no* notice would be given at all. In this way ephemeral "reputations" are manufactured which, for the most part, serve all the purposes designed—that is to say, the putting money into the purse of the quack and the quack's publisher; for there never was a quack who could be brought to comprehend the value of mere fame. Now, men of genius will not resort to these manœuvres, because genius involves in its very essence a scorn of chicanery; and thus for a time the quacks always get the advantage of them, both in respect to pecuniary profit and what *appears* to be public esteem.

There is another point of view, too. Your literary quacks court, in especial, the personal acquaintance of those "connected with the press." Now these latter, even when penning a voluntary, that is to say, an uninstigated notice of the book of an acquaintance, feel as if writing not so much for the eye of the public as for the eye of the acquaintance, and the notice is fashioned accordingly. The bad points of the work are slurred over and the good ones brought out into the best light, all this through a feeling akin to that which makes it unpleasant to speak ill of one to one's face. In the case of men of genius, editors, as a general rule, have no such delicacy—for the simple reason that, as a general rule, they have no acquaintance with these men of genius, a class proverbial for shunning society.

But the very editors who hesitate at saying in print an ill word of an author personally known, are usually the most frank in speaking about him privately. In literary society, they seem bent upon avenging the wrongs self-inflicted upon their own consciences. Here, accordingly, the quack is treated as he deserves—even a little more harshly than he deserves—by way of striking a balance. True merit, on the same principle, is apt to be slightly overrated; but, upon the whole, there is a close approximation to absolute honesty of opinion; and this honesty is farther secured by the mere trouble to which it puts one in conversation to model one's countenance to a falsehood. We place on paper without hesitation a tissue of flatteries, to which in society we could not give utterance, for our lives, without either blushing or laughing outright.

For these reasons there exists a very remarkable discrepancy between the apparent public opinion of any given author's merits and the opinion which is expressed of him orally by those who are best qualified to judge. For example, Mr. Hawthorne, the author of "Twice-Told Tales," is scarcely recognized by the press or by the public, and when noticed at all, is noticed merely to be damned by faint praise. Now, my own opinion of him is, that although his walk is limited and he is fairly to be charged with mannerism, treating all subjects in a similar tone of dreamy *innuendo*, yet in this walk he evinces extraordinary genius, having no rival either in America or elsewhere—and this opinion I have never heard gainsaid by any one literary person in the country. That this opinion, however, is a spoken and not a written one, is referable to the facts, first, that Mr. Hawthorne *is* a poor man, and, second, that he *is not* an ubiquitous quack.

Again, of Mr. Longfellow, who, although little quacky *per se*, has, through his social and literary position as a man of property and a professor at Harvard, a whole legion of active quacks at his control—of *him* what is the apparent popular opinion? Of course, that he is a poetical phenomenon, as entirely without fault as is the luxurious paper upon which his poems are invariably borne to the public eye. In private society he is regarded with

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one voice as a poet of far more than usual ability, a skillful artist and a well-read man, but as less remarkable in either capacity than as a determined imitator and a dextrous adapter of the ideas of other people. For years I have conversed with no literary person who did not entertain precisely these ideas of Professor L.; and, in fact, on all literary topics there is in society a seemingly wonderful coincidence of opinion. The author accustomed to seclusion, and mingling for the first time with those who have been associated with him only through their works, is astonished and delighted at finding common to all whom he meets conclusions which he had blindly fancied were attained by himself alone and in opposition to the judgment of mankind.

In the series of papers which I now propose, my design is, in giving my own unbiased opinion of the *literati* (male and female) of New York, to give at the same time, very closely if not with absolute accuracy, that of conversational society in literary circles. It must be expected, of course, that, in innumerable particulars, I shall differ from the voice, that is to say, from what appears to be the voice of the public—but this is a matter of no consequence whatever.

New York literature may be taken at a fair representation of that of the country at large. The city itself is the focus of American letters. Its authors include, perhaps, one-fourth of all in America, and the influence they exert on their brethren, if seemingly silent, is not the less extensive and decisive. As I shall have to speak of many individuals, my limits will not permit me to speak of them otherwise than in brief; but this brevity will be merely consistent with the design, which is that of simple *opinion*, with little of either argument or detail. With one or two exceptions I am well acquainted with every author to be introduced, and I shall avail myself of the acquaintance to convey, generally, some idea of the personal appearance of all who, in this regard, would be likely to interest the readers of the magazine. As any precise order or arrangement seems unnecessary and may be inconvenient, I shall maintain none. It will be understood that, without reference to supposed merit or demerit, each individual is introduced absolutely at random.

GEORGE BUSH.

The Reverend George Bush is Professor of Hebrew in the University of New York, and has long been distinguished for the extent and variety of his attainments in oriental literature; indeed, as an oriental linguist it is probable that he has no equal among us. He has published a great deal, and his books have always the good fortune to attract attention throughout the civilized world. His "Treatise on the Millennium" is, perhaps, that of his earlier compositions by which he is most extensively as well as most favourably known. Of late days he has created a singular commotion in the realm of theology by his "Anastasis, or the Doctrine of the Resurrection: in which it is shown that the Doctrine of the Resurrection of the Body is not sanctioned by Reason or Revelation." This work has been zealously attacked, and as zealously defended by the professor and his friends. There can be no doubt that, up to this period, the Bushites have had the best of the battle. The "Anastasis" is lucidly, succinctly, vigorously and logically written, and proves, in my opinion, everything that it attempts—provided we admit the imaginary axioms from which it starts; and this is as much as can be well said of any theological disquisition under the sun. It might be hinted, too, in reference as well to Professor Bush as to his opponents, "*que la plupart des sectes ont raison dans une bonne partie de ce qu'elles avancent, mais non pas en ce qu' elles nient.*" A subsequent work on "The Soul," by the author of "Anastasis," has made nearly as much noise as the "Anastasis" itself.

Taylor, who wrote so ingeniously "The Natural History of Enthusiasm," might have derived many a valuable hint from the study of Professor Bush. No man is more ardent in his theories; and these latter are neither few nor commonplace. He is a Mesmerist and a Swedenborgian—has lately been engaged in editing Swedenborg's works, publishing them in numbers. He converses with fervour, and often with eloquence. Very probably he will establish an independent church.

He is one of the most amiable men in the world, universally respected and beloved. His frank, unpretending simplicity of demeanour, is especially winning.

In person he is tall, nearly six feet, and spare, with large bones. His countenance expresses rather benevolence and profound earnestness than high intelligence. The eyes are piercing; the other features, in general, massive. The forehead, phrenologically, indicates causality and comparison, with deficient ideality—the organization which induces strict logicality from insufficient premises. He walks with a slouching gait and with an air of abstraction. His dress is exceedingly plain. In respect to the arrangement about his study, he has many of the Magliabechian habits. He is, perhaps, fifty-five years of age, and seems to enjoy good health.

GEORGE H. COLTON.

Mr. Colton is noted as the author of "Tecumseh," and as the originator and editor of "The American Review," a Whig magazine of the higher (that is to say, of the five dollar) class. I must not be understood as meaning any disrespect to the work. It is, in my opinion, by far the best of its order in this country, and is supported in

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the way of contribution by many of the very noblest intellects. Mr. Colton, if in nothing else, has shown himself a man of genius in his successful establishment of the magazine within so brief a period. It is now commencing its second year, and I can say, from my own personal knowledge, that its circulation exceeds two thousand—it is probably about two thousand five hundred. So marked and immediate a success has never been attained by any of our five dollar magazines, with the exception of "The Southern Literary Messenger," which, in the course of nineteen months, (subsequent to the seventh from its commencement,) attained a circulation of rather more than five thousand.

I cannot conscientiously call Mr. Colton a good editor, although I think that he will finally be so. He improves wonderfully with experience. His present defects are timidity and a lurking taint of partiality, amounting to positive prejudice (in the vulgar sense) for the literature of the Puritans. I do not think, however, that he is at all aware of such prepossession. His taste is rather unexceptionable than positively good. He has not, perhaps, sufficient fire within himself to appreciate it in others. Nevertheless, he endeavours to do so, and in this endeavour is not inapt to take opinions at secondhand—to adopt, I mean, the opinions of others. He is nervous, and a very trifling difficulty disconcerts him, without getting the better of a sort of dogged perseverance, which will make a thoroughly successful man of him in the end. He is (classically) well educated.

As a poet he has done better things than "Tecumseh," in whose length he has committed a radical and irreparable error, sufficient in itself to destroy a far better book. Some portions of it are truly poetical; very many portions belong to a high order of eloquence; it is invariably well versified, and has no glaring defects, but, upon the whole, is insufferably tedious. Some of the author's shorter compositions, published anonymously in his magazine, have afforded indications even of genius.

Mr. Colton is marked in his personal appearance. He is probably not more than thirty, but an air of constant thought (with a pair of spectacles) causes him to seem somewhat older. He is about five feet eight or nine in height, and fairly proportioned —neither stout nor thin. His forehead is quite intellectual. His mouth has a peculiar expression difficult to describe. Hair light and generally in disorder. He converses fluently and, upon the whole, well, but grandiloquently, and with a tone half tragical half pulpital.

In character he is in the highest degree estimable, a most sincere, high-minded and altogether honourable man. He is unmarried.

N. P. WILLIS.

Whatever may be thought of *Mr. Willis's* talents, there can be no doubt about the fact that, both as an author and as a man, he has made a good deal of noise in the world—at least for an American. His literary life, in especial, has been one continual *émeute;* but then his literary character is modified or impelled in a very remarkable degree by his personal one. His success (for in point of fame, if of nothing else, he has certainly been successful) is to be attributed, one-third to his mental ability and two-thirds to his physical temperament—the latter goading him into the accomplishment of what the former merely gave him the means of accomplishing.

At a very early age Mr. Willis seems to have arrived at an understanding that, in a republic such as ours, the *mere* man of letters must ever be a cipher, and endeavoured, accordingly, to unite the *éclat* of the *littérateur* with that of the man of fashion or of society. He "pushed himself," went much into the world, made friends with the gentler sex, "delivered" poetical addresses, wrote "scriptural" poems, traveled, sought the intimacy of noted women, and got into quarrels with notorious men. All these things served his purpose—if, indeed, I am right in supposing that he had any purpose at all. It is quite probable that, as before hinted, he acted only in accordance with his physical temperament; but be this as it may, his personal greatly advanced, if it did not altogether establish his literary fame. I have often carefully considered whether, without the *physique* of which I speak, there is that in the absolute *morale* of Mr. Willis which would have earned him reputation as a man of letters, and my conclusion is, that he could not have failed to become noted in *some* degree under almost any circumstances, but that about two-thirds (as above stated) of his appreciation by the public should be attributed to those *adventures* which grew immediately out of his animal constitution.

He received what is usually regarded as a "good education"—that is to say, he graduated at college; but his education, in the path he pursued, was worth to him, on account of his extraordinary *savoir faire*, fully twice as much as would have been its value in any common case. No man's knowledge is more available, no man has exhibited greater *tact* in the seemingly casual display of his wares. With *him*, at least, a little learning is *no* dangerous thing. He possessed at one time, I believe, the average quantum of American collegiate lore—"a little Latin and less Greek," a smattering of physical and metaphysical science, and (I should judge) a *very* little of the mathematics—but all this must be considered as mere *guess* on my part. Mr. Willis speaks French with some fluency, and Italian not quite so well.

Within the ordinary range of *belles lettres* authorship, he has evinced much versatility. If called on to designate him by any general literary title, I might term him a magazinist—for his compositions have invariably the species of *effect*, with the brevity which the magazine demands. We

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may view him as a paragraphist, an essayist, or rather "sketcher," a tale writer and a poet.

In the first capacity he fails. His points, however good when deliberately wrought, are too *recherchés* to be put hurriedly before the public eye. Mr. W. has by no means the *readiness* which the editing a newspaper demands. He composes (as did Addison, and as do many of the most brilliant and seemingly *dashing* writers of the present day,) with great labour and frequent erasure and interlineation. His MSS., in this regard, present a very singular appearance, and indicate the *vacillation* which is, perhaps, the leading trait of his character. A newspaper, too, in its longer articles — its "leaders"—very frequently demands argumentation, and here Mr. W. is remarkably out of his element. His exuberant *fancy* leads him over hedge and ditch—anywhere from the main road; and, besides, he is far too readily self-dispossessed. With time at command, however, his great *tact* stands him instead of all argumentative power, and enables him to overthrow an antagonist without permitting the latter to see how he is overthrown. A fine example of this "management" is to be found in Mr. W.'s reply to a very inconsiderate attack upon his social standing made by one of the editors of the New York "Courier and Inquirer." I have always regarded this reply as the highest evidence of its author's ability, as a masterpiece of ingenuity, if not of absolute genius. The skill of the whole lay in this—that, without troubling himself to refute the charges themselves brought against him by Mr. Raymond, he put forth his strength in rendering them null, to all intents and purposes, by obliterating, incidentally and without letting his design be perceived, all *the impression* these charges were calculated to convey. But this reply can be called a newspaper article only on the ground of its having appeared in a newspaper.

As a writer of "sketches," properly so called, Mr. Willis is unequaled. Sketches—especially of society—are his *forte*, and they are so for no other reason than that they afford him the best opportunity of introducing the personal Willis—or, more distinctly, because this species of composition is most susceptible of impression from his personal character. The *degagé* tone of this kind of writing, too, best admits and encourages that *fancy* which Mr. W. possesses in the most extraordinary degree; it is in fancy that he reigns supreme: this, more than any one other quality, and, indeed, more than all his other *literary* qualities combined, has made him what he is.* It is this which gives him the originality, the freshness, the point, the piquancy, which appear to be the immediate, but which are, in fact, the mediate sources of his popularity.

* As, by metaphysicians and in ordinary discourse, the word *fancy* is used with very little determinateness of meaning, I may be pardoned for repeating here what I have elsewhere said on this topic. I shall thus be saved much misapprehension in regard to the term—one which will necessarily be often employed in the course of this series.

"Fancy," says the author of "Aids to Reflection," (who aided reflection to much better purpose in his "Genevieve")—"fancy combines—imagination creates." This was intended and has been received as a distinction, but it is a distinction without a difference—without a difference even of degree. The fancy as nearly creates as the imagination, and neither at all. Novel conceptions are merely unusual combinations. The mind of man can imagine nothing which does not really exist; if it could, it would create not only ideally but substantially, as do the thoughts of God. It may be said, "We imagine a griffin, yet a griffin does not exist." Not the griffin, certainly, but its component parts. It is no more than a collation of known limbs, features, qualities. Thus with all which claims to be new, which appears to be a creation of the intellect—all is re-soluble into the old. The wildest effort of the mind cannot stand the test of this analysis.

Imagination, fancy, fantasy and humour, have in common the elements combination and novelty. The imagination is the artist of the four. From novel arrangements of old forms which present themselves to it, it selects such only as are harmonious; the result, of course, is *beauty* itself—using the word in its most extended sense and as inclusive of the sublime. The pure imagination chooses, *from either beauty or deformity*, only the most combinable things hitherto uncombined; the compound, as a general rule, partaking in character of sublimity or beauty in the ratio of the respective sublimity or beauty of the things combined, which are themselves still to be considered as atomic—that is to say, as previous combinations But, as often analogously happens in physical chemistry, so not unfrequently does it occur in this chemistry of the intellect, that the admixture of two elements will result in a something that shall have nothing of the quality of one of them—or even nothing of the qualities of either. The range of imagination is thus unlimited. Its materials extend throughout the universe. Even out of deformities it fabricates that *beauty* which is at once its sole object and its inevitable test. But, in general, the richness of the matters combined, the facility of discovering combinable novelties worth combining, and *the absolute "chemical combination"* of the completed mass, are the particulars to be regarded in our estimate of imagination. It is this thorough harmony of an imaginative work which so often causes it to be undervalued by the undiscriminating, through the character of *obviousness* which is superinduced. We are apt to find ourselves asking *why it is that these combinations have never been imagined before.*

Now, when this question *does not occur*, when the harmony of the combination is comparatively neglected, and when, in addition to the element of novelty, there is introduced the sub-element of *unexpectednesss*—when, for example, matters are brought into combination which not only have never been combined, but whose combination strikes us as a *difficulty happily overcome*, the result then appertains to the fancy, and is, to the majority of mankind, more grateful than the purely harmonious one—although, absolutely, it is less beautiful (or grand) for the reason that *it is* less harmonious.

Carrying its errors into excess—for, however enticing, they *are* errors still, or nature lies—fancy is at length found infringing upon the province of fantasy. The votaries of this latter delight not only in novelty and unexpectedness of combination, but in the *avoidance* of proportion. The result is, therefore, abnormal, and, to a healthy mind, affords less of pleasure through its novelty than of pain through its incoherence. When, proceeding a step farther, however, fancy seeks not merely disproportionate but incongruous or antagonistic elements, the effect is rendered more pleasurable by its greater positiveness

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In *tales* (written with deliberation for the magazines), he has shown greater *constructiveness* than I should have given him credit for had I not read his compositions of this order—for in this faculty all his other works indicate a singular deficiency. The chief charm even of these tales, however, is still referable to *fancy*.

As a poet, Mr. Willis is not entitled, I think, to so high a rank as he may justly claim through his prose; and this for the reason that, although fancy is not inconsistent with any of the demands of those classes of prose composition which he has attempted, and, indeed, is a vital element of most of them, still it is at war (as will be understood from what I have said in the foot note) with that purity and perfection of *beauty* which are the soul of the poem proper. I wish to be understood as saying this *generally* of our author's poems. In some instances, seeming to *feel* the truth of my proposition, (that fancy should have no place in the loftier poesy,) he has denied it a place, as in "Melanie" and his Scriptural pieces; but, unfortunately, he has been unable to supply the void with the true imagination, and these poems consequently are deficient in vigour, in *stamen*. The Scriptural pieces are quite "correct," as the French have it, and are much admired by a certain set of readers, who judge of a poem, not by its effect on themselves, but by the effect which they imagine it *might* have upon themselves were they not unhappily soulless, and by the effect which they take it for granted it *does* have upon others. It cannot be denied, however, that these pieces are, in general, tame, or indebted for what force they possess to the Scriptural passages of which they are merely paraphrastic. I quote what, in my own opinion and in that of nearly all my friends, is really the truest poem ever written by Mr. Willis.

"UNSEEN SPIRITS.

"The shadows lay along Broadway,
'Twas near the twilight tide,
And slowly there a lady fair
Was walking in her pride—
Alone walked she, yet viewlessly
Walked spirits at her side.

"Peace charmed the street beneath her feet,
And honour charmed the air,
And all astir looked kind on her
And called her good as fair—
For all God ever gave to her
She kept with chary care.

"She kept with care her beauties rare
From lovers warm and true,
For her heart was cold to all but gold,
And the rich came not to woo.
Ah, honoured well are charms to sell
When priests the selling do!

"Now, walking there was one more fair—
A slight girl, lily-pale,
And she had unseen company
To make the spirit quail—
'Twixt want and scorn she walked forlorn,
And nothing could avail.

"No mercy now can clear her brow
For this world's peace to pray—
For, as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,
Her woman's heart gave way;
And the sin forgiven by Christ in heaven
By man is cursed alway."

There is about this little poem (evidently written in haste and through impulse) a true *imagination*. Its grace, dignity and pathos are impressive, and there is more in it of earnestness, of soul, than in anything I have seen from the pen of its author. His compositions, in general, have a taint of worldliness, of insincerity. The identical rhyme in the last stanza is very noticeable, and the whole *finale* is feeble. It would be improved by making the last two lines precede the first two of the stanza.

In classifying Mr. W.'s writings I did not think it worth while to speak of him as a dramatist, because, although he has written plays, what they have of merit is altogether in their character of poem. Of his "Bianca Visconti" I have little to say;—it deserved to fail, and did, although it abounded in *eloquent* passages. "Tortesa" abounded in the same, but had a great many dramatic *points* well calculated to tell with a conventional audience. Its characters, with the exception of Tomaso, a drunken buffoon, had no character at all, and the *plot* was a tissue of absurdities, inconsequences and inconsistencies; yet I cannot help thinking it, upon the whole, the best play ever written by an American.

Mr. Willis has made very few attempts at criticism, and those few (chiefly newspaper articles) have not impressed me with a high idea of his analytic abilities, although with a *very* high idea of his taste and discrimination.

His *style* proper may be called extravagant, *bizarre*, pointed, epigrammatic without being antithetical, (this is very rarely the case,) but, through all its whimsicalities, graceful, classic and *accurate*. He is very seldom to be caught tripping in the minor morals. His English is *correct;* his most outrageous imagery is, at all events, unmixed.

Mr. Willis's career has naturally made him enemies among the envious host of dunces whom he has outstripped in the race for fame; and these his personal manner (a little tinctured with reserve, *brusquerie*, or even haughtiness) is by no means adapted to conciliate. He has innumerable warm friends, however, and is himself a warm friend. He is impulsive, generous, bold, impetuous, vacillating, irregularly energetic—apt to be hurried into error, but incapable of deliberate wrong.

there is a merry effort of truth to shake from her that which is no property of hers, and we laugh outright in recognizing humour.

The four faculties in question seem to me all of their class; but when either fancy or humour is expressed to gain an end, is pointed at a purpose—whenever either becomes objective in place of subjective, then it becomes, also, pure wit or sarcasm, just as the purpose is benevolent or malevolent.

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He is yet young, and, without being handsome, in the ordinary sense, is a remarkably well-looking man. In height he is, perhaps, five feet eleven, and justly proportioned. His figure is put in the best light by the ease and assured grace of his carriage. His whole person and personal demeanour bear about them the traces of "good society." His face is somewhat too full, or rather heavy, in its lower portions. Neither his nose nor his forehead can be defended; the latter would puzzle phrenology. His eyes are a dull bluish gray, and small. His hair is of a rich brown, curling naturally and luxuriantly. His mouth is well cut; the teeth fine; the expression of the smile intellectual and winning. He converses little, *well* rather than fluently, and in a subdued tone. The portrait of him published about three years ago in "Graham's Magazine," conveys by no means so true an idea of the man as does the sketch (by Lawrence) inserted as frontispiece to a late collection of his poems. He is a widower, and has one child, a daughter.

WILLIAM M. GILLESPIE.

Mr. William M. Gillespie aided Mr. Park Benjamin, I believe, some years ago, in the editorial conduct of "The New World," and has been otherwise connected with the periodical press of New York. He is more favourably known, however, as the author of a neat volume entitled "Rome as Seen by a New Yorker"—a good title to a good book. The endeavour to convey Rome only by those impressions which would naturally be made upon an American, gives the work a certain air of originality—the rarest of all qualities in descriptions of the Eternal City. The style is pure and sparkling, although occasionally flippant and *dilletantesque*. The love of remark is much in the usual way—*selon les règles*—never very exceptionable, and never very profound.

Mr. Gillespie is not unaccomplished, converses readily on many topics, has some knowledge of Italian, French, and, I believe, of the classical tongues, with such proficiency in the mathematics as has obtained for him a professorship of civil engineering at Union College, Schenectady.

In character he has much general amability, is warm-hearted, excitable, nervous. His address is somewhat awkward, but "insinuating" from its warmth and vivacity. Speaks continuously and rapidly, with a lisp which, at times, is by no means unpleasing; is fidgety, and never knows how to sit or to stand, or what to do with his hands and feet, or his hat. In the street walks irregularly, mutters to himself, and, in general, appears in a state of profound abstraction.

In person he is about five feet seven inches high, neither stout nor thin, angularly proportioned; eyes large and dark hazel, hair dark and curling, an ill-formed nose, fine teeth, and a smile of peculiar sweetness; nothing remarkable about the forehead. The general expression of the countenance when in repose is rather unprepossessing, but animation very much alters its character. He is probably thirty years of age—unmarried.

CHARLES F. BRIGGS.

Mr. Briggs is better known as Harry Franco, a *nom de plume* assumed since the publication, in the "Knickerbocker Magazine," of his series of papers called "Adventures of Harry Franco." He also wrote for "The Knickerbocker" some articles entitled "The Haunted Merchant," and from time to time subsequently has been a contributor to that journal. The two productions just mentioned have some merit. They depend for their effect upon the relation in a straightforward manner, just as one would talk, of the most commonplace events—a kind of writing which, to ordinary and especially to indolent intellects, has a very observable charm. To cultivated or to active minds it is in an equal degree distasteful, even when claiming the merit of originality. Mr. Briggs' manner, however, is an obvious imitation of Smollett, and, as usual with all imitation, produces an unfavourable impression upon those conversant with the original. It is a common failing, also, with imitators, to out-Herod Herod in aping the peculiarities of the model, and too frequently the faults are more pertinaciously exaggerated than the merits. Thus, the author of "Harry Franco" carries the simplicity of Smollett to insipidity, and his picturesque low-life is made to degenerate into sheer vulgarity. A fair idea of the general tone of the work may be gathered from the following passage:—

"'Come, colonel,' said the gentleman, slapping me on the shoulder, 'what'll you take?'

"'Nothing, I thank you,' I replied; 'I have taken enough already.'

"'What! don't you liquorate?'

"I shook my head, for I did not exactly understand him.

"'Don't drink, hey?'

"'Sometimes,' I answered.

"'What! temperance man?—signed a pledge?'

"'No, I have not signed a pledge not to drink.'

"'Then you shall take a horn—so come along.'

"And so saying he dragged me up to the bar.

"'Now, what'll you take—julep, sling, cocktail or sherry cobbler?'

"'Anything you choose,' I replied, for I had not the most remote idea what the drinks were composed of which he enumerated.

"'Then give us a couple of cocktails, barkeeper,' said the gentleman; 'and let us have them as quick as you damn please, for I am as thirsty as the great desert of Sahara which old Judah Paddock traveled over.'"

If Mr. Briggs has a *forte*, it is a Flemish fidelity that omits nothing, whether agreeable or disagreeable; but I cannot call this *forte* a virtue. He has also some humour, but nothing of an original character. Occasionally he has written good things.

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A magazine article called "Dobbs and his Cantelope" was quite easy and clever in its way; but the way is necessarily a small one. Now and then he has attempted criticism, of which, as might be expected, he made a farce. The silliest thing of this kind ever penned, perhaps, was an elaborate attack of his on Thomas Babington Macaulay, published in "The Democratic Review;"—the force of folly could no farther go. Mr. Briggs has never composed in his life three consecutive sentences of grammatical English. He is grossly uneducated.

In connection with Mr. John Bisco he was the originator of the late "Broadway Journal"—my editorial association with that work not having commenced until the sixth or seventh number, although I wrote for it occasionally from the first. Among the principal papers contributed by Mr. B. were those discussing the paintings at the last exhibition of the Academy of Fine Arts in New York. I may be permitted to say that there was scarcely a point in his whole series of criticisms on this subject at which I did not radically disagree with him. Whatever taste he has in art is, like his taste in letters, Flemish.

Mr. Briggs's personal appearance is not prepossessing. He is about five feet six inches in height, somewhat slightly framed, with a sharp, thin face, narrow and low forehead, pert-looking nose, mouth rather pleasant in expression, eyes not so good, gray and small, although occasionally brilliant. In dress he is apt to affect the artist, priding himself especially upon his personal acquaintance with artists and his general connoisseurship. He is a member of the Art Union. He walks with a quick, nervous step. His address is quite good, frank and insinuating. His conversation has now and then the merit of humour, but he has a perfect mania for contradiction, and it is impossible to utter an uninterrupted sentence in his hearing. He has much warmth of feeling, and is not a person to be disliked, although very apt to irritate and annoy. Two of his most marked characteristics are vacillation of purpose and a passion for being mysterious. His most intimate friends seem to know nothing of his movements, and it is folly to expect from him a direct answer about anything. He has, apparently, traveled; pretends to a knowledge of French (of which he is profoundly ignorant); has been engaged in an infinite variety of employments, and now, I believe, occupies a lawyer's office in Nassau street. He is married, goes little into society, and seems about forty years of age.

WILLIAM KIRKLAND.

Mr. William Kirkland—husband of the author of "A New Home"—has written much for the magazines, but has made no collection of his works. A series of "Letters from Abroad" have been among his most popular compositions. He was in Europe for some time, and is well acquainted with the French language and literature, as also with the German. He aided Dr. Turner in the late translation of Von Raumer's "America," published by the Langleys. One of his best magazine papers appeared in "The Columbian"—a review of the London Foreign Quarterly for April, 1844. The arrogance, ignorance and self-glorification of the Quarterly, with its gross injustice towards everything un-British, were severely and palpably exposed, and its narrow malignity shown to be especially *mal-à-propos* in a journal exclusively devoted to foreign concerns, and therefore presumably imbued with something of a cosmopolitan spirit. An article on "English and American Monthlies" in Godey's Magazine, and one entitled "Our English Visitors," in "The Columbian," have also been extensively read and admired. A valuable essay on "The Tyranny of Public Opinion in the United States," (published in "The Columbian" for December, 1845,) demonstrates the truth of Jefferson's assertion, that in this country, which has set the world an example of physical liberty, the inquisition of popular sentiment overrules in practice the freedom asserted in theory by the laws. "The West, the Paradise of the Poor," and "The United States' Census of 1830," the former in "The Democratic Review," the latter in "Hunt's Merchants' Magazine," with sundry essays in the daily papers, complete the list of Mr. Kirkland's works. It will be seen that he has written little, but that little is entitled to respect, for its simplicity and the evidence which it affords of scholarship and diligent research. Whatever Mr. Kirkland does is done carefully. He is occasionally very caustic, but seldom without cause. His style is vigorous, precise, and, notwithstanding his foreign acquirements, free from idiomatic peculiarities.

Mr. Kirkland is beloved by all who know him; in character mild, unassuming, benevolent, yet not without becoming energy at times; in person rather short and slight; features indistinctive; converses well and zealously, although his hearing is defective.

JOHN W. FRANCIS.

Doctor Francis, although by no means a *litterateur*, cannot well be omitted in an account of the New York *literati*. In his capacity of physician and medical lecturer he is far too well known to need comment. He was the pupil, friend and partner of Hosack—the pupil of Abernethy—connected in some manner with everything that has been well said or done medicinally in America. As a medical essayist he has always commanded the highest respect and attention. Among the *points* he has made at various times, I may mention his Anatomy of Drunkenness, his views of the Asiatic Cholera, his analysis of the Avon

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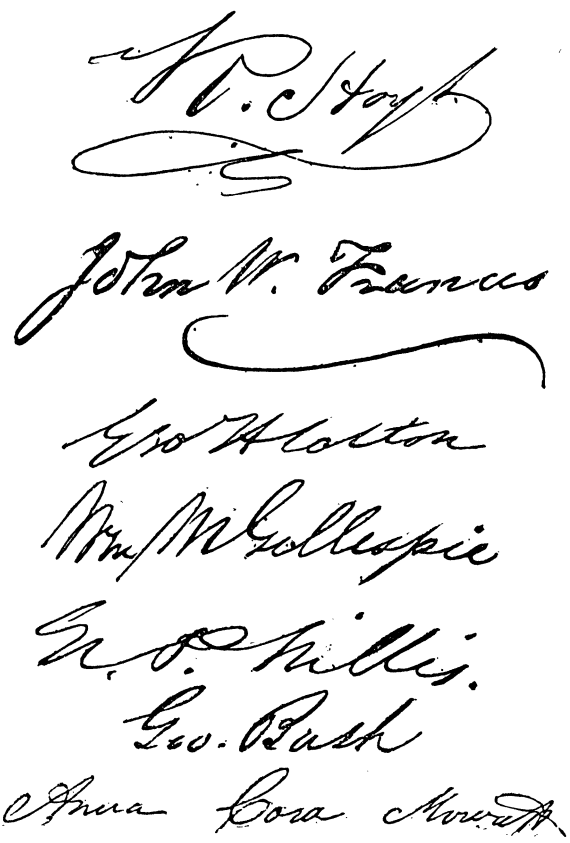
waters of the state, his establishment of the comparative immunity of the constitution from a second attack of yellow fever, and his pathological propositions on the changes wrought in the system by specific poisons through their assimilation—propositions remarkably sustained and enforced by recent discoveries of Liebig.

In unprofessional letters Doctor Francis has also accomplished much, although necessarily in a discursive manner. His biography of Chancellor Livingston, his Horticultural Discourse, his Discourse at the opening of the new hall of the New York Lyceum of Natural History, are (each in its way) models of fine writing, just sufficiently toned down by an indomitable common sense. I had nearly forgotten to mention his admirable sketch of the personal associations of Bishop Berkeley, of Newport.

Doctor Francis is one of the old spirits of the New York Historical Society. His philanthropy, his active, untiring beneficence will forever render his name a household word among the truly Christian of heart. His professional services and his purse are always at the command of the needy; few of our wealthiest men have ever contributed to the relief of distress so bountifully—none certainly with greater readiness or with warmer sympathy.

His person and manner are richly peculiar. He is short and stout, probably five feet five in height, limbs of great muscularity and strength, the whole frame indicating prodigious vitality and energy—the latter is, in fact, the leading trait in his character. His head is large, massive—the features in keeping; complexion dark florid; eyes piercingly bright; mouth exceedingly mobile and expressive; hair gray, and worn in matted locks about the neck and shoulders—eyebrows to correspond, jagged and ponderous. His age is about fifty-eight. His general appearance is such as to arrest attention.

His address is the most genial that can be conceived, its *bonhommie* irresistible. He speaks in a loud, clear, hearty tone, dogmatically, with his head thrown back and his chest out; never waits for an introduction to anybody; slaps a perfect stranger on the back and calls him "Doctor" or "Learned Theban;" pats every lady on the head and (if she be pretty and *petite*) designates her by some such title as "My Pocket Edition of the Lives of the Saints." His conversation proper is a sort of Roman punch made up of tragedy, comedy, and the broadest of all possible farce. He has a natural, felicitous flow of talk, always overswelling its boundaries and sweeping everything before it right and left. He is very earnest, intense, emphatic; thumps the table with his fist; shocks the nerves of the ladies. His *forte*, after all, is humour, the richest conceivable—a compound of Swift, Rabelais, and the clown in the pantomime. He is married.



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GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK & AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Edited by

Mrs. SARAH J. HALE

and

LOUIS A. GODEY

December 1846.

Vol. XXXIII.

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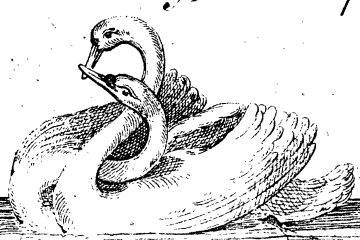

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The Declaration.

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GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1846.

THE DECLARATION.

(*See Plate.*)

THE best manner of making this important declaration has never been satisfactorily settled. Some eminent writers have counseled the *viva voce* fashion as the most sure of success; others advise the epistle, especially if the swain is at all nervous or the lady of his love inclined to coquetry. Dr. Johnson said the fervor of speech was more persuasive than any written profession of love. He was a good talker. Addison preferred that the pen should interpret. He wrote better than he spoke.

After all, the settlement of this question is not material: circumstances often decide the manner, whatever may be the wish of the parties. But a gentleman, when he writes his proposal, must have made up his mind strongly on the subject, as our brave patriots did when they made *their* "Declaration." No secret reservation must be in the heart of the lover, no waiting to receive a little more encouragement from the eye or the smile, or blush of his beloved, before he speaks out all his heart. "Try and trust" must be his motto; and if his chosen is like the fair lady of our picture, she is worth any risk he can run.

"What a long letter!" thought Aunt Julia, as she waited nearly an hour for her niece, Ellen Moore, to appear and communicate the contents; so she stole on tiptoe to the room, and there sat Ellen still poring over the sheet, and Sir Isaac himself, while studying his theory of light, could not have been more abstracted from the outward circumstances around him. Was the letter so very difficult to read or comprehend? It might have been in Sanscrit for all the curious aunt could discover; she dared not step near enough to read it, and so the good nurse is creeping round to try her skill. They both fancied it was from Charles Wiley. And what would Ellen's father say if his daughter should be wooed and won while he was absent? Would he not blame those who had charge of Ellen? They did not know that the fair girl was weighing every sentence and examining every word, with the thought, "What will my father think of this, and this?" She read it over and over, now determined to send it that very evening to her father and ask him what she should say in return; and then her heart would tremble with emotion lest he might not think of Charles as she desired. Still she never dreamed of concealing her attachment or the declaration of her lover from her father.

A model of truthfulness she was, one of those pure-minded beings that seem always to live in the eye of heaven. Her portrait was thus taken by one who knew her well—

> "Her heart was all humanity,
> Her soul all God's—in spirit and in form,
> Like fair. Her cheek had the pale, pearly pink
> Of sea-shells, the world's sweetest tint, as though
> She lived, one half might deem, on roses sopped
> In silver dew; she spoke as with the voice
> Of spheral harmony. And then her dark,
> Long rolling locks were as a stream the slave
> Might search for gold, and searching find."

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A WAY TO BE HAPPY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

I have fire-proof perennial enjoyments, called employments.—RICHTER.

"ALWAYS busy and always singing at your work;—you are the happiest man I know." This was said by the customer of an industrious hatter named Parker, as he entered his shop.

"I should not call the world a *very* happy one if I am the happiest man it contains," replied the hatter, pausing in his work and turning his contented-looking face towards the individual who had addressed him. "I think I should gain something by an exchange with you."

"Why do you think so?"

"You have enough to live upon, and are not compelled to work early and late, as I am."

"I am not so very sure that you would be the gainer. One thing is certain, I never sing at my work."

"Your work? What work have you to do?"

"Oh, I'm always busy."

"Doing what?"

"Nothing; and I believe it is much harder work than making hats."

"I would be very willing to try my hand at that kind of work if I could afford it. There would be no danger of my getting tired or complaining that I had too much to do."

"You may think so; but a few weeks' experience would be enough to drive you back to your shop, glad to find something for your hands to do and your mind to rest upon."

"If you have such a high opinion of labor, Mr. Steele, why don't you go to work?"

"I have no motive for doing so."

"Is not the desire for happiness a motive of sufficient power? You think working will make any one happy."

"I am not so sure that it will make any one happy, but I believe that all who are engaged in regular employments are much more contented than are those who have nothing to do. But no one can be regularly employed who has not some motive for exertion. A mere desire for happiness is not the right motive; for, notwithstanding a man, when reasoning on the subject, may be able to see that unless he is employed in doing something useful to his fellows he cannot be even contented, yet when he follows out the impulses of his nature, if not compelled to work, he will seek for relief from the uneasiness he feels in almost anything else: especially is he inclined to run into excitements instead of turning to the quiet and more satisfying pursuits of ordinary life."

"If I believed as you do I would go into business at once," said the hatter. "You have the means, and might conduct any business you chose to commence, with ease and comfort."

"I have often thought of doing so; but I have lived an idle life so long that I am afraid I should soon grow tired of business."

"No doubt you would, and if you will take my advice you will let well enough alone. Enjoy your good fortune and be thankful for it. As for me, I hope to see the day when I can retire from business and live easy the remainder of my life."

This was, in fact, the hatter's highest wish, and he was working industriously with that end in view. He had already saved enough money to buy a couple of very good houses, the rent from which was five hundred dollars per annum. As soon as he could accumulate sufficient to give him a clear income of two thousand dollars, his intention was to quit business and live a "gentleman" all the rest of his days. He was in a very fair way of accomplishing all he desired in a few years, and he did accomplish it.

Up to the time of his retiring from business, which he did at the age of forty-three, Parker had passed through his share of trial and affliction. One of his children did not do well, and one, his favorite boy, had died. These events weighed down his spirits for a time, but no very long period elapsed before he was again singing at his work—not, it is true, quite so gayly as before, but still with an expression of contentment. He had, likewise, his share of those minor crosses in life which fret the spirit, but the impression they made was soon effaced.

In the final act of giving up, he felt a much greater reluctance than he had supposed would be the case, and very unexpectedly began to ask himself what he should do all the day after he had no longer a shop in which to employ himself. The feeling was but momentary, however. It was forced back by the idea of living at his ease; of being able to come and go just as it suited his fancy; to have no care of business, nor any of its perplexities and anxieties. This thought was delightful.

"If I were you I would go into the country and employ myself on a little farm," said a friend to the hatter. "You will find it dull work in town, with nothing on your hands to do."

The hatter shook his head. "No, no," said he, "I have no taste for farming; it is too much trouble. I am tired of work, and want a little rest during the remainder of my life."

Freedom from labor was the golden idea in his

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mind, and nothing else could find an entrance. For a few days after he had fully and finally got clear from all business, and was, to use his own words, a free man, he drank of liberty almost to intoxication. Sometimes he would sit at his window, looking out upon the hurrying crowd, and marking with pity the care written upon each face; and sometimes he would walk forth to breathe the free air and see everything to be seen that could delight the eye.

Much as the hatter gloried in this freedom and boasted of his enjoyments after the first day or two, he began to grow weary long before evening closed in, and then he could not sit and quietly enjoy the newspapers as before, for he had already gone over them two or three times, even to the advertising pages. Sometimes, for relief, he would walk out again after tea, and sometimes lounge awhile on the sofa, and then go to bed an hour earlier than he had been in the habit of doing. In the morning he had no motive for rising with the sun; no effort was therefore made to overcome the heaviness felt on awaking, and he did not rise until the ringing of the breakfast bell.

This "laziness" of her husband, as Mrs. Parker did not hesitate to call it, annoyed his good wife. She did not find things any easier—she could not retire from business. In fact, the new order of things made her a great deal more trouble. One half of her time, as she alleged, Mr. Parker was under her feet and making her just double work. He had grown vastly particular, too, about his clothes, and very often grumbled about the way his food came on the table, what she had never before known him to do. The hatter's good lady was not very choice of her words, and when she chose to speak out, generally did so with remarkable plainness of speech. The scheme of retiring from business in the very prime of life she never approved, but as her good man had set his heart on it for years, she did not say much in opposition. Her remark to a neighbor showed her passive state of mind—"He has earned his money honestly, and if he thinks he can enjoy it better in this way, I suppose it is nobody's business."

This was just the ground she stood upon. It was a kind of neutral ground, but she was not the woman to suffer its invasion. Just so long as her husband came and went without complaint or interference with her, all would be suffered to go on smoothly enough, but if he trespassed upon her old established rights and privileges, he would hear it.

"I never saw a meal cooked so badly as this," Mr. Parker said, knitting his brow one rainy day at the dinner table.

He had been confined to the house since morning, and had tried in vain to find some means of passing his time pleasantly.

The color flew instantly to his wife's face. "Perhaps if you had a better appetite you would see no fault in the cooking," she said, rather tartly.

"Perhaps not," he replied. "A good appetite helps bad cooking wonderfully."

There was nothing in this to soothe his wife's temper. She retorted instantly.

"And honest employment alone will give a good appetite. I wonder how you could expect to relish your food after lounging about doing nothing all the morning. I'll be bound that if you had been in your shop ironing hats or waiting on your customers since breakfast time, there would have been no complaint about the dinner."

Mr. Parker was taken all aback. This was speaking out plainly "with a vengeance." Since his retirement from business his self-estimation had arisen very high compared with what it had previously been: he was, of course, more easily offended. To leave the dinner table was the first impulse of offended dignity.

So broad a rupture as this had not occurred between the husband and wife since the day of their marriage—not that causes equally potent had not existed, for Mrs. Parker, when anything excited her, was not over-choice of her words, and had frequently said more cutting things; but then her husband was not so easily disturbed;—he had not so high an opinion of himself.

It was still raining heavily, but rain could no longer keep the latter at home. He went forth and walked aimlessly the streets for an hour, thinking bitter things against his wife all the while. But this was very unhappy work, and he was glad to seek relief from it by calling in upon a brother craftsman, whose shop happened to be in his way. The hatter was singing at his work as he had used to sing—he never sung at his work now.

"This is a very dull day," was the natural remark of Mr. Parker after first salutations were over.

"Why, yes, it is a little dull," replied the tradesman, speaking in a tone that said, "but it didn't occur to me before."

"How is business now?" asked Mr. Parker.

"Very brisk;—I am so busy that, rain or shine, it never seems dull to me."

"You havn't as many customers in."

"No; but then I get a little ahead in my work, and that is something gained. Rain or shine, friend Parker, it's all the same to me."

"That is certainly a very comfortable state of mind to be in. I find a rainy day hard to get through."

"I don't think I would be if I were in your place," said the old acquaintance. "If I could do no better I would lie down and sleep away the time."

"And remain awake half the night in return for it. No; that won't do. To lie half-asleep and half-awake for three or four hours makes one feel miserable."

The hatter thought this a very strange admission. He did not believe that, if he could afford to live without work, he would find even rainy days hang heavy upon his hands.

"Why don't you read?" he said.

"I do read all the newspapers—that is, two or

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three that I take," replied Parker; "but there is not enough in them for a whole day."

"There are plenty of books."

"Books! I never read books; I can't get interested in them. They are too long: it would take me a week to get through even a moderate-sized book. I would rather go back to the shop again. I understand making a hat, but as to books, I never did fancy them much."

Parker lounged for a couple of hours in the shop of his friend, and then turned his face homeward, feeling very uncomfortable.

The dark day was sinking into darker night when he entered his house. There was no light in the passage nor any in the parlor. As he groped his way in, he struck against a chair that was out of place, and hurt himself. The momentary pain caused the fretfulness he felt on finding all dark within to rise into anger. He went back to the kitchen, grumbling sadly, and there gave the cook a sound rating for not having lit the lamps earlier. Mrs. Parker heard all, but said nothing. The cook brought a lamp into the parlor and placed it upon the table with an indignant air; she then flirted off up stairs, and complained to Mrs. Parker that she had never been treated so badly in her life by any person, and notified her that she should leave the moment her week was up; that, anyhow, she had nothing to do with the lamps—lighting them was the chambermaid's work.

It so happened that Mrs. Parker had sent the chambermaid out, and this the cook knew very well; but cook was in a bad humor about something, and didn't choose to do anything not in the original contract. She was a good domestic, and had lived with Mrs. Parker for some years. She had her humors, as every one has, but these had always been borne with by her mistress. Too many fretting incidents had just occurred, however, and Mrs. Parker's mind was not so evenly balanced as usual. Nancy's words and manner provoked her too far, and she replied—"Very well; go in welcome!"

Here was a state of affairs tending in no degree to increase the happiness of the retired tradesman. His wife met him at the supper-table with knit brows and tightly compressed lips. Not a word passed during the meal.

After supper Mr. Parker looked around him for some means of passing the time. The newspapers were read through; it still rained heavily without; he could not ask his wife to play a game at backgammon.

"Oh, dear!" he sighed, reclining back upon the sofa; and there he lay for half an hour, feeling as miserable as he had ever felt in his life. At nine o'clock he went to bed, and remained awake for half the night.

Much to his satisfaction, when he opened his eyes on the next morning, the sun was shining into his window brightly. He would not be confined to the house so closely for another day.

A few weeks sufficed to exhaust all of Mr. Parker's time-killing resources. The newspapers, he complained, did not contain anything of interest now. Having retired on his money, and set up for something of a gentleman, he, after a little while, gave up visiting at the shops of his old fellow-tradesmen. He did not like to be seen on terms of intimacy with working people! Street-walking did very well at first, but he tired of that; it was going over and over the same ground. He would have ridden out and seen the country, but he had never been twice on horseback in his life, and felt rather afraid of his neck. In fact, nothing was left to him but to lounge about the house a greater portion of his time, and grumble at everything;—this only made matters worse, for Mrs. Parker would not submit to grumbling without a few words back that cut like razors.

From a contented man, Mr. Parker became, at the end of six months, a burden to himself. Little things that did not in the least disturb him before, now fretted him beyond measure. He had lost the quiet, even temper of mind that made life so pleasant.

A year after he had given up business he met Mr. Steele for the first time since his retirement from the shop.

"Well, my old friend," said that gentleman to him, familiarly, "how is it with you now? I understand you have retired from business."

"Oh, yes; a year since."

"So long? I only heard of it a few weeks ago. I have been absent from the city. Well, do you find doing nothing any easier than manufacturing good hats and serving the community like an honest man, as you did for years? What is *your* experience worth?"

"I don't know that it is worth anything, except to myself, and it is doubtful whether it isn't too late for even me to profit by it."

"How so, my friend? Isn't living on your money so pleasant a way of getting through the world as you had supposed it would be?"

"I presume there cannot be a pleasanter way; but we are so constituted that we are never happy in any position."

"Perhaps not positively happy, but we may be content."

"I doubt it."

"You were once contented."

"I beg your pardon; if I had been I would have remained in business."

"And been a much more contented man than you are now."

"I am not sure of that."

"I am, then. Why, Parker, when I met you last you had a cheerful air about you. Whenever I came into your shop I found you singing as cheerfully as a bird. But now you do not even smile; your brows have fallen half an inch lower than they were then. In fact, the whole expression of your face has changed. I will lay a wager that you have grown captious, fretful, and disposed to take trouble on interest. Everything about you

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declares this. A year has changed you for the worse and me for better."

"How you for the better, Mr. Steele!"

"I have gone into business."

"You have! I hope no misfortune has overtaken you?"

"I have lost more than half my property, but I trust this will not prove in the end a misfortune."

"Really, Mr. Steele, I am pained to hear that reverses have driven you to the necessity of going into business."

"While I am more than half-inclined to say that I am glad of it. I led for years a useless life, most of the time a burden to myself. I was a drone in the social hive; I added nothing to the common stock; I was of no use to any one. But now my labors not only benefit myself, but the community at large. My mind is interested all the day; I no longer feel listlessness; the time never hangs heavy upon my hands. I have, as a German writer has said, 'fire-proof perennial enjoyments, called employments.'"

"You speak warmly, Mr. Steele."

"It is because I feel warmly on this subject. Long before a large failure in the city deprived me of at least half of my fortune, I saw clearly enough that there was but one way to find happiness in this life, and that was to engage diligently in some useful employment, from right ends. I shut my eyes to this conviction over and over again, and acted in accordance with it only when necessity compelled me to do so. I should have found much more pleasure in the pursuit of business had I acted from the higher motive of use to my fellows which was presented so clearly to my mind, than I do now, having entered its walks from something like compulsion."

"And you really think yourself happier than you were before, Mr. Steele?"

"I *know it*, friend Parker."

"And you think I would be happier than I am now if I were to open my shop again?"

"I do, much happier. Don't you think the same?"

"I hardly know what to think. The way I live now is not very satisfactory. I cannot find enough to keep my mind employed."

"And never will, except in some useful business, depend upon it. So take my advice, and re-open your shop before you are compelled to do it."

"Why do you think I will be compelled to do it?"

"Because it is very strongly impressed upon my mind that the laws of Divine Providence are so arranged, that every man's ability to serve the general good is brought into activity in some way or other, no matter how selfish he may be, nor how much he may seek to withdraw himself from the common uses of society. Misfortunes are some of the means by which many persons are compelled to become usefully employed. Poverty is another means."

"Then you think if I do not go into business again I am in danger of losing my property?"

"I should think you were;—but I may be mistaken. Man can never foresee what will be the operations of Providence. If you should ever recommence business, however, it ought not to be from this fear. You should act from a higher and better motive. You should reflect that it is every man's duty to engage in some business or calling by which the whole community will be benefited, and, for this reason, and this alone, resolve that while you have the ability you will be a working bee and not a drone in the hive. It is not only wrong, but a disgrace for any man to be idle when there is so much to do."

Mr. Parker was surprised to hear his old customer talk in this way: but surprise was not his only feeling—he was deeply impressed with the truth of what he had said.

"I believe, after all, that you are right and I am wrong. Certainly, there is no disguising the fact that my life has become a real burden to me, and that business would be far preferable to a state of idleness."

This admission seemed made with some reluctance. It was the first time he had confessed, even to himself, that he had committed an error in giving up his shop. The effect of what Mr. Steele had said was a resolution, after debating the pros and cons for nearly a month, to re-commence business; but before this could take place the kind of business must be determined. Since Mr. Parker had ceased to be a hatter and set up for a gentleman of fortune, his ideas of his own importance had considerably increased. To come back into his old position, therefore, could not be thought of. His wife argued for the shop, but he would not listen to her arguments. His final determination was to become a grocer, and a grocer he became. No doubt he thought it more worthy of his dignity to sell rice, sugar, soap, candles, etc., than hats. Why one should be more honorable or dignified than the other we do not understand. Perhaps there is a difference, but we must leave others to define it—we cannot.

A grocer Mr. Parker became instead of a hatter. Of the former business he was entirely ignorant, of the latter he was perfect master. But he would be a grocer—a merchant. He commenced in the retail line, with the determination, after he got pretty well acquainted with the business, to become a wholesale dealer. That idea pleased his fancy. For two years he kept a retail grocery store and then sold out, glad to get rid of it. The loss was about one-third of all he was worth. To make things worse there was a great depression in trade, and real estate fell almost one-half in value. In consequence of this, Mr. Parker's income from rents, after being forced to sacrifice a very handsome piece of property to make up the deficit that was called for in winding up his grocery business, did not give him sufficient to meet his current family expenses.

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There was now no alternative left. The retired hatter was glad to open a shop once more, and look out for some of his old customers. Mr. Steele saw his announcement that he had resumed business at his old stand, and asked for a share of public patronage. About two weeks after the shop was re-opened, that gentleman called in and ordered a hat. As he came to the door and was about reaching his hand out to open it, he heard the hatter's voice singing an old familiar air. A smile was on the face of Mr. Steele as he entered.

"All right again!" he said, coming up to the counter and reaching out his hand. "Singing at your work as of old! This is better than playing the gentleman, or even keeping a grocery store."

"Oh, yes, a thousand times better," the hatter replied, warmly. "I am now in my right place."

"Performing your true use to the community and happy in doing so."

"I shall be happier, I am sure. I am happier already. My hat-blocks and irons, and, indeed, everything around me, look like familiar friends, and give me a smiling welcome. When health fails or age prevents my working any longer, I will give up my shop, but not a day sooner. I am cured of retiring from business."

THE FIRST FRIEND.

(*See Plate.*)

The history of Paradise
To Woman's faith is clear,
For happy childhood ever brings
The Eden vision near;
The vision when the Earth was sway'd
By Innocence and Love,
That summon'd, with an equal trust,
The tiger and the dove.

And happy Childhood still retains
This impress from above—
The power to sway by innocence,
And conquer strength by love—
To bow the hearts of stubborn men,
And 'mong the brutes to find
A friend that, like the mother's thought,
Is ever true and kind.

Nor could the mother's loving eye
More patiently attend,
Than did the stately blood-hound watch
To guard his little friend:
An only and a cherished child
Was pretty Ellen Gray,
And fairer than the fairest flowers
She gathered on her way.

But she has wandered fast and far,
Till, by the heat oppress'd,
The faithful hound, reclining, seems
To beg the child to rest:
Her arm she twines around his neck,
Confiding in his care;
She does not hear the thunder growl,
Nor see the lightning glare.

Her thoughts, like birds at eve, have flown
To nestle in her home;
There, at the door, her mother stands,
And beckons her to come;
And she will tell that mother dear
How she and Fido played,
And how, along the river's bank,
With her "First Friend" she strayed.

Ah! when a few more summers o'er,
The gentle child will reign,
A maiden in her conquering charms,
With lovers in her train;
Then may she find a heart as true
As Fido's to attend
And guard her through life's pilgrimage,
Faithful as this "First Friend."

IDEAL STANDARDS.

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

Lo! the pale artist in his chamber bends
With pallid brow, and wrapt and burning eye
Intently fixed upon a vision nigh—
A shape of heaven-born grace, which, beckoning, blends
Into the azure space, and onward wends,
With wavy hand held back. It flitteth by
Intangible, with look serene and high,
That half bemoans the mockery it lends;
In shapeful loveliness it will not stay,
But takes a fairer, still a higher grace,
As nearer and more near the form appears;
Vainly may pencil, pen or thrilling lay,
The soul's ideal semblance hope to trace—
It mocks our upward reach and smiles amid our tears.

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"THE FIRST FRIEND."

Engraved Expressly for the Lady's Book

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A TRIP ON AN ENGLISH RAILROAD.

BY THEO. LEDYARD CUYLER.

AN English railway is the perfection of traveling. Other modes have, indeed, their peculiar advantages. Thus, to a poetical tourist or a gentleman lounger, there is nothing like an "outside" on the coach, where he can reconnoiter fine prospects, and listen to the gossip of the coachman about *Lord Such-a-one* or Sir Somebody Something who lives in the great stone castle to the right. The true jockey prefers "*the mail*," with its fiery steeds and *guard* in flaming coat, winding a long blast from his bugle as the "turn out" rolls into some little market town and brings everybody in gaping admiration to the windows. But the true delight of jockeys has passed away. The genuine "coachey" is well-nigh extinct since the introduction of railways between the principal places. A French diligence is a pleasant and ludicrous novelty for half a day, but no nerves or patience could endure it longer; and to the man who enjoys drowsiness and a *meerschaum*, there is nothing like a Dutch *Treckshuit*. To the young collegian during vacation, who has a particularly agreeable companion to Niagara, I would recommend the Erie canal packets, where they can have quite a promenade and confidential *tête-à-tête* between the different warning cries, "Bridge! bridge! very low bridge!" For a confirmed dyspepsia, the only specific is a stage-coach ride over a corduroy road on the Wabash "reservation."

Now, all these modes of conveyance have their undisputed advantages, but the *ne plus ultra* of speed, safety and comfort, is an English railway. Let the reader, if he doubts it, try a short trip with me on one of the finest roads in the kingdom—the "Birmingham and London Railway." Once arrived within the capacious station-house and the fare paid, we have no farther care for the rest of the journey. A porter in the uniform of the company comes up with a tip of his cap and very politely inquires your destination, and then takes charge of your luggage, to be delivered when you leave the road. He has a number on his collar, so that if he treats you with the slightest incivility or ventures to ask a fee, you can report him to one of the superintendents within, and he is discharged. These porters are paid by the company, and I always found them extremely civil and obliging. Which class will you take? Those bright, vermilion painted cars, farthest from the engine, are the "first class." They are carpeted and cushioned, separated into small apartments, hung with silk curtains, and there are, besides, most luxurious *rests* for the elbows and pillows for supporting the head. The fare to London in these cars (one hundred miles or little more) is about six dollars, which is double the usual rates in our own country. If you feel the smallest anxiety about your reputation for gentility, I would advise you by all means to take the first class, for no man whose rank in society is not fixed dare take any other. A *nobleman* may go in the "stand ups" along with the colliers and cotton-spinners if he likes. I have noticed, by the way, that our countrymen here generally go in the first class and stop at the most expensive hotels—for Brother Jonathan is equaled by no man under the sun in his untiring anxiety to make money, or his bountiful liberality in spending it when he has got it. Next in front are the "second class," very comfortable conveyances, covered above and open at the sides. Here are the "honest yeomanry," the farmers, the tradesmen, the parsons of forty pounds a year, and the "commercial travelers," who go up and down the kingdom making collections for the mercantile houses. This is the place for true sociability; here everybody talks to everybody else, as in a Yankee stage-coach. Further on, close to the smoking locomotive, are the "stand ups," rude pens without seats or covering. A tatterdemalion regiment of laborers, ditchers, colliers, factory operatives, poor women and screaming children, all shouting, swearing and crowding, are pouring into them and stowing themselves away as thick as they can stand. England has within her borders a few millions of such characters—the great *subterranean* mass of molten lava which ever and anon makes the mountain of her strength tremble with its tumultuous heavings.

The time is up, and English coachmen and railway conductors "wait for no man." There is a white signal flying far ahead on the track, and the engine is off at once at its highest speed. These signals are hung out at every mile or two on the principal railways to insure perfect safety. A green flag means *caution*, a red flag *great danger*, and a white flag means *all right*, or, as we Yankees say, *go ahead!* This is only one of the many precautions which render English railway traveling the swiftest and safest in the world. To guard against the danger of running off, the roads are perfectly straight, or as near as can be. If a hill stands in the way they tunnel through it. On the Leeds and Manchester road there are nine tunnels in forty miles, and one of them is two miles long! Lamps are burning constantly in the first class cars for the convenience of the passengers during their subterranean excursions. The tracks, too, are always double, as you see here, which obviates any dan-

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ger of collision, or what is almost as bad to an American, of *detention*. Instead of permitting wagons and carriages to trundle over the rails, as we do, at every crossing, the highways are all carried over the railroads on stone arches. Before we reach London we will have passed under more than a hundred of these arches, all of them finished with the most beautiful masonry. To complete the precautions, the roads are fenced in, and no animals of any kind are permitted within the enclosure; if any biped is found there he is fined ten dollars! With such capital arrangements it is much easier for the locomotive to stay on the track than to get off, and there is no obstruction to the highest speed. If you will look at your "patent lever" now, you will find we are flying at the rate of a mile in one minute and a half! This is not uncommon traveling here, and I see it stated that Prince Albert is frequently transported "to town" on the Great Western Railway at the rate of a mile per minute! This affords but small opportunity to study the beauties of English landscapes. Houses, parks, groves and cottages whirl by in undistinguished confusion. Look at that man ploughing at the foot of the high embankment over which we are whirling like a meteor through the heavens: before he will have reached the other side of the field we will be at Coventry, five miles ahead! Hark! there is something coming—a whizz! a crash! a momentary darkening of the windows, and it is gone. That was the train from London, and before we are recovered from our surprise they are out of sight again.

Presently the engine checks its speed, and we enter another depot, large enough for a western barbecue. A guard in crimson coat walks down the line and informs all the passengers that this is the "Coventry station," where we will stop ten minutes. Who has not heard of Coventry? and of "Peeping Tom," and that hopeful regiment of John Falstaff, who "marched as if they had gyves on." From the depot nothing of the town can be seen but the smoking tops of houses. When I passed over this road last I stopped here and took a coach for Warwick and Kenilworth, which lie about a dozen miles distant, and a trifle beyond is Stratford-on-Avon. Warwick is in glorious preservation, and is the finest castle by all odds in the kingdom; Kenilworth is an ivied ruin, and Stratford has all that it ever had (or need to have)—the marble slab under which sleeps William Shakspeare. If we have no time to see the town, we can at least refresh ourselves by a stroll about the depot. On the other side of the building is another train just up from London. Behind the cars for passengers are a number of tracks on which are placed the private carriages of the gentry who are just leaving town for the country at the close of "the season," and prefer the privacy of their own conveyances to the crowded cars. This is a new luxury, unknown to their stupid ancestors. To sit in their own carriages and cut the leaves of the last "Blackwood" or new romance, while they are rolled over the country at the rate of forty miles an hour, was reserved for this nineteenth century.

That plain-looking gentleman of about forty-five who just left his carriage and is walking towards the coffee-room, is Lord Lenox, the eldest son and future heir of the Duke of Richmond. Like most of the nobility he dresses with the utmost plainness, hardly above the substantial Yankee "squire" in his Sunday best. The valet here is always more showily dressed than his master. At the farther end of the line a knot of gentlemen are casting sidelong glances into a carriage which has on its panel the well known crest of the Duke of Sutherland. He is the richest man, and what is more, his wife is the most elegant woman, in the kingdom. She was for a long time "mistress of the robes" to Her Majesty, and is beyond question a most magnificent woman. She is not tall, but her figure is exceedingly fine, and she has a bearing worthy of a queen. Her complexion is beautiful even for England. Rich brown hair and a brilliant eye are all that are wanting to complete the portrait of true beauty, and these have been given her in their full perfection. The Duchess is one of a remarkable family—the Howards. Her father is the old Earl of Carlisle; one of her brothers is the talented Lord Morpeth, popular on both sides of the water; and a sister, the late Countess of Burlington, was one of the most beautiful and accomplished women of her time.

But we have no time to stand gazing at "the lairds." The train is off, but not until we have had a chance to buy a bunch or two of grapes from a poor soldier, who wears the medal of Waterloo on his breast, and supports himself by selling fruit to the passengers. We have received at this station a pleasant addition to our company in the persons of a rosy old gentleman, the very impersonation of John Bull, with his equally capacious wife and two stout children, who, with ourself, fill up the whole apartment. He is some rich "old square-toes" going up to town to place that awkward lad at Eton; and the flaxen-haired, modest blonde by her mother's side, who looks like a child suddenly expanded to the dimensions of a woman, is for some finishing school in the West End. The boy would be full five feet eight without those huge thick-soled shoes he has on, and would look like a man but for his nursery-looking jacket, covered all over with gilt buttons, and his *younkerish* air. In America a lad of that size would have a swallow-tail coat, a cigar in his mouth, a bundle of papers in his pocket, and be talking largely about "the spring business" and the tariff. There is nothing more surprising to a stranger visiting our country than the multitude of *little men*. Boys who in England would yet be at "Viri Romæ" and Sallust, are with us "overhead and ears" in their offices and counting-rooms—which is all on the same principle we have of beginning early, rushing forward rapidly, and dying sooner by many years than our phlegmatic brethren across the water.

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Perhaps if you approach this old gentleman adroitly, he may tell us a great deal about our rout and the places through which we are passing. Tell him at once that you are an American on a tour of observation, so that he may not be afraid of compromising his *standing* by talking to a countryman whom he does not know. If you want to gain his full confidence, *pat* him a little by eulogizing the road, the scenery, and English comfort in traveling, and don't thrust your "democracy" too often into his face: by this mode of treatment you will probably find him (as I have always found his countrymen in such circumstances) an agreeable, gentlemanly and instructive companion.

I would like to repeat some of our delightful conversation with the old gentleman, who tells us that he has spent much of his life in India, but the cloud of smoke that hangs before us in the air warns us that we are approaching the great metropolis, and I must close my long, rambling letter. Thine, ever.

SONNET.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

"I have quaffed
Life from the lips of beauty, and shall I,
Who've banqueted like a god, be now content
With meager fare, or trust to mortal drugs,
And run, a common idler, through the world,
With not a heart to own me?"

BARRY CORNWALL.

Ay, thou art powerful in beauty's might,
  Instinctive sweetness and divine repose,
Pliant to win, unyielding for the right,
  Armed with all spells luxuriant nature knows;
Yet, my fair queen, as in all human skill,
  There is a limit to thy regal sway,
I can exult o'er thy majestic will,
  And smile thy pride triumphantly away;
Yes, even I, so humble, am thy peer,
  Matchless in heart as thou in conscious grace,
As strong, by virtue of a face sincere,
  As thou in noble form and angel face;
Others a whim may fetter or release,
But I *will* love in spite of my caprice.

Beauty in shapes more brilliant, rich and wild,
  Has thrilled me with a sorrowful delight—
I grew bewildered like a wondering child,
  As if made happy in my own despite:
But thy ingenious charms, like mountain air,
  With calm enjoyment all my senses fill—
When near, I seem thy very life to share,
  And absent, revel on thy memory still!
Ah! passion is not blind, when with it glows
  Mind, heart and confidence serene and deep,
When sympathy dissolves all custom's snows,
  And with mild touch invades love's fevered sleep;
Then nature's highest mandate we obey,
And our whole being vibrates to its sway.

Lurked there no stars behind each shifting cloud,
  The pearly skies would be but what they seem—
Wert thou with lesser qualities endowed,
  I could more easily renounce my dream;
But having seen the veil drawn half aside,
  That from the world thy noble heart conceals—
And passed within the battlements of pride
  To know as truth what love's own dream reveals—
And momently thy glorious being felt
  Mingle with mine spontaneous and bold,
As if their very elements would melt,
  And heaven's own blessedness at once unfold—
Can I to meaner objects stoop the wing
In quest of what thy love alone can bring?

SONNET.—TO BALTIMORE.

BY J. N. M. HARDING.

Fair City of blue Chesapeake,
  That heav'st thy monumental pile
So proud in air—with aspect meek
  And mild of Freedom's son—the while
I linger here I seem to hear
  Thy brooks and leafland's minstrelsy
Breathe out the majesty of thought. And here
  I'd pause, 'neath twilight's canopy,
To pay my feeble, votive rhyme
  To—neither hill nor spire nor dome;—
They'll proudly woo the eye of Time:
  Far floating down his stream will come
The wrecks of many a wonder gone;
Rest to thy maidens—though I name but one.

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THE BROKEN PROMISE.

"Good even, fair Edith;—just glance from the page which for these ten minutes has absorbed all your faculties, and give a word of welcome to your friend," was the gay salutation of Marina Sandford as she entered the parlor of her cousin, Edith Morton, whom she found sitting in an arm-chair, one hand supporting her head, the other grasping the *Lady's Book*, in which she was so engaged that the somewhat noisy entrance of Marina and her prolonged gaze of ten minutes were unheeded.

"Your pardon, dear Marina; your visits are ever welcome. This interesting tale must be my excuse for not seeing you. It has, indeed, been a skillful magnetizer, and I a willing subject. Have you read it?"

"No; I do not read love stories. I really thought you had too much sense to throw away your time on *such stuff*—not only your time, but for the while yourself. I think for your own benefit you might as well have been in a magnetic sleep. If there be any truth in that would-be science, you then might have benefited others."

"Very good, Miss Marina. What a fine lecturer you would make. What a beautiful expression of scorn beamed from your eye and curled your lip as you exclaimed, '*I never read love stories!*' To be serious, how long since you have been so wise?"

"Why, since I have arrived at years of discretion, and have learned that *love* and *constancy* are idle dreams of youth."

"So you are sure that 'constancy lives in realms above,' and 'love is but an idle flower, that blooms and dies the self-same hour?'"

"Yes. So far as my own experience and observation show, affection such as your favorite tales portray exists not, save in the imagination. Therefore I think we should not peruse such writings as picture-things that are never realized."

"There we agree. It would be worse than folly to spend our precious hours in reading the description of characters, of events that are not and may never be. Here we differ. You say the stories of the heart which I occasionally read have no counterpart in real life;—to this conclusion you have arrived by your own observation and experience. Then I must think you have never loved, and that your observations have been incorrect—at least partial."

"True, I have never been in love according to your story-telling acceptation of the word, but it would seem *you* have, or, albeit I am somewhat older, you have looked on things with different eyes from mine. Pray, do you know of all our acquaintance a single case of matrimony *all for love*, or, what would be stranger still, one of single-blessedness for the sake of an early love?"

"Yes, my memory is full of such, and had you lifted the veil that shrouds the thoughts of even some of *your friends* from the prying world, you would have said with Willis—

> 'Oh, if there is one law above the rest
> Written in wisdom—
> If there is anything that keeps the mind
> Open to angels' visits, and repels
> The ministry of ills, 'tis human love!'

Our good and noble Uncle Geoffrey—did it ever occur to you why he was an old bachelor?"

"Uncle Geoffrey? You surely do not mean to say that he has been a votary of celibacy all for love?"

"Most sure I do, my incredulous coz. You will yet learn by your own experience, or put me down for a false prophetess, that true affection is not *romance*, but *reality*."

"May your prophecy prove true if you can prove to me, by any of *your tales of observation*, that the love of your story-tellers finds an abode on this earth among the bipeds called men and women. But first, Uncle Geoffrey's history—that could not have been one *of your* observations, for, from his age, it must have happened prior to your birth."

"I did not witness it, but my knowledge of the circumstances is the result of my observations. I had long noticed the readiness with which Uncle G. reads the tales you *stigmatize as stuff;* that he is as deeply absorbed as I was when you found me. After the perusal of some, he would throw his head back in his great chair, while an expression of sad abstractedness would pass over his countenance, as if he was looking back to other times; a heavy sigh would escape him, which would rouse him from his reverie: he then would arise and go forth, whistling or humming some lively air, to his business. These little things attracted my curiosity. On one of my visits to Aunt Maria, I, much to her surprise, inquired if Uncle G. had not in his youth been the hero of some little romance. She then gave me the history I'll now relate, if you are not tired by this long preface."

"Pray, proceed; I am all patience and attention."

"That large, old-fashioned brick house opposite Aunt M.'s, was formerly the residence of Dr. Denton, his wife, a son and daughter. Susan Denton was the companion and schoolmate of Aunt Maria. While at school a youthful attachment sprang up between Susan and David Haughton, a bright, handsome lad from a neighboring town. He was a wild, reckless fellow, ever ready for sport, and where danger might be found, the first

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to meet it was David H. Ever ready was he to rescue the girls and save the weak and the fearful from the reproofs of the teacher. Susan was amiable and intelligent, yet, timid beyond her mates, so more often called for the youth's protection. She was generally loved, yet some of the older ones might be occasionally heard to say, 'What a pity Susan Denton hasn't a little more firmness and decision of character;' and many a fear was expressed (it might afterward seem prophetic) that her want of fixedness of purpose would be her ruin. At the age of fifteen she and Aunt Maria, with a few other young ladies, left the academy and attended a select school, where they learned music, drawing, and some other et ceteras of polite learning. There ceased all communication between Susan and David H. He went to his home, and rumor reported him a son of dissipation.

"At eighteen Susan was a charming girl, and attracted many suitors, among them our own Uncle Geoffrey, then just returned home after six years absence. He we may well suppose was handsome beyond his companions—for *where* now do we see a finer-looking man than Geoffrey Morton? He was much loved by her parents—much they wished to see him the husband of their beloved daughter. Their wishes were vain: for once was she decided in her opinion, and she rejected him. It would seem his *whole heart* had not bowed to the shrine of love, for, engaged in business, he appeared little to mind the rejection.

"About this time David Haughton returned to the village, again met with his old companions, and soon selected his former favorite, Susan Denton, from among the youthful maidens, as the supreme object of his attentions. His early promise of beauty was well fulfilled, and there was something peculiarly fascinating in his manners that was well calculated to please the heart of one already prejudiced in his favor by the remembrance of youthful kindness. They separated acknowledged lovers, though not affianced. They had not dared to ask the approval of Dr. Denton. Could they expect he would cheerfully bestow his daughter on a *gambler*, however much her wayward heart might feel?

"Months passed. Mrs. Denton fell sick—ah, very sick. She was ardently loved by her husband and children. Day by day and night after night found them anxious watchers by the couch of the sufferer. In vain were all their efforts for her recovery; her hour of departure arrived. Then it would seem the spirit and strength of health came upon her as she summoned her family and friends to receive her last farewell. None present will ever forget the affectionate words she bestowed on all, nor the courage that sustained her as she bade adieu to all her early friends, her husband and her children. Her voice faltered not till she turned to address the weeping Susan, who knelt beside her bed. She placed her wan and withered hand upon the head of that loved one, and all a mother's heart gushed forth—'Heaven bless thee, beloved one. I have felt no pang like this. My husband I leave with the full assurance of our soon being reunited where the 'weary are at rest.' To James I bade farewell, with the consciousness that he will act well his part in life and be ready for a heavenly inheritance. But you, my daughter, how can I leave you to the guidance of your own wayward spirit? Would that you had given your heart to Geoffrey Morton: he would cherish you and lead you aright. Now I tremble for my child. Yet Heaven's will be done. But one request—remember, 'tis your dying mother asks it; and would you see her die in peace, promise, my daughter, that you never more will see David Haughton; that if again the noble Geoffrey Morton should woo you for his wife, you will be his.'

"She raised her dying head from off the pillow and bent her piercing gaze upon that fair girl who knelt beside her, whose pale face was hid beneath her hand; yet you could see by their convulsive grasp how great was the struggle within. She raised her head; her cheek was deadly pale; her lip quivered as she, in low but distinct voice, uttered, 'My mother, be happy—I promise; I will obey your last request.'

"Had you but seen the flush of joy that spread across that dying mother's brow, you would have said that bliss was cheaply purchased. That hour she died.

"The rumor of that death-bed scene, that last request and Susan's promise, soon reached the ear of Uncle Geoffrey. His heart was touched with pity for her grief; he strove to allay it by every means his generous heart could devise. By degrees she learned to look to him as to a friend, for never by a hint did he recur to that last request of her dying mother. Though now he *felt* that he loved most deeply, that in soothing her afflictions he had made it become his happiness to minister to hers. At length her father died. Her brother was away. Who but Geoffrey Morton stood ready now to comfort the desolate orphan? Very grateful, too, was she for his kind sympathy. He dared to whisper love and hope for its return. He was accepted! Blithe and happy were the hearts of their young friends when their engagement was announced. None seemed happier than the fair girl herself, for all remembrance of her former love seemed to have been buried in her mother's grave.

"Preparations were making throughout the village for the bridal festivities. As Susan Denton, the daughter of their most loved and lamented physician, was to unite her fate with one of their most wealthy, noble and handsome youths, each one determined to outvie the other in their contributions to the general hilarity. The morning of the wedding-day arrived. Uncle Geoffrey received a note stating that his intended bride had that morn been married to another, and that other David Haughton!

"It seemed that for some days past he had been secreted in the village, and had frequently visited Susan D. at the hours he knew that Uncle G. would

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not be there, and by exciting her pity for his misfortune in being forever deprived of his first and only love, beseeching for the little pleasure of seeing her an hour each day till she should be forever another's, when he could no more see her, that she was induced to forget her promise to her dying mother. Having committed one error, she proceeded to another, concealing his visits from him to whom she had promised her heart and hand. Having obtained thus easy his first wish, 'twas easy to persuade her that her mother's last request was most unjust, that a promise made under such circumstances could not be binding; also, that his character had so changed, that were her parents now alive their consent would readily be given to her union with her *first love*. He also had the hardihood to affirm that the love of the noble, generous Geoffrey Morton was weak in comparison with his; that he had meanly won her consent by her remembrance of her dying mother's last request. His specious words too well succeeded. She married him, and they removed to the *far west*, where they now live in misery and woe, he a miserable drunkard and gambler, she deprived of the comforts, at times of the necessaries of life for herself and little ones—he, the heartless man, even reproaching her for breaking her last promise to her dying mother. Sure some crimes receive their punishment even in this life!

"Wonder not if the head of Uncle Geoffrey reeled at the unlooked-for termination of the day which promised so much happiness. He had given all his heart to one unworthy of it, who had thrown it back wounded and almost broken. His friends with their kind sympathy crowded around him. Their sympathy he could not brook; he hastened from them and wandered away alone. His former gay and happy spirit had departed. He left his business, his friends and home, and journeyed hither and thither, examining the beautiful works of nature and art. Years passed. He returned a *sadder yet a happier* man. As we see him now, attentive to his business, devoted to his aged mother, kind and affectionate to his friends, ever ready to alleviate the wants of those around him, yet the remembrance of his heart's trial is ever with him—has ever prevented his bowing at another shrine!

"That is the tale she told me. What says my cousin—have you now any faith in human love?"

"There truly seemed more reality than romance in Uncle Geoffrey's attachment, or he would not now be a bachelor. But all are not like him."

"True; yet there are hearts as constant to their *first love*. Enough for the present: it always pains me to think there could be a woman like Susan Denton. Another time I may relate some of my own observations."

"You will find your cousin a ready listener, and she in the meanwhile will use her optics more cautiously, and see if she can make some discoveries." E. S. D.

THE ORPHAN BOY'S SOLILOQUY.

(FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.)

BY AUSTIN T. EARL.

Why stand I brooding thus o'er what has been,
Or linger 'mong those scenes that must recall
Each happy day and hour that I have seen,
And spent with joy among those groves so tall,
Where often I, to find the nuts that fall,
Would come, and then, with boyish pride, would climb
The huge old trunks, and next the limbs so small
They scarce would bear my weight, and oftentime
Would bend full low, while I was list'ning to the chime

Of birds and brooks and merry tinkling bells,
And squirrels feeding where the nuts had grown,
And bleat of sheep, then wandering through the dells,
And all the thrilling music—Nature's own—
And felt not then, as now I am, alone?
The ties that once could bind me here are broke;
The joys that oft among those scenes I've known
Have fled; stern Fate my future doom hath spoke,
And I from all my pleasant dreams at last have woke.

All poor and lone and friendless as I stand,
The wide world lies before me now, for me
To choose my future course. A distant land
Shall be my home, and strangers, too, shall be
My friends. Henceforth I am too proud and free
To crave one favor from the hands of those
That once I called my friends—but who must be
As strangers that I have not seen, or foes
I would forgive, and e'en forget, and thus would close,

Beneath Oblivion's veil, the past, as doth
The actors of the drama when their play is done.
And yet, to part with all I am full loth;
For 'mong my childhood's friends there still is one
To whom my heart doth cling—for still that one
Hath ever been my friend in poverty and woe.
To her my heart doth fondly turn—her son
Can ne'er forget that she hath shared his woe—
Nor I forget that he to her his birth doth owe.

The past is but a troubled dream—a strange
And wayward one, that long will haunt me yet
In waking thought and midnight sleep, and change
Into a thousand forms I would forget.
But see! 'tis night; the sun long since hath set;
The moon smiles on me now as she was wont,
In childhood's happy days, to do, ere yet
I felt her love; and thou, my well-loved haunt,
Art dark and gloomy now—thy birds have hushed their chaunt.

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THE LITERATI OF NEW YORK CITY.—NO. III.

SOME HONEST OPINIONS AT RANDOM RESPECTING THEIR AUTORIAL MERITS, WITH OCCASIONAL WORDS OF PERSONALITY.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

THE name of *Halleck* is at least as well established in the poetical world as that of any American. Our principal poets are, perhaps, most frequently named in this order—Bryant, Halleck, Dana, Sprague, Longfellow, Willis, and so on—Halleck coming second in the series, but holding, in fact, a rank in the public opinion quite equal to that of Bryant. The accuracy of the arrangement as above made may, indeed, be questioned. For my own part, I should have it thus—Longfellow, Bryant, Halleck, Willis, Sprague, Dana; and, estimating rather the poetic capacity than the poems actually accomplished, there are three or four comparatively unknown writers whom I would place in the series between Bryant and Halleck, while there are about a dozen whom I should assign a position between Willis and Sprague. Two dozen at least might find room between Sprague and Dana—this latter, I fear, owing a very large portion of his reputation to his *quondam* editorial connection with "The North American Review." One or two poets now in my minds eye I should have no hesitation in posting above even Mr. Longfellow—still not intending this as very extravagant praise.

It is noticeable, however, that, in the arrangement which I attribute to the popular understanding, the order observed is nearly, if not exactly, that of the ages—the poetic ages—of the individual poets. Those rank first who were first known. The priority has established the strength of impression. Nor is this result to be accounted for by mere reference to the old saw—that first impressions are the strongest. Gratitude, surprise, and a species of hyper-patriotic triumph have been blended, and finally confounded with admiration or appreciation in regard to the *pioneers* of American literature, among whom there is not one whose productions have not been grossly overrated by his countrymen. Hitherto we have been in no mood to view with calmness and discuss with discrimination the real claims of the few who were *first* in convincing the mother country that her sons were not all brainless, as at one period she half affected and wholly wished to believe. Is there any one so blind as not to see that Mr. Cooper, for example, owes much, and Mr. Paulding nearly all, of his reputation as a novelist to his early occupation of the field? Is there any one so dull as not to know that fictions which neither of these gentlemen *could* have written are written daily by native authors, without attracting much more of commendation than can be included in a newspaper paragraph? And, again, is there any one so prejudiced as not to acknowledge that all this happens because there is no longer either reason or wit in the query, "Who reads an American book?"

I mean to say, of course, that Mr. Halleck, in the *apparent* public estimate, maintains a somewhat better position than that to which, on absolute grounds, he is entitled. There is something, too, in the *bonhommie* of certain of his compositions—something altogether distinct from poetic merit—which has aided to establish him; and much, also, must be admitted on the score of his personal popularity, which is deservedly great. With all these allowances, however, there will still be found a large amount of poetical fame to which he is *fairly* entitled.

He has written very little, although he began at an early age—when quite a boy, indeed. His "juvenile" works, however, have been kept very judiciously from the public eye. Attention was first called to him by his satires signed "Croaker" and "Croaker & Co.," published in "The New York Evening Post," in 1819. Of these the pieces with the signature "*Croaker & Co.*" were the joint work of Halleck and his friend Drake. The political and personal features of these *jeux d'esprit* gave them a consequence and a notoriety to which they are entitled on no other account. They are not without a species of drollery, but are loosely and no doubt carelessly written.

Neither was "Fanny," which closely followed the "Croakers," constructed with any great deliberation. "It was printed," say the ordinary memoirs, "within three weeks from its commencement;" but the truth is, that a couple of days would have been an ample allowance of time for any such composition. If we except a certain gentlemanly ease and *insouciance*, with some fancy of illustration, there is really very little about this poem to be admired. There has been no positive avowal of its authorship, although there can be no doubt of its having been written by Halleck. He, I presume, does not esteem it very highly. It is a mere extravaganza, in close imitation of "Don Juan"—a vehicle for squibs at cotemporary persons and things.

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Our poet, indeed, seems to have been much impressed by "Don Juan," and attempts to engraft its farcicalities even upon the grace and delicacy of "Alnwick Castle;" as, for example, in—

"Men in the coal and cattle line,
From Teviot's bard and hero land,
From royal Berwick's beach of sand,
From Wooler, Morpeth, Hexham, *and*
Newcastle upon Tyne."

These things may lay claim to oddity, but no more. They are totally out of keeping with the tone of the sweet poem into which they are thus clumsily introduced, and serve no other purpose than to deprive it of all unity of effect. If a poet *must* be farcical, let him be just that; he can be nothing better at the same moment. To be drolly sentimental, or even sentimentally droll, is intolerable to men and gods and columns.

"Alnwick Castle" is distinguished, in general, by that air of quiet grace, both in thought and expression, which is the prevailing feature of the muse of Halleck. Its second stanza is a good specimen of this manner. The commencement of the fourth belongs to a very high order of poetry.

"Wild roses by the Abbey towers
Are gay in their young bud and bloom—
They were born of a race of funeral flowers
That garlanded, in long-gone hours,
A Templar's knightly tomb."

This is gloriously imaginative, and the effect is singularly increased by the sudden transition from iambuses to anapæsts. The passage is, I think, the noblest to be found in Halleck, and I would be at a loss to discover its parallel in all American poetry.

"Marco Bozzaris" has much lyrical, without any great amount of *ideal* beauty. Force is its prevailing feature—force resulting rather from well-ordered metre, vigorous rhythm, and a judicious disposal of the circumstances of the poem, than from any of the truer lyric material. I should do my conscience great wrong were I to speak of "Marco Bozzaris" as it is the fashion to speak of it, at least in print. Even as a lyric or ode it is surpassed by many American and a multitude of foreign compositions of a similar character.

"Burns" has numerous passages exemplifying its author's felicity of *expression;* as, for instance—

"Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines—
Shrines to no code or creed confined—
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind."

And, again—

"There have been loftier themes than his,
And longer scrolls and louder lyres,
And lays lit up with Poesy's
Purer and holier fires."

But to the *sentiment* involved in this last quatrain I feel disposed to yield an assent more thorough than might be expected. Burns, indeed, was the puppet of circumstance. As a poet, no person on the face of the earth has been more extravagantly, more absurdly overrated.

"The Poet's Daughter" is one of the most characteristic works of Halleck, abounding in his most distinctive traits, grace, expression, repose, *insouciance.* The vulgarity of

"I'm busy in the cotton trade
And sugar line,"

has, I rejoice to see, been omitted in the late editions. The eleventh stanza is certainly not English as it stands, and, besides, is quite unintelligible. What is the meaning of this—

"But her who asks, though first among
The good, the beautiful, the young,
The birthright of a spell more strong
Than these have brought her."

The "Lines on the Death of Joseph Rodman Drake" is, as a whole, one of the best poems of its author. Its simplicity and delicacy of sentiment will recommend it to all readers. It is, however, carelessly written, and the first quatrain,

"Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days—
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise,"

although beautiful, bears too close a resemblance to the still more beautiful lines of Wordsworth—

"She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love."

In versification Mr. Halleck is much as usual, although in this regard Mr. Bryant has paid him numerous compliments. "Marco Bozzaris" has certainly some vigor of rhythm, but its author, in short, writes carelessly, loosely, and, as a matter of course, seldom effectively, so far as the outworks of literature are concerned.

Of late days he has nearly given up the muses, and we recognize his existence as a poet chiefly by occasional translations from the Spanish or German.

Personally, he is a man to be admired, respected, but more especially beloved. His address has all the captivating *bonhommie* which is the leading feature of his poetry, and, indeed, of his whole moral nature. With his friends he is all ardor, enthusiasm and cordiality, but to the world at large he is reserved, shunning society, into which he is seduced only with difficulty and upon rare occasions. The love of solitude seems to have become with him a passion.

He is a good modern linguist, and an excellent *belles lettres* scholar; in general, has read a great deal, although very discursively. He is what the world calls *ultra* in most of his opinions, more particularly about literature and politics, and is

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fond of broaching and supporting paradoxes. He converses fluently, with animation and zeal; is choice and accurate in his language, exceedingly quick at repartee and apt at anecdote. His manners are courteous, with dignity and a little tincture of Gallicism. His age is about fifty. In height he is probably five feet seven. He *has been* stout, but may now be called well-proportioned. His forehead is a noble one, broad, massive and intellectual, a little bald about the temples; eyes dark and brilliant, but not large; nose Grecian; chin prominent; mouth finely chiseled and full of expression, although the lips are thin;—his smile is peculiarly sweet.

In "Graham's Magazine" for September, 1843, there appeared an engraving of Mr. Halleck from a painting by Inman. The likeness conveys a good general idea of the man, but is far too stout and youthful-looking for his appearance at present.

His usual pursuits have been commercial, but he is now the principal superintendent of the business of Mr. John Jacob Astor. He is unmarried.

ANN S. STEPHENS.

Mrs. Stephens has made no collection of her works, but has written much for the magazines, and well. Her compositions have been brief tales with occasional poems. She made her first "sensation" in obtaining a premium of four hundred dollars, offered for "the best prose story" by some one of our journals, her "Mary Derwent" proving the successful article. The *amount* of the prize, however—a much larger one than it has been the custom to offer—had more to do with the *éclât* of the success than had the positive merit of the tale, although this is very considerable. She has subsequently written several better things—"Malina Gray," for example, "Alice Copley," and "The Two Dukes." These are on serious subjects. In comic ones she has comparatively failed. She is fond of the bold, striking, trenchant—in a word, of the melo-dramatic; has a quick appreciation of the picturesque, and is not unskillful in delineations of character. She seizes adroitly on salient incidents and presents them with vividness to the eye, but in their combinations or adaptations she is by no means so thoroughly at home—that is to say, her plots are not so good as are their individual items. Her style is what the critics usually term "powerful," but lacks real power through its verboseness and floridity. It is, in fact, generally turgid—even bombastic—involved, needlessly parenthetical, and superabundant in epithets, although these latter are frequently well chosen. Her sentences are, also, for the most part too long; we forget their commencements ere we get at their terminations. Her faults, nevertheless, both in matter and manner, belong to the effervescence of high talent, if not exactly of genius.

Of Mrs. Stephens' poetry I have seen so very little that I feel myself scarcely in condition to speak of it.

She began her literary life, I believe, by editing "The Portland Magazine," and has since been announced as editress of "The Ladies' Companion," a monthly journal published some years ago in New York, and also, at a later period, of "Graham's Magazine," and subsequently, again, of "Peterson's National Magazine." These announcements were announcements and no more; the lady had nothing to do with the editorial control of either of the three last-named works.

The portrait of Mrs. Stephens which appeared in "Graham's Magazine" for November, 1844, cannot fairly be considered a likeness at all. She is tall and slightly inclined to *embonpoint*—an English figure. Her forehead is somewhat low, but broad; the features generally massive, but full of life and intellectuality. The eyes are blue and brilliant; the hair blonde and very luxuriant.

EVERT A. DUYCKINCK.

Mr. Duyckinck is one of the most influential of the New York *littérateurs*, and has done a great deal for the interests of American letters. Not the least important service rendered by him was the projection and editorship of Wiley and Putnam's "Library of Choice Reading," a series which brought to public notice many valuable foreign works which had been suffering under neglect in this country, and at the same time afforded unwonted encouragement to native authors by publishing their books, in good style and in good company, without trouble or risk to the authors themselves, and in the very teeth of the disadvantages arising from the want of an international copyright law. At one period it seemed that this happy scheme was to be overwhelmed by the competition of rival publishers—taken, in fact, quite out of the hands of those who, by "right of discovery," were entitled at least to its first fruits. A great variety of "Libraries" in imitation were set on foot, but whatever may have been the temporary success of any of these latter, the original one had already too well established itself in the public favor to be overthrown, and thus has not been prevented from proving of great benefit to our literature at large.

Mr. Duyckinck has slyly acquired much fame and numerous admirers under the *nom de plume* of "Felix Merry." The various essays thus signed have attracted attention everywhere from the judicious. The style is remarkable for its very unusual blending of purity and ease with a seemingly inconsistent originality, force and independence.

"Felix Merry," in connection with Mr. Cornelius Matthews, was one of the editors and originators of "Arcturus," decidedly the very best magazine in many respects ever published in the United States. A large number of its most interesting

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papers were the work of Mr. D. The magazine was, upon the whole, a little *too good* to enjoy extensive popularity—although I am here using an equivocal phrase, for a *better* journal might have been far more acceptable to the public. I must be understood, then, as employing the epithet "good" in the sense of the literary quietists. The general taste of "Arcturus" was, I think, *excessively tasteful;* but this character applies rather more to its external or mechanical appearance than to its essential qualities. Unhappily, magazines and other similar publications are in the beginning judged chiefly by externals. People saw "Arcturus" *looking* very much like other works which had failed through notorious dullness, although admitted as *arbitri elegantiarum* in all points of what is termed taste or decorum; and they, the people, had no patience to examine any farther. Cæsar's wife was required not only to *be* virtuous but to seem so, and in letters it is demanded not only that we be not stupid but that we do not array ourselves in the habiliments of stupidity.

It cannot be said of "Arcturus" exactly that it wanted *force*. It was deficient in power of impression, and this deficiency is to be attributed mainly to the exceeding brevity of its articles—a brevity that degenerated into mere paragraphism, precluding dissertation or argument, and thus all permanent effect. The magazine, in fact, had some of the worst or most inconvenient features without any of the compensating advantages of a weekly literary newspaper. The mannerism to which I refer seemed to have its source in undue admiration and consequent imitation of "The Spectator."

In addition to his more obvious literary engagements, Mr. Duyckinck writes a great deal, editorially and otherwise, for "The Democratic Review," "The Morning News," and other periodicals.

In character he is remarkable, distinguished for the *bonhommie* of his manner, his simplicity and single-mindedness, his active beneficence, his hatred of wrong done even to any enemy, and especially for an almost Quixotic fidelity to his friends. He seems in perpetual good humor with all things, and I have no doubt that in his secret heart he is an optimist.

In person he is equally simple as in character—the one is a *pendent* of the other. He is about five feet eight inches high, somewhat slender. The forehead, phrenologically, is a good one; eyes and hair light; the whole expression of the face that of serenity and benevolence, contributing to give an idea of youthfulness. He is probably thirty, but does not seem to be twenty-five. His dress, also, is in full keeping with his character, scrupulously neat but plain, and conveying an instantaneous conviction of the gentleman. He is a descendant of one of the oldest and best Dutch families in the state. Married.

MARY GOVE.

Mrs. Mary Gove, under the pseudonym of "Mary Orme," has written many excellent papers for the magazines. Her subjects are usually tinctured with the mysticism of the transcendentalists, but are truly imaginative. Her style is quite remarkable for its luminousness and precision—two qualities very rare with her sex. An article entitled "The Gift of Prophecy," published originally in "The Broadway Journal," is a fine specimen of her manner.

Mrs. Gove, however, has acquired less notoriety by her literary compositions than by her lectures on physiology to classes of females. These lectures are said to have been instructive and useful; they certainly elicited much attention. Mrs. G. has also given public discourses on Mesmerism, I believe, and other similar themes—matters which put to the severest test the credulity or, more properly, the faith of mankind. She is, I think, a Mesmerist, a Swedenborgian, a phrenologist, a homœopathist, and a disciple of Priesstnitz—what more I am not prepared to say.

She is rather below the medium height, somewhat thin, with dark hair and keen, intelligent black eyes. She converses well and with enthusiasm. In many respects a very interesting woman.

JAMES ALDRICH.

Mr. Aldrich has written much for the magazines, etc., and at one time assisted Mr. Park Benjamin in the conduct of "The New World." He also originated, I believe, and edited a not very long-lived or successful weekly paper, called "The Literary Gazette," an imitation in its external appearance of the London journal of the same name. I am not aware that he has made any collection of his writings. His poems abound in the true poetic spirit, but they are frequently chargeable with plagiarism, or something much like it. True, I have seen but three of Mr. Aldrich's compositions in verse—the three (or perhaps there are four of them) included by Doctor Griswold in his "Poets and Poetry of America." Of these three, (or four,) however, there are two which I cannot help regarding as palpable plagiarisms. Of one of them, in especial, "*A* Death-Bed," it is impossible to say a plausible word in defence. Both in matter and manner it is nearly identical with a little piece entitled "*The* Death-Bed," by Thomas Hood.

The charge of plagiarism, nevertheless, is a purely literary one; and a plagiarism even distinctly proved by no means necessarily involves any moral delinquency. This proposition applies very especially to what appear to be *poetical* thefts. The poetic sentiment presupposes a keen appreciation of the beautiful with a longing for its assimilation into the poetic identity. What the poet intensely admires becomes, thus, in very fact,

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although only partially, a portion of his own soul. Within this soul it has a secondary origination; and the poet, thus possessed by another's thought, cannot be said to take of it possession. But in either view he thoroughly feels it as *his own;* and the tendency to this feeling is counteracted only by the sensible presence of the true, palpable origin of the thought in the volume whence he has derived it—an origin which, in the long lapse of years, it is impossible *not* to forget, should the thought itself, as it often is, be forgotten. But the frailest association will regenerate it; it springs up with all the vigor of a new birth; its absolute originality is not with the poet a matter even of suspicion; and when he has written it and printed it, and on its account is charged with plagiarism, there will be no one more entirely astounded than himself. Now, from what I have said, it appears that the liability to accidents of this character is in the direct ratio of the poetic sentiment, of the susceptibility to the poetic impression; and, in fact, all literary history demonstrates that, for the most frequent and palpable plagiarisms we must search the works of the most eminent poets.

Since penning the above I have found five quatrains by Mr. Aldrich, with the heading "Molly Gray." These verses are in the fullest exemplification of what I have just said of their author, evincing at once, in the most remarkable manner, both his merit as an imaginative poet and his unconquerable proneness to imitation. I quote the two concluding quatrains.

"Pretty, fairy Molly Gray!
What may thy fit emblems be?
Stream or star or bird or flower—
They are all too poor for thee.

"No type to match thy beauty
My wandering fancy brings—
Not fairer than its chrysalis
Thy soul with its golden wings!"

Here the "Pretty, fairy Molly Gray!" will put every reader in mind of Tennyson's "Airy, fairy Lillian!" by which Mr. Aldrich's whole poem has been clearly suggested; but the thought in the *finale* is, as far as I know anything about it, original, and is not more happy than happily expressed.

Mr. Aldrich is about thirty-six years of age. In regard to his person there is nothing to be especially noted.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

I have seen one or two brief poems of considerable merit with the signature of *Thomas Dunn English* appended. For example—

"AZTHENE.

"A sound melodious shook the breeze
When thy beloved name was heard:
Such was the music in the word
Its dainty rhythm the pulses stirred.
But passed forever joys like these.
There is no joy, no light, no day;
But black despair and night alway,
And thickening gloom:
And this, Azthene, is my doom.

"Was it for this, for weary years,
I strove among the sons of men,
And by the magic of my pen—
Just sorcery—walked the lion's den
Of slander void of tears and fears—
And all for thee? For thee!—alas,
As is the image on a glass
So baseless seems,
Azthene, all my earthly dreams."

I must confess, however, that I do not appreciate the "dainty rhythm" of such a word as "Azthene," and, perhaps, there is a little taint of egotism in the passage about "the magic" of Mr. English's pen. Let us be charitable, however, and set all this down under the head of "pure imagination" or invention—one of the first of poetical requisites. The *inexcusable* sin of Mr. F. is imitation—if this be not too mild a term. Barry Cornwall and others of the *bizarre* school are his especial favorites. He has taken, too, most unwarrantable liberties, in the way of downright plagiarism, from a Philadelphian poet whose high merits have not been properly appreciated—*Mr. Henry B. Hirst.*

I place Mr. English, however, on my list of New York *literati*, not on account of his poetry, (which I presume he is not weak enough to estimate very highly,) but on the score of his having edited for several months, "with the aid of numerous collaborators," a monthly magazine called "The Aristidean." This work, although professedly a "monthly," was issued at irregular intervals, and was unfortunate, I fear, in not attaining at any period a very extensive circulation.

I learn that Mr. E. is not without talent; but the fate of "The Aristidean" should indicate to him the necessity of applying himself to study. No spectacle can be more pitiable than that of a man without the commonest school education busying himself in attempts to instruct mankind on topics of polite literature. The absurdity in such cases does not lie merely in the ignorance displayed by the would-be instructor, but in the transparency of the shifts by which he endeavours to keep this ignorance concealed. The editor of "The Aristidean," for example, was not laughed at so much on account of writing "lay" for "lie," etc. etc., and coupling nouns in the plural with verbs in the singular—as where he writes, above,

"—— so baseless *seems*,
Azthene, all my earthly *dreams*—"

he was not, I say, laughed at *so much* for his excusable deficiencies in English grammar (although an editor should certainly be able to write *his own name*) as that, in the hope of disguising such deficiency, he was perpetually lamenting the "typo-

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graphical blunders" that "in the most unaccountable manner *would* creep into his work. Nobody was so stupid as to suppose for a moment that there existed in New York a single proof-reader—or even a single printer's devil—who would have permitted *such* errors to escape. By the excuses offered, therefore, the errors were only the more obviously nailed to the counter as Mr. English's own.

I make these remarks in no spirit of unkindness. Mr. E. is yet young—certainly not more than thirty-five—and might, with his talents, readily improve himself at points where he is most defective. No one of any generosity would think the worse of him for getting private instruction.

I do not personally know Mr. English. He is, I believe, from Philadelphia, where he was formerly a doctor of medicine, and subsequently took up the profession of law; more latterly he joined the Tyler party and devoted his attention to politics. About his personal appearance there is nothing very observable. I cannot say whether he is married or not.

HENRY CARY.

Doctor Griswold introduces *Mr. Cary* to the appendix of "The Poets and Poetry," as Mr. Henry Carey, and gives him credit for an Anacreontic song of much merit entitled, or commencing, "Old Wine to Drink." This was *not* written by Mr. C. He has composed little verse, if any, but, under the *nom de plume* of "John Waters," has acquired some note by a series of prose essays in "The New York American" and "The Knickerbocker." These essays have merit, unquestionably, but some person, in an article furnished "The Broadway Journal," before my assumption of its editorship, has gone to the extreme of toadyism in their praise. This critic (possibly Mr. Briggs) thinks that John Waters "is in some sort a Sam Rogers"—"resembles Lamb in fastidiousness of taste"—"has a finer artistic taste than the author of the 'Sketch Book'"—that his "sentences are the most perfect in the language—too perfect to be peculiar"—that "it would be a vain task to hunt through them all for a superfluous conjunction," and that "we need them (the works of John Waters!) as models of style in these days of rhodomontades and *Macaulayisms!*"

The truth seems to be that Mr. Cary is a vivacious, fanciful, entertaining essayist—a fifth or sixth rate one—with a style that, as times go—in view of such stylists as Mr. Briggs, for example—may be termed respectable, and no more. What the critic of the B. J. wishes us to understand by a style that is "too perfect," "the most perfect," etc., it is scarcely worth while to inquire, since it is generally supposed that "perfect" admits of no degrees of comparison; but if Mr. Briggs (or whoever it is) finds it "a vain task to hunt" through all Mr. John Waters' works "for a superfluous conjunction," there are few schoolboys who would not prove more successful hunters than Mr. Briggs.

"It was well filled," says the essayist, on the very page containing these encomiums, "*and* yet the number of performers," etc. "We paid our visit to the incomparable ruins of the castle, *and* then proceeded to retrace our steps, and, examining our wheels at every post-house, reached," etc. "After consultation with a mechanic at Heidelberg, *and* finding that," etc. The last sentence should read, "Finding, after consultation," etc.—the "and" would thus be avoided. Those in the two sentences first quoted are obviously pleonastic. Mr. Cary, in fact, abounds *very especially* in superfluities—(as here, for example, "He seated himself at a piano *that was* near the front of the stage")—and, to speak the truth, is continually guilty of all kinds of grammatical improprieties. I repeat that, in this respect, he is decent, and no more.

Mr. Cary is what Doctor Griswold calls a "gentleman of elegant leisure." He is wealthy and much addicted to letters and *virtû*. For a long time he was President of the Phœnix Bank of New York, and the principal part of his life has been devoted to business. There is nothing remarkable about his personal appearance.

CHRISTOPHER PEASE CRANCH.

The Reverend C. P. Cranch is one of the least intolerable of the school of Boston transcendentalists—and, in fact, I believe that he has at last "come out from among them," abandoned their doctrines (whatever they are) and given up their company in disgust. He was at one time one of the most noted, and undoubtedly one of the least absurd contributors to "The Dial," but has reformed his habits of thought and speech, domiciliated himself in New York, and set up the easel of an artist in one of the Gothic chambers of the University.

About two years ago a volume of "Poems by Christopher Pease Cranch" was published by Carey & Hart. It was most unmercifully treated by the critics, and much injustice, in my opinion, was done to the poet. He seems to me to possess unusual vivacity of fancy and dexterity of expression, while his versification is remarkable for its accuracy, vigor, and even for its originality of effect. I might say, perhaps, rather more than all this, and maintain that he has imagination if he would only condescend to employ it, which he will not, or *would* not until lately—the word-compounders and quibble concoctors of Frogpondium having inoculated him with a preference for Imagination's half sister, the Cinderella, Fancy. Mr. Cranch has seldom contented himself with harmonious combinations of thought. There must always be, to afford him perfect satisfaction, a certain amount of the odd, of the whimsical, of the affect-

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ed, of the *bizarre*. He is as full of absurd conceits as Cowley or Donne, with this difference, that the conceits of these latter are Euphuisms beyond redemption—flat, irremediable, self-contented nonsensicalities, and in so much are good of their kind; but the conceits of Mr. Cranch are, for the most part, conceits intentionally manufactured, for conceit's sake, out of the material for properly imaginative, harmonious, proportionate, or poetical ideas. We see every moment that he has been at uncommon *pains* to make a fool of himself.

But perhaps I am wrong in supposing that I am at all in condition to decide on the merits of Mr. C.'s poetry, which is professedly addressed to the few. "Him we will seek," says the poet—

"Him we will seek, and none but him,
Whose inward sense hath not grown dim;
Whose soul is steeped in Nature's tinct,
And to the Universal linked;
Who loves the beauteous Infinite
With deep and ever new delight,
And carrieth where'er he goes
The inborn sweetness of the rose,
The perfume as of Paradise—
The talisman above all price—
The optic glass that wins from far
The meaning of the utmost star—
The key that opes the golden doors
Where earth and heaven have piled their stores—
The magic ring, the enchanter's wand—
The title-deed to Wonder-Land—
The wisdom that o'erlooketh sense,
The clairvoyance of Innocence."

This is all very well, fanciful, pretty and neatly turned—all with the exception of the two last lines, and it is a pity they were not left out. It is laughable to see that the transcendental poets, if beguiled for a minute or two into respectable English and common sense, are always sure to remember their cue just as they get to the end of their song, which, by way of *salvo*, they then round off with a bit of doggerel about "wisdom that o'erlook*eth* sense" and "the clairvoyance of Innocence." It is especially observable that, in adopting the cant of thought, the cant of phraseology is adopted at the same instant. Can Mr. Cranch, or can anybody else, inform me why it is that, in the really sensible opening passages of what I have here quoted, he employs the modern, and only in the final couplet of goosetherumfoodle makes use of the obsolete terminations of verbs in the third person singular, present tense?

One of the best of Mr. Cranch's compositions is undoubtedly his poem on *Niagara*. It has some natural thoughts, and grand ones, suiting the subject; but then they are more than half-divested of their nature by the attempt at adorning them with *oddity* of expression. *Quaintness* is an admissible and important adjunct to ideality—an adjunct whose value has been long misapprehended—but in picturing the sublime it is altogether out of place. What idea of power, of grandeur, for example, can any human being connect even with Niagara, when Niagara is described in language so trippingly fantastical, so palpably adapted to a purpose, as that which follows?

"I stood upon a speck of ground;
Before me fell a stormy ocean.
I was like a captive bound;
And around
A universe of sound
Troubled the heavens with ever-quivering motion.

"Down, down forever—down, down forever—
Something falling, falling, falling;
Up, up forever—up, up, forever,
Resting never,
Boiling up forever,
Steam-clouds shot up with thunder-bursts appalling."

It is difficult to conceive anything more ludicrously out of keeping than the thoughts of these stanzas and the *petit-maître*, fidgety, hop-skip-and-jump air of the words and the Liliputian parts of the versification.

A somewhat similar metre is adopted by Mr. C. in his "Lines on Hearing Triumphant Music," but as the subject is essentially different, so the effect is by no means so displeasing. I copy one of the stanzas as the noblest individual passage which I can find among all the poems of its author.

"That glorious strain!
Oh, from my brain
I see the shadows flitting like scared ghosts.
A light—a light
Shines in to-night
Round the good angels trooping to their posts,
And the black cloud is rent in twain
Before the ascending strain."

Mr. Cranch is well educated, and quite accomplished. Like Mr. Osborn, he is musician, painter and poet, being in each capacity very respectably successful.

He is about thirty-three or four years of age; in height, perhaps five feet eleven; athletic; front face not unhandsome—the forehead evincing intellect, and the smile pleasant; but the profile is marred by the turning up of the nose, and, altogether is hard and disagreeable. His eyes and hair are dark brown—the latter worn short, slightly inclined to curl. Thick whiskers meeting under the chin, and much out of keeping with the shirt-collar *à la Byron*. Dresses with marked plainness. He is married.

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FROM "OUR FANNY."

DESCRIPTION OF PARISIAN HIGH LIFE.

PARIS, 1846.

MY DEAR M——:—I promised in a former letter to give you a description of one or two balls that I have attended. To proceed: last Monday we were at the ball given by our minister, Mr. King. 'Twas Washington's birthday. It was a very handsome affair, and said to be very select. There were eight rooms thrown open, all large and handsome—one room with a counter in, "as I call them;" the French call them "*buffets*" I believe. It was filled with ices, cakes, tea, coffee, chocolate, etc. etc., to go to at will. At one o'clock a supper room was opened, which the ladies entered alone. We had hot *filet de bœuf*, salmon, asparagus, etc.—things we never have;—besides those, all the different *patés* that one can imagine, and all kinds of jellies and preserved fruits; plenty of champagne and other wines. The ladies did justice to everything; and the clatter both of tongues and knives and forks, would give any one an excellent idea of Babel. After the ladies retired the gentlemen were served. The ball continued till after four o'clock. The dancing was in a room that was hung in crimson. There was a large oval room hung in blue, which was extremely handsome. It had quantities of flowers tastefully arranged through it, which adds so much to the appearance. The flowers here are in such beauty and so reasonable, that you do not see any salon without them. In this room the ladies who were not dancing or had just finished sat down. It looked beautiful: the rich dresses and handsome *coiffures* added to its beauty.

Young T—— and his wife from your city were there. She is rather pretty. Do you know her? Your friend Mrs. L—— wore a pink satin dress trimmed with three flounces of Brussels point lace, like that on a cap you have, with a berthe of the same style of lace, diamond tiara, and three diamond pins fastening the berthe.

Mrs. Moulton, the American lady of Paris, was there. She is rather pretty, small, and inclined to be stout. She wore a pink satin, very long, open on each side; white satin under skirt—a rich lace on either side of the opening; diamonds in her hair. Mrs. H——, of New York—you know her well; she wrote letters from abroad; she is called very beautiful—wore a blue dress with one fall of superb lace from waist to knee; from that to the bottom of the skirt was trimmed with a full puffing of tulle, same colour as the dress. It is an entirely new fashion. There were several there of the like style, but she had a fall of the same rich lace round the neck of the dress which hid the corsage entirely. At a little distance it had the effect of a short gown, the lace being of a thick pattern. There were others of same style, the lace being much lighter; they were much handsomer. I have no doubt hers was the most costly dress in the room.

There was a Mrs. R——, of your city, the wife of a physician. She makes a great display. She is a large, stout lady; some call her handsome. She dresses immensely—better at this ball than I have seen her before. She wore a blue silk, with lace flounces the same style as Mrs. H——; diamonds without number. But I must tell you how she was dressed at a ball at Mrs. G——'s, three nights before Mr. King's. I must first tell you she is a lady of a certain age; as tall as our good friend Mrs. H——y, but not quite so stout;—she has a short, full face, large mouth, very black eyebrows, low forehead and black hair. She wore a white silk dress, with one tulle skirt, up each side of which was a puffing of tulle, through the centre of it a fine wreath of flowers—the same around the bottom of each sleeve; and on her head a mass of roses—I should think at least twenty in number! I never saw such a show—the dress of a girl of sixteen. Her dresses are made by the most fashionable dressmaker in Paris; but she being very wealthy loads herself too much. I must say, for the taste of the ladies—she is the only overdressed person I have seen at any of the balls.

As I shall not have time nor room in this letter to tell you about the palace ball, I shall close by telling you about Miss H——'s marriage, which took place on the twenty-third. We received printed invitations to go to church to witness the ceremony. There were a large number of friends present. The bride was dressed in a rich white watered silk with a satin stripe. Like all bridal dresses *here*, it was made high,* with long sleeves. A tulle veil crossed over the top of the head, and confined with a wreath of roses and orange blossoms, coming to the edge of the forehead;—a *bouquet de corsage* to match, with lace collar, cuffs and mouchoir. She looked very handsome. Her mamma wore a blue *glacée* silk, white crape shawl and white hat and feather.

After the ceremony they insisted on my accompanying them home and dining with them *en famille*. I went. We had a beautiful dinner. Mr. G—— seemed more than happy, and during dinner called J——y his wife as if he were used to it. Mrs. H—— and I undressed the bride, and ar-

* See Fashion Plate.

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rayed her in a rich plaid woolen dress for traveling. They left at five in the *Malle Poste*.

I had nearly forgotten to mention that our mutual friends, the L——'s, have very handsome apartments near us. The furniture for their *salon* is not finished;—they have only their bed-rooms and dining-room arranged. Her bed-room, like all French rooms, "where the lady receives except on regular reception days," is very beautiful, the furniture richly carved, the bed and window curtains of blue silk with inner curtains of white lace; covering of the bed the same, blue silk and white lace. I assure you it looks superb. Mantle clock and candelabras very rich. Their dining-room is all heavy carved oak covered with velvet. The furniture for their *salon* is to be the richest and most *recherché*. Adieu.

THE FAREWELL.

BY MRS. HALE.

He comes not, oh! he comes not—
And the sun is setting now;
I read his parting promise
On the mountain's blushing brow—
His pledge that on the morrow
There again his smile shall dwell;
Will my lover so remember?
Will he come to say "Farewell?"

The parting, oh! the parting—
Can I live to see him go?
Why should "farewell" be spoken,
When 'twill steep my soul in wo?
Yet joy is gained from sorrow,
As the pearl from out the deep,
And the last fond words are treasures
For the lonely heart to keep.

He's coming! he is coming!
Down the valley, far and dim,
I see a form advancing,
I am sure it moves like him;
It has reached the drooping willow,
And the mist that veils the stream—
Ah! 'tis gone like airy phantom,
Or the heart's delusive dream.

The shadows! long, dark shadows,
With the stealthy step of fear,
And breathing gloom around me,
Like grim foes, are creeping near;
And winds, whose soft wings fan me,
Have they borne him from the shore?
Ah! their sighing seems to whisper
I shall see him never more.

The never—oh! the never—
How like frost upon the rose—
It checks love's opening blossom,
Or it blights the flower that blows;
But hush my sad complaining,
He is gone, nor thinks of me—
Yet my prayers, if these could follow,
Should protect him on the sea.

And slowly, oh! how slowly,
She then turned her to depart,
As though an iceberg shadow
Chilled her young and loving heart;
One forward step was taken,
When she, wildly shrieking, fell—
'Tis her lover's arm has caught her—
He is there to say "Farewell."

DECEITFUL BLUE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN, BY A. FLEMING.

I gazed upon the ocean blue—
I trusted myself upon it, too;
Beneath there lay a shining sky,
With moon and stars, just as on high—
But it deceived me:
I sprang into that ocean fair—
I found no moon, no heaven there;
Wild, raging waves received me;
All—all deceived me.

I gazed upon the heaven blue—
I trusted myself beneath it, too,
It was so clear, it was so bright;
A streaming sun poured down its light;
But it deceived me:
The sun blazed hot, and fierce, and red—
Dark clouds collected overhead—
A thunder storm came down and grieved me
All—all deceived me.

I gazed into two eyes so blue—
I felt myself under their power, too;
They *seemed* so true, they *seemed* so pure,
I thought their truth would e'er endure—
But it deceived me:
Their truth was but delusive show;
Their mildness hid an angry glow;
Thou art not what I conceived thee;
All—all have deceived me.

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GOSSIP STINGS.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL, OF LONDON.

"HAVE you seen Miss Fanny Murray?" inquired Mrs. Spooner of her grand neighbor, Mrs. Caunter.

"Not yet," was the reply.

"Well, you have no loss; she is a keen, clever girl, I am sure of that, and that is odious enough. Moreover, she is little, and, I think, a *leetle* crooked; red-haired, gray-eyed, and such a nose! down at this end and up at that. The idea of calling *her pretty!* Why, she's a positive fright. I don't know when I saw so plain a young woman. Then her manners are so forward; she would sit and sing by the hour before a roomful of company without the smallest hesitation. It is a great pity, poor thing, she rouges so badly. If a woman, particularly a young woman, must rouge, I think she owes it to society to put it on decently."

"Perhaps," urged Mrs. Caunter, good naturedly, "it was the heat of the weather that provoked her complexion."

"Oh, not at all, ma'am; I could not be mistaken. Indeed, I thought I would tell Mrs. Lilly, her friend, of it; but after all it was wiser to hold my tongue, and, as I had daughters of my own, she might say I was jealous. Jealous, indeed, for Anne and Louisa, of her, Miss Murray!"

The informant paused, glanced suspiciously around the room as if she feared there was some one hidden behind the curtains or beneath the sofas, and then drew her chair a little closer to Mrs. Caunter, and ventured upon what few dared venture with that stately lady—a more confidential communication than usual.

"I don't care to busy myself, not I, about what is no concern of mine, but I assure you, ma'am, she is not the heiress they talked about. Our man of business knows her affairs, and *he* told Mr. Spooner she was left very badly off, and what she really has is involved."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Caunter, interested, perhaps, for the first time in Mrs. Spooner's conversation, from the fact of her having two marriageable sons.

"Yes, indeed; he told Mr. Spooner that our daughters were better provided for than Miss Murray."

"Very injudicious," observed Mrs. Caunter, "for a man of business to talk about his client's affairs."

"Oh, it was in confidence to Mr. Spooner, you know; gentlemen talk over their wine sometimes: only I like everything straightforward, and I do not, therefore, like a girl to be cried up as a beauty and an heiress who has no pretension to either."

Mrs. Caunter did not encourage the conversation, though too fond of observing and combining not to be also fond of what is technically called "news." Mrs. Caunter was a high-minded gentlewoman, enriching the noble blood that flowed in her veins with many noble thoughts, and though by no means uninterested in the question of a pretty girl's fortunes, she scorned to owe her information to a person she despised; and so Mrs. Spooner, having got rid of a portion of inconvenient bitterness in what she considered a judicious place, bade Mrs. Caunter good morning with a smile that was unreturned, and went her way.

In a few minutes after her departure Mrs. Johnes entered, and as Miss Murray was the last arrival in the country town where the ladies resided, she was immediately brought again upon the tapis by a talkative but kind visitor.

"I think," said the lady, "I have seldom dwelt with more pleasure upon any face than on that of Miss Murray. The longer you look the greater number of beauties you discover. Then her manners are so fascinating, kind and cheerful, without a particle of forwardness; and when you ask her to sing, instead of making a fuss about it, like most young ladies, she sits down immediately and will sing you song after song without the slightest affectation. I am sure you will admire her complexion; it is the purest and fairest I ever saw. The faint rose color that tinges her cheek is like the blush on the most delicate monthly rose."

"But," suggested Mrs. Caunter, "her complexion ought to be very delicate, for she has red hair?"

"Red hair!" exclaimed Mrs. Johnes, in a tone of mingled horror and astonishment; "who could have told you *that?* Her hair is of a pale brown —a *warm* shade of brown, but still a decided brown, harmonizing so well with her dark blue eyes."

"Gray," interrupted Mrs. Caunter.

"They are of so deep a blue as to be almost violet," persisted Mrs. Johnes. "Now, who was malicious enough to call them gray?"

"Different opinions may be formed of eyes as well as of other things," replied Mrs. Caunter. "But, pray, tell me if Miss Murray is little, crooked and cock-nosed?"

Mrs. Johnes cast up her hands and eyes indignantly. "She is, madam," she answered, when somewhat recovered from her displeasure—"she is an inch taller than I am, and I suppose no one would call me little. As to her being crooked, she is as straight as it is possible for any one to be. Her nose is, indeed, *retroussé*, but only enough so

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to give expression to a face that would be tame were it not for the peculiar turn which gives an arch look when she pleases."

Mrs. Caunter took especial note of the two sides of the question of Miss Murray's being a beauty or the contrary. The only point the fair reporters seemed agreed upon—not in words, but in fact—was that the young stranger had a turned-up nose. Mrs. Spooner called it "cocked," Mrs. Johnes termed it "*retroussé*," but both signified nearly the same thing. The top of the lady's nose, then, might be termed neutral ground, and that was all. In this instance there were, as there generally are, *motives* for the conflicting opinions of the two ladies. Mrs. Spooner was the rejoicing parent of four grown or growing-up daughters; to her, therefore, the introduction of a "new young lady" was anything but desirable. Mrs. Caunter was, as I have said, the proud mamma of two marriageable sons; and Mrs. Spooner had paid her visit that morning determined to color her report as highly as possible, and yet honestly believing that she told no decided untruth. Mrs. Johnes was an exceedingly kind-hearted woman; she knew that Miss Murray was an orphan, and not as rich as had been at first reported, and she wished to interest the great lady of the neighborhood in her favor. "Poor thing," she whispered to herself as she went along, "who knows if she were to ask her to her house what might happen?"

Mrs. Caunter was a clear-sighted woman, and she very wisely endeavored to take up a medium opinion. She decided in her own mind that Miss Murray's hair was neither what is vulgarly called "fiery" nor a simple pale brown, but a reddish-brown, a deep auburn; that she was neither tall nor short; that she did not rouge; that she was guiltless of the affectation of refusing to sing when requested to do so, and, perhaps, from a desire to make herself very agreeable, sung rather too much; and that, both sides considered, she was calculated to be a pleasant rather than an unpleasant addition to the neighborhood. Neither did she place much reliance upon the *on dit* of any professional man who would make an observation as to the pecuniary means of any of his clients, but particularly those of an orphan girl.

Still, in this instance, the "money matters" were really the only ones that weighed with Mrs. Caunter. She was too prudent to hint this to Mrs. Johnes, but resolved to wait and listen. I do certainly believe that, sooner or later, an ill-natured or malicious report is visited with ten-fold bitterness upon its originator, but in the meantime it does great harm, even if promptly contradicted. Hundreds, in this rapidly passing state of society, hear one side of the question without hearing the other, partake of the bane without the antidote—the evil impression is made and remains. Few have the power of cool comparison that was possessed by Mrs. Caunter, and yet, though she knew and saw clearly through Mrs. Spooner's motives, though she had heard *both* sides of the question within a few minutes of each other, and was not by any means a harsh judging or unkind person, yet, despite her resolve, there is no doubt that sundry queries presented themselves to her mind with regard to Miss Murray which never would have arisen but for Mrs. Spooner's spite, and which all the milk of Mrs. Johnes's good nature could not wash away. And yet few possessed such powers of accurate comparison as Mrs. Caunter. She had suffered for a number of years from an illness which confined her to her house, and having little to do, and, as I have said, a strong propensity to observe, she was much amused by the living panorama that daily presented itself in her handsome and hospitable mansion. When remarks from such a person as Mrs. Spooner had the power to make her think even a second time over what was said, knowing them also to be from interested motives, what would their effect be upon those who hear, repeat, and not unfrequently exaggerate without reflecting upon the consequences? But Mrs. Spooner did not begin and end her communications at Cauntwell house, and as she was a more light and active person than Mrs. Johnes, she had the advantage two to one, to say nothing of a predisposition in idle minds to listen to highly-seasoned ill nature rather than plain, wholesome, but not as amusing, encomiums on the gentleness and amability of a young girl.

Mrs. Caunter's next visitor was a person who, in the language of the town, was "highly talented." The greatest misfortune that can befall a human being had befallen him;—he was the oracle of a country clique; wrote a little occasionally for the poet's corner of the county paper, perpetrated sonnets, with now and then an essay, which, as few people would read, he saved them the trouble by reading to them. There was one particular feature which distinguished him from all other half literary men—he would not write in an album; he also believed that the greatest evidence of human knowledge was finding fault. But this was in no degree peculiar to Mr. Hennet; there are numbers of literary pretenders who think the same—indeed, there are many who establish a reputation for talent solely by the boldness of their abuse of others. He was the author of two plays and a farce unacted, and a novel in three volumes, which might, with more truth than belongs to terms in general, have been called "The Rejected!" Still, though every one in the town knew these facts, and ought to have known that a person so circumstanced must be naturally inclined to give unkind opinions of those who had distanced him in the race, such is the mental laziness of the multitude who are not self-thinkers, that they were generally content with Mr. Hennet's one-sided opinion, and set a book down as bad or indifferent according to his dicta. He entered the room with the air of an oracle—first a bow, then a pause, which gave him time to observe if his entrance had produced the effect he desired. It is always a disappointment to your provincial *littérateur* to deliver his opinions

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except before an audience, but as Mrs. Caunter was the first woman in the country, it became worth while to speak to her. His delivery was the reverse of enthusiastic; it was weighed and measured and dried, and he never anticipated a contradiction: if such a thing did come, he thought (he said he liked to think well of human nature) that it proceeded from ignorance.

Mrs. Caunter asked her visitor the usual question of "What is the news?"

"News," replied he, in an oracular tone: "alas, madam, there is none in literature! There was a wise man once, who said 'there is nothing new under the sun.' Madam, if he had lived in these days he would have couched that opinion in stronger language;—there has not been a readable book published these twelve years."

"I hear there is a good article in the 'Quarterly.'"

"Indeed; I have gone through it and not felt myself richer by a single idea."

"Oh, I wanted to ask your opinion of a poem by a neighbor of our's, in 'Blackwood.' I have not read it yet, but I hear it is as pretty a lyric as Moore ever wrote."

"A lyric? A folly—a bad imitation of a bad poet. Call Moore a poet, indeed! A song writer. He has a pretty way of putting things. I am not easily moved, but the praise bestowed upon modern poets rouses my indignation; and as to that particular one, madam, it is a farrago of nonsense from first to last: there is not a line well measured, not a feeling well defined, not a sentence well turned; the rhythm is false, the ideas are false, and the thing altogether——"

Before the wholesale critic could finish his criticism, a lady was announced of so opposite a character to the last speaker, that Mrs. Caunter could not avoid smiling. Softly and mincingly she glided through the room like an embodied shadow, floated herself into a seat by the side of her hostess, and after mincing forth a few inquiries and a few compliments in a low and affected voice, placed the last number of "Blackwood" upon the table before her; then bowing and smiling at Mr. Hennet, she took it up again, opened it where a long marker, embroidered with a sentence, "Sweet sympathy of souls!" betokened a favorite passage, and intimated that she had brought the "exquisite lyric" she had told her of, to read for her morning's amusement.

Before any one could say a word, and all the time casting the most imploring looks upon the vinegar face of the gentleman who had already expressed so decidedly opposite an opinion from what she was stating in so insinuating a manner, the young lady burst forth into one of those torrents of unmeaning enthusiasm which carry away the foolish and disgust the wise. The poem, condemned almost within the same moment as "unmeasured," "unfeeling," "undefined," "ill-turned," "false in rhythm and idea," was now eulogized for its "sweet metre, exquisite feeling, graceful expression, and purity and truth of idea." This was all done with a rapidity of utterance and in a low, moaning voice that prevented interruption, but in the pause between the first and second verse, Mr. Hennet thundered forth, in a voice rendered stronger and sterner by contrast, his adieu to Mrs. Caunter, without deigning a look upon the fair one, who hoped that her enthusiasm and feeling would have predisposed the great critic of the town in her favor. She finished the lyric in a flood of tears; but Mrs. Caunter, as in the former case, came to the conclusion that truth lay between both—that it was neither so bad as represented by the one nor so good as made out by the other.

When this young enthusiast departed and Mrs. Caunter was left once more alone, her thoughts reverted to Miss Murray. It would be very unnatural if a mother did not look with considerable anxiety upon the introduction of a young and accomplished woman into her house when her sons were avowedly "looking out." That she was young and accomplished was confessed; and she was wondering where her eldest son was all the morning, when the servant announced two gentlemen who had long been the antagonists of the town, determined ultras on their own sides—the one opposed to all "innovation," which was his term for improvement; the other running after everything that was new, which was his idea of perfection.

Mr. Hamilton was the advocate for railroads, steam engines, factories, education schemes, machinery, universal suffrage and vote by ballot; Mr. Saville, of coach-traveling, hand-looms, restricted instruction and close boroughs. One would have no established religion, the other declared there was no religion except that established. Though both well-bred, and, generally speaking, kindly persons, they never could be in the same room, even in the society of ladies, for five minutes together, without, not trenching merely, but stepping boldly forward upon debateable ground. Each conceived himself so strong in the right, that he boldly said no rational man could entertain for a moment an opinion in opposition to his, and neither would allow that there could by any possibility be "two sides to a question."

Poor Mrs. Caunter was on thorns; she started the weather as a sort of neutral topic upon which there could be no dispute—at least so she thought; but Mr. Hamilton hinted that even the sunshine seemed influenced by Tory mismanagement, as rain was particularly necessary just then for the poor man's crop. To this Mr. Saville replied that he was quite of the opposite opinion. This led, of course, to further parley, and the disputants were beginning to "sir" each other, an evidence of increased bitterness, when Mrs. Caunter, who had not time to turn the conversation, boldly started another topic—the stage.

This turned out as badly as the former, for one upheld a great tragedian because his politics were

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known to be liberal, while his opponent ran him down because he was not a Tory. Each referred his proofs, as he considered them, to Mrs. Caunter for approval, until, at last, worn out by their continued clamor, she, in a little fit of irritability, declared that she was weary of argument. Each exclaimed, looking triumphantly at the other, "I do not wonder at it!" And yet, poor lady, she offended both!

She was again left alone, a comfort after so much turmoil. Her thoughts, doubtless, would have reverted to Miss—"Fanny Murray"—had not her footman announced that the mistress of a school for the education of poor children, which she had charitably endowed, wished to speak to her. Mrs. Caunter was too just a woman to delay the hearing of a dependent's cause, and former experience had taught her that it was better in all things connected with her school, to judge for herself, rightly supposing that Mrs. Cooke had a complaint to make of some one or something.

The days of dames' schools are over. Instead of the plain and neatly arranged old woman, attired in a snowy cap, whose plaited border fitted over a forehead seamed with many cares, and whose brown-black silk shawl was pinned at the point behind and then tightly confined by the broad tape string of her apron, over which her lean arms folded with geometrical precision, you have a woman rather young than old, active, clever, intelligent in routine, and understanding, if not the power of ideas, the use of words; as great a martinet in *her* way as the King of Prussia was in his, and expecting, without regard to the diversity of dispositions, to make all "her children" understand the same things in the same way and by the same means.

Mrs. Cooke entered the presence of her patroness with a very different air from that she assumed on entering the pretty school house. "I am sorry, ma'am," she said, at the commencement of a sliding courtesy, "to intrude upon you, but there are one or two points I wanted your advice upon. The little girl you placed as a boarder with me has had a pain in her ankle and instep which has made her very lame; so I thought I would just ask Dr. Dodd what I should do with it, and he told me to steep it in bran and water as hot as she could bear it."

"Well, Mrs. Cooke?"

"Dr. Wellcote, ma'am, was passing by about an hour after Dr. Dodd left, and I was preparing the bran and water. Dr. Wellcote, you know, takes a great interest in the school, so he just looked in, and I thought I would also ask his advice; and he told me on no account, if I valued the child's limb, to touch it with hot bran and water, but to let it stand in cold brine. If you please, ma'am, whose advice am I to follow? I thought, perhaps, before I did anything for the child, you might like to hear the two opinions yourself."

Mrs. Caunter sighed: the two doctors were as obstinate in their one-sidedness as the gentlemen she had just offended, but before she had determined what to do, Mrs. Cooke continued:—

"And then, ma'am, there is another thing—that weary Alice Allen."

"Poor Alice!—what is the matter now?" said Mrs. Caunter.

"Ma'am, she is never still."

"Mere animal spirits; they will wear themselves out if you have a little patience."

"She breaks off all her strings and buttons."

"Does she refuse to sew them on, again?"

"Oh, law, no, ma'am; but then they are off the next minute."

Mrs. Caunter smiled; she knew that Alice Allen had talent and restlessness enough to torment half-a-dozen school teachers, but she also knew she was worth the trouble she gave.

"I was very angry with her this morning, ma'am, for I had every reason to believe she told an untruth, and I accused her of it. She told me plainly it was I who lied, (begging your pardon,) and that she would complain of me; and so, ma'am, I thought I might just as well come to you and tell you, for she is, indeed, ma'am, a vicious little minx, and if she is not put down I shall not be able to command the school; they will take example by her unless *you* support me."

"I shall certainly," said Mrs. Caunter, "not permit any child to insult you; and if all you have said is correct, I shall punish Alice severely."

The school-mistress bridled and looked perplexed; she did not make a deliberate answer, but murmured something about her "being more worthy of credit than a child."

"Mrs. Cooke," replied her patroness, "when the clerk of the church complained of you, you would have thought me very unjust if I had not listened to your story as well as to his."

"Oh, ma'am," said Mrs. Cooke, "that is quite a different case, I hope. Surely there is some difference between me and little Alice Allen?"

"There is," observed Mrs. Caunter; "you have a husband, father, sisters and friends; she has no one on earth but me. I undertook to protect her, and I will endeavor to fulfill my duty—until the grave closes over me—to her and to all, and I can only do that by adhering to my country's laws and hearing *both sides of the question*."

"I am sure, ma'am, I would not tell an untruth of her nor of any one else for the world."

"Intentionally, I believe you would not; but we are all guilty of unintentional untruths—we all lie to ourselves."

Mrs. Caunter had overrated poor Mrs. Cooke's power of comprehension, but she was too much occupied with her own thoughts to perceive it, and continued:—

"You yourself heard that the physicians recommended, each, different modes of treatment for the same disease—one saw one side, the other the other. Do you not perceive the analogy?"

"No, ma'am; I perceive nothing but that little minx's face peeping in at the window; she has had

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the audacity to come on the terrace to try to see you."

Mrs. Caunter beckoned the child to advance, which she did, trembling and in tears.

"I hear, Alice, that you presumed to tell Mrs. Cooke she said what was not true."

Alice replied—"I did, ma'am."

"There!" exclaimed Mrs. Cooke.

"That was very wicked, Alice."

"Indeed, ma'am," sobbed the child, "it was true. If you will but hear me I will tell all. She accused me before the whole school of stealing Percill Burton's apples, and when I denied it, without waiting for me to show I told the truth, she said I was a story-teller as well as a thief, and then I did say that she was the liar, not me. I know—I know I was wrong to speak so," continued the little girl, with bitter earnestness, "but Kate Turner, who took the apples, came forward to clear me, and I was broken-hearted at being told I was a thief and a story-teller before the school."

"You see, Mrs. Cooke," said Mrs. Caunter, who was very apt to speak her own thoughts without considering whether they were or were not suited to the comprehension of the person she addressed, "there are two sides to every question. I have never seen the proverb more strongly illustrated than to-day—in low life, in physic, in politics, in literature; and before night comes I may have examples in law, in divinity, in art, in all things; so that it becomes us all to see both sides, to hear both sides before we determine which is right or which is wrong."

"I am sure, ma'am, when I said she had stolen the apples I had proof she had done so."

"One-sided proof," observed Mrs. Caunter—"one-sided proof. And above all things it is necessary to hear both sides in childish quarrels, or you fail to impress children with a knowledge and love of justice. There must be no *ex parte* statement in a school-room; the effect without the cause, Mrs. Cooke, is not justice. But nothing should have urged Alice to use such language; she must apologize, and you—follow me into the next room."

What passed there is of no particular import to my story. Mrs. Caunter talked a great deal to the school-mistress, one-half of which she did not understand; but she did fully comprehend that her patroness convinced her that there was no use in coming to her with a one-sided story, as she meant in this and in every case to investigate for herself, and that if a second attempt were made to develop (as she called it) only partial truth, she would be under the necessity of obtaining a less partial teacher. Thus it is evident that Mrs. Caunter, in matters where she was not personally concerned, had a clear, crystaline mind and a strong love of justice. She was impartial as far as, perhaps farther than, most women; she was benevolent and beneficent; her mental organization was well proportioned, healthy and active. She was fond of analyzing, and enjoyed the greatest luxury, the greatest strengthener and the greatest advantage a thoughtful mind can enjoy—hours of solitude; time not only to investigate the thoughts and motives of others, which, however interesting, is rather painful and curious than pleasant or profitable, but time—oh, how precious and valuable!—to be with herself, to analyze herself, to live over the past with all the advantages of the present. She had ample time and quiet for all this. Her delicacy of health gave her the delicious privilege of being alone exactly when she pleased, and her position in society the power of calling all she desired around her in a few moments. This is the most enviable position in which a human being can be placed, and Mrs. Caunter was by no means so ill as not to enjoy it. Still it is extraordinary that the most clear-sighted persons, those who can look with the firmest and steadiest eyes upon events in which they are not personally concerned, who can judge, and weigh, and investigate, and compare all they hear and see; who have time, even as this lady paramount had, to see into themselves; who are as much aware as she was that we unwarily "lie unto ourselves"—is it not extraordinary that while we know we are self-deceivers, we persist in a course which our lips most eloquently condemn? Despite Mrs. Johnes' encomiums on Fanny Murray, despite her utter and entire contempt for Mrs. Spooner and her highly-seasoned scandal, despite her determination to believe that the young Fanny was neither the angel painted by the one nor the mental and bodily fright depicted by the other—despite, I say, her resolve to believe that Fanny Murray was a clever, pleasing, blue-eyed girl, with chestnut hair and a complexion of mingled rose and lily, gifted with an unusual quantity of accomplishments even in these days of display, of which she was not selfish—despite all this, when she had dismissed her *protégée* with much kind counsel, and told the footman that she should not be at home for the rest of the day, she could not avoid wishing most sincerely that neither Edward nor Harold should see Miss Murray before she had an opportunity of putting them on their guard. Not that she had anything to say against the young lady—oh, no, nothing; but they were tired of all the girls in the neighborhood, had a mortal antipathy to the red elbows and under-bred, over-sized hands of the fair Spooners, declared the only difference in the young ladies all around existed in the fact that some wore blue and others pink, and that she feared any pleasant, amusing, unaffected, lady-like girl, would captivate them both. She absolutely reasoned herself into the belief that it was the fear lest *both* should be captivated by the same lady (and then who knows what might happen?) that made her so anxious to put them on their guard. Had any one whispered to that usually clear-headed and stately lady, attired in the half sables of a long widowhood, as she reclined in her fauteuil of crimson velvet—if any one had whispered to her that "it was the despised poison of Mrs. Spooner's small talk that

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was curdling the free and generous current of her thoughts," she would have spurned them as she did her footstool when reading a line from her son Edward, saying that they were both going to dine in a friendly way at John Lilly's, "to meet Miss Murray in a friendly way" at the house of her friend and cousin, who, of course, knew how to set her off to the best advantage before the "two best matches in the county!"

A "friendly dinner," indeed! admitting of all the ease and delicacy of a *demi-toilette*, which an "artful girl" knows how to use gracefully—surely some one had said "Miss Murray was artful." But this was not all;—at ten o'clock Harold sent in for his flute, and at eleven Edward for the music of "I Puritani." It had struck one before the young gentlemen returned home, and to their real sorrow—for they loved their mother tenderly—they found she had sat up for them. She did not like to betray her anxiety on the subject by asking their opinion of Miss Murray, and a certain something prevented Harold—who, though the youngest, was the news-teller—from saying a word about the young lady; and Edward, seeing that his brother had absolutely, calm and quiet though he was, fallen truly in love with the fair stranger, spared any observations from kindness to him—so the trio parted in a constrained manner.

"I see," thought Mrs. Caunter; "Mrs. Spooner, vulgar though she is, and prejudiced, I dare say, still she was right upon one point. I am sure that Miss Murray is one of your keen, clever girls." How dangerous is the scratch of a poisoned arrow!

Miss Murray was, in reality, neither the deformity described by Mrs. Spooner nor the perfection represented by Mrs. Johnes. She was an affectionate, unaffected, gentle girl, with the capability of remaining firm and steadfast in a good cause, and yet had the power of *adapting* herself to the ways and manners of those with whom she associated. The neighborhood she had just entered was new and amusing to her in every respect. She had spent her early days in the deep and holy retirement of a country house, where right thoughts and right feelings had time to take root. A two years' residence in London had generalized her ideas without impairing their strength, and rendered her, perhaps, inclined to laugh at the petty intolerance and overweening vanity of such as imagine a country town to be "the world." Yet her laugh was so musical of good nature that it was as pleasant to the heart as to the ear, and *if* Mrs. Spooner's observations had not been circulated, Fanny Murray would have been decidedly as popular as the favorite candidate is always *before* his election. But I have not met in a score, perhaps not one person in a hundred, who, however convinced of the worthlessness of the source from which an evil report springs, can, nevertheless, disabuse his or her mind at *once* of its influence, and be *in feeling* as if the evil had never tainted the heart. *We all want faith in each other's virtues*, and the more we feel inclined to doubt the truth or purity or justice of our fellows, so much the more should we feel inclined to doubt the truth and purity and justice of our own hearts.

Mrs. Caunter was not far out in her judgment when she thought that both her sons would most likely be captivated, at least for a time, by the new face that had come amongst them. Edward was won by her playing and Harold by her singing, and both by her general fascination. Edward, grave and sedate by nature, and full of the dignity of "the son and heir," was somewhat piqued by the light-hearted mirth that paid no respect to his "position in society," and seemed to think all his attentions were matters of course, while Harold, the youngest, was touched by the deep-toned feeling not only of her voice but conversation, which replied to his accomplished words as if she appreciated the mind of a younger as fully as that of an elder brother.

Mrs. Caunter by breakfast time had regulated her ideas so as to draw forth those of her sons. Edward replied to her question thus—"Yes, certainly, a lovely and a clever girl—and *she knows it*."

"Well," exclaimed Harold, "I wonder you can say so; I think her the most unconscious girl of her own merits I ever met. And did you see how she endeavored to draw Miss Lumley out without thinking of herself?"

"Miss Lumley! she knew very well Miss Lumley was little more than a foil to her in every respect," answered Edward, stirring his chocolate more rapidly than usual, and looking, his mother thought, more bitterly than she had ever seen him look before.

"Miss Murray is not the sort of a girl to *need* a foil, consequently would hardly calculate upon its necessity," replied Harold, while his eyes flashed fire.

"Gently, my dear boy," said his mother; "gently: surely Edward must understand *motives* better than you."

"Pray, do not call Harold 'boy,' mother," observed Edward; "I assure you he made love to Miss Murray last night in anything but a *boyish* manner."

"Now, Ned," laughed the younger, somewhat triumphantly, "that is envy. You know very well you were piqued at my success with our new beauty."

Edward unfolded the newspaper and folded it again, muttering something which his mother did not hear and which made Harold's eyes again flash fire. Mrs. Caunter remained silent: more than once Mrs. Spooner's slanders rose to her lips, but her sense of justice prevented her giving them voice, and she quietly resolved to see for herself; and if Miss Murray dared to aspire to her eldest son, or become foolish enough to think of her younger, then—then—why, then, despite all Mrs. Caunter's sound sense and observation, and right thinking on points where her own personal interest was not concerned, *then*, indeed, I very much fear

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she would incline to Mrs. Spooner's side of the question instead of that of Mrs. Johnes. As to Harold, of course, Mrs. Caunter thought it was very likely *he* might fall in love; and if he did, so much the better—it kept "boys" out of mischief; and neither Edward nor herself seemed to have an idea that the slight, graceful, enthusiastic youth, whose fair curling hair and bright blue eyes took three or four years off his appearance, would *really* be two-and-twenty his next birthday.

All the gossips in the town and its immediate neighborhood—and in a country town who are *not* gossips?—were alive with how the two Mr. Caunters had spent the evening at Mrs. Lilly's, and how both admired Miss Murray; and it was wonderful to see how Mrs. Spooner, upon being told this at a very early hour by good-natured, injudicious Mrs. Johnes, declared, while every hair on her head bristled with indignation, "that Mrs. Johnes must have been misinformed; that *she* had every reason to know better; that Mrs. Caunter had too much good sense to trust her sons within the vortex of a syren—a girl without a penny, whose very *expectations* were involved."

Mrs. Johnes, dear, kind, pretty Mrs. Johnes, at this shook the ringlets round her rosy cheeks, declared that Miss Murray was "a fortune" as well as "a beauty," and that as Mrs. Spooner doubted her assertion, she would go straight to Mr. Lilly's house of business and have his authority for contradicting the statement. Then Mrs. Spooner determined to accompany Mrs. Johnes on her embassy, which Mrs. Johnes said, tartly enough, "she might if she liked." And so the ladies set forth—hardly together, for Mrs. Spooner, immediately after their exit, strode across the street, as she said, to put a letter into the post-office; and they bobbed their parasols at opposite sides the entire length of the way, until they came to a square called the Grass Market, where Mr. Lilly lived, and then Mrs. Johnes was obliged to cross over to Mrs. Spooner, as his house was on her side of the way.

The ladies found the man of law at home and at his desk, and very much astonished he was as his fair visitors, interrupting each other while they stated their wishes in a confused and incoherent style, feeling for the first time that they were acting in a very impertinent, unjustifiable manner, prying into any one's pecuniary resources. The solicitor was a person held in high respect, for he was very rich; he was also a suave man, clear-sighted, and aware of the value of silence.

"You told Mr. Spooner, my dear sir, that Miss Murray's expectations were involved," said Mrs. Spooner.

"I do not remember saying so, my dear lady," he replied; "but all expectations are involved—in doubt, you know."

"But, sir, all I wish you to say is, that Miss Murray has a fortune, that she is independent!" exclaimed Mrs. Johnes. "You know all about her, and, of course, know that this is the case; and reports to her disadvantage have been so maliciously spread abroad"—(a glance at Mrs. Spooner, which Mrs. Spooner returned with compound interest, and a question, "What do you mean by that?" which made their unwilling host exclaim, "Ladies—ladies!" while both the ladies turned to him to set the matter right.)

"I assure you, Mrs. Spooner, that either your husband misunderstood my words or *you* misunderstood *his*. I have studiously avoided, though very closely questioned as to Miss Murray's position, making any reply. In fact, I am so placed as to be totally bound in honor not to give an answer to either; so, as to the fact of her being rich or poor, there—there must, for some time, at least, be evil report and good report concerning the matter."

"I told you so, madam," said Mrs. Spooner, as the clerk closed the door, while her face glowed between the bands of her black hair like fire in a bath stove—"I told you so. Of course, if the girl had a penny he'd be glad enough to say so."

"Not at all—not at all," said Mrs. Johnes; "he has the best reasons for keeping the amount of her fortune a secret, poor thing: every mother with half-grown sons would be endeavoring to trap her immediately."

Mrs. Spooner had "half-grown" sons, and consequently it was no wonder that hard words—words harder than blows, followed this insinuation. Miss Murray's wealth or poverty, beauty or plainness, accomplishments or ignorance, became *the* engrossing topic of the day; and like many others, the bitterness of her enemies rather than her own claims to that species of distinction, brought her into notice. Edward and Harold visited still at Mrs. Lilly's—Harold continually, Edward by fits and starts.

(To be continued.)

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THE SOLITARY CONVICT.

THE felon sat in his dungeon deep,
Weary and wretched and lone,
With nothing his company sad to keep
But those four walls of stone;
There was one behind and one before,
And one on either side,
That met below to form his floor,
And above the sun to hide.

And there he sat in his narrow room,
With his head bowed low on his knee,
Thinking, in lonely, desolate gloom,
Of the hour when he was free—
When loud on his ear a cannon boomed,
With music blithe and gay,
To tell to the doomed in his living tomb,
To the world 'twas a festal day.

And he heard the music's loud note drowned
In the joyous and noisy shout
That came to his ear, with a sickening sound,
From the light, wild troop without;
And his heart grew sick at the thought that he,
Though he lived for a lifetime long,
Might never be free again to see
That happy and thoughtless throng.

For ten long years had rolled around,
As each was a lifetime long,
Since they buried him here above the ground,
And bound him with fetters strong:
Since he had breathed the free fresh air,
Or even had heard his name,
For none there were who ever came there
To sneer at a felon's shame.

And all that came to his listening ear,
Since he had been shut in there,
To tell him that something alive was near
His dreary prison to share,
Was the jailer's step at the hour he fed,
As the food in his cell he threw—
And the weary tread, heard faint o'erhead,
Of one that he never knew.

And oftentimes when his wearied soul
Had sought, but had sought in vain,
To catch the sound of the jail-bell's toll,
'Gainst the wall he would clank his chain,
And wonder why the sound which fell
More harshly upon the ear
Than the wailing knell of a funeral bell,
To him should be so dear.

And oft he thought, in sorrow and tears,
If aught in the world remained
As things had been in earlier years,
Before he was prisoned and chained:
If stood there still the cliff which rose
To shadow his cottage home:
If the woodbine grows with the sweet wild rose
In the glens where he used to roam:

If still the sun shone fair and bright:
If the rose still had perfume:
And if earth ever basked in the silvery light
Of the soft and chastening moon:
If the birds still warbled as gay and sweet
In the groves and hedges of thorn:
If men still greet as friends they meet,
Or pass with a look forlorn:

If mother and sire were still on earth
For his brothers and sisters to care,
And if ever they gathered around their hearth,
As in earlier days, for prayer;
And if ever that mother, as long ago,
With her calm and heavenly smile,
When bending low her God before,
E'er prayed him to bless her child:

If she to whom his heart still clung
As a son's to his mother must cling,
Had ever yet had her kind breast wrung
By knowing the abject thing
That he had become—the dearest of all
The children she called her own,—
Or if his fall had cast grief's pall
O'er the peace her heart had known.

And he thought he saw her pallid cheek
Grow dayly more sunken and pale,
And the tottering form grow wasted and weak,
And the eyesight daily fail,
Till stricken at last by the fatal blow,
No human skill could save
That head of snow from lying low
In the cold but hallowed grave.

And he wondered if she to whom in youth
So often he breathed his vows,
Had clung to him still with her spirit's truth,
Or had sunk beneath the woes
Which woman's heart must ever feel
When those around whom 'tis twined,
And whose fair name, thought free from stain,
All blackened and vile they find.

Or it might be her vows were lightly made,
As words that were carelessly spoken,
And soon by another her tears were stayed,
For another those vows were broken;
But the thought was worse than to know her dead,
And his thin lip quivered with pain,
As he buried his head in his wretched bed,
And strove not to think again.

But now the music came light and gay,
And the shout of the rabble crowd,
And the horseman's tramp on the stony way,
And the roar of the cannon loud;
And the song of triumph rose shrill and clear,
Till it pierced that wall of stone,
Nor recked how near in that prison drear,
Lay those whom it but made moan.

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"Shout, shout away"—he muttered as low
As despair can make man's voice—
"Be joyous and glad if aught you know
At which you may still rejoice;
For your hours of pleasure may be like mine,
On quick wing fleeting away,
'Mid the dungeon's slime you too may pine
Ere another festal day.

"But oh! once more to pass that door—
To stand in the broad sunlight—
To tread other ground than the dungeon-floor—
O'er earth to cast my sight—
To look again on a human face,
And to grasp a human hand,
Though I saw no place but a desert waste,
And none but a hostile band—

"To be free once more to gaze and roam
O'er the face of my mother earth,
Though I never should see my once-loved home,
Or visit the land of my birth—
Would be better, oh! better than what I bear
In this endless and living grave,
Where my flesh I tear in very despair,
And nothing but death can save.

"Oh God! once more for the open air—
For an hour from this prison free—
To leave this dungeon so cold and bare,
Though it were for the gallows-tree—
To meet and mingle with man again,
Though not a friend was nigh,
And the crowd that came made sport and game
At seeing a felon die.

"But oh! my grief must shortly end,
For endurance' fire is low,
And the spirit strong begins to bend
'Neath too heavy a load of woe;
Already wild thoughts will o'er me steal,
With a power that I cannot control,
And I can feel my warped brain reel,
And madness wrap my soul."

* * * * * *

The morning came—and the felon still
Remained in his gloomy cell—
But the limb was palsied, the brow was chill,
And the sweat-drops heavily fell;
And the eye was gleaming with vacant glare
Around on the walls of stone—
But no more care had he to bear,
For reason had left its throne.—J.

CAROLINE.

BELOVED and sainted sister! what can earth give to me
Since thou art gone, the object of my heart's idolatry!
Thou wert my guide to heaven—oh! who will lead me now?
Where shall I find another, a lovelier than thou?
'Twas a sad day, sweet sister, when, many months ago,
We heard a tale of gladness, that filled our hearts with woe;
When we knew that to a stranger thy pure young love was given—
When, for the first time, dearest, our household ties were riven.
But true love is not selfish, and thou wert happier far
With him whose fond affection was thy bright, guiding star;
And though we missed thee sadly, yet in a little while
The life came back into our hearts, and to our lips the smile.
Then followed welcome letters—'twas almost joy to part,
When absence brought such treasures from thine own guileless heart;
For though new objects claimed thee, thou never didst forget
The loved and loving circles, where thou art cherished yet!
Still, though we could not murmur, sad thoughts would often come,
As we looked around and missed thee from our once happy home;
Thou wert its sunbeam, sister, and through the long, long day,
How could we but feel lonely when thou wert far away?
But oh! this transient sadness, we feel 'twas happiness—
That parting scene was gladness, was joy, compared with this;
My sister! oh! my sister! how could I bear to think
That of this bitter, bitter cup I was so soon to drink?
It was a day of darkness, that my soul doth yet retain,
When we knew that on thy living face we ne'er should look again.
'Twas my first, only sorrow, descending like a blight
O'er all my young imaginings, all o'er my hopes so bright;
And thou art gone, sweet sister—and must I never hear
That gentle voice soft pleading in my oft careless ear?
Alas! none know how sadly my spirit yearns to gain
One word from those dear lips, now hushed—and I must long in vain!
Oh! none who have not truly mourned can know the dreary feeling
That often in my solitude comes o'er my sad heart stealing;
When I think that thou, my gentle guide in every good endeavor,
Hast passed away from sense and sin, from this dark world for ever.
But as I muse, all lonely, far better thoughts will come,
When I lift my eyes to heaven, thy bright and glorious home;
I know thou'rt there, my sister, amid that happy throng,
Thy lovely face more beautiful, thy voice in strains of song.
And I would not recall thee—thou art with Jesus now;
I would not rend the halo from off thy angel brow;
And I do try submissively to look to Him who loveth,
Who only in his mercy our idols hence removeth.
Perhaps we loved too fondly, and lest our hearts should stray,
God took thee, dearest sister, from our fond eyes away.
We will not blindly murmur, as those who know Him not,
"He chasteneth whom he loveth," would *we* then be forgot!
We will not mourn as hopeless, yet we can ne'er forget
The thousand winning actions that linger round us yet;
We will not cease to love thee, far distant as thou art—
Thy loveliness is living in every saddened heart.
Oh! let us but remember the lessons thou hast given,
And, treading in thy footsteps, meet thee at last in heaven.

M. H. R.

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MY JOURNAL.

BY HORTENSE LE H——.

YES, my journal, to thee will I confide my thoughts—on thy page will I transcribe my pleasures, my sufferings, my temptations and my guilt—all originating, as they always do, in our own hearts. I can tell thee all, even while my heart is bursting with its bitter recollections, and never fear reproof or contempt. I look not upon thee as so much paper and ink, but as some living, breathing being. I have impersonated thee with a vitality and a character that make thee my intimate confidant and friend; and those thoughts which would hide themselves from the very brain that gave them birth, shall be held up as a mirror to thy face and thou shalt reflect them truly.

I am a coquette—naturally and thoroughly. More—a married coquette.

Oh, miserable spirit of coquetry!—a curse—a curse—a curse! The coquette, with her longing for admiration, her envy of all who even momentarily eclipse her, and the restless seeking for excitement, together with the repentance, shame and remorse that follow in the train of her pleasures, carries in her bosom a more ingenious tormentor than was ever found in the inquisitorial halls of Spain. I will describe myself;—I must be my own heroine. Do not think me egotistical, dear J.: this mode of writing necessarily has that appearance. I cannot avoid it; I cannot write in the third person. The incidents that I shall relate, the feelings describe, and the faults confess, belong to myself. I can attribute them to no other. I should blunder were I to equivocate.

But to my description. I am rather above than below the medium height; dark complexion, (I hate a blonde—it speaks of imbecility, mental and physical, and scrofula;) eyes of what color I know not—black, blue, green and gray have been attributed to them; but they answer my purpose—the purpose of a coquette—admirably. I should be weaponless were it not for them. I have no beauty. So much for my person. For my head, whatever it may contain inwardly, it is covered without with long dark curls. The curling propensity is spontaneous. I should soon weary of the nightly toil and morning dishabille attendant on forced ringlets. For my tastes, I love beauty—physical beauty. I worship intellect—ay, even in Satan, as I see it represented in paintings and poetry. I can sympathize with the feelings that induced Robert Burns to carry a copy of Milton's "Paradise Lost" in his pocket, that he might study the character of Milton's devil.

For my heart, it is naturally large and warm; it sends out a thousand feelers, and would embrace all within its affections but for an ever-watchful sentinel—Pride—that draws it back within itself, through fear of its love being unappreciated or unreciprocated. But I have peopled its chambers with many an object, inanimate to others but imbued by my fancy with life and love. I have an old clock—it was my father's and his father's. Its plain old face, I fancy the face of a friend looking kindly down on me. The ticking of its pendulum is to me the workings of a heart that beats for me alone. Its hands point out to me the moments as they pass, and say, "beware of misspent time." Its somewhat ostentatious striking of the hours warns me that I have one less to live. Why should I not love it? It lives and labors for only me. It occupies a nook in my little library—an apartment sacred to my use, into which even my husband enters not without the ceremony of a knock—yet it is as faithful and punctilious as though performing its functions before a critical multitude. Oh that I were as true and faithful and as free from an unhealthy longing for admiration and excitement as my good old friend—my clock! And my music-box—the little mystery;—it is a beautiful thing. It was the gift of my husband on our last wedding-day. It plays a dozen tunes: they all speak to me of the love that gave the little musician for my enjoyment; and as I silently listen to its melody, I could clasp the little creature to my heart, were it not for the foolishness of the act, and bless it for its sweet tones. I often think that my music-box, with all its mysterious workmanship hid beneath a calm, quiet external, yet busy, busy, busy, resembles my own heart. There is this difference—one is all harmony, much discord in the other. And my books—that feed both heart and head, that are the very life of my life—how much do I not owe them? What care I though excluded from the companionship of the rich and the great? "If Milton will cross my threshold and sing to me of Paradise, and Shakspeare open for me the mysterious volume of the human heart," and Scott with his inexhaustible genius will still delight, instruct and exalt my fancy, I am rich and great myself. My well-stuffed easy chair, that adds so much to my daily comfort; my splendid writing-desk, the gift of one early loved and early lost, replete with everything for my use that the most thoughtful affection could supply; the table at which I sit, each and everything have a place in my affection and remembrance.

For my situation, I have resided in the family of my uncle since my early orphanage. My Cousin

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Ellen, their eldest daughter, is my favorite companion of all their large family. To be sure, three of the sons have been or fancied themselves in love with me—two at the same time—and I shame to think of the arts and deceptions practiced upon them—deceptions in actions only, never in words, but none the less deceit. It required all my generalship to keep them both assured of my regard, yet ignorant of the other's claim to it. Their business avocations afforded facilities for my design. They were both engaged in their father's store. It was kept open till late in the evening; and as the business of attending the store during those hours, usually devoted to social intercourse and pleasure, was equally irksome to both my lovers, they alternately relieved each other of the onerous duty. I fear I could not have managed them both together.

The excitement attending the overcoming of difficulties that dayly, almost hourly, presented themselves, was pleasant to me, besides a real pleasure I always feel in being the object of any one's love, whether I can reciprocate the affection or no. But I wearied of my sport and of the thraldom to which it subjected my naturally independent mind; and it required all my skill in tactics to preserve my neutral ground and to effect a retreat honorably and gracefully. I hope they have not since made confidants of each other. Methinks it would effectually eradicate any lingering regard they may feel for me.

I had been three years a wife: the novelty of my situation, the unceasing attentions and devotion of my husband, and the love I really felt for him, filled my cup with happiness. But the spirit of coquetry, though it may slumber, never dies;—it awoke in my heart but the stronger for its long rest. It was in the warm days of summer. I had been greatly debilitated;—my husband insisted on my obtaining medical advice. He accordingly, at the recommendation of my uncle, engaged the services of Dr. George N——, whose father was the intimate and early friend of my relative. He was a young physician, who had just commenced practicing on the good people of our good city, probably with the view of correcting any errors in *theory* that he might have adopted, and to render himself perfect in his art—for practice tends to this end, namely, to make perfect. I had seen this Dr. N—— once, though he had never seen me. He was a handsome, fair-haired young man, with very blue eyes. He had enjoyed every advantage of education that time and money could bestow; had spent the last five years in Europe in, as he termed it, perfecting himself. He was quite a linguist, had much learning, but, as I afterwards found, little wisdom. He had an overweening opinion of his own acquirements, I of his uncommon advantages. I anticipated some profit from his erudition, and some pleasant excitement from our intercourse, which I left to my management to continue as long as I received pleasure from it; and as neither profit nor pleasure is to be had here without some return on the part of the recipient, I resolved I would become to him something more than an ordinary patient; I would flatter him by my preference and deference—in short, I was determined to win, though it were impossible to wear the jewel of his heart. I therefore consented that the young physician should be summoned; and when, by my request, my uncle introduced him into my library, I was struck with the innocent, child-like expression of his face. The thoughts that had but now formed themselves into a settled plan of action, caused the blood to rush to my cheek and deprived my eyes of their usual powers of endurance. He shook me kindly by the hand, and seated himself by me on the sofa. I really felt the confusion I showed, and I cannot now but with an effort raise my eyes to his face. I had set my heart on subduing him; I believe I was somewhat subdued myself. He touched my burning cheek, and said he thought he perceived some febrile symptoms. He felt my pulse. It takes a long time for a young doctor to feel a young lady's pulse. He held my hand so long and looked at his watch so intently, that I was almost fain to ask him if there were no second-hand to his repeater, thinking he might be counting the pulsations by the quarter of an hour. But at length he desisted from both occupations, and thinking he had arrived at the very acme of a correct calculation, I asked him concerning his discoveries. It was his turn to be confused.

"Why, really," he stammered, and again took my hand and drew out his watch, and in a minute pronounced my pulse "rather excited." The excitement, thought I, is at least mutual. He wrote a prescription and took his departure.

A long and dangerous sickness followed. For months I was confined to my bed. He visited me dayly with most untiring kindness and interest. He preached me many a clinical lecture, more *agreeably* interesting, I suspect, than such lectures usually are. The effect of these interviews on me was visible even to my old nurse, who would peer at me over her glasses, and exclaim—"You always have a fever turn after the doctor has gone—and, indeed, I believe it begins while he is here. It is strange," she would continue, as she approached me more closely, expatiating on the redness and heat of my cheeks and the vivacity of my eyes; "I don't see through it." I could have enlightened you, good nurse.

The weakness of my body had communicated itself to my mind and heart, and I could not resist as I could have done in health the fascinations of his kindness and tenderness of manner. I attached an undue importance to his dayly visits: they were an epoch in my day, the green spot in the desert—either side was a blank or filled with anticipations and remembrances. There was no music to my ears like the sound of his footsteps ascending the stairs, and nothing that caused such a throb of pleasure as his gentle knock at my chamber door. I knew that he sometimes saw this. He one day laid his hand on the anatomical

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region of my heart, and exclaimed, (looking at me the same time, for I felt his eyes, though I saw them not)—"Why, how your heart beats; it goes pit-pat like a frightened bird, and your face is as red and feverish;—it was not so when I came in." If this was meant to calm the throbbings of my heart or cool the fever of my cheeks it signally failed of its purpose. I was provoked with the weakness that had thus exposed my feelings, and impatient, too, of the irresistible influence which his presence always had to fetter my tongue and my eyes; I was determined to wage war on this invisible bondage. I raised my eyes boldly, and was about to reprove him for his impertinent inquisitiveness, but he had bent his face over me with such a concentration of expression, which I cannot even now define, as to cause an instant cessation of arms on my part. I was fain to beat a retreat as quickly as possible.

It was in the letter of truth, though in the spirit of falsehood, that I answered my Cousin Ellen's query of—"How do you like the appearance of your young physician?"

"Indeed, I should not know him were I to meet him in the street," said I carelessly.

"Why, you unfeeling woman!" said she, laughing.

Ah, Cousin Ellen, it was no lack of feeling, but excess!

He would often bring his prescriptions in his pocket in the very agreeable form of an interesting book, or in his head, and deal them out to me as I wished, in beautifully recited poetry. This latter mode of administering either anodynes or stimulants, as the case required, whether recognized or not in the Pharmacopœia, was certainly very effective. I was at length, after a three months' confinement to my bed, able to be dressed. The first morning after this somewhat wearying operation had been performed, I was reclining on the same couch and dressed in the same manner (in a crimson wrapper open at the throat) as when I received the first visit from young Dr. N——. I was momentarily expecting him. I waited not long; I heard his ring at the street door. My heart kept pace in its beatings with his approach, and when he knocked at the door of my library, it seemed striving to leap from my bosom to meet him.

"Why, Laura," exclaimed he, (it was the first time he had called me by my name,) in tones of glad and affectionate surprise, "you look now as when I first saw you."

They were simple words—"but words are well when he that speaks them pleases them that hear." He seated himself by me, and drew me towards him. "But you are a hundred fold dearer now than then," he murmured.

"Hush—hush!" exclaimed I. I did not wish him to commit himself; I did not wish to feel obliged to discontinue our intercourse altogether, as I knew I ought if it should result in any serious declaration like this. But he was not at all intimidated.

"I love you, Laura," he continued, more earnestly still, "truly, dearly."

And when I should have repulsed him firmly, decidedly, I merely whispered in his ear that was bent towards me—"Do not, doctor, I entreat you, do not say anything that must separate us."

It was with an effort that I pronounced these words. I did not wish to crush his hopes altogether.

"Call me George, dearest—call me George," was his only reply.

He seemed not to heed my prohibition, but my formal manner of address. I was satisfied with having pronounced it. He sat by me long that morning, and when I look back on those hours which were then so pleasant to me, I remember in bitterness of spirit the price I paid for them. I think on the grave of my husband, and mourn with unavailing regret the kind and gentle heart I thus thoughtlessly cast from me. I live but to weep, a prey to remorse and repentance that came too late. But I was happy then. With one hand he held mine, and the other was wandering amid my hair. He had been begging a curl of me.

"Ah, this one that nestles so lovingly behind your ear—give me this one," said he, holding it apart from its fellows, "and I will promote it to a place near my heart."

I did not see which one he touched, and I am glad I did not. I laughed and shook my head so quickly that the curls flew about like a flock of startled pigeons.

"Ah," said I, "you have not that delicacy of feeling that Mr. Willis gives one of his heroes. He would have a tress of hair, but he would not have it severed—oh, no! he would have it dedicated to him in the heart of its fair owner; dressed for him, cared for for his sake, and when the wind wafted it against her cheek, it should be to her the breathings of his voice, the kiss of his love."

"I am too mundane for that," said he, laughing. "But, nevertheless"—and he seemed singling out one which should be thus dedicated to him.

"No, no," said I, and removed my head farther from him.

Amidst this playful rencounter we heard the step of my husband on the library stairs. He started—I started, but not outwardly; my blood leaped to my heart as if to recall its guilty wanderings. He pressed my hand, left one long, burning kiss upon it, and with the single word "farewell," left my room by one door as my husband entered by another. My husband looked very pale and sad, as, indeed, he had for some time past. I don't know why I should have connected in my mind his dejected appearance with Dr. N——'s visits. My intellect was probably brightened by my conscience. I never dreamed that he suspected me. I would not willingly have wounded his heart for a moment. His external appearance was of that quiet, calm nature, which I, in my nervous enthusiasm of feeling, could never help coupling with indifference, or at least a lack of that ardor

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which was necessary to keep my own love bright and warm. But his was the quiet of deep waters. My own experience of his unfailing and unwearied kindness should have taught me differently. It did. I knew he doated on me. As I noticed for the first time particularly the heart-broken expression of his face, I bitterly reproached myself for the wrong I had done him. He must have felt this wrong in some change, unconscious to myself, of my manner to him. Perhaps he observed, as did my nurse, the bright eye and blushing cheek that the doctor ever left behind him, and more acute than she, attributed them to the right cause. I resolved I would quit this foolish, dangerous path I had been so long treading—I would lose the passing pleasures of coquetry for the certain joys of happy wedded love.

In a few days Doctor N—— called again. He was more importunate than ever. He kissed my forehead, and when I forcibly released myself from his embrace, he knelt at my feet and implored me in the most passionate language to be his. I was terrified at his vehemence.

"Yours?" said I. "I am the wife of another." I cared not now how soon his hopes were crushed.

"Be mine—be mine," said he, "in love, though his in name!"

And when I should have spurned him from my feet—*should* have spurned had I consulted but my own inclinations—I but pushed back his hair from his childish brow, and bade him rise and cease his pleadings.

When he had left me I paced my room in impotent anger; I scorned myself for the part I had acted. The bitterest pang a proud spirit can feel, the pang of lost self-respect, was mine. I, who had always valued my own opinion of myself more than that of any one else, how had I fallen! That I should live to be so insulted! I could have put out mine eyes that they had looked on him so kindly. I could have torn out my tongue that it had spoken so calmly when it should have heaped coals of fire upon his head. I could have bitten my lips that had left open the gate through which those weak, wavering words had escaped. I cursed my heart for the cowardly impulse it had afforded my actions. I threw myself on my couch and wept for shame and mortification for many an hour. But my thoughts were soon turned into another painful channel. My husband became so emaciated and debilitated as to be unable to leave his room. He resisted for a long time our entreaties that he would take medicine or medical advice.

"A doctor has caused this sickness—no doctor can cure it," said he one day to me.

I did not then understand him. Dr. N—— was, however, summoned. I would have proposed some other physician, for now I never wished to see Dr. N—— again. But I felt that I could not make a change without assigning some reason, and I was not prepared to do this. He came, and after long examination and reflection he left the room. I followed him to ask his opinion. Said he—"I can do nothing for him." He pressed my hand and whispered lower—"We may be happy yet."

I shook my hand from his grasp as though it had been the touch of a serpent. Without a word, I left him and returned to my husband. I threw myself on the bed in an agony of tears. Every wandering thought and affection came rushing back to my dying husband, clinging with double tenacity that they were so soon to be severed from him.

I never saw Dr. N—— after. I never wish to see him; I never will see him. Ah, how happy was I till I warmed that serpent in my bosom that so cruelly stung me! But I blame myself—myself.

In one week's time my husband's heart had broken. If sincere repentance, if long-continued and unceasing sorrow and regret can wash away my guilt, then are my sins, though they were as scarlet, become whiter than snow.

My eyes are dimmed with tears, my cheeks blanched with remorse and grief. I long for the grave as for a quiet resting-place. I long for that meeting in another world when my husband, forgetting the suffering and wrong sustained here at my hand, shall fold to his breast his loving and beloved one.

A BIRTH-DAY SONG.—FOR A DEAR CHILD.

BY MISS A. D. WOODBRIDGE.

A song for thy birth-day!
A song full of glee!
For brightly life's streamlet
Flows onward for thee.
Above it are branches,
Whose fruits never fail;
On its banks are sweet flow'rets
Perfuming the gale,
Which is wafting thee onward
'Mid music and mirth:
A song for thy birth-day!
A song full of mirth!

A song for thy birth-day!
A song from the heart!
Ah! little thou knowest
The feelings which start
From the heart's hidden fountains;
They linger above,
Around, as to bless thee—
Let the song be of love!
Of love never failing,
Of hopes not of earth;
A song, true and tender,
For the day of thy birth!

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CHARACTER AND OPINIONS OF THE LATE REV. SYDNEY SMITH.

BY WILLIAM KIRKLAND.

When a great man is inearthed, there usually springs up such a crop of memoirs, eulogies, defamations, and what not, that it would seem as if the mortal seed had been committed to the ground only to reappear, even in this world, in a more etherealized or intellectual form. When a conspicuous man dies, there is a somewhat kindred tendency to supply the blank he leaves in the public eye by notices and discussions of his claims to public attention.

Sydney Smith certainly was not a great man, but his pungent and ready wit made us ever sensible of his presence, and of late his hard hits at American repudiation drew our attention to him peculiarly. We had learned almost to regard him as the exponent of English feeling on this sore subject. When he died, those Pennsylvanians whom he had praised as behaving with great decorum and refraining from any attempt to pick English pockets at the queen's coronation dinner, must have felt somewhat relieved. He threw stones with great dexterity where the object was vulnerable, and those who suffered from his blows suffered in silence, forgetting, through the boldness of their assailant, that his house was of glass if they chose to retaliate.

The glory of Sydney Smith is to have set on foot the Edinburgh Review—his shame, that after having contributed to it some of the most impudent and illiberal articles, he should have said, when all was over and hot blood cold, that he saw very little to alter or repent of. He who saw other people's prejudices and littlenesses so keenly, was even thus lamentably blind to his own. He who could rebuke with such scorching causticity what he considered as pecuniary dishonesty, was capable of dishonesty of another kind quite as disgraceful to the perpetrator and far more ruinous to the sufferer.

That there has been a vast progress in the political condition of Great Britain within the present century is undeniable. That the Edinburgh Review has advocated with steadiness and ability the leading beneficial changes, is equally true. It is impossible to assign to this or to any one cause the precise degree of merit to which it may be entitled, but from the talent with which that journal has been conducted from the outset, the high place it has maintained in the literary and political world, and its large circulation, we may safely award it the first place. This is only saying that Brougham, Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, Macaulay and their associates, have unitedly done more than any other set of men in effecting what may be termed the second English Revolution. Some of these men have, it is true, figured in Parliament; but we doubt much whether their influence individually has been as great, even there, as in the Review—collectively we are very sure it has not. They are men of the closet and the pen, far more powerful in the silent page than in the animated debate, which calls for personal qualifications possessed by so few scholars.

Very properly, then, may Sydney Smith pride himself, as he does in the preface to his works, on having set on foot such a journal and contributed to it for so many years. Many a man has passed for a hero on account of achievements or happy accidents of far less importance. But a part of his self-glorification on this topic makes us smile, and we hardly know whether the witty canon can be in earnest or is merely playing off a joke that may take in at least the uninitiated. He says, "To bear patiently the reproach and poverty which it caused, and to look back and see that I have nothing to retract and no intemperance and violence to reproach myself with, is a course of life which I must think to be extremely fortunate." We would gladly have been informed of the duration of this martyrdom. We have a hint of oatmeal commons at the outset, to be sure, but we think before long the "reproach" of being the associate of Brougham, Jeffrey and Macaulay, and the "poverty" of two guineas a page or fifty pounds an article, must have been "boiled peas" in comparison with any real sacrifice. Peter Plymley's Letters, too—a pretty good sized book and not particularly clerical—twenty thousand copies sold!—good picking for somebody, and we do not believe the reverend gentleman one likely to let it all fall into other hands; at least his Pennsylvania groans never seemed to us quite disinterested virtuous indignation. A few years after the "poverty" complained of, and subsequent also to the fall of Pennsylvania stocks, we find this victim's estate sworn under the value of seventy thousand pounds. To American perceptions, at least, this is very tolerable poverty—one that would console most men like Sydney Smith for a good deal of reproach.

Old Lord Stowell once said to him—"Mr. Smith, you would have been a much richer man if you had joined us;" and he claims not a little merit that he did not act on the old lord's hint. We

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know not how rich the Tory clergy usually are, but we think most of them would be content to pass from the tutorship of a juvenile member of the squirarchy to an estate of £70,000.

As to the other boast, of having no intemperance and violence to reproach himself with, we think many years' enjoyment of the tithings of this world's fat things must have dulled the good man's memory, or the near approach to that other state of being when sincerity and earnestness in religious matters will stand us in better stead than church preferment, would have brought to his mind, with some compunctious visitings, the many bitter things he had written against the Methodists. Take an instance: "We shall use the general term Methodism to designate these particular classes of fanatics"—*i. e.* "Arminian and Calvinistic Methodists and the *Evangelical clergymen of the Church of England*"—"not troubling ourselves to point out the finer shades and nicer discriminations of lunacy, but treating them all as in one general conspiracy against common sense and rational orthodox Christianity." The class thus disposed of, it will be remembered, includes, among a host of eminent persons, Wilberforce, Hannah More, Leigh Richmond and Lord Teignmouth. It includes those who built up the British and Foreign Bible Society, and those who put down the slave trade. Yet after thirty years' interval, the Reverend Sydney Smith finds no cause to wish such things unsaid. And again: "Not that they preach faith without works, for if they told the people they might rob and murder with impunity, the civil magistrate must be compelled to interfere"—that is, fear of the civil magistrate prevents the preaching of robbery and murder by the Methodists! No intemperance and violence here against Whitefield and Wesley, who "did not run naked into the streets or pretend to the prophetical character—and therefore were not committed to Newgate!"

The preaching of Whitefield and Wesley did certainly differ somewhat from that of Mr. Smith. Two of the four sermons* he has given us with the essays are addressed to lawyers, and one to a mayor and corporation. The occasions were what is called extraordinary, and the sermons are certainly no less so. "And behold, a certain lawyer stood up and tempted him, saying," &c. From this text a sermon was preached "before the Hon. Sir John Bayley, Knt.," and we pity Sir John. "We must not forget," says the witty priest—"we must not forget the question, and we must not forget who asked the question, and we must not forget who answered it, and what that answer was." He must have a hard heart who does not sympathize with a writer who, having a reputation to support, is put to such shifts for sentences wherewith to occupy the orthodox "just fifteen minutes." He tells the lawyers he shall address them on their particular duties. Very well—all right and proper. The first paragraph contains an appeal to them as living flesh and blood lawyers, whether they do not find their *devotion* interfered with, their taste for devotion lessened, their time for devotion abridged. Trying questions—for the preacher himself allows, in the same paragraph, that "rivals are to be watched, superiors are to be cultivated, connections cherished"—evidently the *nine* points of the law. But there is a *tenth*—"what time for the altar—what time for God?" Then the "particular duties." "The genuine and unaffected piety of a lawyer is of great advantage to the general interests of religion, inasmuch as to the highest member of that profession a great share of church patronage is entrusted." A lawyer, then, ought certainly to be genuinely and unaffectedly pious, for—he may get to be Lord Chancellor! The Rev. S. S. (not Sinner Saved, of leather breeches memory) must have his joke even in the pulpit. Then follow more "particular duties" for such of his hearers as may come to the woolsack, of which zeal for the church as by law established is first, second and third—and, in fact, no other is alluded to.

Mr. Smith does not tell us that he was the proposer of the motto of the Edinburgh Review, but no one construed it more strictly, as its earlier pages abundantly testify. Impaling of authors was a favorite sport with him, as well as with other reviewers of that period. They and their brethren have been taught better manners since. Some of Smith's articles abound in abuse and insult, and descend even to the most disgusting allusions to accomplish the object. Even his wit would hardly make such coarseness taking in our day. The Reviews have assumed a tone more earnest and more conciliating, recognizing the probability that an author possesses human feelings, and the possibility that he may be inclined to appease them by retaliation. Mr. Smith's wit is not of the highest order, but it is abundant—more like the incessant heat lightning of a summer evening than like the dazzling ribbons that split the clouds asunder at intervals, blinding the beholder so that black looks white for a while. He is not a little indebted to quaint and funny words, such as *anserous*, *armigeral*, *mumpsimus*, *furfurous*, *agricolous*, *plumigerous*—a class of adjectives, which it would require but a schoolboy's knowledge of Latin to enlarge indefinitely. He is still more indebted to that entire unscrupulousness which generally becomes the characteristic of the professed wit—a freedom which holds nothing sacred, and which overleaps all the nice and delicate boundaries that prevent other men of equal ability from acquiring the reputation of wit. But with all allowances he is rich in genuine fun, and holds some of the abuses of his country up to ridicule with all the hilarious *abandon* of a boy who has stolen a few moments in which to kick a prohibited foot-ball. He seems not so much determined to

* These remarks do not apply in general to the volume of sermons published *since Mr. Smith's* death, of which the writer entertains a high opinion. He can abate nothing, however, of what he has said concerning those selected for publication by Mr. Smith himself and incorporated by him with his essays.

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get the laugh on his side as to enjoy it himself—not so desirous of making the absurdity in question odious as of extracting all possible amusement out of it. The subjects which he handles in this temper are fair game certainly: witness "the Persecuting Bishops" and others of like character. On subjects which touch his kinder feelings he can be serious. With the Methodists he keeps nowhere any terms either of justice or decency.

Mr. Smith's opposition to the "godly" school is accounted for by the way in which, as he tells us, he formed his conceptions of true, practical piety. We always suppose the Bible to furnish the means by which all men, and clergymen in particular, were to be guided on this point. But there is, it seems, a more excellent way: "It has been our good fortune to be acquainted with many truly religious persons—and from their manly, rational and serious characters, our conceptions of true practical piety have been formed." These models must have been Edinburgh reviewers. To the same source, it is to be presumed, we are to trace the morals of the reverend critic.

What are those morals? The morals of the only parson in that powerful body—the high priest of that despotic junto—become a matter of no little consequence. The utilitarianism of Paley lies evidently at the root of them. Expediency he owns, in almost all cases, for his god. Paley's white lies form, consistently, a part of the code. "I have always denied the authorship of the Plymley letters," &c. The Bible he seldom alludes to, except to draw from it some ludicrous image; and, in fact, we should think he had studied Rochefoucault much more. Like most persons of the merely practical school, he rarely ascends to principles. Gifted with keen sagacity, he perceives that honesty is the best policy, and advocates it because it is so, and just so far as it seems to be so, but no farther. Accordingly, like other reasoners of that school, he stops short when policy appears to stop—at the point where the doctrine begins to affect themselves. This political parson, therefore, argues most strenuously and ably for Catholic emancipation—it will be sound policy, and—*it will help the established church.* He urges reform in the state with great vigor—he opposes reform in the church with at least equal force. Humanize your game laws, amend your poor laws, reform your House of Commons, remove the crying abuses of the state; but lay no hands on cathedrals—especially on that of St. Paul—and diminish no church patronage, least of all, that of the reverend canons of that foundation. They enjoy each a sinecure of fifteen hundred or two thousand pounds per annum, but let that alone! And you, my lords bishops, beware how you sanction such an attempt, for your own £15,000 or £20,000 will be endangered by the precedent. "I ask the Bishop of London—does he think, after reformers have tasted the flesh of the church, that they will put up with any other diet? Does he forget that deans and chapters are but mock-turtle—that more delicious delicacies remain behind?" Such are the arguments of a man who prides himself on being a reformer—an old reformer, all his days a reformer. Reform is good so long as it keeps within proper bounds; let it pass these, and it will unsettle the foundations—it will mar the superstructure of society! Is it proposed to abolish a church sinecure after the death of the present incumbent? Think of the oaths of the archbishops! (the coronation oath had been abundantly ridiculed in the case of Catholic emancipation)—think of the sanctity of private property! think of the danger of innovation! So clamors the reverend moralist who had for years been contending against all these bugbears, and meantime reached the fat canonry of St. Paul's. "The honest boldness of the Edinburgh Review," says he, "effected much;" but honesty becomes folly when it would lead to the lessening of church revenues, however enormous.

Time and space allow us to touch only on the more striking points in the character of this able reviewer and most widely influential writer. No man labored more zealously or more efficiently in the cause of Catholic emancipation, or with a more generous and at the same time caustic warmth in the defence of humanity against certain barbarities in English law and English custom. His papers on the latter class of subjects are eminently pungent and striking, while those on the Catholic question are equally admirable, sparkling with wit, and, what in a popular argument is of great practical importance, level to the comprehension of every one. He does not, it is true, advocate measures on the highest ground, but on the ground best calculated to produce conviction in the minds of those whom he addresses. He was no man to throw away his pearls.

Sydney Smith was far from possessing a mind of the highest order. He effected much, not through any extraordinary reach of thought, but by strong common sense, aided by a lively wit and a keen sense of the ludicrous, all directed against certain popular errors of his day. But he was a man of maxims, not of principles—one who aimed at nothing higher than people's conduct, and that by means of the head and not the heart.

Another proof that his mind was not of a high order is, that he was infinitely more engaged in pulling down than in building up. He attacks existing abuses with eagerness and success, but even where the occasion calls for it, (and the occasion does sometimes call for it,) he offers no substitute, proposes no remedial plan. He attacks the Methodists with a virulence and vulgarity altogether inexcusable, and bewails their influence over the middling and lower classes, but he considers the case hopeless. "A man of education and a gentleman—cannot contend against such artists"—"the regular clergy—are too dignified;"—but "something may be done in the way of ridicule," and in allowing members of the establishment to open chapels *without* the consent of the rector. Education might do something, but "none of these

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things will be done." No great fertility or resource here, and no very admirable boldness, since some discussion of the reasons why "Methodism" grew out—a huge scion—from the establishment, and some suggestions as to the mode of preventing further secessions by the offer of spiritual bread rather than polished stones, might have come very properly from a professed Reformer.

It is the same with East India missions. The duty of Christianizing those countries is admitted, but the plan adopted is bad, and the men concerned are not to be trusted. Yet no other method is proposed, and it is even said that *suitable* persons cannot be found to undertake it. Some severe attacks and many bitter innuendoes against the clergy of the established church are found in the writings of our political reformer, but not a hint as to how they shall be made better. Our conjecture that as an originator or supporter of positive measures he was held in but little esteem, is confirmed by the fact that he scarce appears at all as a politician after his party obtained the chief power in the state. His vocation was gone. He was a potent assailant of old abuses, but not fitted to bring forward and defend the new measures which the times demanded.

His views of education are marked by sterling sense and judgment. His papers on the subject deserve to be studied by every enlightened person in this country as well as in England. In them his natural acumen triumphs over all the prejudices of his time and country, and they are as well suited to the democratical side of the water as to the other.

In all matters of morals and religion, Sydney Smith appears to have been a good deal of a Mr. Worldly Wiseman—wise, truly, for himself and others—as regards worldly matters, but not possessing nor caring to possess other wisdom. His opinion of human nature was evidently low, and he looked to low means for influencing mankind. He was a warm friend to the established church, for it made himself and many other gentlemen very comfortable, giving them, besides abundant means, rank, influence and consideration, which they could hardly have found anywhere else. But he was apparently no warm friend to the established clergy, titled or otherwise, if we may judge from the innumerable slurs which he casts upon them in his writings. He allows them, to be sure, the credit of calmness, moderation and dignity, but marks them, nevertheless, as abundantly dronish, selfish and grasping. What a satire upon them is contained in the following remark: "No orthodox clergyman can do so (open a church) without the consent of the parson of the parish, who always refuses because he does not choose to have his monopoly disturbed; and refuses in parishes where there are not accommodations for one half the persons who wish to frequent the Church of England." Fit persons, truly, to be entrusted with a monopoly in such things! Though Mr. Smith seems to have annexed to the term "sound religion," (a favorite term with him,) only the idea of adherence to the established church, yet nobody deals the clergy harder blows. He inverts the rule of Mrs. Ranby, who was all sin without a single fault; for he credits the clergy with all excellence as a body, while he allows them individually no merit under Heaven but decency.

Mr. Smith attributes an extraordinary efficacy to money. He speaks of "the English curse of poverty," but he certainly shows himself in this point as in many others, a true Englishman. He does not, indeed, say that the gift of the Holy Ghost may be purchased with money, but he comes as near it as anybody since the days of Simon Magus. To give one example. In the Letters to Archdeacon Singleton, he states that he had found out the capital possessed by seven clergymen taken promiscuously in his neighborhood, and he finds it to be £72,000, while the average income from the livings is £400 *per annum*. And he draws the conclusion "from the gambling propensities of human nature, and the irresistible tendency to hope they shall gain the highest prizes, you tempt men into your service who keep up their credit and yours, not by your allowance, but by their own capital," &c. Keeping up the credit of the church by large fortunes! Americans are thought to place a high estimate on money, but it may be doubted whether any clergyman or layman among us would consider four hundred pounds a year insufficient to keep up the credit of the religion founded by our Saviour and his Apostles. But Mr. Smith in this case only echoed the sentiment of the mass of his countrymen. He says—"It is always considered a piece of impertinence in England if a man of less than two or three thousand a year has any opinions at all upon important subjects." True—and evidently no less an impertinence in Mr. Smith's eyes than in those of others of his class. Witness his advocacy of the church as it is, because it attracts men of wealth; and his dread of anything approaching to an equalization of livings, because the average would be *only* £285, or $1400 a year! His whole argument is based upon the supposition that riches are indispensable to the respectability and influence of the clergy, and his unmeasured abuse of the Methodists turns in part upon their poverty.

That Mr. Smith was no friend to the Reform Bill we infer with confidence from the absence of all allusion to it in his long gratulatory list of the beneficial measures accomplished by "the talents of the good and able men" of his time. In short, he was a genuine English aristocrat, a term which we use not at all in an invidious sense. He was a friend to the middling and lower classes, but there is nothing in his writings which would lead us to think that he regarded them as fit depositaries of political power. He was an enemy to all oppression of the poor by the rich, but he had at least an equal dread of the beggar on horseback. He could commend in our land of equality certain qualities which agreed with his own natural bias—

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economy, industry, common sense, enterprise—but he had a supreme contempt for the democratic character, and was never better pleased than when he could find room for a fling at the Yankees. The aristocratic feeling of England is, in our view, still more strongly inherent in the church, the army and the navy, than in the hereditary wealth and station of the country. Whoever belongs to either of the first-mentioned classes, in a place above the rank of subalterns, has a position from which he derives a certain respectability, and by which he is somewhat linked to the higher classes. All are paid "once in money and three or four times in hope," and the zeal of expectants is always greater and their appreciation of the desired good more intense than those of actual possessors. Hence a sort of official and officious loyalty to the established institutions of the country, always observable in British clergymen and officers in both services. These are the very people, generally speaking, who have honored us by visits of exploration, and their report has usually been such as would prove satisfactory at home, and furnish racy articles about America to such reviewers as Mr. Smith. We regret that our countrymen have evinced such a sensitiveness to opinions thus concocted.

In the Council of the Beasts, (says Lessing,) which met to determine their respective claims to rank and consequence, the nobler animals declared the decision a matter of no moment, as each had its own claims, good and substantial, whether allowed by others or not. All acquiesced in this view of the matter except the ass and the ape, who took it much to heart that no decision was pronounced.

Upon the whole, we conclude Mr. Smith to have been a keen-witted and sensible worldling, more capable of discerning the faults and absurdities of others than desirous of correcting his own; having a glimmering perception of how things ought to be, but lacking courage to recommend unpopular means of making them such. We regard him as a poor teacher of morals, and of religion no teacher at all. He pleaded the cause of down-trodden humanity less through sensibility and sympathy than through acute perception of wrong. He can characterize as "holy poltroonery" an unwillingness to examine religious or political tenets, but no man shows more weakness when the temporalities of the church are called in question. He hated the Methodists because they pretended to a warmth of piety which, if sincere, must put to shame the lifeless ministrations of the establishment, and he advocated the emancipation of the Catholics because it secured the foundations of his own church. He occupied the position of a professed servant of God, and he lived and died emphatically a man of this world. At another time we may attempt some detailed examination of his writings.

FIRST GLIMPSE OF NIAGARA.

A FRAGMENT.

BY W. E. GARRETTSON.

BEFORE us, and far off in the distance, rushes a distracted ocean of water. For a long distance from the precipice where the furious rage of the flood has commenced, each whirling torrent seems striving for the mastery, and rushing with redoubled speed as each slight descent of the rapids increases its awful power.

Now, perchance, they divide round an intercepting rock, which throws out its jagged arms to arrest them; now, again, these struggling forces rush together—the barrier cleared—and join and wrestle in a deadlier conflict than before.

"Give me but the first leap!" is the almost audible language of these irresistible torrents as they bound along in their desperate and devoted race; then, as they reach the verge, one last convulsive effort is made to rise over the projecting rocks, and forthwith, as shapely torrents of water, nay, as water itself, they seem for the moment annihilated, while, immediately from the abyss, their spray arises, changed into spirit form, and soars brightly to the skies!

It is like the resurrection of the hopes of man, which, after his own self-sought fall, rose in lofty aspirations to the promised happiness of a future state!

But here we are at the very verge, looking, wondering and feeling, but feeling that which we can never describe. Some brief and broken exclamation, perhaps, escapes the lips, and the paralyzed tongue then sinks into a kindred silence with that of the soul. There is nothing to disturb that silence—nothing but the continuous roar, which has already become, as it were, a part of ourselves, a kind of inward music, destitute of noise, which serves, by its uniform and all-pervading influence, to bind and mingle together every thought and emotion, making but one idea of the whole, and that idea deep, incomprehensible, inexpressible—God!

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FRAGMENTS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CLAUDIUS.

TRUTH.—Truth is the daughter of a peaceful sky; she flies from the noise of passion and strife; she dwells with those who love her with the whole heart and can deny themselves for her sake. To such she gives quiet nights and joyful days.

FRIENDSHIP.—There cannot be true friendship without *sympathy*, and where this exists friendship will spring up spontaneously. Like feelings, like wishes, like hopes always unite, and the deeper and more noble these feelings, wishes and hopes are, so much the stronger, so much the more elevated is the friendship that grows out of them.

THE INWARD VOICE.—Within us dwells a judge who deceives not, and whose approbation is more important to us than the applause of the whole world or the wisdom of the Greeks and Egyptians. Resolve to do nothing contrary to the voice of this inward monitor, and take counsel of it in all your ways. At first it will speak but softly, in the lisping voice of an innocent child, but if you reverence its innocence and heed its monitions, by degrees its tongue will be loosened and it will speak clearly.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.—This is, indeed, a glorious day! At other times I am willing that men should be patriotic, but on New Year's day my patriotism is stone dead. On that day I feel that we are all brothers, the children of one Father who is in Heaven, and that all the good things of the world are as water that God has provided for all.

I accustom myself every New Year's morning to sit down on a stone by the wayside, to scratch in the sand before me with my staff, and to think on this and on that—not on my readers; I regard them as worthy of all honour—but New Year's morning, on the stone by the wayside, I think not of them, but there I sit and think how often in the year that is gone I have seen the sun rise and the moon; how many flowers and rainbows I have seen; how often I have breathed the fresh air and cooled my thirst in the running brook; and then I cannot look up, and I take off my cap with both hands and bury my face in it. And then I think of the friends who have died during the year, and that now they can talk with Socrates, Numa, and others of whom I have heard so much that is good—and with John Huss, too; and the graves of these holy men seem to open around me, and I see their venerable shades arise. Good old men, to your memories, a happy—happy New Year. C.

AGNES.

BEAUTY is felt, not seen, the eye
That opens on earth's imagery
Is but the window of the mind,
Where Fancy sits, and, unconfined,
Upon the pensive soul portrays
All things without that meet her gaze—
And, clad in colors of her own,
That must be fair she gazes on.

I mind me of a winning one
That once my heart thus looked upon;
She was a lovely girl—so bright
And beautiful that all was light
Around her; and, whene'er she spoke,
Her voice such thrilling raptures woke,
That he who heard would almost deem
He lay in some delicious dream,
While heaven's own rapturous strains were flowing
From angel choirs around him glowing.
A being formed to love or bless,
She was made up of loveliness;

And yet you might in vain assay
To tell wherein her beauty lay.
'Twas not the form—'twas not the eye—
'Twas not the soul's deep witchery:
You might not praise a single feature
Of this enchanting, winning creature;
And yet, when near her, you would be
Captive to charms you could not see.

I know not where she lingers now;
But he who gazes on that brow,
And feels the sunshine of her smile
Gladden his throbbing heart the while—
Who hears the music of her song
Floating melodiously along,
And reads upon her dimpled face
All that he ever dreamt of grace—
Oh, let him guard that heart full well
From the sure magic of her spell!
The charm once wove is broken never—
The chain once forged endures for ever!—LIKO.

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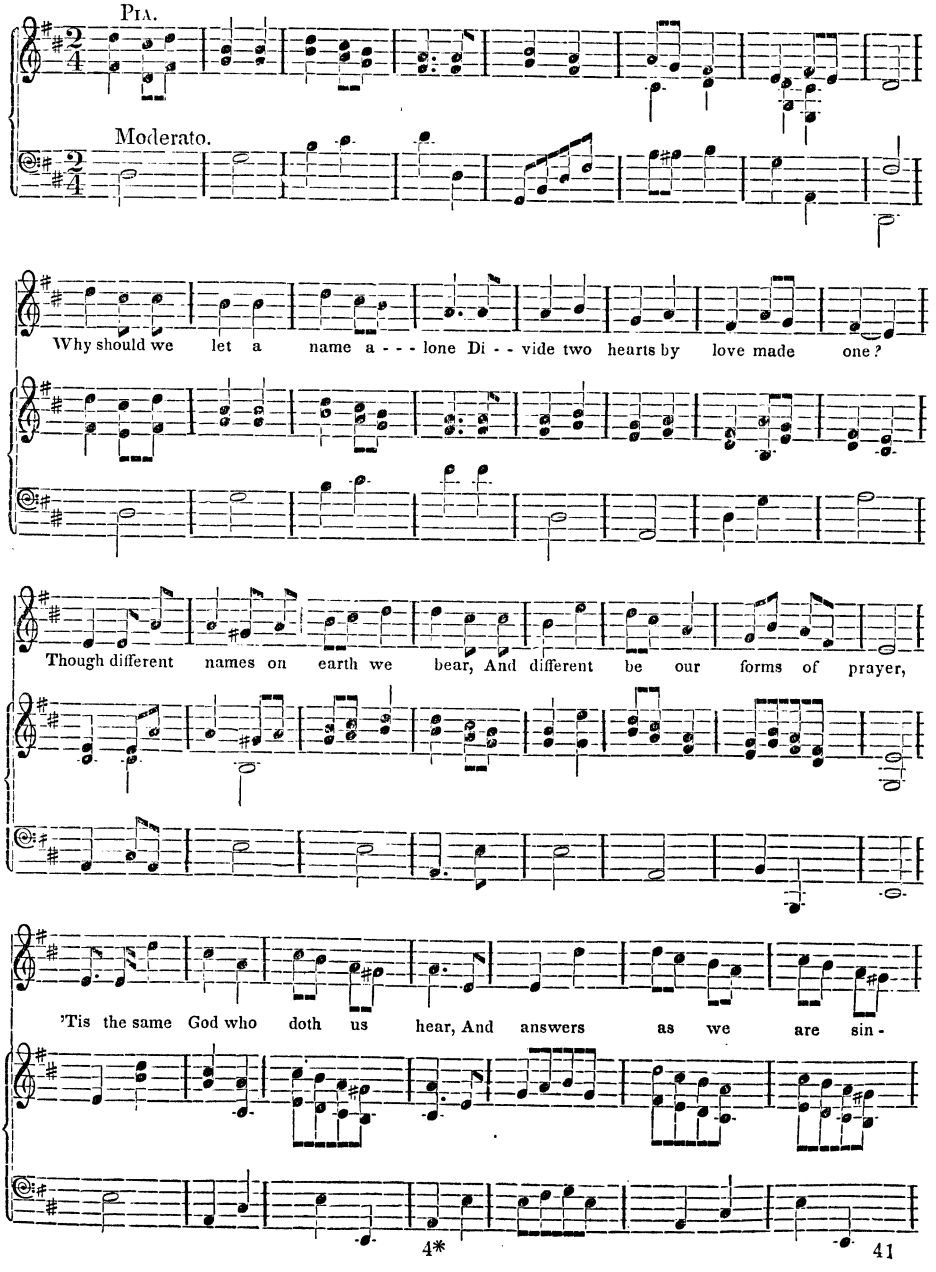
WHY SHOULD WE LET A NAME ALONE DIVIDE TWO HEARTS?

CANZONET.

WORDS FROM MORA CARMODY.

MUSIC BY PROFESSOR F. W. HORNCASTLE.

[Written expressly for Godey's Lady's Book.]



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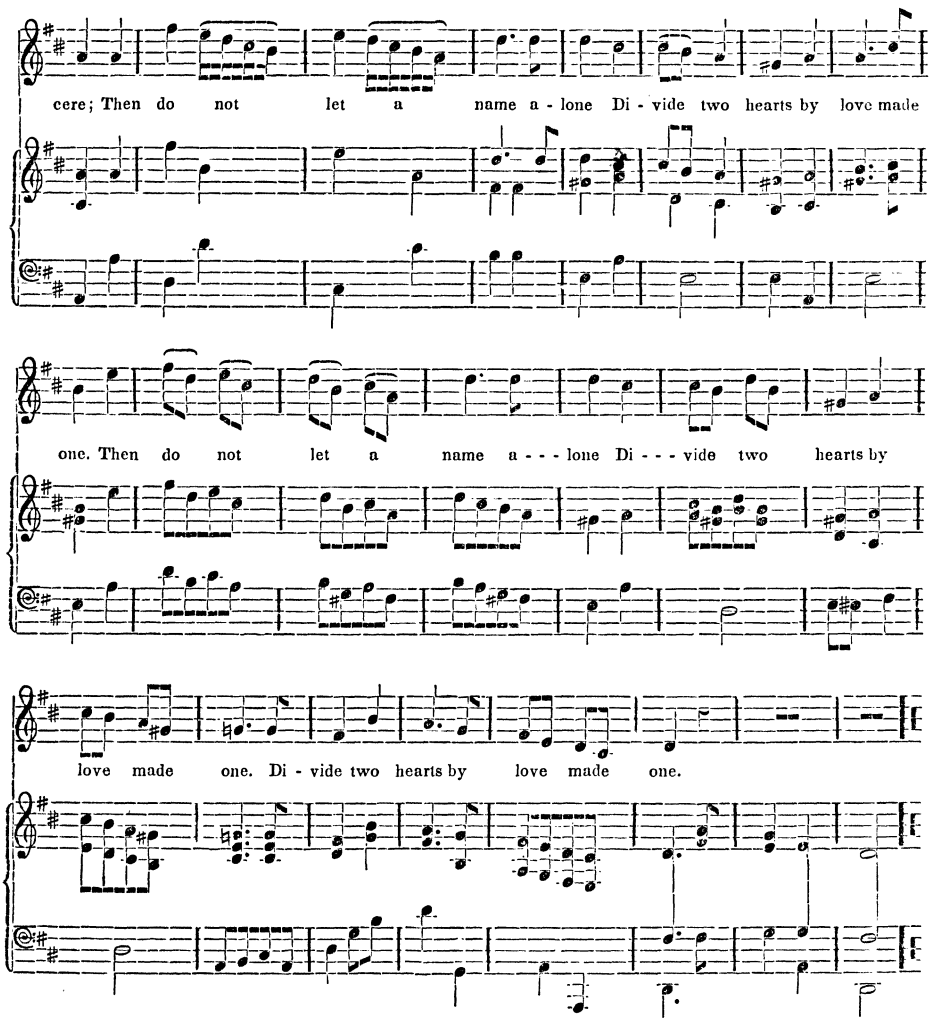

ON SEEING THE MINIATURE OF A YOUNG LADY.

PAINTED BY MISS FREEMAN.

LIKE fairy-work this magic picture seems!
Or was it painted in some clime of dreams,
Fair artist maid! where thou couldst dip thy brush
In a bright rainbow, or the morn's first blush?
What cloud that sails across a summer sky
Is softer, sweeter, than the shades that lie
Upon the neck, so round and purely fair,
Beneath the clustering ringlets of her hair?
What pearly pinkness of a bright-lipped shell—
What blushing hues that in a rose-heart dwell—
What evanescent and transparent glow,
At evening seen, on sunset-tinted snow,
Gives to the eye such exquisite delight
As that soft blush, so eloquently bright!

But 'tis the *mind*—'tis the enchanting grace
Like "music breathing" from that pictured face,
In which the playful sweetness of a child
Is blent with firmness, womanly and mild—
'Tis the sweet, earnest tenderness, that lies
Within the depths of those clear, fountain eyes—
The stainless purity, which marks the whole
With the bright impress of the painter's soul—
Which sheds o'er all a beauty half divine,
And stamps with Genius every deathless line!
Yes! Genius only could have thus combined
Beauty of form with that of soul and mind;
By Genius only could be thus portrayed
The angelic nature of that heaven-bound maid!

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THE BRIDE AND BRIDESMAID.

PARIS FASHIONS AMERICANISED.

an American plate to accompany with the Parisian

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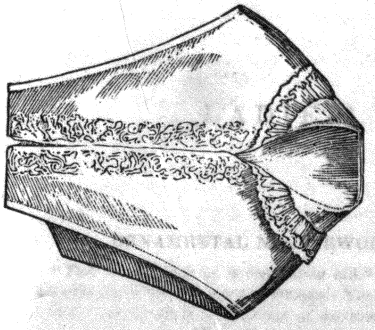

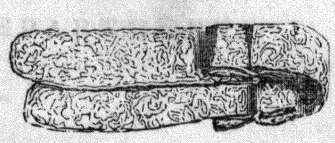

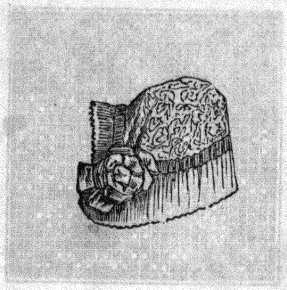

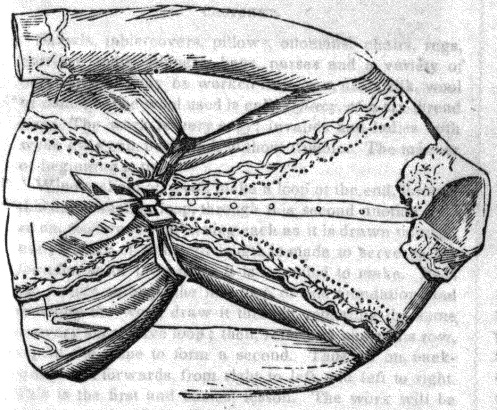

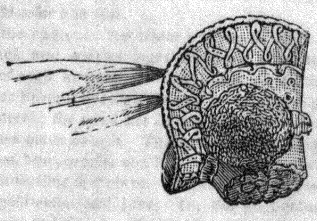

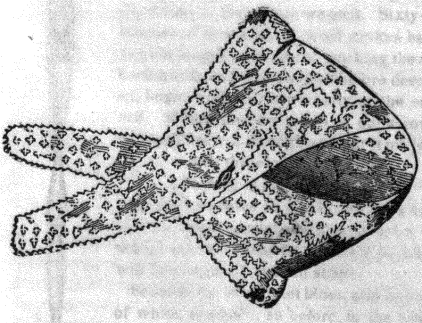

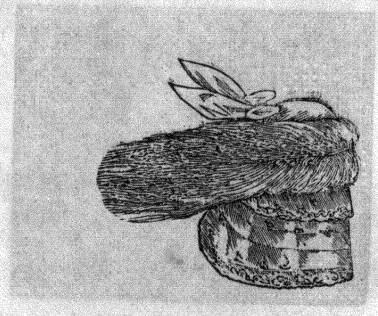

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LADIES' WORK DEPARTMENT.

ORNAMENTAL NEEDLEWORK.

"The use of sewing is exceeding old." So said the amiable Jane Taylor many years ago. Yet still it is constantly putting forth new germs of usefulness and new flowers of beauty. We are intending to present to the ladies who honor us with their favor a series of drawings and descriptions, which will enable those who wish, to take up these new kinds of needlework without a teacher. We begin with

CROTCHET.

Shawls, table-covers, pillows, ottomans, chairs, rugs, carriage mats, slippers, bags, purses and a variety of other articles may be worked in *crotchet*, using silk, wool or cotton. The wool used is called *fleecy*, of a six-thread size. The work is very easy; invalids and ladies with weak eyes can perform it without trouble. The manner of beginning is thus:—

Wind a skein of wool, make a loop at the end, through this draw another loop, through this second another, and so on, moderately tightening each as it is drawn through, until a *chain* of sufficient length is made to serve as the *foundation* for the article it is intended to make. Pass the needle through the last loop of this foundation, and catching the wool, draw it through, repeating the same at every successive loop; then, returning along this row, repeat the same to form a second. Thus go on, backwards and forwards, from right to left, and left to right. This is the first and easiest lesson. The work will be alike on both sides. Then proceed to make, say, a *sofa-pillow* or *table-cover*.

Here is the pattern for a needle, either of steel or ivory, for *six-thread wool fleecy*.

The number of stitches must depend on the length of the article wanted. Sixty-five stitches of this kind of wool makes half a yard in length. Instead of working the *rows* backwards and forwards as before described, begin each row separately at the same *end*. When the last stitch of each row is finished, draw it through and cut it off, leaving an end of three or four inches.

The following is an easy pattern:—

First—two rows in black, one dark scarlet, one bright scarlet, one light scarlet, one white; reverse the same to the black, which will form a pretty shaded stripe.

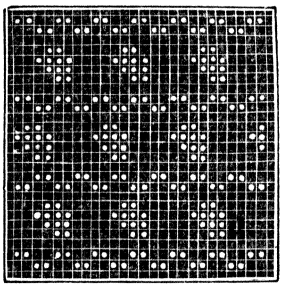
Second—three distinct blues, and one row of white, reversed, as before, to the black.

Third—three pretty stone-colors or drabs, and one white, reversed, as before, to the black.

Commence again as with first stripe, with scarlet, repeating the three alternately.

For a moderate sized pillow, one skein of each colored fleecy will be required.

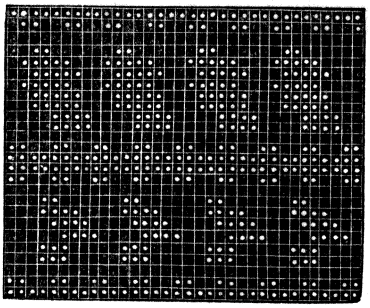
An easy Turkish Pattern for a Table Cover or Pillow.



This is an easy pattern—the same needle and six-thread fleecy. The grounds are formed of *white, scarlet, black, gold-color* and *blue*.

Make the chain, in the usual way, with black. Then, with black and scarlet together, work alternately two stitches of each, keeping the wool not in use on the top of the chain; bring it backwards and forwards, as required in the pattern; the wool not in use will be concealed by the stitches made over it. The colors on the white stripe are scarlet, blue, orange and lilac. On the scarlet stripe—green, white, lilac and claret. On the black stripe—green, scarlet, gold-color and lilac. On the gold-color—blue, claret, drab, and green. On the blue—lilac, white, claret and gold-color. All the stripes to be divided by the two stitches up and down of black.

Another Turkish Pattern for Table Cover.



This also makes a pretty counterpane, pillow cover for an ottoman, rug or bedside carpet.

Six-thread fleecy; steel needle; dividing line two clarets; stripes *white, gold-color, blue* and *scarlet*. The pattern in the white stripe is worked in two greens, two scarlets, two blues, brown and yellow. On the gold-color stripe—two blues, claret, white, lilac and green. On the blue stripe—two scarlets, two greens drab, white, brown and orange; and on the scarlet—green, white, two blues, claret and bright yellow.

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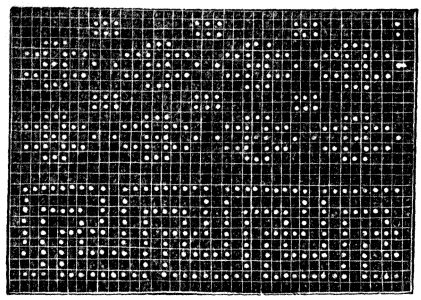
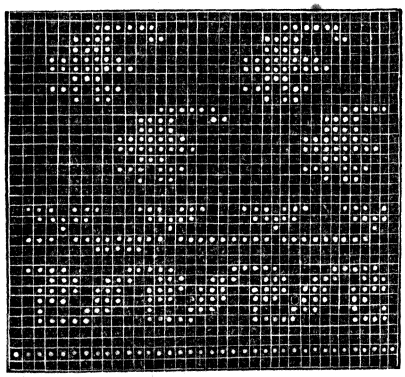
Here is another pretty Pattern.



Six-thread fleecy; steel needle. Two plain rows black, then one row straw-color for the border—the nine rows of which are in shades from the straw-color to dark orange, thus: two yellow, two gold-color, two amber, two orange, two light-red browns; the last extends one row below the border. The ground of the center is a rich drab—one row plain, then commence with the pattern thus:—

On the first row light blue. On the second, third and fourth rows middle blue—the three center stitches in the third row being black On the fifth row Waterloo blue. On the sixth, light yellow; and on the seventh row dark yellow. Repeat the pattern.

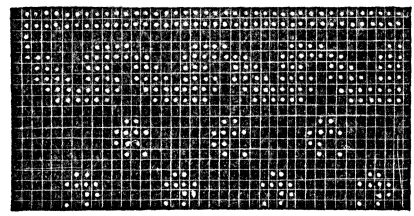
Another Table Cover.



Commence with four plain rows—first *claret*, then *middle blue*, then *claret*, then *scarlet*.

The pattern of the first border is in three shades of blue, lightest at the top. The outer ground of the border is in scarlet; the inner, white. The three wools are worked at the same time. One row of plain white finishes the border. The pattern of the second border is thus:—First row white and middle green; second row white and dark green; third row claret and light green; and fifth row claret and middle green; then two rows of plain claret. Then on the claret ground commence the paler pattern as follows:—It is in eight rows: first and second rows two bright greens; then bright scarlet, scarlet and white, blue and white, blue, deep gold-color, bright yellow.

Small Pine Pattern Table Cover.



Same thread and needle. The chain and first row gold-color, second row black, then green, then gold-color. Inside ground of the border rich drab. The pattern has three shades of Saxon, green and black. The small pine pattern in the center has four rows—deep gold-color, blue, scarlet and white. The reversed row of the pattern may be varied thus:—first scarlet, green, lilac, white.

Crotchet table covers are made by turning in the edges neatly and sewing on a spread fringe of the color of the stripes, and a head either of the color of the dividing line or black. The fringe should be three or four inches deep. No lining is needed. But rugs and mats or carpets should have a firm inside lining.

All striped patterns may be done in narrow widths, and then sewn together

There are four kinds of crotchet work:—1, plain, single; 2, plain, double; 3, plain stitch, open; 4, open with one, two or three stitches. We shall describe hereafter all these varieties. Wool and silk are the threads most used; but chenille and gold or silver cord may be worked, and gold or steel beads, strung on silk, giving a beautiful effect.

EDITORS' TABLE.

"Mind makes itself like that it lives amidst
And on—and thus 'mong dreams, imaginings,
And scenes of peace, of purity and beauty,
Grows pure and beautiful."

Come, gather to our Table, ladies fair, and we will show you choice specimens of the beautiful. We will favor you with a descriptive glance at the gems in the "National Academy of Art" at New York. Ladies are, or should be, arbiters of taste in the fine arts, as well as of fashion in dress. Genius wears his crown most proudly when accorded him by the sweet voice of woman, and placed on his lofty brow by the fair hand of beauty. Come, then, all you who love the Lady's Book, encourage our artists, by your smiles, to persevere. Tell them you, who are still in single blessedness, that when you *do marry*, your "best parlor" shall be graced by one of their pictures. And you, who now have the ordering of a house of your own, hasten to order a picture by an American artist to adorn it. So shall you show that true devotion to your country's fame which is in sympathy and harmony with the noblest deeds of the hero and patriot.

Extract from a private letter to the Editor, by ——, of New York.

"You ask me to describe the most beautiful paintings

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in the exhibition of the National Academy. I herewith send you a slight sketch of those which have interested me most.

"First, a '*Landscape*,' by *Durand*. I think it by far the best picture he has ever painted. It is a kind of picture the artist delights in—a warm noonday scene in an open wood. Upon one side a little sheet of water skirts a winding road. The eye rests with much pleasure on some large noble trees in the foreground, and, as it advances, the distance from one object to another is charmingly truthful. The artist paints with great truth to nature, and at the same time with much ideality. There are more boldness and freedom in this than in any of his former compositions. In another of his pictures, a companion to this, there is great beauty in the atmosphere before a storm in the spring of the year. Indeed, representing atmosphere is one of the artist's greatest excellences. The gathering clouds, and the playing of the lights and shadows over the distant fields—the grouping of a herd of cattle—all show the skill of a superior artist.

"There are in the room several pictures by *Cole* more pleasing than those he exhibited last season. One is called an '*Italian Sunset*.' It is peculiarly rich in Italian scenery—mountains, crumbling arches and falling temples, overgrown with vines, flowers and luxuriant foliage. In the distance there is a long line of arches of a broken aqueduct, over which a flock of birds are settling. The effect of the light on the peasants, and the reflection in the water in the foreground, are exceedingly beautiful. The richness of the sky, and the gorgeousness of the setting sun, are such as is only seen in Italy and Spain. Another of his paintings is the, '*Lake of Nemi*,' near Rome. This is a beautiful little sheet of water lying at the foot of a mountain, quiet and retired, and seems as if the sun might never reach it. The most interesting and pleasing part of this picture is a shrine of the Virgin, before which is kneeling a peasant girl at her devotions.

"*Mount* has a characteristic picture, called '*Fishing along Shore*.' It represents the residence of a gentleman on the shore of Long Island, with a pleasant lawn stretching down to the water's edge. On the water in a small boat stands a stout hearty wench, who, with much eagerness, is spearing—what kind of fish is more than I can say. Seated in the boat are a boy and dog; both appear to be much interested in the sport. The picture is quite successful.

"We have a landscape painter here by the name of *Cropsey*, who promises well. He exhibits two or three pictures. One he calls the '*Nameless River*.' There are many separate beauties in it. He evidently paints nature in her strongest lights. In the noonday scene there is, in the foreground, some beautiful depicting of decayed trees and shrubbery, which is quickly recognized by any one familiar with American scenery. If the artist would only idealize more, and not crowd quite so much into his pictures, he would please better.

"I have also been pleased with a painting by *Talbot*, '*Valley of the Winoski River, Vermont*.' In the background rises up a mountain not unlike Etna—but the cold atmosphere of Vermont does not deceive one.

"*Huntington*, young as he is, stands deservedly at the head of his profession in this country. He sends some seven or eight paintings this year. The first I will name is called '*Alms Giving*.' There are three figures—an aged and infirm man, with flowing hair and beard, seated against a crumbling wall by the side of his daughter, who is holding out her hand for charity. There is perfect resignation to the will of Providence in the face of the former, while there is a deep expression of sadness in the sickly and care-worn face of the latter. The giver of alms is a matronly woman, who appears to sympathize with the beings before her. I admire very much the drapery of this figure. It is after the old masters—and artists may study it to advantage. The tone of the picture is serious, deep and profound: there is no striving for effect—no broken limbs, rags and dirt. The artist appears to appeal to the kind feelings of the spectator for sympathy with the unfortunate, without exciting a feeling of disgust, which is often the case in highly overwrought pictures. The painting is of the highest order of art, and requires study to be appreciated.

"The second picture is called '*Students*.' It is quite popular. There are three figures—an old man, a young girl and boy, studying and illustrating illuminated manuscripts. The painting is more artistical than the other—that is, it contains more works of art. Books, slate, etc., and the whole three figures are painted in very rich and varied costumes.

"But what pleases me most by Huntington is '*Italy*.' What is this? you ask. It is a female, say of 25 or 30 years of age—an age I have always been partial to in the life of woman. The face is completely Italian—full of soul; enthusiastic; dreamy, liquid eyes, and showing much feeling; not what you would call regularly handsome, but a great deal more; a face that one would never tire of, such as one often meets in Italy, and whom to forget would be to forget one's self. There is a sweet melancholy expression in the features, that has brought out every enthusiastic feeling that has lain slumbering in my bosom for years. There is rich, dark hair, and a veil falling gracefully behind. She is robed in dark olive silk—seated with pencil and book, perhaps sketching the melancholy ruins which are around her, or penciling thoughts of Italy in days gone by, which rush upon one whilst gazing at the ruined temples and crumbling arches in the death-like silence that reigns upon the Campagna. A beautiful campanile rises up against the clear sky, revealing the bell which reminds one of the vesper hour. There is beautiful harmony in the figure, the sky and the ruins. The picture is a poem; but to understand it fully one should have been in Italy, and have some sympathy with the Land of *Dante* and *Raphael*.

"The artist has another picture, called the '*Sacred Lesson*.' It is an old priest pointing to a crucifix, while a young Italian girl is looking up to him with all the peculiar earnestness and fervor of the race. The composition is exceedingly pleasant, and the drapery is very like Raphael.

"The '*Landing of the Northmen*,' by *Leutze*, is a large, bold and vigorous picture. The armor is exceedingly well managed, and the drapery of the female figures very beautiful. I cannot say I admire the face of *Gudrida*, the principal female figure; yet her coarse, light hair is appropriate to one of her clime.

"The best water-colored drawing in the room is a '*Group of Cattle*,' by *Cooper*, an English artist. It is quite effective, and claims a good deal of attention.

"Once in every ten or fifteen years, among the hundreds of portrait painters in this country there will rise up one who is great—worthy of the name. Such an one is *Elliott*. His portraits are decidedly the best in the rooms—full of nature, life-like resemblances, and gracefully executed.

"I will close my slight sketches by saying that the gem of the exhibition is by *Blaas*, a German artist residing in Rome. It illustrates one of the beautiful fables of Roman Catholic history—'*Angels bearing St. Catharine to Mount Sinai*.' I scarcely know where to begin a description. There are some five angels bearing through the air the martyred remains of the beautiful virgin. They are alone, high in the silent air. There are a few dark clouds hanging over a sea of dark, still water, which is skirted by sombre mountains. The sea, the rocks, the air—all are hushed, subdued and silent. The angels are truly angelic,

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calm, beautiful, heavenly creatures. I think the artist is highly imbued with a religious and poetic temperament. He has chosen a beautiful subject, and his hands have not failed him in its execution. I do not remember a picture where more attention has been paid to detail. Everything is in harmony, delicate in the highest degree, yet painted with the greatest freedom. The wings of the angels are perfect studies. The artist has evidently studied Overbeck, but is not quite as spiritual. There is more sensuality in the coloring than in Overbeck. The execution of two or three of the heads reminds one of the head of *Gabriel* by *Delaroche*, only they are more spiritual. The arrangement of the hair is quite similar.

"The exhibition is thought to be the best that has ever taken place here. The rooms are nightly crowded. A great drawback to the pleasure of going is the immense flight of stairs necessary to reach them. Once there, the rooms are admirable. They are divided into six or seven compartments—which is much more agreeable than if the paintings were in one great gallery. A great hall filled with three or four hundred paintings, rather frightens one. Wandering from one room to another is far more pleasant. It will close on the 4th of July, and I trust you will visit here before then."

Sincerely do we respond to the wish of our kind correspondent. We love beautiful pictures. They seem like the friends of our youth, and are always welcome. Another year we hope to have the record of a Philadelphia Gallery of Art to vie with any in the Union. The hint about the advantages of having separate rooms for the pictures in the academy we trust will not be lost on those who have the ordering of the new gallery in this city.

OUR DEAD LETTER OFFICE.—We have been favored with a plan for galvanizing "*dead letters*," making them as good as new. In our next number will appear specimens of this important invention: we have patented it for the use, exclusively, of the Lady's Book. All who wish to obtain copies of missing or lost letters may apply to us, *post paid;* or if there are letters on any particularly interesting subject desired by young ladies or gentlemen, let such subscribe for our work, *paying in advance*, (or *paying up*, if an old subscriber,) and the letters shall forthwith appear in our pages.

OUR NEW VOLUME.—This number commences the *thirty-third volume* of our "Book." It goes forth with renewed strength, uniting, as it now does, the friends of Arthur's Magazine with our ever true and noble list. There is only one small cloud in the horizon around us, and that is formed by the *unpaid bills* of those subscribers who have doubtless forgotten that "drops form the river," and so have neglected to pour in their small tribute. We hope the cloud will soon dissolve in a golden shower, and so fill the stream that bears on our work, that our course will be more rapid and joyous than ever.

ETIQUETTE.—We have received the following note, evidently from a very young lady: "Please answer, through the Lady's Book, the following question: Is it proper for a young lady to ask a gentleman to call on her, if she has had no acquaintance with him previous to spending an evening with her at a friend's, and he walked home with her?"

No, we say, decidedly no. Let the gentleman show that he wishes to cultivate the acquaintance by calling once at least. (it is very proper he should do so the next day, to inquire after the health of the young lady he escorted.) before he receives the encouragement of an invitation to call.

PRINCE DWARKANAUTH TAGORE'S FETE.—The man with this hard name is a celebrated Hindoo banker from the East Indies, now in Paris astonishing the fashionable world with the splendor of his hospitalities. By the description given in the London Court Journal, this fête was beyond any dream of an European imagination—beyond even Persian legends, or the power of Aladdin's genie.

One unique arrangement will give some idea of the magnificence. Each lady, on entering the "Salon of Roses," received a bouquet, in the midst of which glittered, on a silver stem, a ruby or sapphire, or an emerald; upon one of the silver leaves which surrounded this novel flower were traced black characters, &c. All the apartments, galleries and gardens had been traversed—but *one room* was closed—and of course great curiosity was excited to know what this Blue Beard apartment contained. "Suddenly the music ceased, the doors were opened, and a rush was made into the mysterious apartment; where, heaped up upon tables of exotic woods, Cachmeres, Indian stuffs, Chinese and Japanese porcelains, jewels, and curiosities of every description, were disclosed to the sight. An immense silver urn, placed on a bronze tripod, contained tickets corresponding to the mysterious signs which were engraven on the silver leaves of the ladies' bouquets; and a young girl, in Bayadère costume, was stationed there to draw them. Immediately the ticket issued from the urn, the character it bore was traced upon the pavilion in letters of fire; so that each lady knew directly if fortune had favored her. There were eight hundred prizes; and amongst them the Baroness de Ma—— gained a teapot in porcelain; the Marquise de Pastoret, a dress of India muslin; the Countess d'O——, a superb piece of stuff, embroidered in gold; Madame Ronconi, a splendid Cachmere, worth 8,000 francs."

We have not room to give further particulars, but it struck us as being a real heathen feast, where the gods of this world held undivided sway. We thought, with the poet,—

"We cannot live too slowly to be good
And happy, nor too much by line and square;
And any heart turned God-ward feels more joy
In one short hour of prayer, than e'er was raised
By all the feasts on earth since their foundation."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We have accepted the following articles: "The Third House," "Country Walks," "Mezoramia," "Love and Ambition," "My Teachers," and "Pencilings."

We must decline "Parting Admonition of a Lover." "The two Pictures," "To the Early Loved," "A Sketch." "Morning," "Rural Pleasures," and "Friendship," in two sonnets.

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EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

"*Tears on the Diadem*," by Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey, is an interesting story of the times when the war of the "rival roses" wasted the best strength of Old England. The history of that period is so well known, that but little novelty could be given. The amiable author has made the most of her plan; she excels in description, and the book is like a rich painting of the scenes she brings before the reader. Published by Dunigan, N. Y., who has also sent out "*Father Felix*," a tale by the author of "Mora Carmody." Both works for sale by J. Cunningham, Phila.

"*Pocket Maps*." S. A. Mitchell has become so celebrated for his maps, that it is almost superfluous to speak of their excellence. But the series of pocket maps, comprising one of every State in the Union, lately issued, is superior, we think, to anything of the kind in the market. The new State of Texas, comprising, as it does, in the same map, the whole of Oregon and nearly all California, with a large slice of Mexico, the present battle grounds of our army, will be of great service to all who wish to obtain accurate notions of that now interesting portion of this continent.

Messrs. E. Ferrett & Co. have published "*Lovers and Husbands*," by T. S. Arthur, one of those touching and instructive domestic tales for which the author has become so justly celebrated.

Messrs. Carey & Hart have published "*History of the Bastile*," by R. A. Davenport. Complete in one volume. With a ground plan of the Bastile. This is an instructive and highly entertaining book. It originally appeared in Mr. Murray's "London Family Library," and proved highly acceptable to the British public. It now serves to commence the series entitled "Carey & Hart's Library for the People," which in style surpasses Mr. Murray's series—and for printing, paper and type may challenge competition with the most beautiful products of the London press. The History of the Bastile will be followed up by other popular books.

The same publishers have issued the second volume of Mr. Cooper's "*Lives of Distinguished Naval Officers*," an exceedingly valuable and useful biographical work, which will have the effect of awakening the public to the merits and services of our gallant navy.

Messrs. Carey & Hart have also published the "*Miscellaneous Works of Talfourd and Stephen*," forming one of the volumes of their invaluable "Modern British Essayists," the cheapest publication of the day, considering the quantity of matter and its variety and value.

Messrs Harper and Brothers have published No. 53 of Harpers' "*Pictorial Bible*," which comprises a portion of the index to subjects in the Old and New Testaments—a most important part of this edition of the Sacred Scriptures.

The same publishers have issued "*The Female Minister, or a Son's Revenge*." Translated from the original, by Eugène Liés and Eugène Plunkett. These books are for sale by Messrs. G. B. Zieber & Co.

Messrs. D Appleton & Co. have published "*The Standard Pronouncing Dictionary of the French and English Languages*. In two parts. Part First—French and English. Part Second—English and French. The first part comprehending words in common use, terms connected with science, terms belonging to the fine arts, 4,000 historical names, 4,000 geographical names, 11,000 lately published. With the pronunciation of every word according to the French Academy and the most eminent lexicographers and grammarians. Together with 750 critical remarks, in which the various methods of pronouncing employed by different authors are investigated and compared with each other. The second part containing a copious vocabulary of English words and expressions, with the pronunciation according to Walker. The whole preceded by a practical and comprehensive system of French pronunciation. By Gabriel Surenne, F.A.S.E., French Teacher in Edinburgh, Corresponding Member of the French Grammatical Society of Paris, Lecturer on Military History in the Scottish Naval and Military Academy, and Author of several works on Education." Of such a dictionary as this, it is sufficient to read the plan as set forth in the above title page, in order to perceive its manifest advantages. By dint of small but clear type we are furnished with the usual contents of a royal octavo dictionary at the price and within the compass of a large 12mo. The plan is excellent, uniting many excellent features, such as pronunciation, explanation of idioms and phrases, and clear elucidation of the definitions. The book will be very extensively used by all classes of French students.

The same publishers have issued "*The Life of Martin Luther*." Gathered from his own writings. By M. Michelet, author of the "History of France," "The People," &c. Translated by G. H. Smith, F. G. S., translator of "Michelet's History of France." This mode of writing lives, by taking them from the writings of the man himself, making him a sort of unintentional autobiographer, is excellent. Carlyle's Cromwell is somewhat in this fashion; but this work is far more explicit and truthful than Carlyle's, because it often gives the words of Luther taken down in writing without his knowledge. "In these records," the author justly remarks, "we have Luther's veritable confessions—careless, unconnected, involuntary, and, therefore, the more veritable confessions. Assuredly, Rousseau's are less ingenuous; St. Augustin's less full and diversified." We should not be surprised if this book should become as popular as d'Aubigne's famous "History of the Great Reformation."

The Messrs. Appletons have published another book of M. Michelet's, which is not less attractive, since it contains at the commencement his own autobiography—his own confessions. It is entitled "*The People*," and forms No. 12 of Appleton's "Literary Miscellany," and it is one of the freshest, most vigorous and explicit developments of the true national character of the French that has ever appeared. M. Michelet's position in the ranks at once of the people and the literati, gives him singular advantages, and his profound acquaintance with French history renders his work rich, valuable and authoritative in the highest degree. The book is full of instruction which is applicable to the condition and wants of the American as well as the French people.

The Messrs. Appletons have also published "*History of the Later Roman Commonwealth, from the end of the Second Punic War to the Death of Julius Cæsar; and of the Reign of Augustus; with a Life of Trajan*." By Thomas Arnold, D. D. This is an extremely important publication, as it serves to finish the Roman History of Dr. Arnold, bring-

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ing it down to the time of the emperors. His whole work, and Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Empire," will now form a pretty complete course of reading on the Roman History. The book is elegantly printed to match the previous volumes of Roman History by Dr. Arnold, published by the same firm.

The Messrs. Appletons have also published "*The Oregon Territory, its History and Discovery*," including an account of the convention of the Escurial; also the treaties and negotiations between the United States and Great Britain, held at various times, for the settlement of a boundary line, and an examination of the whole question in respect to facts and the law of nations. By Travers Twiss, D.C.L., F.R.S., Professor of Political Economy in the University of Oxford, and Advocate in Doctors' Commons. This is a very learned, able and temperate work, giving the British view of the question. It will be read with great interest at the present time, especially as it goes very learnedly into the history of the question as well as its relation to the law of nations.

Mr. George S. Appleton has just published "*Three Experiments in Living: Living within the Means; Living up to the Means; Living beyond the Means.*" Twenty-first edition. This is one of the most celebrated and useful books ever published in this country. Its author, Mrs. H. F. Lee, stands very high among our literati. Her "World before you, or the Log Cabin," published by Mr. Appleton, is extremely popular, and has been reprinted in London; but the "Three Experiments in Living" is unrivaled in popularity.

Mr. Appleton has also published "*Elinor Fulton*," by the author of "Three Experiments in Living," twelfth edition; and "*Rich Enough; a Tale of the Times*," by the same author—both works of the same class, full of excellent instruction in domestic management and the general conduct of life. Her works have, in addition to their high moral value, the recommendation of a chaste and beautiful style, and that embellishment which is derived from a richly-stored and highly-cultivated mind.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have completed the publication of Harpers' "*Illuminated and New Pictorial Bible.*" It ends with No. 54—and the frontispieces for the Old and New Testaments, contained in the last number, are most splendid specimens of engraving. Either of these prints is richly worth two dollars to an amateur of art; and yet the two are contained in one of the two shilling numbers.

The same firm have published "*The Bush Ranger of Van Dieman's Land*," by Charles Rowcroft, Esq., author of "Tales of the Colonies," &c. &c., a very interesting novel, abounding with fresh scenes and adventures in a region hitherto untouched by writers of fiction. It is for sale by G. B. Zieber & Co.

The same publishers have issued Nos. 77 and 78 of Harpers' "*Illustrated Edition of Shakspeare.*" Sold by Zieber.

They have also commenced the publication of "*The Pictorial History of England*," on a magnificent scale. This history is on an entirely new plan, including not only civil and military events, but the history of national industry, religion, literature and the fine arts; and all these subjects are illustrated by engravings, executed by first-rate artists from original and authentic designs. Sold by G. B. Zieber & Co.

Messrs. Carey & Hart have commenced the publication of a series of books which will be found extremely useful and entertaining. It is called "Carey and Hart's Library for the People," and is to consist, as the programme informs us, of "the best productions of the day, from the British press, in the several departments of standard literature. Popular histories, memoirs of eminent persons, voyages and travels, where such are found to possess peculiar interest and value, will form the *staple* of this 'LIBRARY,' although other works will be embraced in the range of selection. Fiction will be excluded from the series; which, while it is intended for all readers, will more particularly aim to form, and at the same time supply, the tastes of those who have heretofore had but limited opportunities of access to books of the description therein presented. Each work will appear in its integrity: the publishers will scrupulously refrain from the slightest omission or alteration of the text." Among the works already announced are "*History of the Bastile*," "*Achievements of the Knights of Malta*," "*Curiosities of Physical Geography*," "*Holling's Life of Gustavus Adolphus*," "*Corner's India and China*," "*Proctor's Italy*," "*Palgrave's Anglo-Saxons*," "*History of the Conquest of Mexico*," "*Life of Hernan Cortez*," and others of equal value and interest. Of these, the first two have already appeared. The editorial care of this undertaking, we happen to know, is in the hands of one of the best read and most accomplished belles-lettres scholars in this country.

Mr. J. W. Moore has published No. 4 of Moore's "Select Library." It is "*A Summer's Jaunt across the Water, including Visits to England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Switzerland, Germany, Belgium, etc.*" By J. Jay Smith, Librarian of the Philadelphia and Loganian Libraries. An elegant work, the production of a gentleman and a scholar, visiting the most interesting scenes and frequenting the best society in Europe, and penning the result of his observations in that easy, off-hand, piquant style which it is delightful to read.

Mr. Charles J. Gillis, No. 46½ Walnut street, has just published No. 16 of "*Frost's Pictorial History of the World.*" This number contains a very lively and eloquent account of the famous controversy between the popes and emperors on the right of ecclesiastical investiture, in which the triumph of the former raised the papal power to its greatest height. It also commences the chapter on the Crusades. The number is embellished with unusual splendor of pictorial effect.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have just published "*Life in Prairie Land*," by Eliza W. Farnham. This work, No. 12 of "Harpers' New Miscellany," is a lively, graphic description of the western country; its scenery, manners, customs and people, by a very accomplished and sensible lady. Her faculty of observation and description, and her vein of well-bred humour, remind us strongly of Mrs. Kirkland; and the fidelity of her descriptions will render her book highly acceptable to all who are desirous to know what life in the western country really is. The book is sold by Messrs. G. B. Zieber & Co.

Messrs. Harper and Brothers have published "*Emelia Wyndham*," by the author of "Two Old Men's Tales," "Mount Lovel," &c. This author is well known as among the most powerful of the living writers of England. Her "Admiral's Daughter" has never been surpassed in intensity of pathetic interest. This book is for sale by Messrs. G. B. Zieber & Co.

The same firm have published "*The Poems of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*" Complete in one volume. This edition is got up in a very neat style at fifty cents per copy. It comprises Voices of the Night, Earlier Poems, Translations, Ballads Poems on Slavery, The Spanish Student, The Belfry of Bruges and other Poems. Of the author's eminence among American poets it is superfluous to speak. The volume is for sale at Zieber's.

An amusing incident occurred on the 1st of last April (All Fools' Day). A young lady promenading Chestnut street was accosted by a small Quaker girl with "Miss, thy shoe is untied." Not suspecting a trick, she looked down, but what was her astonishment when the little "Friend" exclaimed, "Thee is a Fourth Month dunce."

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Engraved by Sarah Ann Dick

J.W. Wright

A.D. Dick

"LET ME EAT HER."

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GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1846.

THE LOVE LETTER.

BY MISS C. CHURCHILL.

(*See Plate.*)

"WELL, who ever heard the like?" cried Fanny Harper, as she entered the parlor and threw herself upon the sofa. "Guess, mamma, if you can, what has happened."

"I'm sure I don't know. Perhaps Sam and Tom have been quarreling. Dear me, what torments those children are!"

"No; they are both at school. Guess again, mamma."

"Well, then, I dare say that that odious Mrs. Sharp has been hinting that I wear false hair. False hair, indeed! Why——"

"No such thing," interrupted Fanny; "ten times worse!"

"Ten times *worse!*" cried Mrs. Harper, turning pale. "Oh, Fanny; tell me."

"Well," said Fanny, sobbing, "Julia Somers is engaged!"

"Engaged? Well, I wonder what people will come to next!"

"Yes, really engaged. If there was a girl in whom I thought I could place perfect confidence, it was Julia Somers. Only a month ago she joined our Anti-matrimonial Society. Oh, mamma, how can girls be so foolish! Poor Julia!"

"Why, what can you mean, Fanny?" asked a lady, who happened to be present. "Is it possible that Julia is about to marry a man so unworthy of her? Who is the dreadful creature to whom she is engaged?"

"His name is George something—Thornton, I believe."

"Is he intemperate?"

"Mercy, no! How could you think of such a thing? His morals are good enough."

"Perhaps he is an ignoramus then, or——"

"No, no, no; he is a very fine young man, as rich as Crœsus, very sensible, and *so* handsome! Half the girls in town are dying for him."

"Indeed! Then why is Julia so much to be pitied?"

"Why, because she is to be *married*," said Fanny, impatiently—(she had turned an old maid's corner.)

"I confess that I cannot see the great hardship, after all," suggested Mrs. Harper. "But there's the dinner bell."

Fanny declared, however, that she had no appetite for dinner, so to her own room she went to write a long letter to Julia, in which she pointed out the trials of married life, and in the most affecting manner warned her friend to beware of the fatal step. What did Julia Somers with this letter? She read it to George, and George twisted it into twenty lamp-lighters, and the twenty lamplighters were in requisition on a certain happy evening of the next week, when Julia ceased to be Julia Somers.

Months passed away, and Fanny, at Julia's earnest desire, came to spend a few days with the youthful bride. The bright color and the playful smile still dwelt upon her cheek and lip as of yore, and Fanny might have forgotten that this was not the Julia Somers of her early love had not the apparition of a man's hat and coat in the hall recalled her to her senses.

"Well," thought Fanny, "I'm determined to have as little to do with her husband as possible. Not a word will I speak except when he asks a question, for I am resolved to hate him with all my heart."

To *hate* George Thornton—the man who adored

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her dear Julia, who was so handsome, so sensible, so brimful of love and kindness for every living thing! Rash resolve! In the space of one hour Fanny had opened her heart to the influence of his thousand-and-one good qualities, and he "understood her." The week passed pleasantly, and Fanny went home and wrote verses.

It was very odd, she thought, and, my reader, you must think as she did, that certain persons of the masculine gender were constantly interfering with her most private reflections. If she walked, she feared meeting some among the number; if she remained at home she was sure they would be there to torment her; if she read, the heroes of the novelist or historian *would* take the shapes of the Mr. Thompsons, the Mr. Smiths or the Mr. Joneses of her acquaintance; if she visited, what if Mr. So-and-so should be there?—if she dreamed, Mr. So-and-so certainly *was there*. Poor Fanny!

The years of the life of Fanny Harper were many. Her younger brothers and sisters wondered that she had never an offer, and Fanny herself wondered—and rejoiced—at least *she said* so. One morning Mrs. Harper and her five daughters were seated together in the parlor, when a violent ring was heard at the door. It was time for papa's return, but that was not papa's ring, they were all sure. Great, therefore, was their surprise, when Mr. Harper, puffing and panting, rolled into the room, bearing high above his head a letter with a great masculine seal.

"A letter—from a gentleman, as I know by the flourish he has made in that great M," cried Kate, standing on tip-toe and trying to read the address of the letter.

"A *love* letter, did you say?" cried Matilda.

"Oh, it's for me, then," said Fanny, decidedly.

"For *me*, you mean," cried Lucy, who bore the only pretty face of the family.

"Isn't it for me?" asked Ann, as she remembered that Mr. Gustavus Thorp had walked home with her the last time she was caught in a shower.

The matter was speedily settled, however, by Kate, who had contrived to gain possession of the letter, and was reading "Miss Frances Harper" in no gentle voice.

"Give it to me directly, and don't tease me so, Kate," cried Fanny.

"Wait a minute till I've found out who it's from," said Kate, peeping under the seal. "Let me see—Thom—Thomas! there, do take it."

My dear reader, did you ever write, receive or read a love letter?

"Not I, thank fortune," growls the cross old bachelor.

"Nor I," sighs poor Aunt Nabby.

"That's a secret," whispers pretty Ellen.

Well, then, to you who know nothing of such matters, an explanation or even a *sight* of Fanny's letter would be unintelligible; and as for you who have already dozens of your own, you can, of course, feel little curiosity respecting this *one*. Besides, what right have I to read you Fanny's secrets?

Fanny came down to dinner with an air of dignity quite unusual to her.

"Do tell us who the letter is from?" asked Lucy.

"Shall you say yes?" called Sam, from the end of the table.

"Of course she will, and we shall be uncles and aunts," roared Tom.

"Thomas, leave the table directly," cried Mrs. Harper.

"Yes, mamma," said Tom, encouraged by the blushes and titters of the four sisters; "but is it for saying that Fanny would say yes, or that we should be uncles and aunts?"

"Go away, you naughty boy!" and Tom was gone.

When dinner was over, Fanny took her mother aside and begged her to read the letter.

"Well," said Mrs. Harper, after a silence of thirty-five minutes, "a very pretty letter, I must say—but who is this Thomas Somerby?"

"Why, mamma," replied Fanny, "I don't exactly remember ever seeing him, but——"

"Ah, well, that's of no consequence. You shall answer this letter directly—just the situation for you. Let me see—lives in the country during the summer months. La, we can take the children and spend at least four out of the year with you every season."

"Dear mamma, you forget that I am at the head of the Anti-matrimonial Society."

"But that's of no consequence. Only think of your friend Julia ——. Such a nice house—such elegant furniture—such a sweet baby as she has! And two of her sisters with her all the time!"

"Yes, Julia seems very happy; and do you know, mamma, she has really urged me of late to be more charitable in my opinions of gentlemen. After all, I have possibly been too severe."

Fanny retired to her own room to meditate upon Mr. Somerby. A tap at her door aroused her from the reverie into which she had fallen, and Kate, with an air of great importance, made her appearance.

"And so, Fanny, you are really going to take this Mr. What's-his-name? You needn't blush, for mamma has told us all about it, and we have planned out about the dresses and everything; and after you are married you know I shall have your room, for papa says I may. And there's another thing, which I must not tell you. Oh, Fanny, I hope I shall have a love letter one of these days."

Fanny hardly knew whether to laugh or cry, but in spite of the grave face which she thought it expedient to put on, several little smiles twinkled in her eyes—smiles that said, "Kate, you are a darling, but I mustn't let you know I think so."

"Well," continued Kate, "have you written the answer? Let me see it, do. Come now, I

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sha'n't tell the girls what pretty things you say to him."

"Katy," said Fanny, solemnly, "you must not talk any more about the matter. I confess that it is very hard to disappoint you all, to distress *him*, but it must be done."

Now, if there was anything that Kate particularly disliked, it was to see tears shed by anybody for any reason; therefore, as she began to suspect that Fanny meditated some such act, she lost no time in retreating.

When Fanny came down to tea, she was assailed by a host of questions, congratulations and kisses, from papa, mamma, her four sisters and three brothers.

"How dy'e do, Mrs. Somerby?" asked one.

"Now for the wedding-cake," shouted Tom.

"You'll let me be bridesmaid, won't you?" urged Ann.

"And if Mr. S. gives you a gold watch, won't you give me your old one?" asked Matilda.

After tea no one seemed inclined to set about any regular employment. Papa held his newspaper before his eyes as usual, but it was at last discovered by Kate that it had been upside down for an hour. Mamma's knitting work lay quietly in her lap, while her thoughts wandered off to a certain fine house in the country, where several fine children ran about, bearing a decided resemblance to her daughter Fanny. Matilda, Ann and Lucy, withdrawn into a snug corner, debated the questions whether he were handsome or otherwise; if he had dark hair or light; if he had not several brothers, &c.

Dreams, such as had never visited them before, came this night to the members of the Harper family. A tall, melancholy man, with black hair, black eyes, black whiskers and black coat, disturbed the slumbers of the gentle Fanny; mamma talked in her sleep of "fine establishment—just the thing for Fan;—don't you think so, pa?" And Mr. H. answered without waking, "Yes, my dear; he'll put his name on my notes, I dare say." Pretty little young men, brothers of Mr. Somerby, flitted around the apartments of Lucy and of Ann, while visions of plum cake danced temptingly before the eyes of Tom and Sam.

Poor Fanny was in sad perplexity. Her mamma had expressed it as her opinion that the match was a desirable one; she had even hinted that her daughter might never have "another chance," and that for her part, she should depart in peace should she see her family comfortably settled for life.

And Fanny's filial affection conquered all her scruples, and she resolved to see, to accept Mr. Somerby.

"Yes," said she to herself, as she again dwelt upon the tenderness of the precious letters, "the sacrifice must be made. I must gratify my dear mother, even though it be at the expense of my own happiness. I will be Mrs. Somerby."

Fanny looked out upon the quiet sky, the moon and stars, and thought, "How fine a tale could be made from this—a daughter sacrificing herself for the sake of her mother!"

It was time to write her answer to the letter; but how should she begin? Must it be with "Mr. Somerby, sir?" Oh, no, that was too formal. With "My dear sir?" That was too affectionate. And when this matter had been settled and the letter fairly written, the equally important question remained how she should subscribe herself. Was she to be "Yours, respectfully," or "truly," or "sincerely," or "affectionately?" A difficult problem! But all things have an end, and the letter was sent. Then it was that Fanny's heart began to quake. What if Mr. S. should not fancy her handwriting? Perhaps her note was too cold, maybe too hot; he might not expect an answer so soon and would be shocked at her haste. But all these heart-quakings were in vain—the letter was *gone!*

To pass away the time which now hung heavily upon her hands, Fanny called to tell Julia the whole story. The kind friend was in raptures. "Just the man for you, my dear," she cried. "So he says he has met you in your walks and at church. Well, I can imagine how he looks; he's the very image of my husband, I've no doubt."

Fanny next called upon the second directress of the Anti-matrimonial Society, a young lady of an uncertain age, and informed her that for private reasons she must resign her own office, begging her friend to make this resolution known to the society at their next meeting. Meanwhile the four sisters ran to tell the news. Each had her own particular friend who must not be forgotten, and in the course of two days it was known to all Fanny's acquaintances that the fair damsel had been wooed and won. The third day passed, and there had come no letter from the impatient lover. Fanny resolved not to sleep a wink that night. "What will become of me?" thought she; "I must be in love!" In the midst of her despair she fell asleep.

The next morning a little note, sealed with "Forgive and forget!" was brought from the office. Fanny ran to her own room to read it at her ease, pressing it to her lips all the way up stairs. Behold the note opened.

"Dear Fanny"—("Why, how bold!" thought she)—"We have been amusing ourselves at your expense by writing you a letter signed 'Thomas Somerby.' We are afraid that we have carried the matter too far, and must now beg you to think of this imaginary person no longer. Now don't be angry, Fanny dear, for we are both quite sorry, and are ready to hunt up for you a real Mr. S., who will write better letters than the pretended one.

"Affectionately,
"Julia and George."

Fanny sat like one petrified. At last she slowly

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John Frost

JOHN FROST L.L.D. Professor of Belles Lettres in the High School of Phila.ª

Godeys Portrait Gallery

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PROFESSOR JOHN FROST.

(*See Plate.*)

THE number and diversity of the writings of the gentleman whose name we have placed at the head of this article, if presented to the world at one view, would excite astonishment, while the gratification and instruction which might be derived from them would amply repay the time required for their perusal. Poetry, romance and criticism, all of a high order, would occupy a place in the collection, beside the valuable productions in the more important walks of the historian and the biographer, and the array of the whole would inevitably add to the already wide-spread reputation of their producer. Perhaps no one whose name appears in the list of the literati of Philadelphia, has done more to elevate the literary character of the country than Professor Frost. Disdaining to enter the political arena, to flatter the passions of the masses or pamper the ambition of partisan leaders, his varied and extensive productions have ever been calculated to disseminate valuable information or to promote the cause of virtue throughout the land.

Professor Frost's family is one of the oldest in New England, his paternal ancestor, Nicholas Frost, having emigrated from Devonshire, England, in the year 1630, and settled in Kittery, now Eliot, Maine, where many of his descendants are still living. John Frost, the grandson of Nicholas, married a sister of Sir William Pepperell. His son, General John Frost, served as a captain in the old French war, which terminated in the conquest of Canada, and subsequently as colonel under Washington at the siege of Boston, in 1775. His son, Nathaniel, settled in Kennebunk, Maine, where his eldest son John, the subject of the present notice, was born, January 26, 1800. He graduated at Harvard University in 1822, with distinguished honors. His course in college already gave rich promise of his future career, and he was almost immediately appointed principal of the Mayhew School, Boston, in which capacity he remained until the year 1828, when he came to reside in Philadelphia. In the following year he succeeded the Rev. John M. Brewer as principal of one of the most respectable academies for young ladies in this city. In 1838 he was appointed Professor of Belles Lettres in the High School of Philadelphia. For a time the management of the institution was suffered to remain in the hands of the special professors in their collective capacity as a faculty. Here the superior talent of Professor Frost as a disciplinarian and instructor shone conspicuously, and it is chiefly to be attributed to his exertions that the widely extended reputation of the school was commenced upon foundations which must ensure its stability. The increasing number of scholars rendering the addition of a presiding officer to the number of professors necessary, our celebrated townsman, A. D. Bache, LL.D., was called to the post, and the supervisory duties were, of course, assumed by him. The success of the students in the department of Professor Frost was so marked, however, as to call forth encomiums from all who visited the institution, and the government of Marshall College cordially responded to the unanimous applause of the public press in Philadelphia and throughout the state, by conferring upon its object the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. This happened in 1843. Two years afterwards Dr. Frost resigned his professorship in the High School, and has since, we believe, devoted himself to the completion of his "Pictorial History of the World," a work of which the character and merits are familiar to our readers.

As a conversationist, Professor Frost is particularly distinguished in his wide circle of friends. Those who have enjoyed much of his society are struck with the depth and universality of his reading, the wide range of his anecdotes, his lively fancy and the happiness and force of his illustrations. Devoid of the affectation and asperity so usual to those in his walk of life, his manner is characterized by gentleness and simplicity, the indices of a warm heart and benevolent hand, ever ready to succor and encourage talent or genius, whether in the inexperience of youth or in the manly struggle with poverty, adversity or neglect. Though he possesses an accurate and extensive knowledge of mankind, the openness of his heart and character is such that the artful and designing find him a fit subject for their operations—a fact to which all who are familiar with his private relations can bear ample testimony. His habits of composition are somewhat peculiar—in one less practised we might say careless. He writes with rapidity, seldom revises or alters what he has penned, and most frequently reads it over for the first time on the printed proof. There are few writers, however, who can boast of a style more pleasing and forcible—few whose writings appear more elaborate and polished.

The great circulation which Dr. Frost's historical works have always obtained needs not now to be remarked. They are to be found throughout the length and breadth of our land, everywhere looked upon as authority, and everywhere deservedly popular. The cause of this is undoubtedly to be found by examining the character of the writings themselves, and we may, perhaps, render

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an essential service to the youthful author by pointing it out. As a historian, Professor Frost is not merely a repeater of received facts, chronologically and in the language of cotemporary narratives and documents, not a mere collector of the materials of history;—he makes no great parade of authorities, engages in no controversies as to simple matters of fact, but from the capacious chambers of his mind, where he has previously arranged his stores of knowledge, he tells a plain, straightforward story. We do not find in his works, as in those of other authors we could name, the perpetually recurring statement that such an one states this to be the case, another that, while a third differs from both, but like a man who knows what he is saying, he tells how the fact is. It is enough for him that *he knows it*. There are those who yet repent their temerity in having dared to call his statements in question. He attaches nothing to the apparent importance or insignificance of the events he chronicles; he views them only as bearing upon the final result, or explaining what is already past. Without long digressions, without unprofitable generalizations, he goes directly to the end, swayed to neither side by his own feelings, confining his admiration exclusively to none, but always preferring naked truth to that party feeling which expresses itself only by forced candor or zealous advocacy. Professor Frost has yet another trait as an author which requires our notice; it is that national, that *American* feeling which pervades all his writings, and which peculiarly qualified him for the task he has performed, of recording the unexampled progress of our country and perpetuating the achievements of her great men. It is a remarkable development of that patriotic spirit which ever has and which ever will animate the sons of America, which shall not fail to fire their hearts and nerve their arms whenever a hostile hand is raised against her. It is a commendable feeling well worthy the descendant of a patriotic family.

A VISION OF BEAUTY.

PART OF A DREAM.

Her form was loveliness embodied—
Not those bright and fairy shapes
Which we are apt to conjure up
When the last hues of evening spread
Their soul entrancing charms around,
Could equal her in beauty.
Her rosy cheek, flushed with the joy of youth,
Was clearer than a summer morn,
When from the ocean's golden breast
The sun, uprising in a flood of light,
Bursts into new existence.
Her brow was white as alabaster—
And when the purple veins meander'd
It seem'd as though the God of Love
Had set his seal, and left those bubbling founts
Of life as tokens of his presence.
Ne'er did the poet's wildest flight
Conceive a joy of so much beauty.
I could have gazed upon that form,
And breathed my life out in beholding her.
Yea—when the dews of Death stood on my brow,
And when my lab'ring lungs upheaved
The hoarse and choking sigh—
When Death himself at every pulse
Seemed to tread heavier—
Yea, then would I have turned my filmy eyes,
And as I took my last look of the earth,
Dying I would have gazed on her
So much resembling heaven.

LINES

WRITTEN NEAR THE PICTURE OF A RUINED CASTLE, IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

Time was when many an ancient hall
  Was noisy with the minstrel's song—
When cottage roof and castle wall
  With gladsome music wildly rung.

From climes remote, from lands unknown,
  The bard with buoyant spirit came;
The wild harp on his shoulder thrown,
  Would ready welcome ever claim.

And happy were those days of yore,
  And joyous was the minstrel's strain;
But ah! those days are now no more—
  Those notes will never wake again.

Hushed is the song and changed the scene,
  No more the bard's sweet numbers flow—
And halls where mirth and joy have been,
  Are laid in desolation low.

On many a lonely heath-clad rock—
  On many a wild, forgotten shore,
A shattered arch withstands the shock
  Of Time, and tells of days of yore.

Within the halls where lady fair
  And gallant knights once swept along,
The mountain fox has made his lair,
  The midnight bird now wakes his song.

Gone is the gay and happy crowd—
  Silent the sounds of mirth and glee;
O'er all the ivy weaves its shroud,
  And night winds make sad minstrelsy.—C. C. H.

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THE FETE OF THE "BŒUF-GRAS" IN PARIS.

NO. III. OF "SKETCHES ABROAD."

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS MAGAZINE BY A CELEBRATED AMERICAN LITERARY LADY NOW TRAVELING IN EUROPE.

SUNDAY in Paris! How we miss the sweet bells, whose silver voices at home seem almost a necessary part of the Sabbath! Bells have been scarce here since the Revolution—for it appears that the public have a habit of destroying them to convert them into cannon, or for some other purpose, in the first stage of a popular outbreak. At any rate, one rarely listens to the sound of a bell here; and with the gayety of the open shops dancing before one's eyes and the music in the streets ringing in one's ears, it is difficult to believe this anything more than an ordinary day, in spite of the sober declarations of one's own feelings and the positive dictum of the Almanac.

But to-day is not only Sunday, it is one of the days upon which the show-loving Parisians celebrate the *fête* of the "*Bœuf-Gras.*" Every street is, in consequence, not only filled with delighted men, women and children, but with moustached and be-whiskered soldiery, while at every corner sit on horseback officers in lace and feathers, their unsheathed swords glittering in the sunlight. It is said that the French people have a natural taste for sudden tumults. To correct this morbid disposition, the police of Paris is composed of the military. Soldiers are to be seen at the churches, theatres, balls, &c., as substitutes for constables; every popular assembly or place of public amusement is supplied with a few of them;—here, there and elsewhere, the eye encounters a painted sign upon a stout, impudent-looking stone building, with "*corps de garde*" distinctly legible on it; and on holidays, muskets bristle in your pathway at each turn, making the whole city resemble a great barrack, and gifting it with almost the only species of "uniform"-ity that can be said peculiarly to belong to it.

But what is the Bœuf-Gras? Why, truly, it only means a "fat ox;" and we have feasted our eyes (our palate eschews such luxuries) upon many a fatter one in the Philadelphia markets than they exhibit here as entitled to enormous admiration; but it is the ceremonies connected with this annual exhibition that render it remarkable alike to strangers and to visitors. In a Catholic country the season of Lent is, of course, one of some consequence. In Paris, the true "land of Cocaigne," (fairy-land of cookery, where, agreeably to the French commentators, "meat falls from the sky ready cooked, and roasted larks tumble into your mouth whenever you open it to speak,") Lent becomes, naturally, a period of especial lamentation. Hence it is preceded for five or six weeks by the *Carnival*, during which every species of extravagance is indulged in; the streets through the day are promenaded by people in all sorts of antique and comical stage-costumes and disguises; at night, masquerade balls crowd the opera houses, theatres and various places of public entertainment—and, in short, the Parisian world runs half mad, and is licensed to conduct itself in the wildest and most extraordinary manner, without subjecting itself to particular restraint or observation.

Two or three days before the termination of the carnival and commencement of Lent, (*i. e.*, on the Sunday and Monday that precedes Ash-Wednesday,) this paroxysm of insanity is at its height, and in addition to the other eccentricities of the time, a mammoth ox, decorated with ribbons and laurel, and ridden by a child fantastically dressed, is paraded about the city, and is followed by a procession *à cheval*, *en carosse*, and partly on foot, of the most *outré* and ludicrous description. *Why* all this is done we can find no one sufficiently erudite to enlighten us, but the custom is a very ancient as well as curious one, and the populace are very strongly attached to it. We fancy it is a species of *appetitizer*, encouraged by the butchers, who expect to be business-less for some weeks, as well as by those who are determined to make the most of a diet they are about reluctantly to abandon. It is what the grammarians would call an "antecedent" expression of the popular anguish in view of the coming fast, and if it be true that "in grief" some people find "eating a wondrous relief," (Madame Pompadour, we think it was, who used to declare that when she was in distress nothing but "*salade au lard*" could assuage her affliction,) there is some common sense both in the display of the Bœuf Gras and the subsequent "lip-service" bestowed upon in devouring it!

Sunday, the Carnival and the Bœuf-Gras together, constitute this, therefore, a day of unusual hilarity. The weather is as pretty, too, as if it had been expressly ordered of the most fashionable poet for the occasion. Under these circumstances it is impossible to exaggerate the festivity going on around us, the scenes of delirious merriment, and something worse, to be met with in every quarter. The sound of the church organs mingle oddly with that of the drums and violins in the street to one unaccustomed to such a strange conjunction; but the antics of the men and women on stilts several feet high, attract one irresistibly to the window,

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and once there, the lively crowd, the variety of dresses, the general excitement, the shows, the games, the theatrical character of the very thoroughfare and its occupants, all rivet the attention and render no small amount of resolution necessary to enable one to withdraw. Indeed, Sunday is in itself a day of unusual festivity in Paris. All the public buildings are thrown open to the masses on that day. A new play or a new opera is always brought out upon Sunday evening. The finest balls, the choicest public or private entertainments, &c. &c., are invariably arranged for the Sabbath; and it would be considered a fearful blow at Liberty herself to deprive this day of its special privilege of enjoyments. It is said of Charles X. that his most arbitrary political acts only excited a little verbal indignation, but he resolved once upon closing the shops on Sunday, and the whole population of Paris was instantly exasperated to frenzy!

Let us drop into the church of St. Roch while we are waiting for the procession of the Bœuf-Gras. There is nothing very imposing about it externally—in truth, it is rather a sombre, shabby-genteel edifice in point of countenance; but the royal family worship in it on account, we conjecture, of its contiguity to the Tuileries—and we may chance to get a peep at the queen. The king (Louis Philippe) is not disposed so carelessly to mix with the multitude; he seldom stirs out without a retinue of attendants, and all their care cannot keep him from being made the target of those who fancy themselves the representatives of their country's wrongs, or would make themselves the avengers of their own. The queen, on the contrary, is generally admired. She drives about almost without attendance, experiencing very little annoyance from the crowd, except that of being earnestly stared at, to gratify the curiosity of a few mealless juveniles, (we had almost said *ragged* ones, but whatever else they may do with rags, the poorest people here certainly do not attempt to wear them in public,) or to solve the doubts of those who wonder if kings and queens are composed of the same human materials as themselves.

The flight of steps in front of St. Roch are not handsome, and yet how their dingy length attracts one's attention. How many a sanguinary struggle they have witnessed! How can the queen pass up them without a shudder, when she recollects that from their height shouted the mob collected to see Marie Antoinette led to execution!—that Buonaparte deluged them with blood in clearing them with his cannon of the same mob under the Directory!—and that upon them in 1830 was made one of the fearfullest stands against the royal soldiery! But Paris is full of similar sad remembrances, and in the eyes of those familiar with them they probably excite no particular emotion.

Let us pass in. They are celebrating High Mass. The music and singing are renowned as being very superior here on such occasions, and as the church itself is richly decorated, besides, in the interior, the influx of strangers and citizens, as spectators, auditors and worshipers, is very great. Like the rest of the churches in Paris, St. Roch contains no pews. The body of the church is occupied with chairs, more or less plain, upon which all classes seat themselves without distinction of rank and apparel. Here there is perfect equality.

Groups of statuary in white marble, and valuable paintings upon sacred subjects, ornament, you see, the numerous side recesses that are called chapels, and each of which bears a separate pious appellation. In the rue d'Argenteuil, back of this church, stands the house where the great Corneille died; and on yonder pillar that supports the organ gallery is a mural monument to his memory, erected in 1821 by the Duke of Orleans. Monuments are abundant here, all of them covering with elaborate laudation distinguished names, and some few really distinguished men. That elegant shrine so glowingly ornamented with gilt bronze mouldings—the one in the rear of the high altar—is of Cedar of Lebanon, the wood with which Solomon has so handsomely shared his immortality. The basement, of costly, variegated marble, upon which it rests, contains the relics of the church. Behind the choir is Lady Chapel;—it is the one with its altar covered with the cloth of fine needlework. And look at that exquisite mass of sculpture which embellishes it! It represents the infant in the manger, accompanied by Joseph and the Virgin Mary, and is an emanation of the genius of a great artist.

But one of the most striking objects in the church is that bust on the little pedestal to the right. Note it well. It commemorates the grandeur of no monarch. The feeble old man whose benevolent features it counterfeits was not eminent in the art of destroying his species, nor yet as a wanderer in the paths of literature—yet his bust is one that you can peruse for hours with satisfaction, and feel no whispering spirit-voices at your ear chiding your better judgment for the indulgence. It was set up here in gratitude, by the pupils of the deaf and dumb institution, to the memory of the Abbé de l'Epée, the original discoverer of the art of communicating to the dungeoned minds of these unfortunates all the resources of human learning. He was a noble philanthropist. He may be said to have created a new world for those helplessly cut off from the enjoyments of this; to have bestowed a glorious gush of the sunbeam upon those who seemed to have been doomed to a life of hopeless and impenetrable night. Psaphon, we are told, in order to become famous, taught a multitude of birds to pronounce his name, and then set them at liberty to speak of him all over the world. The fame of the Abbé de l'Epée needs no such heralding. His winged messengers are the spontaneous outpourings of grateful hearts, sublime in the voiceless eloquence of their unstudied eulogies.

But see, the service is over, and the crowd be-

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gins to move doorward. What a rustling of silk dresses! Those young women in white, with long white veils thrown over their heads, completely concealing their features, are members of a religious sisterhood, and probably candidates for a convent's secluded life. It is a pity that the young and fair, or amiable, should ever think it a duty thus to sacrifice what they owe to society and themselves. These picturesque devotees have passed on, and the throng again gives way. It is for the queen! She is alone to-day. Let us reach that open door—the one which the attendant, covered with gold lace, a sword by his side and a military chapeau under his arm, is holding for Her Majesty's egress—we may get a good glimpse of her as she approaches. She comes! Ah, what inroads time has made upon her beauty, if she ever possessed much. Yet hers is not an unamiable countenance; it is lady-like, dignified, and, to our mind, bears the impress of sadness—perhaps the traces of the domestic troubles of her early life. Her hair, which is growing very gray, is parted in the middle and smoothed plainly down, with one large curl, *à la Polka*, (as it is termed here,) pendant upon either cheek. She is slightly above the medium height, and, from her appearance, must be over sixty years of age—though, unlike most Frenchwomen, who ordinarily have a tendency to *embonpoint* as they advance in years, she is still somewhat spare, and moves with an ease and gracefulness that have about them just what some grotesque writer has denominated a "suspicion" of delicacy.

The king, Louis Philippe, is a different sort of personage. He is a large, stout individual, with a look of health, energy and activity. His face is full, and his physiognomy, to us, strongly Jewish in its characteristics. His countenance is not a particularly intelligent one, nor yet is it the reverse. We studied it carefully for half an hour the day before yesterday, and the only impressions it afforded us were unpleasant. Perhaps we read it ungenerously, but it spoke to our eyes of a tumid self-importance instead of dignity, of cunning rather than sagacity or wisdom, and of mental operations displaying consummate tact as a substitute for intellectual ability. He seems, however, to be a useful if not a great ruler, and to have already done much in the way of the social improvement of his people, though he may not have the shining qualities necessary to constitute him, in the eyes of this singular nation, "*un grand monarque.*" His reputation for exceedingly correct private habits exerts, as an example, a great influence upon the manners of his court, and indirectly upon the popular practice. Whether that reputation be merited or not, it has effected wonders in the *nominal* purification of the Parisians—though the morality of princes, when they choose to affect that virtue, is something like that of the *soi-disant* "saints" in Cromwell's time, who held,

> "——— let saints do what they will,
> That saints are saints and were so still,"

a doctrine that would scarcely be held orthodox in this sober era of reason and reflection.

As the crowd have now fully evacuated the Church of St. Roch, and will probably rush thence to the Champs Elyssée, or to any other place promising amusement, let us follow as far as the broad and elegant street, which they have christened the Boulevards. This is the centre of frolic and fashion. The "Bœuf-Gras" will be certain to pass this way, and his attendants to omit here none of their accustomed ceremonies. From the window of our carriage we can safely view all the ridiculous minutiæ of the scene. The windows of the lofty and magnificent mansions that occupy both sides of the Boulevards, are rapidly filling with laughing faces eager for the sight. The iron balconies exhibit a confusion of superb dresses. The double rows of lime trees that convert the two, and in some places the three broad asphaltum pavements into such picturesque and lovely promenades, already present a ponderous crop of enterprising urchins perched among the branches. In sooth, all the idle (and that comprehends nearly all the population) of Paris, appear to be on the *qui vive*, and rolling hitherward like a human flood. All is life and gayety. The "deep indigo" sky (as Carlyle curiously calls that of Italy) is without a cloud, and the sun, having just thoroughly washed his face in a shower, pours down his beams with a transparent brightness that paints the humblest thing in sparkling colors, and lends a singularly theatrical aspect to every little detail of the living picture.

But stop—the sports are actually beginning in anticipation of the approaching procession. The "Punch and Judy" shows are attracting their circles of admirers. The enormous Angola cat that sits dozing upon the mimic stage, and upon which the hump-backed hero is expected by and by to exercise his "manly art" of pugilism, excites fully as much admiration as Punch himself. And no wonder, for she is a very large and beautiful creature, as are most of the grimalkins of Paris—cats being almost as much worshiped here as among the Egyptians, who, if we may believe the story-books, once sent a noble Roman with indecent haste to the river Styx for having imprudently cut off the tail of one of these animals too close to her shoulders and depriving her of life.

The success of Punch has started in the crowd new rivals for the popular favor. A huge fellow, whose face is nearly concealed by a harvest of hair, or what Bottom, the weaver, in the Midsummer-Night's Dream, would call a "purple in-grain beard," has undertaken to suspend himself by the neck from one of the trees. "Punch" is deserted in a moment for this more real tragedy. He has thrown himself off! A shout bursts from a thousand or two of admiring spectators. He appears to struggle! It is a fearfully natural performance. And now his arms drop listlessly, and the sun darts through the rent that his feat has effected in his threadbare coat. A shriek! It is a woman's.

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A tumult—a rush—and the woman has cut him down from his dangerous position. It seems that had it not been for the watchful apprehension of his wife or sweetheart, he would have been in a fair way to convert his jest into serious earnest, and visit Pluto in no temporary character. The woman, a tawdrily-dressed person with a very unprepossessing visage, is bending over him, watching with considerable anxiety their efforts to restore him. He recovers, and he accompanies her from the scene of his ambition, no doubt "a sadder" as well as a "wiser" man.

Anon, another original attempts to pass the time and acquire some importance by pungent witticisms on everybody around him. He permits none to escape. He is *en costume*—half postillion and half Italian brigand—and his conical hat decorated with ribbons, his features distorted with paint, his cavalier air, his jaunty gait and his bitter tongue, soon collect a gaping and laughing audience. He demolishes half-a-dozen who venture at him in the verbal combat. "And now," said he, as the last retreated, "where's the Bœuf-Gras, my good friends? After sharpening my teeth on these old files, I have the appetite of an anaconda. I can swallow the ox and all that attend his funeral."

"You might find the whole troublesome of digestion," whispers a bystander.

"I can digest anything but your wit," is his immediate rejoinder. "I'll swallow you, if you like, in an instant; but as one swallow don't make a summer, I'll take all your particular acquaintances at the same moment. Anything for a change of season!"

Thus he continues at random, occasionally uttering a good thing, and frequently throwing off a deal of lamentable nonsense. At length he ventures to joke a burly Englishman, who, it is very evident, has just been indulging himself. "Here comes beer and beefsteaks? What can he want in fashionable society?"

"You be ——," growled John Bull, in reply, comprehending nothing that has been said but the word "beefsteaks," and who, naturally enough, supposing that it refers to him, begins to chafe at the indignity. A repartee from the mouth of the Frenchman, perfectly untranslateable, chokes the crowd with laughter, when the Englishman, deliberately walking into the circle, seizes the offender by the nostrils, gives his facial promontory a severe wrench, and is in turn carried off in the arms of the police, swearing that he'll make a "Waterloo" of all Paris before night. The owner of the nose gently rubs the irritated member, and protesting that the energy with which it was handled has completely cured him of an "unfortunate propensity" he had to "sneeze in his prayers," he also renders himself invisible. We confess that, like Shamont in the play, we "never thought there had been half that virtue in a wrung nose before."

A minute scarcely elapses before groups of jugglers, tumblers, wrestlers, fortune-tellers, &c., mingle with the throng, collecting separate and equally amused congregations. Gallantry and mirth, very little of either as coarse as that which manifests itself in similar assemblies in England, are to be witnessed on every side. As a large number of those present now are dressed in stage finery, and tinsel and spangles glitter like gems in the strong light, the animated scene becomes more and more gaudy and interesting. The feigned characters, generally, take very little pains to maintain their adopted habits, for here is a Mussulman drinking wine with an African; there is a cowled priest alternately chatting with a lady and skipping over the contents of yesterday's Charivari; in one place is Diogenes, strolling about without his tub, and looking, as he nibbles at a cheap "*pâté au jambon et volaille*," like anything but a disciple of Antisthenes; and in another is Brutus, smoking a cigar with a palpably modern *goût*, and talking as preposterously as the madman in the Bicêtre—the one who fancied that he had lost his head in the Revolution, and when people's heads were restored to them, got somebody else's in mistake for his own!

But one of the drollest of all these exhibitions is that of a party of three men in indescribable costumes, with false hair, false teeth, whiskers and moustaches, hats and coats capable of undergoing almost any species of metamorphosis, and features that seem as if they are susceptible of all the changes of the kaleidoscope. They are *grimaciers*, and defy Proteus himself in the rapidity with which they can annihilate their own identity and assume the appearances of at least a hundred different persons! They throw their faces into the most extraordinary state of derangement; put their noses apparently where their eyes were only a moment before; exchange localities between the mouth and the ears, and altogether present the most grotesque as well as the most hideous combinations that the wildest imagination could invent. We heartily coincide with the opinion that they "might give hints to any manufacturer of inhabitants for a new world," and not put this out of "countenance" in the slightest degree.

Now come singing girls, juvenile violin players, learned rabbits that keep time on a tambour to the sound of a flute, and put their paws on their bosoms to thank you for eleemosynary remembrances; dancing dogs, that execute a tolerable polka, converting it, of course, into a *pas de quatre;* old fellows who play upon half-a-dozen musical instruments at once, agonizing your tympanum with their discord; goats in harness, who draw a small carriage for the vehicular accommodation of children, at a trifling expense; sober-looking donkeys robed in comical garments, their grave countenances peeping from the midst of a mass of *outré* finery, with a most lachrymosely incongruous expression; monkeys in spectacles and men's habiliments, looking disgustingly human; and a thou-

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sand other things that nothing but a French saturnalia can exhibit, or that a dainty taste would care much to remember.

All these immediately precede the day's important feature, for here comes, at length, the "Bœuf-Gras" and his *cortége*, or "his funeral," as the parti-colored wag denominated it. In front is a group of gayly-caparisoned horses, ridden by beings who, in their attempts at a unique disguise, have succeeded in producing a laughable resemblance to nothing either on earth or in heaven, or "in the waters under the earth"—if we may be allowed to exercise our Yankee privilege of guessing at the contents of Captain Symmes' apocryphal inner-world place of habitation. A French crowd does not shout, but screams out its delight at anything excessively comical; and a French crowd has, withal, an exquisite perception and appreciation of humor. The uproar that greeted these "horse-marines," as we heard an English voice near us call them, may be conjectured. It was chaos confounded! And now that we see "the tumult dwindled to a calm," (as that loyal subject, Byron, says of the moment in which, having surreptitiously introduced King George into Paradise, he leaves him "practising the hundredth psalm,") what an outburst of jeers, scoffs and badinage, assail the *inconnus!* They are verbally assassinated with a multitude of piercing sobriquets. But they laugh hollowly in their masks and pass on.

They are succeeded by a band of music, the performers—in an open barouche—being hideously painted and clothed to represent heathen deities. A Satyr is blowing a horn dextrously colored in imitation of a giant cigar; Pan is smoking, instead of blowing, a row of "pipes;" Apollo, in all the glory of a pair of faded flesh-colored "tights," is invoking harmony through an immense pasteboard nose; Jupiter is irritating a seeming violin; Neptune, with three monster teeth, (a practical French pun on the *tri-dent*,) is throwing a triangle into paroxysms of distress; while a number of equally respectable embellishers of the mythological aristocracy, and fully as artistically accoutred as the rest, make war upon the "science of sweet sounds" with similar vigor and determination. They effectually drown with their instruments any remarks the crowd may think proper to indulge in upon the subject of their appearance.

"There's Gillaume Haricot, the horse doctor. Physic on Olympus!" shrieks one, however, during a moment's lull in the purgatorial discord.

"Bah!" retorted one of the divinities in the coach, rising up, extending his right arm towards the offender, placing his left across it, and moving the fingers of both hands up and down with singular rapidity—a peculiarly French action, in common use as an indication of contempt among the lower classes, and exactly equivalent to the vulgar English habit of placing the thumb to the nose and twirling the fingers *à la Weller*.

"Bah!" says he; "I know you, Monsieur Henri Jacques Canard. Three names are the sign of a thief, and the police are behind you!"

Here he resorts to another curious piece of significant pantomime. Extending his right arm again, he places his left at the back of his head, and striking that attitude of Mr. "James Crow" which has been immortalized by all the tobacconists of the United States in the wooden negro figures they place at their store doors, he gives motion to his fingers as in the previous instance. This, we are told, expresses the acme of disdain.

A motley lot of people, some in costume and some not, some on horseback and some afoot, form a tail to the Pagan collection. Vehicles containing females and children attired in the fashion of preceding centuries, follow. Little pagodas of powdered hair tower upon the women's heads; hoops project their dresses to an extraordinary circumference; black patches spot their noses and cheeks, and a large daub of vermilion ornaments the base of either eye. The children resembled the frog in the fable, or painted apes in a fearful state of dropsy. One has on a green mask, and reminds us vividly of the "Cholera," in Eugene Sue's description of the frightful *fête* gotten up in Paris to ridicule the presence of that awful scourge. The French are an incomprehensible people!

But now approaches the Bœuf-Gras himself. With this vast prelude one has a right to expect something astonishing—an ox, at least double the usual size, and every inch of his adipose rotundity pregnant with visions of rich rounds, and joints and steaks, running over with gravied combinations. Alas! we are disappointed. Such an ordinary animal! and with his extensive preliminaries he is a practical illustration of the bathos—it is Falstaff's "pennyworth of bread" to all "this intolerable deal of sack." The ox is decorated with scraps of silk and embroidery that give him quite a showy air, while his head is profusely adorned with laurel. As he stalks along, stupidly wondering, no doubt, at the signification of all this ceremony over his sacrifice, butchers (or "victuallers," as we call them at home) parade beside and behind him, tastily arrayed for the occasion. Upon his back sits a child holding a small sceptre in one hand, as *Roi des Bouchers*, and a sword by his side that, when the little rogue is not too weary, he is proud to hold up with the other. A dashing blue scarf is around the infant's middle, and it would seem as if Moore's Vale of Cashmere had been thoroughly depopulated in order to smother this little king with roses. We say *Moore's* Vale of Cashmere, for, picking up the other day a volume of a Monsieur Jaquemont's letters from India, we observed that, in one dated from Cashmere, he states in pungent French, that "Moore" is not only a perfumer, but a "shocking elongator of the truth." "I am now pursuing," he adds, "the same route that Lalla Rookh formerly did, and I have scarcely seen a single tree or a rosebush since I left Delhi!" While we are thus digressing, let us mention that the same modest gen-

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tleman remarks in another letter, that "the learned or literary societies of the United States are about on a par with those of India, and they are below everything that can be conceived in ignorance, folly and puerility!"* As we give this diatribe for just what it is worth, the "Lyceum of Natural History of New York" being especially referred to by the recondite Gaul, the reader is requested to read and then forget it incontinently—the societies in question will consign the author to Apollyon's "House of Smoke" without assistance.

Car after car, overflowing with trinketed and grotesquely habited humanity, succeed the Bœuf-Gras. Here is Julius Cæsar, and there is Louis le Grand, in amiable contiguity, and from the bottle of cherry-water that is slyly passing from one lip to the other, evidently on terms of intimate intercourse. Near them is Socrates in familiar discourse with Joan of Arc, and it would not be difficult to guess what sentiment of morality *they* have under discussion. Next come Tiberius and Pope Gregory; His Celestial Highness, the Brother of the Moon and near relative of all the Fixed Stars, together with Sultan Solyman of "blessed memory;" Mahomet and Madame Pompadour; the Great Khan of Tartary and the "Wandering Jew;" Pontius Pilate and the "Old Man of the Sea;" Tartuffe and Ivanhoe; Telemachus and Calypso; a Greek Vestal and a "colored gemman," who, to our infinite amazement, is actually chanting a French version of Lucy Neal! These and many others are all jumbled together most incongruously and in laughable confusion, each character delighting, apparently, to select some companion that will render their joint association as preposterous as possible. A disconnected rabble bring up the procession's rear.

The Bœuf-Gras has paused, and the Boulevards are ringing with the various exclamations of mischief and mirth that the oddities of the *fête* have occasioned. All is bustle and excitement; all is noise and nonsense. One can hardly fancy the lively picture one of reality. The people, the horses, the chariots, the bright colors, the gorgeous and antique dresses, the moving throng, the motionless spectators, the wide street, the elegant houses, the budding trees, and the clear, uninterrupted sunlight, form together a scene of dreamy enchantment such as haunts one after poring over the glowing pages of some Eastern romance, and seem to mock at the grave effort of the senses to give them a definite form and tangible existence.

Nor must it be supposed that here, as well as elsewhere, roguery is not present, engaged in its nefarious pursuits in the midst of a popular assembly. "I've lost a handkerchief," says a friend, turning suddenly round and gazing into the face of a gentleman behind her, whom she is ashamed to suspect has adroitly appropriated her missing property. He takes a pinch of snuff with the utmost nonchalance. "Will madame oblige me," he politely observes, "by accepting my wife's?" and thrusting a finer cambric into her hand than her own, he bows and withdraws. "Well, I *am* fortunate," says she, with a laugh. "Not so fortunate as you imagine, madame," remarks an acquaintance, approaching. "The Duchess de —— has also been robbed of her handkerchief; it is in your hand at this moment, placed there by the fellow who purloined it. The police are coming this way;—drop it, or, being a stranger, you cannot calculate what may be the consequences." Of course, the rogue walks off with our friend's *mouchoir*, though the duchess recovers hers with but little difficulty.

The Bœuf-Gras continues its winding way towards the Place de la Bastille, and as it "drags its slow length along," the populace, the jugglers, the dancers, the *grimaciers*, the men, monkeys and monstrosities, gradually retreat in its wake, and leave us comparatively alone. The windows are slowly emptied of their contents; the trees drop their fruit in the shape of weary youngsters, one by one; horse after horse's head is turned towards the *rue de la Paix*, the *rue Richelieu*, the *rue Lafitte*, the *rue de Rivoli*, and other fashionable quarters of Paris; and pulling up the blind we also direct ourselves towards our temporary home.

And such is the Bœuf-Gras. It is a festival that was once considered the most striking of all those that are kept in Paris, and they are almost numberless. Of late years it has diminished in importance and character very much, but on this occasion, we learn, those interested have taken special pains to restore it in all its original pomp and with all its original characteristics. As it may not be fully exhibited again for years, we may flatter ourself that we have been especially favored by events. The "First of May Fête" is somewhat unique. A similar procession is gotten up, in which the various tradesmen participate, each having one or two representatives in the cavalcade dressed in the newest style, from his or her particular shop. The spring fashions are thus effectually brought before the public eye, and every looker-on is enabled to judge what tailor, what mantua-maker, what milliner, what hatter, &c., has eclipsed his or her rivals in point of ability and taste. But even this *fête* is not equal to the Bœuf-Gras, because the latter, occurring during the carnival, is joined by hundreds of wild, frolicsome spirits, who push the license of the time to its utmost extent, and under the impunity of masks and fantastical costumes, indulge in an extravagance of merriment that they would be afraid to attempt at a different period or under different circumstances.

SYBIL SYLVESTER.

* "A Journey in India, Thibet, Lahore and Cashmere, in 1828 and '31, by Victor Jaquemont."

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GOSSIP STINGS.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL, OF LONDON.

[Concluded from page 28.]

"My dear Fanny," said Mrs. Lilly to her young friend one morning—"my dear Fanny, I was very glad to see you and Edward Caunter looking over those engravings together last night."

"The engravings are very pretty," replied Miss Murray, while her eyes sparkled with a mirthful mischief, which Mrs. Lilly—the most sleepy-headed chaperone who had ever the care of a young lady—did not either like or understand.

"I was not thinking of the engravings, my dear," she answered; "of course they are pretty, or we should not have paid two-and-two-pence a number to that everlasting bookseller's bagman, who brings specimens of all manner of arts, tied by the neck in a blue bag;—I was thinking of Mr. Edward Caunter."

"More than I was. Let me see now—three red stitches and two green," replied the young lady, while bending over her embroidery. "More than I was, I assure you."

"And that is very wrong, Frances," replied her friend. "What could Mrs. Caunter—the stately Mrs. Caunter—mean by calling here, but to sanction her son's addresses?"

"No; she only called to satisfy her curiosity. She could not, stately as she is, issue a mandate, 'Miss Murray, come and be looked at!' so she came for the purpose."

"You are a conceited little puss to say so," said Mrs. Lilly.

"I should be a hypocritical little one if I thought so without saying it, at least to you who have been so kind to me."

"You will not be kind to yourself, Fanny."

"How so?"

"Why, really, any girl of common sense would have managed a declaration from Edward Caunter before this, and yet you have suffered by your mismanagement. The question raised in the town is, which of the two brothers is likely to make you the first offer. It does a girl a great deal of harm to have a dangler who is sure never to be worth a penny—one who writes verses."

Fanny bent her head still lower over the convolvolus, and then, raising it suddenly, Mrs. Lilly was discomfited by seeing her face one blaze of sunny laughter.

"I really cannot help it, my dear, *dear* Mrs. Lilly; but what do I care for the towns-people making two sides to every question? What do I care for their evil report or good report? What do I care for their being cut up into those microscopic *cliques*—political, polemical, poetizing and philosophic, and then dividing again and again, until, like the regiment reduced to a drummer at Waterloo, the last *iota* cries out, 'I *am* the body intellectual?' I shall not expend my life amongst them, and so for the present they may talk as they please—they may, for naught cares Fanny Murray for them or their town."

"This is unwomanly," said her friend; "every woman should care, especially about being married."

"Well, so I do care about it a great deal, and that is the very reason why I will never marry a walking banker's-book, an animated representation of so many thousand acres, stiffened by pedigrees and parchment."

"Do you know, Fanny," said Mrs. Lilly, in her soft, meaningless voice, "you are not at all like what you were ten years ago?"

"I dare say not; I was then ten years and ten months old, and now I am twenty and nearly one."

"Yes; but even since you came to me your manner is changed;—I cannot quite make you out."

"I really beg your pardon; but I did not suppose you could. Nay," she continued, seeing that Mrs. Lilly looked displeased, "I did not mean that you should be angry with me. I assure you, gravely and seriously, that I have not the slightest desire to entrap the grave Mr. Edward or his very superior brother. At the same time, I must assure you that if I were to marry either, it would not be Edward."

"Then, my dear Fanny, you should not encourage him."

Miss Murray rose from her seat as though it was now her turn to look angry. "Nor do I," she replied. "One of the barriers to anything approaching society in a country town, is the shameful chatter, the perpetual prying, the watching and whispering, and misrepresenting, because misunderstanding every petty occurrence. I cannot, nor I will not, shut myself up from every human being, particularly those who are the most agreeable here. But I do not encourage either of those young men as lovers; they must know *that*. If they are vain enough to suppose they have led captive my heart when they have only interested my understanding, I cannot help it. I defy them, or the scandal-lovers of this place, to adduce one single word or act of coquetry *against* me. There are reasons why I should be above it, and I trust I *am* so; but I can hardly expect them to understand or believe this."

Miss Murray having so said, resumed her seat and her embroidery, and Mrs. Lilly went to the

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breakfast-room to meet her husband before he went out.

"My dear John," she said, "I do not know what to make of that girl; she perplexes me. From what you told me the other day she has really next to nothing, and yet she scorns advantageous situations in the most imprudent manner."

Mr. Lilly had been given by nature a long, thoughtful countenance—one of those faces which, but for the occasional twitching of the muscles of the mouth, would never be considered as expressing anything approaching to fun or humor. While his wife spoke, all the upper part of his face remained perfectly quiet, but the corners of the mouth twisted and moved with so much suppressed mirth, that it was extraordinary that that same mouth, in opposition to the given opinion of the other features, did not break forth into most rebellious laughter.

"Why don't you tell me what I am to do, John?" continued the lady, peevishly.

"Why," he answered, "it is a very fine morning, and I think you and Miss Murray had better return Mrs. Caunter's visit."

"I am sure Miss Murray will not go near the house. I never saw such a——I do not know what to call her. But I wish you would speak to her. From what I gather from you, it seems doubtful what she will really have, and——"

Mr. Lilly did not permit his wife to finish the sentence. "Doubtful?" he repeated. "Not at all doubtful; it is perfectly certain that after she is twenty-one years of age she will not have a sixpence she can call her own."

"My goodness!" ejaculated Mrs. Lilly, "that is really very deplorable. But you never told me this before—and the idea has gone abroad that she is rich. What will they say when they discover the contrary?"

"Humph!" exclaimed her husband.

"And what will Mrs. Spooner and Mrs. Johnes and forty others say to me about it?"

"Humph!" again muttered the lawyer.

"If you were not so close about everything, John, there would be sometimes a chance of being able to tell the truth when one is asked questions," continued the lady.

"Ah! ah!" laughed "John's" mouth this time, in bold defiance of his other features.

"I really see nothing to laugh at," said poor Mrs. Lilly. "Fanny Murray could marry Edward Caunter if she only held up her little finger to him—and to see the foolish girl throw away such a chance! Why don't you talk to her?"

"So I do, my dear. You said I talked too much to her the other evening."

"But about her penniless prospects, my love?"

"I never said she had a penniless prospect, my dear."

"Yes—you said she would not have a sixpence she could call her own after she was twenty-one. Very strange that her coming of age should destroy her means."

"I did not say that."

"Then, Mr. Lilly," exclaimed that gentleman's wife, looking as stately as her little broad figure would permit, "I must request you to tell me the particulars, for it is right I should know them."

"And I tell you, my dear, that when I want to keep a secret I do not send for the bellman."

"Mr. Lilly!"

"Mrs. Lilly! But this is absurd, Mary," continued her husband. "You have known Fanny since her childhood; her father was my first patron and steadfast friend. Neither of us, I trust, can forget that—and *that* you may tell to every man, woman and child in the neighborhood. Mrs. Spooner and Mrs. Johnes once took the trouble of visiting my office at the other end of the town, to make inquiries as to the subject of Fanny's fortune. If any other lady or gentleman in the neighborhood entertains a desire for a similar investigation, send them to me, and that, my dear," he added, with a very provoking twist of his mouth, "will save you the trouble of talking."

At this critical point Miss Murray entered the room, and Mr. Lilly proposed that the ladies should return the "great lady's" visit. Contrary to Mrs. Lilly's expectations, Fanny at once said it would be right to do so, adding, laughing—"She came to look at me, and I will go to look at her."

"Poor girl!" whispered Mrs. Lilly, aside to her husband, "has she any idea of what you have just told me?"

"Humph!" was the only reply she could elicit; and as poor Mrs. Lilly said that very evening to her intimate friend Miss Selby, who went by the name of the "moving chronicle," when she was lamenting in the most confidential manner the sad state of "her dear Miss Murray's finances, and the obdurate state of her heart," "when once John takes to 'humphing,' there is an end to any farther communication."

Now do not let any one suppose that Mrs. Lilly was an unkind or an unfaithful person; she was no such thing. In person she was an amiable-looking woman, with white eyelashes, pale eyes, and a lisp, possessing a considerable capacity for animal good nature, fondling and spoiling children of all sexes and stations, overfeeding everything and considering nothing; gifted with none of the higher attributes of human nature, and mistaking, as many persons do, the ordinary impulses of a kind and gentle heart for friendship. She really loved, or, to use her own expression, was "very fond of Fanny Murray," and shed real tears when she thought how it was possible she, who had been so expensively brought up, could live without money. She had, despite her occasional fault-finding, a great respect for her husband's cleverness, because, though she had made several attempts, she never could outwit him; and she cried with bitter vexation when she called to mind how Mrs. Spooner (to quote again her own peculiar mode of expression) "would crow" when her dear Fanny should be one-and-twenty without a sixpence.

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It was very amusing to observe how the tone of observations changed while Miss Selby trumpeted "the fact" that Fanny Murray would not have a sixpence after she was twenty-one. For once the townspeople were almost united—the *littérateurs*, the politicians, the controversialists of all kinds sought to be the first to open "Mrs. Caunter's eyes," as they expressed it.

Some—such as Mrs. Spooner—called the young lady an impostor, but the greater part treated the object of their spleen with an assumption of tender sympathy. The very school-mistress carried the tale to the housekeeper's room at Cauntwell House, and the milliner and shoemaker sent in "their little accounts" to Miss Murray, with a pressing demand for immediate payment, "as they had bills to make up that week."

How every one wondered that she presumed to dress so well, and had the impudence to give five pounds to the charity school when she might so soon want it herself. While the fact of her being rich or poor was a question, she had a great many defenders, but poverty is a wonderful queller of the *vox populi*.

Those who used to courtesy to Miss Murray, nodded, and many wondered "where their eyes were" when they called her a beauty. Still she had not lost all her supporters. The very young, who did not care for wealth, still enjoyed her frank, unaffected kindness. Her voice was the joy bell to every child who knew her, and several held altogether aloof from "poor Fanny Murray" until they saw "what Mrs. Caunter did;" and great was the anxiety manifested by several when they observed Mrs. Caunter's carriage, at the unusual hour of twelve o'clock, draw up at Mr. Lilly's door. Miss Selby sent her maid to the baker to ask the baker's boy to find out from his friend the butcher, who was waiting for orders at the door when the carriage stopped, to know if he knew *who* Mrs. Caunter asked for; and letting down the ungracefully drawn folds of her curtain, sat behind it, having slit a little bit of the seam to enable her to watch the ingoings and outcomings at her dear friend, Mrs. Lilly's.

This maneuver on her part was, however, made with a very anxious mind. She feared lest Mr. Lilly had become angry with his wife for repeating his communication, and dreaded lest he might compel her to say who she told it to, and that he might (for he was a very odd man) call upon her for an explanation. And as it wanted exactly thirty-five minutes to one, Mr. Lilly, calm and solemn-looking as ever, came out of his own door and walked down the street. When nearly opposite her window he paused, took out his handkerchief, and became convulsed almost with a sudden burst of laughter; and having recovered therefrom, he proceeded, calm and solemn as before, towards his office.

When Mrs. Caunter desired to speak with Miss Murray, Miss Murray did not betray the slightest degree of confusion beyond a deep blush which mantled her cheeks, and then left her paler than usual. Mrs. Caunter drew her chair opposite to where the young lady sat and fixed her penetrating eyes upon her. Fanny neither avoided nor returned the gaze, but waited patiently for Mrs. Caunter to open the communication, whatever it might be.

"I go out very seldom, Miss Murray," said the lady, "or I would have returned your visit; but though I go out very little, I hear a great deal."

Miss Murray smiled faintly.

"You will pardon me," continued the dignified lady—"I am sure you will pardon me, if you consider the affection I bear my children and how anxious I am for their happiness—you will, I am sure, pardon me for speaking somewhat abruptly, as I am about to do, upon a delicate subject."

"I, who know just enough of the love a parent bears a child to feel its loss irreparable, may well pardon your anxiety," answered Miss Murray, with emotion. "Pray, do not hesitate, but continue."

Still Mrs. Caunter looked perplexed.

"My son Edward, Miss Murray, has, I think, paid you some attention, but yet not so much as his feelings prompted him."

Miss Murray bowed.

"And my younger son, Harold, he, too, has, I think, been equally attentive."

Again Miss Murray bowed.

"I am sorry to tell you that this attachment of my sons to you has caused this morning a quarrel of so serious a nature between them that I dread to think of its consequences. Edward is dark and dangerous when angered, and Harold frank and violent. Can you give me any clue to this? Is it, or is it not true, that yesterday evening Edward had an interview with you? Do you object to tell me what passed at that interview?"

Miss Murray seemed too agitated to speak, and Mrs. Caunter continued:—"I do not care for the idle and malicious reports of the neighborhood; I do not care for want of fortune in the wife of my eldest son, but I do care for the mind and character."

Fanny Murray looked so indignant that Mrs. Caunter paused.

"I do not, believe me, wish to insinuate anything against yours; but if my form of speech is uneven or rude, forgive me this once. I do entreat you, Miss Murray, tell me what passed yesterday evening."

"Why did you not ask Mr. Caunter?" said Miss Murray, greatly distressed. "He could tell you what I cannot."

"But he would not," replied his mother; "I urged him in every way. He was so exceedingly angry at my knowing that you met last night."

"It was by accident, I assure you," interrupted the young lady.

"So Edward said. But something must have occurred to make him so enraged, so unlike himself. He insulted Harold in the bitterest manner;

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and Harold, I fear, is not one to bear an insult even from an elder brother."

"I assure you, madam, most earnestly, that your son Harold has nothing to do with—with—what occurred between Mr. Caunter and me yesterday. I told him so. I implored him most earnestly to believe me, and now I do as earnestly entreat *you* to seek him out and to repeat it."

"You have not seen Harold, then, I presume?"

"I have; I saw him last night after I had parted from his brother."

"Really, Miss Murray," said Mrs. Caunter, "you must permit me to say that this is very strange conduct on the part of a young lady. Edward was here at ten o'clock last night. Did you see Harold *after* that hour?"

"I did," replied the young lady: "though really you must forgive me for saying that I do not see what right you, a comparative stranger, have to question me."

Mrs. Caunter loved justice, and wished to be just, but her feelings had been strongly excited. She had left her eldest son in a state of mental distress which she had never before witnessed; and Harold, almost equally troubled, had rebutted the invectives which the generally calm Edward heaped upon Miss Murray, with a determination so violent and severe, that she dreaded what might follow. Urged by a mother's feelings, she resolved to seek an explanation from Miss Murray, which Miss Murray refused to give. And the young lady's offended dignity of manner was doubly perplexing to Mrs. Caunter, from the confession that she had seen both her sons the previous evening, the one by accident, the other by design.

"You said just now," answered Mrs. Caunter, after a pause, during which she was evidently struggling with emotion of no ordinary kind, "that you respected a mother's feelings. You prove to me that you do not understand them. I asked but a simple explanation of what passed between my son Edward and you last night. You refuse it, and leave me impressed in a way I am sorry to be, for I sought to believe that to the attractions you possess you added one greater than beauty—ingenuousness."

"You judge me too severely," said Miss Murray, bursting into tears; "you take hold of an evil report without waiting for the good."

"Facts, young lady, facts!" she exclaimed, rising. "I am compelled to put a construction upon the events of the past evening. I know not, have no key, no clue to what occasioned Edward's feelings——"

"Ask him; he has my full permission to repeat word for word what passed to you, but *I* will not do so," interrupted Miss Murray, while Mrs. Caunter continued as if there had been no interruption.

"I have, as I have said, no key, no clue to any passage between you and Edward, and still less can I understand how *you* could encourage Harold. He is a younger son, Miss Murray, with a small pittance, and could not honestly marry unless the lady of his choice had a large fortune."

"Make your mind perfectly easy, madam," observed the young lady, who had dried her tears. "I think Mr. Harold Caunter of infinite worth, superior almost to any young man I ever knew, but I shall never be his wife."

"Then you have refused him?"

"He never gave me the power of doing so," said Miss Murray.

"And yet you did meet him by appointment. Really——"

Frances did not permit Mrs. Caunter to finish this sentence. Her cheek flushed to a crimson which even her slanderers must have confessed no rouge could imitate. She advanced to her visitor with much dignity of manner, and said—"Forgive me if I withdraw. Within a very short time you will deeply lament having joined in an evil report against an orphan girl. I have been quite aware that my personal appearance, that what I did and did not do, has afforded conversation for your neighbors ever since my arrival amongst them. At first I could laugh at this, and hope that it would not influence those whose good opinion is of value. I am grieved that it has influenced yours. You will be *obliged* to change it, but until you do, I owe it to myself"—Miss Murray paused, and then added, with much emotion—"and to another dearer than myself, not to hear my conduct and motives impugned."

Before Mrs. Caunter had time to reply, Frances Murray had left the room. She had hardly got into her own chamber, when poor Mrs. Lilly, all weakness and wonder, courtsied herself into the great lady's presence, offering apologies, without knowing for what, eager to hear all, and yet unable to question any one so stately as Mrs. Caunter, who, to do her justice, disdained to inquire for second-hand information, even when it concerned her so nearly. Mrs. Caunter had friends, some of them tried and trusty, but she had no vulgar confidants; and yet it was extraordinary how evil report spread. It seemed as though some new and extraordinary event had happened to set all the women in the town gadding and talking, and even some of those perverted gossiping men, whom it is an insult to the fair sex to call "old women," joined in the chatter.

They discoursed about the two Mr. Caunters being "inveigled by Miss Murray;" Mrs. Caunter carried in a swoon from Mr. Lilly's house, after calling Miss Murray "the poisoner of her peace;" "Mrs. Lilly in tears to her husband, and on her knees, beseeching him to send such a *penniless*, unprincipled creature from her house;" ladies, who had never known the *éclat* of having refused a lover, outrageously indignant at the idea of Miss Murray having "entrapped" two at a time.

The young lady who was so enthusiastic in matters of sentiment, perpetrated a "little lampoon," just for private circulation, on the subject of ladies meeting brothers by moonlight; the great literary

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oracle talked of writing an essay upon the natural weakness of female principle, and the rival M. D.'s agreed for once that Miss Murray looked very like a person who had hereditary insanity. This construction upon the strange things attributed to the poor girl was considered very charitable and Christianlike by several of the best disciplinarians in the town. But Miss Murray might have been even still more severely handled by those worthies but for the sudden disappearance of Harold Caunter, who was reported to have mounted his horse one fine morning—the morning after Mrs. Caunter's last interview with Miss Murray—and disappeared. Cauntwell House was beset with visitors for two entire days after these events, but all who called, even the most intimate, were received with a polite "Not at home."

A peep into Mr. Lilly's house would have convinced any one that Mrs. Lilly was anxious, Miss Murray ill, Mr. Lilly amused. In fact, Mr. Lilly was not troubled with much feeling; he did not observe that his fair ward was suffering from anxiety—and if he had, he would have thought that, like Mrs. Lilly, she would certainly have a fit of hysterics and get well immediately.

"Have you heard anything direct from Harold?" inquired Mrs. Caunter of Edward.

"No, mother," he replied, sullenly; "but I dare say Miss Murray could tell, if she would, all about him. For my own part, I never wish to see his face again."

"Edward, oh, Edward!" exclaimed the mother's trembling lips.

"To be *foiled* by him and *fooled* by her," he continued, bitterly.

Mrs. Caunter had not told Edward of her interview with Frances.

"I would not, could not confess it even to you, mother," he continued, "before; but to be *refused* by a girl that current report says has not a sixpence."

"Refused?" repeated Mrs. Caunter, in utter astonishment.

"Yes," he muttered, between his clenched teeth, "refused, and doubtless laughed, sneered at by every creature before whom the young lady has paraded me as 'the rejected one!'"

"You do her wrong," said Mrs. Caunter, whose nature was far more generous than her son's, though she could hardly comprehend any woman refusing him—"you do her wrong: even to me she would not tell what passed between you, and I now regret that I behaved so strangely."

"What," exclaimed Edward, "did you see her?"

Mrs. Caunter told him the entire truth, and even Edward Caunter, loth as he was to suppose how *any* girl could reject *him*, but still more how any penniless girl could do so, was touched by the firmness she displayed in refusing to tell the fact, even to his mother. Still her conduct with regard to Harold was inexplicable.

Edward discovered that his brother had gone to meet an old friend at Paris, who was on his return home, one with whom he had traveled when abroad; and he had, through the post-mistress, also found that Miss Murray had addressed a letter to the very hotel where he was staying in Paris. And yet she had expressly declared to Mrs. Caunter that she never would marry Harold.

The maids were busily employed in washing out the areas, rolling up the blinds and opening the windows of the houses in the principal street of the town that had been the scene of these events. The milkwomen, trim and tidy, were sidling along with their bright tin measures, and the first coach that passed through from London had rung forth its parting tril-la-ra. The brightness of the young day was over all things, and the pure fresh air of morning was balmy and fragrant even in the streets of a close country town. The shops were not open yet, but some of their shutters were down, and the public houses had unfortunately, even at that early hour, plenty of customers.

"Did you see Mr. Lilly go down street to the parsonage?" said one servant to another, as she twirled her mop.

"I did; I wonder is Miss Murray worse," was the reply.

"No great matter; for, from all I can hear," said the first speaker, "she'd be no great loss, coming among decent people with the sound of a fortune, and then not having as much as would cover the head of a twopenny nail. That's imposition, and I hate imposition. And, Mary, did you ever know such a thing as missus to take notice of them ends of candle? But what's this?"'she continued, as a post-chaise and four dashed down the street, while she who hated imposition was about demonstrating how she practiced it—no uncommon case in any sphere of life.

The post-chaise drew up at Mr. Lilly's door, and two gentlemen sprang out.

"My!" again exclaimed the maid, "if there isn't Mr. Harold Caunter, and a grander than he. I must run and wake my missus, or she'd never forgive me."

In half an hour, as the servant afterwards declared, "the whole street was up;" and no wonder, for the joy-bells were pealing forth their most noisy music; and Mr. Lilly and the clergyman, after a long conference, walked together arm in arm to Mr. Lilly's, and then Harold went home: and he had not been long there when Mrs. Caunter herself was seen to alight at and once more enter the door of Mr. Lilly's house, attended by Harold himself.

The popular ferment might then be considered at its height. Eggs were over-boiled, muffins and toast left untouched upon the breakfast tables, heads were above every blind, and it was evident that very little business beyond gossiping would be done in the town that day. Some ladies were seized with an uncommon desire for pedestrian exercise, and paraded in front of Mr. Lilly's, while

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others were content to sit with "their work," (work, indeed!) looking in every direction, and suddenly resuming their seats.

The post-mistress declared she never had time to put on her cap "the whole of that blessed day;" for the post-office of a country town is always beset with newsmongers, and this—a trim grocer's shop as well—stood at the cross streets, and commanded also a view of the Grass Market. There truly did the idle, the listless, the inquisitive, the ill-disposed, and those whose dispositions wavered between both, congregate. This was the very focus of news and gossiping. Every one can look at the outside of a letter and "guess" at its contents.

"I can't take upon me to say that the young lady did bring letters herself to the post-office. Sometimes, before she grew so very poorly, so pecking-like, she'd call and ask for herself," said the post-mistress, in answer to a question.

"I never *do* like to see ladies asking for their own letters," observed one thin, vicious-looking person; "it always has a bad, concealment sort of look—unfeminine I call it. Don't you think so, Mr. Jenks?"

"What, ma'am?" said Mr. Jenks, a little, deaf old bachelor, of a very keen, inquisitive nature.

"Bad sign, sir, to see young ladies asking for their own letters."

"Better than asking for anybody else's, I should say, ma'am," he replied.

Then the foreign servant and the number of boxes carried by the post-chaise were talked over. Mrs. Johnes' own maid said that she had some idea of giving warning, if her "missus" continued to uphold those that nobody of any character could uphold. She did not see the harm of any young woman having one sweetheart, one young man as a follower, but *two*—oh, *two*, and they brothers! *She* never could get over *that* if she lived a thousand years. And Mrs. Lilly to countenance her! Oh, dear, it made her feel quite faint.

Mrs. Spooner's cook declared that Mrs. Lilly never did countenance her. How could she, when she had confessed to her mistress that Miss Murray would not have a sixpence after she was twenty-one? No; it was *Mr.* Lilly, *Mr. Lilly*, for reasons best known to himself. Poor Mrs. Lilly! she pitied her. But it had taught her one thing—she never would have no young ladies staying in her house when *she* married.

These sentences were either uttered volubly or in a loud, half-confidential tone, followed by others of more malicious or absurd import—words picked up from the malicious or thoughtless lips of their superiors, who (for envy and slander are as contagious as the small-pox or typhus fever) would be certain to catch them back again, with all their frightful exaggeration, from the few minutes' hints of their milliners or maids. Of all the faults that cling about society, there is not one so destructive as careless speaking or unthoughtful repetition of what is spoken. It is a great thing, and a wise, to seal the lips and bridle the tongue, to consider the weight and influence of a single word.

An old friend of mine says, "I have passed through a life of seventy years, believing and repeating all the good, and doubting and keeping silence as to all the bad I hear of others." This, perhaps, may be too gentle-hearted a practice for the strife of the world; but I am sure my venerable friend has been happier and made others happier by his Christian habit, so different from the malicious and idle gossipry that has dug many unregistered graves for the young and the unprotected.

Mrs. Caunter was so distressed at the change which so short a time had wrought in Miss Murray, so shocked at the injustice she found she herself had done to one so young and unoffending, that she could only hold out both her hands and gaze at her in silence.

"My mother," said Harold, addressing the young lady, "my mother wishes to apologize for the pain she gave you—and the injustice she did you," he added.

Frances extended her hand to Mrs. Caunter, and her sweet face beamed with kindness; but when the flush of the moment faded, Mrs. Caunter saw that her cheeks were hollow and her eyes sunken and heavy, that her figure had lost its roundness, and that much of the buoyancy of her manner was gone.

"Have words unkindly and lightly spoken done this?" thought Mrs. Caunter, when she had a moment to think, which Harold hardly permitted. He next introduced his mother to his old traveling companion and friend, Sir Felix Raymond, the betrothed husband of Frances Murray, to whom she was to be married on the day she became of age, verifying the truth of Mr. Lilly's words, that the day she was twenty-one she would not have a sixpence she could call her own. Her uncle, from whom she inherited so much, had locked up and blocked up his will with so many strange arrangements, that poor Fanny's life had been one of exceeding anxiety. He wished her to marry Sir Felix, whom he had known from childhood; yet he commanded them not to meet again until within one week of their wedding-day, desiring that Fanny might reside under the protection of Mr. Lilly until the time expired, "keeping," so ran this singular testament, "her own counsel, and avoiding all mention of her engagement, as she hoped for his blessing."

Mr. Lilly very wisely did not communicate these passages to his wife, because he well knew that no entreaty, no promises, nothing, in short, could ever bridle the tongue of a foolish woman. Miss Murray could not endure the idea of coming amongst strangers with a long story to explain. She was deeply attached to Sir Felix, and so much engrossed by her affection for him that, though her lively temperament led her to enjoy society, she was perfectly guiltless of coquetry. Edward's earnest and passionate declaration of love took

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her pre-occupied mind by surprise, but having refused him, she was far too honorable to say so even to his mother. Harold was as entirely captivated as his brother, but Sir Felix communicated to him secretly the engagement subsisting between him and Miss Murray, his new neighbor, "luckily," as Harold said, "before his heart was gone." This rendered him a confidant, and the meeting, which had been reported by some of the gossips of the town both to Edward and Mrs. Caunter, was, as Frances had so honestly declared, a meeting by appointment, as Sir Felix had informed her that Harold was to visit him in Paris, and he was deputed to take charge of sundry papers which Miss Murray had in her keeping at his request. Poor Fanny, aware of the many tongues and many eyes that were upon her, endeavored to prevent Mrs. Lilly knowing this, but, of course, unsuccessfully. This she explained to Mrs. Caunter when they were alone.

"You might have made me your friend," said Mrs. Caunter to her.

"If you had not suspected me," was the reply. "I own," she added, "I own that at first I felt amused at the idea of mystifying those whose sole purpose seems to be to misrepresent the actions of others. It amused me at first, and perhaps I felt a little woman's triumph in the curiosity I excited. Your eldest son's manner was never that of a wooer, but rather of one conferring a favor by his attentions. He took me entirely by surprise, in spite of Mrs. Lilly's hints, which I might be excused for not paying much attention to. I little thought, however, that such as *you*, a lady with a high mind and a clear head, the mother of my betrothed's dearest friend, would give ear to the light and shameless scandals whispered against me. Granting that I was poor and friendless, I stood the more in need of a support; but because Mr. Lilly, bent on playing out the play, said to his wife, in pretended confidence, that I should not have a sixpence I could call my own after I was one-and-twenty, I was a fair mark to be shot at, and brought down to the dust whereon men trample. It has taught me a lesson, though the teaching has been *hard, very hard*, and I am ashamed to have suffered. I could not go out without being met by sneers and pointed fingers."

"If Mr. Lilly——" interposed Mrs. Caunter.

"The terms of my uncle's will were strict," she said, proudly; "and if they were not, what right has any one to pry into another's means and motives as long as no wrong is done? If Mr. Edward Caunter had proper feeling, *he* would have explained to you what would have cleared me in your mind, instead of turning on his brother. But it is all passed now, it is all over—yet it will be long ere I can forget the gossip stings of this quiet-looking town."

Mrs. Caunter saw that it was not all over, and saw it with bitter self-reproach, seeing that if she had been decided in her manner towards Miss Murray, no one would have dared to whisper. She, too, *who knew them all so well!* It is those who lead in their own sphere of what is called "the world," who have the greatest sins to answer for in those matters. And she was more displeased than ever she had been with Edward's bitterness and pride. She saw that Miss Murray was feverish and excited then, and that, having been much worn, she had but little strength to combat against such evils. Her wedding-day was fixed, but when it came, the bride was in the clutches of fierce fever. Harold had managed to keep the chatterings of the people from the ears of Sir Felix, and had endeavored with his mother to work upon Edward so as to heal the wound his pride and self-love had received, and which prompted him to the not very uncommon revenge of saying as many bitter things as he could of the lady by whom he had been rejected. The gossipers, although of course their tone of gossip was changed, still talked; and in one of those unaccountable ways by which stories are carried, Sir Felix heard something which he traced to Edward Caunter. A duel was the immediate consequence, and for several weeks Mrs. Caunter watched by the bed-side of her son, who had received his adversary's fire in his shoulder.

Fanny Murray recovered slowly, and in process of time was married; but her buoyant spirit had been too severely shattered to regain its elasticity for many years. Mrs. Caunter took a dislike to the town, which all Miss ——'s poetry could not remove, though the same fair hand that had traced an anonymous lampoon penned "a bridal sonnet," something about Felix and Felicia.

Nothing destroys the mind so much as gossip. It wears even literature into rags. It did worse in this instance—it wore out Mrs. Caunter's sympathies and charities. She and her sons left the neighborhood in disgust; and Harold, fine, generous fellow that he was, went abroad, deprived of the society of his dearest friend, because, of course, he could not associate with Sir Felix after what had occurred with his brother. This is no idle tale—no invention. Who is there that has not smarted from or observed the effects of gossip stings?

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OUR ARTISTS.—NO. I.

HUNTINGTON.

Some fourteen years ago, if half the recent anecdotes of clairvoyance be true, a subject of that marvelous insight might have beheld, within a stone's throw of the glorious old elms of New Haven, a slightly built youth with a green shade over his eyes, intent upon the Odes of Horace, at three o'clock in the morning. The fact in itself is nothing very extraordinary, but taken in connection with the after-career of the student, it is not without interest. The hour and the occupation certainly indicate something like earnestness of purpose; but character is no less forcibly displayed in pastime than in toil. With what an elastic step and ringing laugh—the natural language of a sensitive and buoyant temper—he doffs, at the noonday recess, his studious mood, and how the young faces at the evening club grow expectant when his turn comes to read a paper! They know a graphic sketch of some comrade is forthcoming, but little do they imagine as they recognize the different traits, that the juvenile ability is eventually to shape itself into artistic skill that shall produce what is lasting and endeared. Yet one of the merry group in thus recalling the school-days of Huntington, says that even then "his soul was filled with a love of the beautiful—and a reaching after it, was an impulsive effort of his nature."

There is a mechanical and a spiritual element in art, a body and a soul, a certain physical dexterity, adroitness and tact, attainable through imitative and manual power; and above and beyond this outward skill there is an intelligent principle, a spirit, the infusion of which sublimates and makes expressive what were otherwise without significance. It is the combination and mutual development of these two principles variously modified that distinguish and characterize all products of art. Drawing, coloring, the rules of perspective, foreshortening and *chiaro 'scuro*, are to the artist what words, sentences and rhythm are to the writer—the vehicles and instruments of his mind. Felicity in using them is most desirable, and a good degree of mastery over them essential, but it should never be forgotten that they do not constitute, but only embody art. They may be acquired by men of industry and ordinary intelligence, and bear the same relation to art in its highest sense that the wax preparations of an anatomical museum do to the living man. They are the material facts, and unless electrified by invention, warmed by feeling or inspired with life, convey no mental impression and excite no sympathy. If it were otherwise, the daguerreotype, carried to greater perfection, might supersede the limner's toil, and a musical instrument be fashioned which would take the place of vocalism. But the distinction between mind and matter, between physical and moral laws, the senses and the soul, is absolute. Only the living, reasoning intellect, and the conscious, earnest heart, can make form, sound or color, eloquent of truth. Mechanical ingenuity has been carried to a height in our times beyond the wildest imaginings of antiquity, and yet in no age have spiritual laws, the mysterious analogies of life, the boundless aspirations and infinite needs of humanity, been more widely and intelligibly recognized. Every work of art and literature is challenged now, not merely as an object of external criticism, but with a view to its moral significance. A beautiful style, whether of painting or writing, is not suffered to conceal poverty of ideas. Words may be strung in euphonious paragraphs, figures may be correctly designed and colors harmoniously blended, but unless they have a meaning, clear, true and interesting, they are but listlessly viewed and never responded to. Conformity to academic precepts is now but a negative merit. Violation of rules is sooner pardoned than looseness of conception. The progress of science, the diffusion of knowledge and political revolutions, have revealed to the mass the difference between appearances and reality, the conventional and the genuine. Instead of elegantly-penned Spectators we have the cogent rhetoric of Carlyle and Macaulay, and "Corn-Law Rhymes" and "Psalms of Life" are more popular than the most finished courtier verses. The casket may be elaborately polished and adorned, but its finish no longer diverts attention from the gems within, and the brightest artillery of expression is inadequate to win the mind from the thing expressed. The writer and the artist of our times may, therefore, congratulate himself if his works will bear this test—if the interest he inspires is born mainly of his soul, and only relatively from the implements he employs. This is obviously true of Huntington. We think little of the process by which he works as we contemplate his pictures. The idea of a very skillful imitation of some physical quality or material fabric, does not present itself at once to the spectator. We do not instinctively set about a comparison between the objects on his canvas and their types in nature. These considerations, if they suggest themselves at all, are matters of after-thought. It is to our sympathies rather than our observation that Huntington appeals. He is not merely a clever portrayer of fine-looking men and women; he repre-

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sents states of minds, conditions of feeling, phases of character. The minute exactitude of the Flemish school and the dramatic effect of the French are equally distant from his province. The main idea, the chief aim of his pictures, to which fidelity of detail and artistical effect are subsidiary, is to express a sentiment, and this it is which at once attracts and pervades us as we gaze. He does not amuse, dazzle or simply please us; he teaches and inspires, by some lofty, sweet or pious feeling represented with unaffected grace and simplicity. Those who cannot seize at once upon this emotion, who do not find some passage of their life or tendency of their character or instinct of their nature thus brought palpably to view, who are not, as it were, mesmerized by and placed in relation with the subject, fail to recognize what is most characteristic of Huntington. Those who have an eye only for the picturesque, or whose notion of painting is confined to the graphic reflection of external nature, will find comparatively but little satisfaction in the fruits of such a pencil; but all who delight in the beauty of the inner world, who are aware of what is latent in existence, who are wont, like the patriarch, to go forth and muse at eventide—to whom love and faith are necessary and real, will enter into the feeling and accept the suggestions which breathe from his canvas. He is not definite, scholastic, nor vivacious and brilliant, nor yet wild and terrible, but chaste and gentle, serene and elevated; and he is so, not through any strongly marked, but through a vague and contemplative manner. It is by the atmosphere rather than the outlines that he imparts himself—as Charles Lamb does in a letter or Barry Cornwall in a song—by the overflow rather than the crystalization of a mood. As there are vocalists who affect us by the feeling rather than the science of their tones, and talkers whom we delight in less for the distinct ideas they utter than on account of the genial influence of their conversation, so there are artists whom we love less because of any energetic individuality of conception than for the refreshment of the general tone, the spirit in which they work, the melody they bring out of their themes, which never obtrude or declare themselves, but rather hint, quietly suggest and gradually win. Such productions spring from the same source to which Hunt ascribes poetry—a fine liability to impressions, and are directly the reverse in their origin and influence of all that is fantastic, morbid or technical. Without pretension, unaided by any mechanical trickery, like the wild flower, the air, or a bird's song, the spell is gentle, but true and sweet, and such as it is both wise and happy to feel.

A man's intellectual endowments stamp his works, but his social qualities are more influential in shaping their character. That Huntington would make an effective painter might have been confidently predicted from his talents, but what kind of a painter would be dependent upon his natural sympathies. Frank, generous, and wholly unaffected, the affectionate observer of his mental development could not fail to perceive that what he *believed* that he would *do*. We have spoken of his boyish propensity for association. After his studies at Hamilton College were completed, he began practically as an artist, availing himself of the instructions of a professor and the privileges of the National Academy. In conjunction with a friend, since honorably distinguished as a churchman and poet, he founded a club. At first this society was purely recreative, an agreeable safety-valve whereby our artist's inventive and overflowing humor—a quality often allied to sensibility and thoughtfulness, as Shakspeare has inimitably shown in the Prince of Denmark—found genial scope. The comedy of life, for which even the stern Michel Angelo had a keen relish, had free play when the members foregathered, and none more genially shared and provoked the sport than Huntington. Among the members was one whose idiosyncrasies harmonized with the rites and associations of Episcopacy, or rather with Catholicism rightly understood; who loved the memory of Charles the First, and ardently recognized what was noble in the spirit of the cavaliers; to whom Advent and Lent, Passion-week and Christmas were not mere names, but fond and sacred realities, whose inspiration has found such beautiful embodiment abroad in "Keble's Christian Year," and on this side of the water in the poems of Croswell and Cleveland Coxe. Such was the influence that pervaded the inner circle of Huntington's associates as his gifts were verging towards maturity. It accorded with some of his early predilections, his mother's family having been Episcopalians. Hitherto he had sought the beautiful in the fields and sky, and passed from the comic to the serious as one may go from a band of gamesome companions, who "fleet the time lightly as they did in the golden age," to the vast and fair in outward nature—as Jacques left the merry courtiers of the exiled monarch for the "shade of melancholy boughs." While life was "all feeling not yet shaped into a thought," our young artist was content to portray "A Toper Asleep," and "A Bar-room Politician," or "Ichabod Crane flogging a Scholar," clever, true to life, and abounding in that love of fun which is one of the moods of genius. As his nature deepened from experience, he sought in landscape a wider sphere, and for months roamed about his native state, and particularly in the vicinity of the Hudson, painting the glorious scenes near Verplanck's, the Dunderberg mountain, and views of the Roundout, at twilight and sunset. But while thus freely communing with natural beauty, he gradually yielded to a more direct and intimate agency. By the spiritual cast of his mind and the daily conversation of his friends, as well as from the vivid impressions of childhood, ideas such as immortalize the creations of Overbeck and hallow the names of Raphael and Domenichino, became familiar and dear, and he felt himself destined for a religious painter. All that had preceded was

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admirably calculated to promote his success. His ability, at once felt and acknowledged in landscape, and the bold and characteristic style of his portraits were simply evidences that he possessed the requisite command both of figure and scenery, and now to these mechanical aptitudes were added the inspiration of Faith.

Two visits to Europe, where his time was chiefly passed in Rome, without making Huntington an imitator, have contributed to improve his taste, and afforded him many desirable facilities for advancing in the high and difficult range of art to which his native instincts spontaneously led. If his life is spared, we feel assured he is destined to add most worthily to the existent trophies of Christian art, for since Allston our country can boast of no painter whose gifts of execution and graces of character are so well adapted for this species of excellence. As pledges of what he may do, it is only necessary to allude to his pictures of "Early Christian Prisoners," "Christiana and her Children escaping from the Valley of the Shadow of Death," "The Woman of Samaria at the Well," and "The Communion of the Sick." The latter represents the giving of the Viaticum to a Dying Christian in the primitive age. A priest is administering the consecrated bread, and a young deacon waits with the chalice. Its effect on the devout mind is hardly inferior to that produced by the celebrated "Communion of St. Jerome."

If we were to select any one picture as illustrative of the genius of Huntington, it would be "The Dream of Mercy." It is in the collection of as judicious a patron of the arts as we have yet had among us,* whose latter years, darkened as they would otherwise have been by illness and confinement, derived an interest and a beauty from his devotion to this high source of pleasure, which affords a noble example to all who have the soul to redeem trial or adorn prosperity. In this painting the sweetest fancies of the brave author of that immortal allegory, "Pilgrim's Progress," are admirably concentrated. The consoling rays that glorified his imprisonment so long ago, still quiver around the face of the blest sleeper and buoy up the wings of the angel that fills her dream. A kindred feeling broods over the work to that which charms us in Correggio's Magdalen. The idea expressed is, indeed, different. The gracefulness of Guido's "Michael triumphing over Satan" is observable in the winged messenger, but the expression of Mercy is heavenly. A violinist, under the influence of tender or aspiring emotion, will sometimes cause his instrument to vibrate with a thrilling accent, born not of the music he interprets, but rather the offspring of an individual feeling. Thus, in depicting "Mercy's Dream," has Huntington informed it with a sentiment of his own. If he was not thus inspired, we are totally deficient in metaphysical perception. When he had nearly finished this picture, a friend objected that he should rather have chosen his subject from Spenser than from Bunyan. The next day, the artist, by introducing a cross in the crown which the angel extends to Mercy, added a beautiful significance to the composition.

* The late Edward L. Carey.

And this brings us to that mooted question which has been such a thorn in the side to conscientious but narrow minds—the true relation of Art to Religion. To deny any whatever is absurd, as long as men gather beneath a roof, however simple, to worship; and if we recognize in the arcades of the forest and the glory of the mountain either the tokens of divine benignity or the unconscious praise which the universe offers to her Creator, how much more significant are the intelligent trophies of genius which his love has consecrated when gathered to illustrate His truth! The recoil of the world's free spirits from the civic tyranny of Papacy, has blinded too many to what is essentially good and true in her customs. When we meet the idea dissevered from all incidental prejudice, the attempt to set forth what is most touching in the Christian faith, in melody that wraps the soul in a holy trance, or in forms and colors that bring worthily before the eye examples that cheer or soften, or purify the weary and cold affections, does it not commend itself to reason? It is in vain for a few peculiar, though it may be superior minds, to legislate for humanity. We must look at our race objectively and not merely through our individual consciousness. They are destined to receive good, not according to any partial theories, but by the observance of universal laws, by reverently consulting the wants, capacities and principles that are traced in the very organization of man by the hand of Creative wisdom. Thus regarded, is it not obvious that through the senses we must reach the soul—that the abstract must be made real—that sensation is the channel of spirituality? Why runs there through the frame this delicate and complex web of nerves? Why do eye and ear take in impressions which stir the very fountains of emotion and gradually mould the character? Why are brain and heart filled and electrified by art? Is it not because she is the interpreter of life, the medium through which we are made conscious everlastingly of high and vast destinies? Argue and moralize as bigots may, they cannot impugn the design of God in creating a distinct and most influential faculty in our nature which has not merely a useful or temporary end—the sense of the beautiful. Ideality is as much a heaven-implanted element as conscientiousness. Nature's surpassing grandeur and loveliness hourly minister to it, and Art, in its broadest and highest sense, is its legitimate manifestation. When a human voice of marvelous depth and sweetness yields to thousands a pure and rich delight, or a human hand of ideal skill traces scenes of grace and sublimity, and bequeathes the features hallowed by love or glorified by fame,—then is the worthiest praise offered to God by the right and sacred exercise of those faculties which unite mortal to angelic existence. Far, then, be from every liberal

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mind and feeling heart the idea that genuine art can ever profane religion, that the symbol must necessarily shroud the fact, that in seizing on any intermediate links of the golden chain which binds us to eternity, as with our frailty and limited vision we are ever fain to do, any serious alienation is threatened to what is actual in faith or desirable in sentiment. As long as we have senses, they must be represented; and there is far less danger of our being enthralled to images or ideas of any kind than to interest, the basest and most subjugating as well as universal of idolatries.

In Huntington's manner there is something that revives to the imagination that noble band of artists who so gloriously illustrated religion in the palmy days of the church. His figures generally have the roundness which distinguishes several of the best Italian masters, and his tints are subdued and harmonized like many of the favorite pictures both of the Roman and Tuscan schools. Another incidental analogy may be found in the circumstance that in several of his pictures the same female physiognomy is discoverable. The eye is gratified without being perplexed, by a chaste tone and judicious combination of hues. His draperies do not take the place of, but only cover his forms. We recognize the bosom under the tunic and the arm within the sleeve. A striking merit in his compositions is their simplicity. Several of his happiest efforts consist of two or three figures of half-length life size—a species of painting admirably fitted to embellish the walls of our dwellings, where more ambitious specimens would be out of place. This singleness of purpose and absence of complexity in design, render his works at once intelligible, and on this account they convey a more decided, lasting and entire impression. Take, for instance, the "Sacred Lesson." An old man, with lofty and wrinkled brow, venerable beard, and an expression of calm and holy wisdom, is pointing to an open missal, and as he speaks—what we feel to be words of divine meaning—a beautiful girl, with an ingenuous and innocent countenance, from which beams a look of meek inquiry and sweet confidence, gazes and listens in devout attention. It is evident that to that fair creature the lesson is, indeed, sacred; and that to her teacher may be applied the description which a late poet* gives of the lover of the "Sexton's Daughter"—

> "Yet could he temper love and meekness
> With all the sacred might of law,
> Dissevering gentleness from weakness,
> And hallowing tenderness by awe."

Similar in kind, though various in degree, is the usual influence of Huntington's pictures. They breathe a spirit which, in this busy and eager country, amid the warfare of trade and politics, seems to us peculiarly desirable. When, from the anxious mart or the thronged arena, the American citizen retires to his home, the exciting battle-pieces of Salvator or the festive scenes of the Flemish limners, however admirable in themselves, bring not precisely the refreshment he needs and which art can so genially bestow. It is well for his eye to rest upon some aspect of humanity calmer and more exalted. It is needful that the privacy of his domestic retreat should be hallowed by images of serene truth, indicative of repose and hope—not that "stick at nothing, Herodias-daughter kind of grace," but tranquil, contemplative subjects, "the brow all wisdom and the lips all love." The pleasurable and soothing contrasts thus afforded between life and art, the holy efficiency of the latter in cooling the fevered pulse and awakening the heart to better aims and a nobler faith, are finely illustrated by painters who, like the subject of this imperfect notice, seem to whisper from the glowing canvas—"to be spiritually-minded is life eternal." And these silent guests, with their beautiful teachings, their unobtrusive inspiration, their familiar grace, make the loneliest room a temple, and yield some of the choicest joys of society, without the chilliness of etiquette or the wearisome demands of vanity. Like Ophelia and Cordelia, they put us on a sweet track of musing; and if it be true, as has been said, that the strength of virtue is serenity of mind, the artists who work in this spirit are genuine priests of humanity and oracles of God.

* Stirling.

TO *****.

I THINK of thee whene'er I see
The violet ope its leaves—
Awaked from sleep by kisses sweet
From every morning breeze:

When, too, the thankful floweret,
At noon, would strive repay
The kisses of the flaming orb,
That steal its life away.

When stilly eve, with dewy lips,
On Nature's face in play,
Doth seek the sunburned lily's brow,
And kiss the burn away,

I think of thee—thy breath the breeze;
Thine eye the dazzling flame;
Thy smile the virtuous dew that wakes
My heart to life again.—J. B. F. O.

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THE LITERATI OF NEW YORK CITY.—NO. IV.

SOME HONEST OPINIONS AT RANDOM RESPECTING THEIR AUTORIAL MERITS, WITH OCCASIONAL WORDS OF PERSONALITY.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

SARAH MARGARET FULLER.

Miss Fuller was at one time editor, or one of the editors of "The Dial," to which she contributed many of the most forcible, and certainly some of the most peculiar papers. She is known, too, by "Summer on the Lakes," a remarkable assemblage of sketches, issued in 1844 by Little & Brown, of Boston. More lately she has published "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," a work which has occasioned much discussion, having had the good fortune to be warmly abused and chivalrously defended. At present, she is assistant editor of "The New York Tribune," or rather a salaried contributor to that journal, for which she has furnished a great variety of matter, chiefly critical notices of new books, etc. etc., her articles being designated by an asterisk. Two of the best of them were a review of Professor Longfellow's late magnificent edition of his own works, (with a portrait,) and an appeal to the public in behalf of her friend Harro Harring. The review did her infinite credit; it was frank, candid, independent —in even ludicrous contrast to the usual mere glorifications of the day, giving honor *only* where honor was due, yet evincing the most thorough capacity to appreciate and the most sincere intention to place in the fairest light the real and idiosyncratic merits of the poet.

In my opinion it is one of the very few reviews of Longfellow's poems, ever published in America, of which the critics have not had abundant reason to be ashamed. Mr. Longfellow is entitled to a certain and very distinguished rank among the poets of his country, but that country is disgraced by the evident toadyism which would award to his social position and influence, to his fine paper and large type, to his morocco binding and gilt edges, to his flattering portrait of himself, and to the illustrations of his poems by Huntingdon, that amount of indiscriminate approbation which neither could nor would have been given to the poems themselves.

The defence of Harro Harring, or rather the Philippic against those who were doing him wrong, was one of the most eloquent and well-*put* articles I have ever yet seen in a newspaper.

"Woman in the Nineteenth Century" is a book which few women in the country could have written, and no woman in the country would have published, with the exception of Miss Fuller. In the way of independence, of unmitigated radicalism, it is one of the "Curiosities of American Literature," and Doctor Griswold should include it in his book. I need scarcely say that the essay is nervous, forcible, thoughtful, suggestive, brilliant, and to a certain extent scholar-like—for all that Miss Fuller produces is entitled to these epithets—but I must say that the conclusions reached are only in part my own. Not that they are too bold, by any means—too novel, too startling, or too dangerous in their consequences, but that in their attainment too many premises have been distorted and too many analogical inferences left altogether out of sight. I mean to say that the intention of the Deity as regards sexual differences—an intention which can be distinctly comprehended only by throwing the exterior (more sensitive) portions of the mental retina *casually* over the wide field of universal *analogy*—I mean to say that this *intention* has not been sufficiently considered. Miss Fuller has erred, too, through her own excessive objectiveness. She judges *woman* by the heart and intellect of Miss Fuller, but there are not more than one or two dozen Miss Fullers on the whole face of the earth. Holding these opinions in regard to "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," I still feel myself called upon to disavow the silly, condemnatory criticism of the work which appeared in one of the earlier numbers of "The Broadway Journal." That article was *not* written by myself, and *was* written by my associate Mr. Briggs.

The most favorable estimate of Miss Fuller's genius (for high genius she unquestionably possesses) is to be obtained, perhaps, from her contributions to "The Dial," and from her "Summer on the Lakes." Many of the *descriptions* in this volume are unrivaled for *graphicality*, (why is there not such a word?) for the force with which they convey the true by the novel or unexpected, by the introduction of touches which other artists would be sure to omit as irrelevant to the subject. This faculty, too, springs from her subjectiveness, which leads her to paint a scene less by its features than by its effects.

Here, for example, is a portion of her account of Niagara:—

"Daily these proportions widened and towered more and more upon my sight, and I got at last a proper foreground for these sublime distances. Before coming away, I think I really saw the full wonder of the scene. After

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awhile it *so drew me into itself as to inspire an undefined dread, such as I never knew before, such as may be felt when death is about to usher us into a new existence.* The perpetual trampling of the waters seized my senses. *I felt that no other sound, however near, could be heard, and would start and look behind me for a foe.* I realized the identity of that mood of nature in which these waters were poured down with such absorbing force, with that in which the Indian was shaped on the same soil. For continually upon my mind came, unsought and unwelcome, *images, such as had never haunted it before, of naked savages stealing behind me with uplifted tomahawks.* Again and again this illusion recurred, and even *after I had thought it over and tried to shake it off, I could not help starting and looking behind me.* What I liked best was to sit on Table Rock close to the great fall; *there all power of observing details, all separate consciousness was quite lost.*"

The truthfulness of the passages italicized will be felt by all; the feelings described are, perhaps, experienced by every (imaginative) person who visits the fall; but most persons, through predominant subjectiveness, would scarcely be conscious of the feelings, or, at best, would never think of employing them in an attempt to convey to others an impression of the scene. Hence so many desperate failures to convey it on the part of ordinary tourists. Mr. William W. Lord, to be sure, in his poem "Niagara," is sufficiently objective; he describes not the fall, but very properly the effect of the fall upon *him*. He says that it made him think of his *own* greatness, of his *own* superiority, and so forth, and so forth; and it is only when we come to think that the thought of Mr. Lord's greatness is quite idiosyncratic, confined exclusively to Mr. Lord, that we are in condition to understand how, in despite of his objectiveness, he has failed to convey an idea of anything beyond one Mr. William W. Lord.

From the essay entitled "Philip Van Artevelde," I copy a paragraph which will serve at once to exemplify Miss Fuller's more earnest (declamatory) style, and to show the tenor of her prospective speculations:—

"At Chicago I read again 'Philip Van Artevelde,' and certain passages in it will always be in my mind associated with the deep sound of the lake, as heard in the night. I used to read a short time at night, and then open the blind to look out. The moon would be full upon the lake, and the calm breath, pure light, and the deep voice, harmonized well with the thought of the Flemish hero. When will this country have such a man? It is what she needs—no thin Idealist, no coarse Realist, but a man whose eye reads the heavens while his feet step firmly on the ground and his hands are strong and dextrous in the use of human instruments. A man, religious, virtuous and—sagacious; a man of universal sympathies, but self-possessed; a man who knows the region of emotion, though he is not its slave; a man to whom this world is no mere spectacle or fleeting shadow, but a great, solemn game, to be played with good heed, for its stakes are of eternal value, yet who, if his own play be true, heeds not what he loses by the falsehood of others. A man who lives from the past, yet knows that its honey can but moderately avail him; whose comprehensive eye scans the present, neither infatuated by its golden lures nor chilled by its many ventures; who possesses prescience, as the wise man must, but not so far as to be driven mad to-day by the gift which discerns to-morrow. When there is such a man for America, the thought which urges her on will be expressed."

From what I have quoted a *general* conception of the prose style of the authoress may be gathered. Her manner, however, is infinitely varied. It is always forcible—but I am not sure that it is always anything else, unless I say picturesque. It rather indicates than evinces scholarship. Perhaps only the scholastic, or, more properly, those accustomed to look narrowly at the structure of phrases, would be willing to acquit her of ignorance of grammar—would be willing to attribute her slovenliness to disregard of the shell in anxiety for the kernel; or to waywardness, or to affectation, or to blind reverence for Carlyle—would be able to detect, in her strange and continual inaccuracies, a capacity for the accurate.

"I cannot sympathize with such an apprehension: the spectacle is *capable to* swallow *up* all such objects."

"It is fearful, too, to know, as you look, that whatever has been swallowed by the cataract, is *like* to rise suddenly to light."

"I took our *mutual* friends to see her."

"It was always obvious that they had nothing in common *between them*."

"The Indian cannot be looked at truly *except* by a poetic eye."

"McKenney's Tour to the Lakes gives some facts not to be met *with* elsewhere."

"There is that mixture of culture and rudeness in the aspect of things *as* gives a feeling of freedom," etc. etc. etc.

These are merely a few, a very few instances, taken at random from among a multitude of *wilful* murders committed by Miss Fuller on the American of President Polk. She uses, too, the word "ignore," a vulgarity adopted only of late days (and to no good purpose, since there is no necessity for it) from the barbarisms of the law, and makes no scruple of giving the Yankee interpretation to the verbs "witness" and "realize," to say nothing of "use," as in the sentence, "I used to read a short time at night." It will not do to say, in defence of such words, that in such senses they may be found in certain dictionaries—in that of Bolles', for instance;—*some* kind of "authority" may be found for *any* kind of vulgarity under the sun.

In spite of these things, however, and of her frequent unjustifiable Carlyleisms, (such as that of writing sentences which are no sentences, since, to be parsed, reference must be had to sentences preceding,) the style of Miss Fuller is one of the very best with which I am acquainted. In general effect, I know no style which surpasses it. It is singularly piquant, vivid, terse, bold, luminous—leaving details out of sight, it is everything that a style need be.

I believe that Miss Fuller has written much poetry, although she has published little. That little is tainted with the affectation of the *trans-*

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cendentalists, (I use this term, of course, in the sense which the public of late days seem resolved to give it,) but is brimful of the poetic *sentiment*. Here, for example, is something in Coleridge's manner, of which the author of "Genevieve" might have had no reason to be ashamed:—

"A maiden sat beneath a tree;
Tear-bedewed her pale cheeks be,
And she sigheth heavily.

"From forth the wood into the *light*
A hunter strides with carol *light*,
And a glance so bold and bright.

"He careless stopped and eyed the maid:
'Why weepest thou?' he gently said;
'I love thee well, be not afraid.'

"He takes her hand and leads her on—
She should have waited there alone,
For he was not her chosen one.

"He *leans* her head upon his breast—
She knew 'twas not her home of rest,
But, ah, she had been sore distrest.

"The sacred stars looked sadly down;
The parting moon appeared to frown,
To see thus dimmed the diamond crown.

"Then from the thicket starts a deer—
The huntsman, seizing *on* his spear
Cries, 'Maiden, wait thou for me here.'

"She sees him vanish into night—
She starts from sleep in deep affright,
For it was not her own true knight.

"Though but in dream Gunhilda failed—
Though but a fancied ill assailed—
Though she but fancied fault bewailed—

"Yet thought of day makes dream of night;
She is not worthy of the knight;
The inmost altar burns not bright.

"If loneliness thou canst not bear—
Cannot the dragon's venom dare—
Of the pure meed thou shouldst despair.

"Now sadder that lone maiden sighs;
Far bitterer tears profane her eyes;
Crushed in the dust her heart's flower lies."

To show the evident carelessness with which this poem was constructed, I have italicized an identical rhyme (of about the same force in versification as an identical proposition in logic) and two grammatical improprieties. *To lean* is a neuter verb, and "seizing *on*" is not properly to be called a pleonasm, merely because it is—nothing at all. The concluding line is difficult of pronunciation through excess of consonants. I should have preferred, indeed, the ante-penultimate tristich as the *finale* of the poem.

The supposition that the book of an author is a thing apart from the author's self, is, I think, ill-founded. The soul is a cypher, in the sense of a cryptograph; and the shorter a cryptograph is, the more difficulty there is in its comprehension—at a certain point of brevity it would bid defiance to an army of Champollions. And thus he who has written very little, may in that little either conceal his spirit or convey quite an erroneous idea of it—of his acquirements, talents, temper, manner, tenor and depth (or shallowness) of thought—in a word, of his character, of himself. But this is impossible with him who has written much. Of such a person we get, from his books, not merely a just, but the most just representation. Bulwer, the individual, personal man, in a green velvet waistcoat and amber gloves, is not by any means the veritable Sir Edward Lytton, who is discoverable only in "Ernest Maltravers," where his soul is deliberately and nakedly set forth. And who would ever know Dickens by looking at him or talking with him, or doing anything with him except reading his "Curiosity Shop?" What poet, in especial, but must feel at least the better portion of himself more fairly represented in even his commonest sonnet (earnestly written) than in his most elaborate or most intimate personalities?

I put all this as a general proposition, to which Miss Fuller affords a marked exception—to this extent, that her personal character and her printed book are merely one and the same thing. We get access to her soul *as* directly from the one as from the other—no *more* readily from this than from that—easily from either. Her acts are bookish, and her books are less thoughts than acts. Her literary and her conversational manner are identical. Here is a passage from her "Summer on the Lakes:"—

"The rapids enchanted me far beyond what I expected; they are so swift that they cease to *seem* so—you can think only of their *beauty*. The fountain beyond the Moss islands I discovered for myself, and thought it for some time an *accidental* beauty which it would not do to *leave*, lest I might never see it again. After I found it *permanent*, I returned many times to watch the play of its crest In the little waterfall beyond, Nature seems, as she often does, to have made a *study* for some larger design. She delights in this—a sketch within a sketch—a dream within *a dream*. Wherever we see it, the lines of the great buttress in the fragment of stone, the hues of the waterfall, copied in the flowers that *star* its bordering mosses, we are *delighted;* for all the lineaments become *fluent*, and we mould the scene in congenial thought with its *genius*."

Now all this is precisely as Miss Fuller would *speak* it. She is perpetually saying just such things in just such words. To get the *conversational* woman in the mind's eye, all that is needed is to imagine her reciting the paragraph just quoted: but first let us have the *personal* woman. She is of the medium height; nothing remarkable about the figure; a profusion of lustrous light hair; eyes a bluish gray, full of fire; capacious forehead; the mouth when in repose indicates profound sensibility, capacity for affection, for love—when moved by a slight smile, it becomes even beautiful in the intensity of this expression; but the upper lip, as if impelled by the action of involuntary muscles,

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habitually uplifts itself, conveying the impression of a sneer. Imagine, now, a person of this description looking you at one moment earnestly in the face, at the next seeming to look only within her own spirit or at the wall; moving nervously every now and then in her chair; speaking in a high key, but musically, deliberately, (not hurriedly or loudly,) with a delicious distinctness of enunciation—speaking, I say, the paragraph in question, and emphasizing the words which I have italicized, not by impulsion of the breath, (as is usual,) but by drawing them out as long as possible, nearly closing her eyes the while—imagine all this, and we have both the woman and the authoress before us.

JAMES LAWSON.

Mr. Lawson has himself made little effort in the field of literary labor, but is distinguished for his zeal and liberality in the good cause. He is by birth a Scotchman, but few men have more ardently at heart the welfare of American letters.

His works, so far as published in volume form, are few. I know only of "Giordano, a tragedy," and two volumes entitled "Tales and Sketches by a Cosmopolite." The former was performed some years ago, (at the Park, I believe,) and with no great success. The latter were more popular. One of them, "The Dapper Gentleman's Story," is a very clever imitation of the manner of Irving, and has "gone the rounds of the press."

Mr. Lawson is of social habits and warm sympathies. He is enthusiastic, especially in matters of art or taste; converses fluently, tells a capital story, and is generally respected and beloved.

CAROLINE M. KIRKLAND.

Mrs. Kirkland's "New Home," published under the *nom de plume* of "Mary Clavers," wrought an undoubted sensation. The cause lay not so much in picturesque description, in racy humor, or in animated individual portraiture, as in *truth* and novelty. The west at the time was a field comparatively untrodden by the sketcher or the novelist. In certain works, to be sure, we had obtained brief glimpses of character strange to us sojourners in the civilized east, but to Mrs. Kirkland alone we were indebted for our acquaintance with the *home* and home-life of the backwoodsman. With a fidelity and vigor that prove her pictures to be taken from the very life, she has represented "scenes" that could have occurred only *as* and *where* she has described them. She has placed before us the veritable settlers of the forest, with all their peculiarities, national and individual; their free and fearless spirit; their homely utilitarian views; their shrewd out-looking for self-interest; their thrifty care and inventions multiform; their coarseness of manner, united with real delicacy and substantial kindness when their sympathies are called into action—in a word, with all the characteristics of the Yankee, in a region where the salient points of character are unsmoothed by contact with society. So life-like were her representations that they have been appropriated as individual portraits by many who have been disposed to plead, trumpet-tongued, against what they supposed to be "the deep damnation of their taking-off."

"Forest Life" succeeded "A New Home," and was read with equal interest. It gives us, perhaps, more of the philosophy of western life, but has the same freshness, freedom, piquancy. Of course, a truthful picture of pioneer habits could never be given in any grave history or essay so well as in the form of narration, where each character is permitted to develop itself; narration, therefore, was very properly adopted by Mrs. Kirkland in both the books just mentioned, and even more entirely in her later volume, "Western Clearings." This is the title of a collection of tales, illustrative, in general, of Western manners, customs, ideas. "The Land Fever" is a story of the wild days when the madness of speculation in land was at its height. It is a richly characteristic sketch, as is also "The Ball at Thram's Huddle." Only those who have had the fortune to visit or live in the "back settlements" can enjoy such pictures to the full. "Chances and Changes" and "Love *vs.* Aristocracy" are more regularly constructed *tales*, with the "universal passion" as the moving power, but colored with the glowing hues of the west. "The Bee Tree" exhibits a striking but too numerous class among the settlers, and explains, also, the depth of the bitterness that grows out of an unprosperous condition in that "Paradise of the Poor." "Ambuscades" and "Half-Lengths from Life" I remember as two piquant sketches to which an annual, a year or two ago, was indebted for a most unusual sale among the conscious and pen-dreading denizens of the west. "Half-Lengths" turns on the trying subject of *caste*. "The Schoolmaster's Progress" is full of truth and humor. The western pedagogue, the stiff, solitary nondescript figure in the drama of a new settlement, occupying a middle position between "our folks" and "company," and "boarding round," is irresistibly amusing, and cannot fail to be recognized as the representative of a class. The occupation, indeed, always seems to mould those engaged in it—they all soon, like Master Horner, learn to "know well what belongs to the pedagogical character, and that facial solemnity stands high on the list of indispensable qualifications." The spelling-school, also, is a "new country" feature which we owe Mrs. Kirkland many thanks for recording. The incidents of "An Embroidered Fact" are singular and picturesque, but not particularly illustrative of the "Clearings." The same may be said of "Bitter

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Fruits from Chance-Sown Seeds;" but this abounds in capital touches of character: all the horrors of the tale are brought about through suspicion of *pride*, an accusation as destructive at the west as that of witchcraft in olden times, or the cry of mad dog in modern.

In the way of absolute *books*, Mrs. Kirkland, I believe, has achieved nothing beyond the three volumes specified, (with another lately issued by Wiley & Putnam,) but she is a very constant contributor to the magazines. Unquestionably, she is one of our best writers, has a province of her own, and in that province has few equals. Her most noticeable trait is a certain *freshness* of style, seemingly drawn, as her subjects in general, from the west. In the second place is to be observed a species of *wit*, approximating humor, and so interspersed with pure *fun*, that "wit," after all, is nothing like a definition of it. To give an example—"Old Thoughts on the New Year" commencés with a quotation from Tasso's "Aminta"—

"Il mondo invecchia
E invecchiando intristisce;"

and the following is given as a "free translation"—

"The world is growing older
And wiser day by day;
Everybody knows beforehand
What you're going to say.
We used to laugh and frolic—
Now we must behave:
Poor old Fun is dead and buried—
Pride dug his grave."

This, if I am not mistaken, is the only specimen of *poetry* as yet given by Mrs. Kirkland to the world. She has afforded us no means of judging in respect to her inventive powers, although fancy, and even imagination, are apparent in everything she does. Her perceptive faculties enable her to *describe* with great verisimilitude. Her mere style is admirable, lucid, terse, full of variety, faultlessly pure, and yet bold—so bold as to appear heedless of the ordinary *decora* of composition. In even her most reckless sentences, however, she betrays the woman of refinement, of accomplishment, of unusually thorough education. There are a great many points in which her general manner resembles that of Willis, whom she evidently admires. Indeed, it would not be difficult to pick out from her works an occasional Willisism, not less palpable than happy. For example—

"*Peaches were like little green velvet buttons when* George was first mistaken for Doctor Beaseley, and *before they were ripe* he," etc.

And again—

"Mr. Hammond is fortunately settled in our neighborhood, for the present at least; and he has the neatest little cottage in the world, standing, too, under a very tall oak, which bends kindly over it, looking like the Princess Glumdalclitch inclining her ear to the box which contained her pet Gulliver."

Mrs. Kirkland's personal manner is an echo of her literary one. She is frank, cordial, yet sufficiently dignified—even bold, yet especially ladylike; converses with remarkable accuracy as well as fluency; is brilliantly witty, and now and then not a little sarcastic, but a general amability prevails.

She is rather above the medium height; eyes and hair dark; features somewhat small, with no marked characteristics, but the whole countenance beams with benevolence and intellect.

PROSPER M. WETMORE.

General Wetmore occupied some years ago quite a conspicuous position among the *littérateurs* of New York city. His name was seen very frequently in "The Mirror" and in other similar journals, in connection with brief poems and occasional prose compositions. His only publication in volume form, I believe, is "The Battle of Lexington and other Poems," a collection of considerable merit, and one which met a very cordial reception from the press.

Much of this cordiality, however, is attributable to the personal popularity of the man, to his facility in making acquaintances and his tact in converting them into unwavering friends.

General Wetmore has an exhaustless fund of *vitality*. His energy, activity and indefatigability are proverbial, not less than his peculiar sociability. These qualities give him unusual influence among his fellow-citizens, and have constituted him (as precisely the same traits have constituted his friend General Morris) one of a standing committee for the regulation of a certain class of city affairs—such, for instance, as the getting up a complimentary benefit, or a public demonstration of respect for some deceased worthy, or a ball and dinner to Mr. Irving or Mr. Dickens.

Mr. Wetmore is not only a general, but Naval Officer of the Port of New York, Member of the Board of Trade, one of the Council of the Art Union, one of the Corresponding Committee of the Historical Society, and of more other committees than I can just now remember. His manners are *recherchés*, courteous—a little in the old school way. He is sensitive, punctilious; speaks well, roundly, fluently, plausibly, and is skilled in pouring oil upon the waters of stormy debate.

He is, perhaps, fifty years of age, but has a youthful look; is about five feet eight in height, slender, neat, with an air of military compactness; looks especially well on horseback.

EMMA C. EMBURY.

Mrs. Embury is one of the most noted, and certainly one of the most meritorious of our female

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littérateurs. She has been many years before the public—her earliest compositions, I believe, having been contributed to the "New York Mirror" under the *nom de plume* "Ianthe." They attracted very general attention at the time of their appearance and materially aided the paper. They were subsequently, with some other pieces, published in volume form, with the title "Guido and other Poems." This book has been long out of print. Of late days its author has written but little poetry—that little, however, has at least indicated a poetic capacity of no common order.

Yet as a poetess she is comparatively unknown, her reputation in this regard having been quite overshadowed by that which she has acquired as a writer of tales. In this latter capacity she has, upon the whole, no equal among her sex in America—certainly no superior. She is not so vigorous as Mrs. Stephens, nor so vivacious as Miss Chubbuck, nor so caustic as Miss Leslie, nor so dignified as Miss Sedgwick, nor so graceful, fanciful and *spirituelle* as Mrs. Osgood, but is *deficient* in none of the qualities for which these ladies are noted, and in certain particulars surpasses them all. Her subjects are *fresh*, if not always vividly original, and she manages them with more skill than is usually exhibited by our magazinists. She has also much imagination and sensibility, while her style is pure, earnest, and devoid of verbiage and exaggeration. I make a point of *reading* all tales to which I see the name of Mrs. Embury appended. The story by which she has attained most reputation is "Constance Latimer, the Blind Girl."

Mrs. E. is a daughter of Doctor Manly, an eminent physician of New York city. At an early age she married a gentleman of some wealth and of education, as well as of tastes akin to her own. She is noted for her domestic virtues no less than for literary talents and acquirements.

She is about the medium height; complexion, eyes, and hair light; arched eyebrows; Grecian nose; the mouth a fine one and indicative of firmness; the whole countenance pleasing, intellectual and expressive. The portrait in "Graham's Magazine" for January, 1843, has no resemblance to her whatever.

EPES SARGENT.

Mr. Sargent is well known to the public as the author of "Velasco, a Tragedy," "The Light of the Light-house, with other Poems," one or two short *nouvelettes*, and numerous contributions to the periodicals. He was also the editor of "Sargent's Magazine," a monthly work, which had the misfortune of falling between two stools, never having been able to make up its mind whether to be popular with the three or dignified with the five dollar journals. It was a "happy *medium*" between the two classes, and met the fate of all happy *media* in dying, as well through lack of foes as of friends. *In medio tutissimus ibis* is the worst advice in the world for the editor of a magazine. Its observance proved the downfall of Mr. Lowell and his really meritorious "Pioneer."

"Velasco" has received some words of commendation from the author of "Ion," and I am ashamed to say, owes most of its home appreciation to this circumstance. Mr. Talfourd's play has, itself, little truly dramatic, with much picturesque and more poetical value; its author, nevertheless, is better entitled to respect as a dramatist than as a critic of dramas. "Velasco," compared with American tragedies generally, is a good tragedy—indeed, an excellent one, but, positively considered, its merits are very inconsiderable. It has many of the traits of Mrs. Mowatt's "Fashion," to which, in its mode of construction, its scenic effects, and several other points, it bears as close a resemblance as, in the nature of things, it could very well bear. It is by no means improbable, however, that Mrs. Mowatt received some assistance from Mr. Sargent in the composition of her comedy, or at least was guided by his advice in many particulars of technicality.

"Shells and Sea Weeds," a series of brief poems recording the incidents of a voyage to Cuba, is, I think, the best work in verse of its author, and evinces a fine fancy, with keen appreciation of the beautiful in natural scenery. Mr. Sargent is fond of sea pieces, and paints them with skill, flooding them with that warmth and geniality which are their character and their due. "A Life on the Ocean Wave" has attained great popularity, but is by no means so good as the less lyrical compositions, "A Calm," "The Gale," "Tropical Weather," and "A Night Storm at Sea."

"The Light of the Light-house" is a spirited poem, with many musical and fanciful passages, well expressed. For example—

> "But, oh, Aurora's crimson light,
> That makes the watch-fire dim,
> Is not a more transporting sight
> Than Ellen is to him.
> He pineth not for fields and brooks,
> Wild flowers and singing birds,
> For summer smileth in her looks
> And singeth in her words."

There is something of the Dibdin spirit throughout the poem, and, indeed, throughout all the sea poems of Mr. Sargent—a little *too much* of it, perhaps.

His prose is not quite so meritorious as his poetry. He writes "easily," and is apt at burlesque and sarcasm—both rather broad than original. Mr. Sargent has an excellent memory for good *hits* and no little dexterity in their application. To those who meddle little with books, some of his satirical papers must appear brilliant. In a word, he is one of the most prominent members of a very

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extensive American family—the men of industry, talent and tact.

In stature he is short—not more than five feet five—but well proportioned. His face is a fine one; the features regular and expressive. His demeanor is very gentlemanly. Unmarried, and about thirty years of age.

THE FAREWELL.

I'm leaving ye, am leaving all,
My childhood and my home—
The dearest and the only one
I ever yet have known;
And though I may come back again,
May see you all once more,
I know, I know it will not be
As it ever was before!

I know, when I am pass'd away
I shall remember'd be—
That night by night and day by day
Your hearts will turn to me;
And when in its accustom'd place
Ye see the unfill'd chair,
Ye'll think of that familiar face
Ye've seen so often there.

And years will come, *those years of change*,
Each bringing tears and mirth,
And *other* ones, untried and strange,
Sit with ye by our hearth;
And ye will sing those same old songs
We so have loved for years—
And busy thoughts will come in throngs,
Stirring your souls to tears.

And sometimes, gather'd by the fire,
Your vesper song to sing,
Ye'll find that on your household lyre
There is one broken string.
But oh! I would not have that thought
One shade of sadness fling,
Nor from those eyes, with deep love fraught,
One burning tear-drop wring.

And when Spring comes, with birds and flowers,
And silver fountains full,
Ye'll think of me, I know ye will,
For I have loved them all:
And though those glorious birds depart,
Though weary flowers may die,
The image mirror'd in the heart
Will there *for ever* lie.

And though I find *another* home—
Sit by another hearth—
Each blessed face will haunt my heart
Where'er I go on earth:
Each breath of flower, or laughing wind,
That kisses brow or cheek—
Each stream that plays, or bird that sings,
Will of the *absent* speak.

Though I may tread the halls of mirth,
Amid the cold or proud,
And beings bright and beautiful
The gorgeous pageant crowd—
Some glance will come from bright eyes shed—
Some playful, thoughtless word—
Some glorious burst of intellect
From passion's fountain pour'd—

Some gentle glance of greeting love—
Or earnest, sad "adieu"—
Some tone, or smile, or beaming look,
(Jewels which young hearts strew)—
Something to wake a "nameless thrill"
Of mingled joy and pain;
Chords, echoing chords I cannot still,
For *memory* must reign!—ANNETTE.

THE DEW-DROP.

A DEW-DROP lay embosomed in a rose;—
The noiseless night and silent stars alone
Had seen it form in stillness there. It was
So pure, so rich in heaven's serenest hues,
That like the tear it seemed, which Peris drop
When first they leave the sweet, sequestered shades
Of Paradise. So there it lay and shed
A balm so fresh and choice, that from the flower
There rose and fill'd the breeze a fragrance sweet
As holy incense from the grateful heart.
Thus, like a blushing bride, the flower appear'd,
Upon whose breast there beams one precious pearl
Of purest, richest ray. But when the sun,
Up-springing in the morn, gazed on that drop,
And in its peerless crystal saw himself
So sweetly imaged, though in miniature,
He breathed celestial warmth, and drew it, changed
Into a viewless spirit, up to heaven,
To dwell in light and beauty round his throne.

The CHRISTIAN is that drop—the earth that flower;
Like it, he's born in heaven—like it, descends
To earth—like it, sheds fragrance where he rests,
Till from his soul's still depths there shines the bright
Resemblance of the Sun of Righteousness.
'Tis there, like this sweet drop, he fades from sight,
And, all absorbed in floods of bliss and love,
Serenely soars to Heaven's pure, azure sphere,
To shine around the burning Throne of God!

O.

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MY UNCLES AND AUNTS.

My maternal grandfather resided in a large, old-fashioned dwelling, situated at about a mile from the sea-coast. He had several children, all married, who with their families generally spent part of every summer under his hospitable roof. Sometimes two or three thus would be assembled, and then the walls of the old mansion would witness many a scene of merriment.

My mother had, since her marriage, resided at a great distance from the paternal roof, and it was not until I was about fifteen years old that I made one at the summer reunion. I had heard my elder sister describe the old mansion, its wide halls, grand staircases and deep oriel windows, and its spacious grounds and vine-clad arbors, where she had had pleasant *tête-à-têtes* with her favorite cousins, and my girlish imagination pictured the spot as the realization of all the beautiful I had read of in works of romance. It was with very joyful spirits I started on my journey to the scene of my many day-dreams. The first few days after my arrival I spent in exploring the house and its vicinities, and when that novelty was over I began to interest myself in observing my new relatives, most of whom were entire strangers to me. The characters and dispositions of those around me always afforded me much amusement, and the aunts, uncles and cousins by whom I was now surrounded presented a wide field for reflection.

My Aunt Jane first attracted me by her easy, assured manners, and her bright, intelligent expression. I soon observed that everybody paid her marked attention, and that her opinion was often consulted and her advice called for. There was something fascinating in her dignified, confident manners, which quite won the respect of my young, timid mind; but it was not many weeks before her true character was exposed to me. In many respects it was a very laudable one; she was a good wife and a pattern of a mother, for she had some very sound ideas upon education, which she fully carried into practice. It would be a profitable lesson to many mothers could they learn her method of teaching and disciplining her children. She was, moreover, a woman of excellent education and varied accomplishments; but there was one great fault in her character which dimmed all her acquirements and good qualities. It was selfishness—a very common fault, truly, but seldom so prominent as in my aunt's character. She received attention from all around—for she demanded it, though in such a way that you could hardly doubt that it was not voluntary on your part. She was a woman of the world, and seemed fully to understand herself and everybody around her. But though she succeeded in exacting attention from all, especially from strangers, I believed that no one really loved her but her affectionate old father, her husband and children, who certainly would have loved her more had she been less selfish. She had four daughters, with whose education she had taken unwearied pains, and who, as far as mental acquirements went, certainly did credit to her exertions. But it was on their account that my aunt chiefly displayed her selfishness. If they gave evidence of any superiority over their cousins, even her tact and self-command could not conceal her satisfaction.

But what most annoyed me was her habit of relieving herself of their charge, if possible, to throw the burden on others. If we, her elder nieces and nephews, were about to take a quiet ramble in the woods or on the beach, she was sure to say, "Kate, dear," or "Lucy, love, do take little Emma with you; she wants to walk so much." At first we were very willing, but when we found that she charged us with the troublesome little one that she might enjoy her own walk in quiet, we felt as if our good nature were imposed upon, and when we could we stole out unperceived to avoid the troublesome charge. Sometimes she had a headache and could not join in the dancing and merriment in the large saloon, where we met every evening; and then she would not scruple to call upon one of us to sit and read to her, never considering at how great a sacrifice. She never required her own daughters to do this unless no one else could be prevailed upon.

But it would be impossible to enumerate all her selfish actions; each day brought new examples. No one came near her who was not called upon to do her some service, though she never dreamt of putting herself out to serve any one else.

Very different was my obliging Aunt Mary, whose generous disposition appeared the lovelier as it was daily contrasted with the selfishness of Aunt Jane. She never considered what would be agreeable to herself; the comfort of others was her constant attention. She did not seek admiration and deference as did her less amiable sister, but the homage she did not ask was paid, for no one could be long under her gentle influence without loving her. Though in delicate health, she never complained, but the slightest indisposition of others aroused her sympathy and attention. She was a faithful and affectionate mother, but never favored her own children to the exclusion of others.

The dispositions of my two aunts gave rise to many new reflections in my young mind. I saw that the selfish person in his attempts to gain all, loses

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more than he gains; and I learned to think that if we be careful to do justice to others, Heaven will see that justice is done to us.

My Aunt Mary's husband I called my inconsiderate uncle, though he deserved the title selfish as well as Aunt Jane, from whom he only differed in that she gained attention by her fawning manners; he did not scruple to call upon every one, especially his wife and children, to wait upon him —and he did this at all times when he had nothing to do but sit still and be served. "Wife, run up stairs and get my hat;" "Here, Sue, give me that book;—put down your drawing and cut the leaves for me;" "Look for my gloves, James—I don't know where I left them." In some such way each one who came near him might expect to be saluted. And his children were not little ones who had nothing better to do, but were all grown up, and being industrious and always usefully employed, it was inconsiderate and selfish thus to call upon them. In fact, he seemed to think that wife, children, nieces and nephews, were good for nothing but to minister to his caprices. But no one could be a better companion than he in his best moods, which unfortunately were very rare.

I sometimes thought that his indifference to the comfort of others proceeded rather from thoughtlessness than ill-nature. Perhaps his mother was a fond, foolish woman, who ministered to her spoilt boy's imaginary and capricious wants at the risk of making him a troublesome companion in after days.

Happily, Uncle George, my selfish aunt's husband, was very different. He was the light of the house. Wherever he appeared he was heartily welcomed, for he had universal sympathy;—he would listen approvingly to the music of one, inspect the drawings of another, kindly criticize the compositions of another, and for all have kind words and delicate attentions. Happy were his children to have such a director to their studies and amusements! Oh, I often thought when I compared his character with that of my other uncle, how great and unlimited is the power possessed by the father of a family over its comfort and happiness. If its most insignificant member be able to create much discomfort, how much more he whose will governs them all, and on whom all are dependent! If be be capricious and ill-natured, what a poisoned spring of sorrow he must be; and if kind and considerate, what a dispenser of comfort and happiness! R.

RECOLLECTIONS.

'Twas in my helpless infancy
My tender mother died—
I have no recollection
Of nestling at her side;
But the form of one who guarded well
My early, sinless years,
Steals from its haunt at Mem'ry's beck,
And at my side appears.

I used oft, in my childhood,
To lean my little head,
In musing silence, on her knee,
And think, my mother dead,
Had she been spared, could not have been
More kind and dear to me,
Than she who took the stranger in
In homeless infancy.

My foster home, that city
Unsung and unrenowned,
That sits upon the green hill side,
Where lights and shades abound;
The dark Green Mountains towering near,
And Otter's limpid stream
Bathing its tiny water-fall
In the golden sun's broad beam.

There the tall oak and chestnut
In pristine beauty grow;
Champlain's smooth waves of silver light
In that sweet valley flow;
Ticonderoga, on its banks,
Defies the wreck of Time,
To wrest its name from history's page,
In glorious olden prime.

* * * * * *

The broad beech waved its branches
Beside the school-room door,
And there we culled the tender leaves,
In spring-time, o'er and o'er;
But more I loved to steal alone
To some sweet flow'ring glade,
And read my last new little book
Beneath the fragrant shade.

How many were the loved ones
That cheered my infant hours!
How many, too, the playmates dear
Who kissed with me the flowers!
How fondly o'er the bosom rolls
The tide of other years!
How soft the recollections flow
That melt the heart to tears!

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A FRAGMENT.

BY ——.

I WAS one of a group that stood around a newly-made grave, open to receive what had been for a brief season the receptacle of a bright spirit. But now only the cold clay was entering its final resting-place, and "dust to dust" sealed the union.

Convulsive sobs, falling tears and the drooping form, told of the torn and bleeding hearts, and bruised spirits of those to whom a separation from the loved and cherished was as a sharp steel piercing the heart's core and cutting loose the fibres of their own existence. Hope had no place there, and the whispers of the still voice, "I will never leave or forsake you," was not heard.

* * * * * * * *

Within a darkened cell of a prison-house, illumined by only a small window, sat a man bound in chains. He dragged on a miserable existence, and only awaited the period which should liberate him from his bondage. From a book which lay beside him he read ever and anon, and as he read his eye brightened and his countenance was radiant with joy, for it spoke of the bright country without the prison walls; and although it did not say *when* he would be released, yet the time would come, and that at no very distant period, probably very soon. As he read, his eye darkened and clouds came over the page; there was much that he could not understand, but immediately a bright ray shone from his window on the book, and what was before obscure was now made plain. He was comforted, too, for he learned much of those who were already released, who had endured for a weary season sufferings similar to his own, but now were enjoying the sweet fruits of their freedom and exemption from privation and pain. There were many others in the same apartment with him—some, like he, anxious to be released, some indifferent, whom the chains did not prevent from amusing themselves each in their own way.

Some there were who spent their time principally in arraying themselves with curious and fantastic dress, but soon tiring would change it for another kind, and so passed much of their time; others in searching through old books to obtain hidden secrets which their fellows knew not of—these seemed absorbed in their employment; others in a corner of the apartment, seemed adding small grains one to another, which looked like sand, but upon coming closer you discovered they glittered and were shining, and that they intended preserving them carefully, and apparently were fond of this amusement. They all forgot that they would be set free, or at least thought the time was afar off, and that it would be time enough after they had done amusing themselves with these baubles to think of it; they seemed forgetful, too, that these must remain within the walls after *they* had left it.

At last one day the keeper came and unlocked the door, and to the man who had been reading, said, "The time is come!" and stooping he touched his chains, and they fell off; his book, too, he caused him to leave behind. With the stern jailor he left the door, but on casting a glance adown the darkened and gloomy passage he shrunk back; but his grim and silent guide pointed on, and he saw a bright ray which cheered him, and fearlessly and dauntlessly, with a bold step and unshrinking nerve, he trod that narrow and gloomy way, knowing his release was at hand. At length he emerged from the darkness, and beheld what at first dazzled his weak vision, so long had he been immured in his dark prison-house. Oh, glorious sight! oh, glad release! he had 'scaped from bondage. A group of glad, bright beings, arrayed in dazzling white, with a halo around their heads and golden harps in their hands, in whom he recognized friends who had gone before, welcomed him to this blessed country, and were waiting to conduct him to Him to whom they must ascribe unceasing praise.

Need it be added such is life, such death.

A BEAUTIFUL PLANT.

THERE is a plant that grows in ev'ry clime,
And gains in ev'ry season healthful prime;
It blooms in city haunts and in the wild,
And by the wayside cheers Misfortune's child;
'Tis found to flourish on the ocean wave—
'Tis cherished by the free and by the slave;
'Tis best well cultured, yet full oft it springs
As to the tree the forest grape-vine clings;
For though the wild vine bears a pleasant fruit,
The garden's product epicures will suit;
The heart its soil, a smile its summer shower,
'Tis ever putting forth a lovely flower,
The flower of Friendship, that survives the rose,
Sweet love, which fades e'en while we say "it blows."

L.

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ANNA VINCENT.

A TALE.

BY "THE POOR SCHOLAR."

SHE sat before the piano. The guests grouped around to listen. The conversation ceased, and every eye was turned upon the *debutante*. In that throng of gay cavaliers there was more than one throbbing heart, and in the brighter galaxy of fair dames more than one proud lip pouting with envy and scorn at the fair young creature, of whom no one knew more than that she had lately come from the south and had been received into the Rushville family as governess. Even her patrons could only add to this, that she had come recommended by a family friend, and that her name was Anna Vincent. It was her first appearance before the guests of the Rushville mansion, and these guests constituted the very cream and skimmings of metropolitan aristocracy. Her singular beauty had excited curiosity, admiration and envy, all of which she might have perceived as she seated herself before the piano. No wonder, then, that her delicate white fingers—upon one of which flashed a costly jewel—trembled as she turned over the leaves; no wonder that her lip quivered and her bosom heaved with emotion, that the crimson rose dappled the pale lily on her cheek—no! She was there—*in* that assembly, not *of* it. She sat before the piano, not voluntarily, but by the request (request, in the language of a lady patroness to her governess, means command) of Mrs. Rushville, who wished through this means to give pleasure to her distinguished company—and she succeeded. It was a strange, wild melody—a song of the south, and one from the difficulty of its execution, but rarely heard. It commenced in a low and melancholy tone, suiting the modest, timid manner of the young *cantatrice;* then there was a pause. After which, as though the singer had become suddenly inspired, the music grew louder and bolder, the fingers of the performer swept the keys with more rapidity, and her dark eyes, now on the leaves of music, now on the assembled listeners, flashed with the wild glances of a Bacchanté. Again the music changed to the soft and tender, until, like the low, sweet breathings of some beautiful spirit, swan-like it melted away in distance and death. It was beautiful, a *chef d'œuvre* of performance; and it was some moments after the last chord had thrilled through the room before the assembled party awoke to a consciousness of existence. When they did, the fair pianist had glided from before them and resumed her seat in a retired part of the saloon.

There is no triumph in that melancholy smile. What thoughts have clouded those beautiful features? Perhaps she is thinking of when and where she last sang that sweet song. In some happy home in her own sunny south, amidst friends and smiling faces, the guests of an assembly as gay and bright—ay, in her recollection far brighter than this! It was very impolitic, not to say silly, on the part of Mrs. Rushville, to call her daughter to the piano after such a performance as this. The contrast was too striking, and in spite of Miss Evelina's affected airs and her costly jewelry, and her two hundred thousand *in prospective*, the music would not "go down." Several young men whispered while she was playing; one sleepy merchant actually yawned, and Miss Evelina's accredited lover, the celebrated young physician Lawson, was observed several times to glance with strange fervor toward the recess where the beautiful governess sat silently gazing upon vacancy. Miss Evelina was not the pupil, but her younger sister. No; *her* days of pupilage were past, and she was now a full-blown belle, with all the pouting pride, with all the caprice and coquetry that the mistress of two hundred thousand is usually possessed of. This was the second winter of her *belleship*, or in common parlance, the second winter since she had "come out." During her short career she had passed unscathed through a raking fire of Cupid's volunteers, but it was now generally supposed that the eyes of the young physician Lawson, that were as sharp as his lancet, had entered her heart, and report placed him No. 1 upon the list of her lovers. Lawson was the finest-looking fellow in the room and the best physician in the community. His celebrity gave him a practice that amounted to something like ten thousand dollars per annum, and we need not say that the Rushvilles considered him an eligible match for their eldest daughter. They not only thought so, but, in fact, had done everything to bring it about. Parties were given on his account, the virtues of the heiress were not concealed, and as the young lady herself was very pretty, backed by such a magnificent fortune, Lawson had done little to oppose what seemed to be his destiny. He was of the first family, had always associated in the same circle with the Rushvilles, and gossip congratulated itself with the suitableness of the match and the equality of the parties. Mrs. Rushville, in particular, was anxious to bring it about. She was dazzled with the celebrity which was beginning to halo the head of the young physician, and she wished to sit in the shade of his laurels.

Now, this is why we have said that it was most

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impolitic in Mrs. Rushville to call her daughter to play at such a crisis—in fact, her having paraded the new governess at the piano was the worst stroke of policy she had made in her life. Lawson's love for Evelina was not that soul-felt, ardent flame, denying all duty save the control of nature, but merely a sort of artificial affection growing out of frequent association, and the exercise of exquisite powers of coquetry on the part of the object. For her time, Miss Evelina had made great progress in this art. The moment, however, those wild, sweet tones, breathed forth from the lips of beauty, fell upon his ear; the moment he looked on those lips of love, those eyes of feeling, whose every glance lent additional interest to the wild melody which the young stranger had played, that moment, for the first time in his life, Lawson *loved*. Hitherto he had been the slave of his profession, hardly conscious of the existence of that sweet world of bliss, revealed only in the eyes of woman. He had at last discovered this *terra incognita*—more properly, *collum incognitum*—and by the time that Miss Evelina had fairly succeeded in producing a jarring discord upon the piano, he sat gazing with rapture upon the strange and beautiful being who from the same instrument had lately drawn such exquisite music. Their glances met, and the large, black eye of the southern lady, that under other circumstances might have flashed proudly and imperiously, now falls humbly before the glance of admiration. She recollects that she is but the governess, that those around are not her associates nor friends, but the fortunate possessors of wealth, who only acknowledge her presence that they may be gratified by her accomplishments. These thoughts arise, and the vanity which might have been engendered by admiration, has given place to meekness and submission. Her look is modestly bent towards another part of the room, and the young physician waits in vain to catch another glance from that glowing eye. Not a jot of all this has escaped the keen observation of the match-making mother. She can scarcely conceal her chagrin. She whispers something in the ear of Miss Vincent. The young lady colors deeply and casts her eye upon the floor. Something disagreeable has been required of her. It is strange; though she has been repeatedly requested during the remainder of the evening to sing and play, she refuses to comply, and the company are obliged to have their musical desires satisfied by hearing the piano thumped into fits by Miss Evelina and half-a-dozen others alike precocious. After, however, much singing and sighing, and smiling and supper, and a full dose of dancing, the company "break" for their respective homes, there to dream —the belles of the beaus, the beaus of the belles; the old maids and old bachelors of chances they have let slip them, now growing "small by degrees and beautifully less;" and last of all, the true lover, to dream not at all, but to lie awake the whole night, in a reverie of bliss, with black eyes beaming from the bed-top, burning out his very heart, and curved lips red as roses carved upon the curtain, as tempting and untouchable as the water of Tantalus.

Among this last class shall we place the favored son of Æsculapius, our young physician. The doctor slept not an eyefull during the whole night, but turned and tumbled as though he was laboring under a spasmodic affection. He kept muttering to himself occasionally, so that his old housekeeper (as she testified next morning) was well nigh frightened out of her senses.* In short, sentences such as the following—"Who the deuce can she be?" "Where is she from?" "I shall find from the Rushvilles in the morning—ha! by the by, I must be cautious in that quarter!" and then a pause and another turn in the bed, again ejaculating—"What an eye!" "What a voice!" "Perfection!" "Angel!" filled up the time until the sun flung his yellow beam over the snow-white cotton of the bachelor's counterpane. The doctor, luckily, not being disturbed that morning, fell into a pleasant slumber, which lasted until ten o'clock. Awaking from his sleep, which had been filled with all sorts of sweet visions, he first looked at his watch, and with a satisfied smile rung the bell for breakfast. He then leant his head upon his hand and fell into a kind of speaking reverie, or rather dialogue, in which he personated both parties. "Anna Vincent, they told me. A very pretty name, by-the-by—almost a pity to change it. But let me see—Anna Lawson! Well, that would do—it must do. But stay—what am I talking of? Two to that bargain. Will *she* consent? Ha, there's the point. There's pride upon her lip; she scarcely granted me a look the whole evening. 'Sdeath, I have been reckoning here without the host; I'm a nice fellow." And as the young physician made this last remark, his face became sad and apprehensive. He breakfasted, eating very little, but his toilet was made with more care upon this morning than it had ever been before.

The doctor was a beauty—we have already said so. When fairly treated by his tailor he was as handsome a fellow as ever laid siege to a maiden's heart; but the toilet had never been his trade. He never knew until now the motive for being particular in this respect. But the kindling of a straw may fire a whole city, and the doctor was determined to leave no stone unturned to make himself attractive in the eyes of her in whom he now read his destiny. At half-past eleven precisely his carriage drew up at the door of the Rushville house. As he entered the drawing-room, into which he had been ushered by a servant, Mrs. Rushville, her two daughters and the governess, were seated near the fire (for it was winter). The doctor bowed, the ladies gracefully received him—the younger one running up and catching him by the fingers, dragged him playfully toward the grate, while the governess arose, and with a slight inclination of the head moved from the apartment.

"She will soon return," thought he, as he seated

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himself and began to inquire after the health of the ladies. But she did not return, and the young physician, after sitting for nearly an hour, entered his carriage and drove off. Next morning the visit was repeated with much the same success. Miss Vincent left the drawing-room as before, and the doctor left the house as before, only more and more enamored of the fair governess, though he had only been favored with half a glance; but when half a glance engenders love, another half from the same pair of eyes will be most likely to increase it. By carefully managed inquiries he had learnt all that the Rushvilles themselves knew about Miss Vincent—that she was an orphan, the daughter of a southern planter, whose estate had become insolvent previous to his death; that she had been left without other means of subsistence than a superior education, and had been recommended by a friend of the Rushvilles to them as a governess.

The young physician repeated his visits daily, and was surprised to find that Miss V. invariably withdrew upon his entrance to the drawing-room. The frequency of his visits did not escape the notice of the Rushvilles, and Evelina was expecting every day to have at her finger ends the pleasant prerogative of "take or leave." She little knew that every day was lessening her chances. Still the doctor was impatient for an interview with the young governess, which he knew not how to bring about. He could not demand such a thing from her. This would render him ridiculous to her, though he half suspected her shunning him so studiously was not the result of her own wishes, but a piece of diplomacy on the part of Mrs. Rushville. He called one day when the family had gone out. He was not aware they had gone out until informed by the servant.

"I will await their return," said he to the servant, who ushered him into the parlor.

The young physician's surprise and pleasure were alike great when on entering the parlor he perceived a female form seated in one of the windows. It was Anna Vincent. He approaches and bows. She returns his salutation, and is about to retire. He begs of her to remain.

"Nay, Miss Vincent, you will surely not leave me alone."

"You will please pardon me, sir; my duty requires my presence elsewhere."

"Ah, do not speak of duty now, Miss V.; you have always withdrawn at my entrance—you, whom of all others I should——Nay, do not, I entreat you, leave at this moment; I shall feel quite alone waiting for the return of the family!"

After such solicitation on the part of the doctor, the young lady consented to remain and re-seated herself in the window. They conversed. It would be only speaking the truth to say that their dialogue on the part of Miss Vincent was brilliant, but there was the same dash of melancholy in all she said and did which had made such a forcible impression when thrown into that strange music. The doctor was embarrassed. He was a true son of nature, however—no coquetry about him—and after fifteen minutes, that to him seemed no longer than fifteen beats of a pulse, he was speaking in passionate and glowing language, which seems not only to surprise but to give a secret pleasure to the beautiful brunette. In less than fifteen minutes more he has seized the hand upon which sparkles that beautiful ring, and—the door opens, discovering Mrs. Rushville and her two daughters close at her heels.

Anna, who seemed as much surprised as the other ladies at the impetuosity of the young physician, rose confusedly and escaped from the room. And Lawson, after a short but embarrassed salutation, entered his carriage and drove to his own residence, almost worked up to the design of cutting his throat. Could he have only heard her answer; but no answer, not even an approving look. And now, too, was increased the difficulty of seeing her, as he felt the delicacy of again calling on the family. During the whole of that day Doctor Lawson was as miserable a physician as ever took a fee. He could neither eat nor drink, nor (after having gone to bed) sleep. He arose next morning with the determination to finish by letter the declaration in which he had received such a disagreeable interruption. It was written, signed, sealed and sent by his own servant. It came back, and along with it the information that Miss Vincent was no longer in the Rushville family, having left that morning and gone they knew not whither. This piece of news almost distracted the worthy young physician; he saw at once the whole truth—he himself had been the cause of Miss Vincent's discharge, perhaps of her disgrace.

* * * * * * *

A small room in a house in Vine street, poorly furnished—a small, mean bed, upon which is stretched as lovely a female as ever felt the prostrating influence of a malignant fever. Oh, that lip crimson and hot—that brow beating and burning—that smooth cheek arrayed in the richest hectic flush, and that dark eye, dark and liquid and wild, all betray that the demon of delirium is there! A young girl and her mother, apparently the only inmates of the house, are ministering to the suffering victim. On the finger of the sick female is a ring, with rich diamond setting—the same worn by Anna Vincent on the night of her musical *début*. It is she!

The fever still rages. The attendants seemed impatient for the presence of a physician who has been summoned. The old woman addressed the younger—"We can wait for Doctor Ross no longer. Go, Mary, and summon some other one—and here, show them this ring to insure them that they will be paid."

So saying, she slipped the diamond ring from the unresisting finger of the patient and gave it to her daughter, who immediately took her departure in search of medical assistance.

The beautiful sufferer lay for some moments

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calm and quiet, yet breathing hurriedly; then rising on the low couch, she glared wildly around the room, muttering short, incoherent sentences, louder and louder still—now calling upon her father and mother, and invoking God's blessing upon them;—then would her delirium become still wilder, and the old woman endeavored with difficulty to restrain her on the couch. It was a beautiful madness—a beautiful though a fearful one; the crimson of her cheek grew deeper, and the dark liquid of her eye swam to and fro like a globe of burning ebon.

* * * * * * *

The door opened, and the young physician Lawson, with extreme agitation depicted on his countenance, walked into the room, followed by the girl Mary. It is needless to say that he had been the physician accidentally selected by the girl, and that, recognizing the ring which he had seen on a former occasion, he more than guessed who his patient was. He had lost no time in hurrying to her assistance, and if ever medical skill, combined with earnest anxiety for the patient's life, was exerted to the utmost, it was in this case—and with success, for in less than forty-eight hours the fever had begun to subside and the delirium was gone.

During her paroxysms of insanity, Lawson had often heard his own name, coupled with expressions that led him to think he had not been (as he had feared) indifferent to his fair patient—in fact, that she had loved him. He discovered, too, from the nature of her incoherent ravings, that she had been insulted by the proud family and driven from under their roof. These things had preyed upon a mind tender and noble, had produced fever, delirium, and, perhaps, but for him, might have caused her death.

* * * * * * * *

A splendid mansion in Chestnut street, with colonnades of white marble, folding doors, and windows of imperial plate; a drawing-room filled with costly furniture looks out upon the street. It is the mansion of Mrs. Noland, the aunt of Doctor Lawson.

In one of the large front windows of the drawing-room, and under a canopy of white and pink lace curtains, is seated a lady, young and beautiful. She has been reading, but the book has dropped from her hand, and she sits in a reverie of thought. She starts at the sound of a footstep. A young man of handsome and noble appearance enters and approaches her. Listen to him.

"Dearest Anna, I have heard you mention with regret the loss of a ring, which was your mother's dying gift. Believe me, it is not lost, but in my possession. I shall now return it to your finger if you will promise me the privilege of placing another, a plainer one by its side."

There was no answer, but the small white hand that had been eagerly grasped by the youth offered no resistance, and the eye, the throbbing breast and brow, spake consent that words could not more plainly reveal.

THE RUINS OF PETRA.*

PETRA, city of the rock,
Where is now thy power and glory?
Where the grandeur and the might
Which we read in ancient story?
Lofty mansions still remain—
Richly sculptured domes discover
What thou wast in former days—
But thy glorious pomp is over.

Still secure thy mountain seat,
Nature's ramparts—strong, enduring—
But the voice of song is hush'd—
Hush'd is pleasure's call alluring;
Silence in thy ruin'd halls,
Desolation now is dwelling;
None remain of all thy sons,
Former joys, or legends telling.

Thou wast strong, and Israel's God
Didst deride, with haughty bearing—
Trusting to thy mountain strength,
In thy proud and impious daring;
And when weary Israel sought
Simply through thy land a passage,
Then thy king the boon refused,
And return'd a warlike message.

Loud the eagle's troubled scream
Now resounds among thy towers;
O'er thine excavated halls
Jehovah's awful vengeance lowers;
Naught but eagles' fitful scream,
Step of wandering Arab passing,
Echo's sound shall ever wake,
Ever break thy silence lasting.

God thy fearful doom pronounced;
But, exulting in thy splendor,
Thou the threatening heededst not,
Fear'd no woes his curse could render;
But on thy devoted head
Fierce and long his wrath has rested—
Thou the bitter cup of woe,
Even to the dregs, hast tasted.

Skeptic! canst thou dare to doubt?
See Jehovah's word unshaken—
View his dreadful anger pour'd
On a proud, a guilty nation;
Dread predictions see fulfill'd;
Let not warning pass unheeded;
Doubts renounce—His word receive—
'Twill bless when blessing most is needed.

M. A. G.

* See a description in Stephens' "Incidents of Travel."

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INTELLECT vs. AFFECTION—IN WOMAN.

"A creature, not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food!"

Ernest.—Well, Cousin Alice, do lay aside that book; I hope you are not about to become that horror of horrors—a *very intelligent* young lady!

Alice.—And why, Ernest, do you thus anathematize an intellectual woman? Surely you do not condemn that woman who, in the words of the "Quaker poet," Cowper,

"has a mind
That hungers, and supplies it."

Ernest.—But a learned woman, Cousin Alice, is out of nature, and ought to be out of society. With elevated brows she frowns on all that agreeable nonsense which is so necessary to the enlivenment of our leisure hours. Where can you find a young man who will venture within ten yards of a learned woman? In the name of science, or, seriously, in the name of *woman*, keep me from a learned one!

Alice.—It grieves me, dear Earnest, that you, whose superior intelligence of character had led me to infer more elevated ideas of female intellectuality, should have imbibed a prejudice which, setting aside all jesting, hath chilled the warm gushings of many a true woman's heart, and in many human breasts hath shed the bitterness of unrequited yearnings. Yet I admit that this prejudice has received countenance from that compound of vanity and superficiality which induces some women to desire the reputation of learned. But the *thoroughly* cultivated woman has no reputation of this kind to support. Knowledge is to her a pure fountain from which to quench her deep desires for truth; it is one of the means of sustaining her inward life;—she feels that the gift of life is a holy responsibility, that it is a germ from which it is her duty to cultivate a plant worthy of being transplanted to an immortal garden. And if she would commune with her fellow beings, if she would mingle her spirit with theirs, oh, do not believe that it is the hackneyed love of fame, "the fancied life in others' breath," but as you have seen the infant's face brighten in its mother's smile or a tempest-tost heart grow still to the soothing tone of a loved voice, so believe that it is that sympathetic impulse which is the foundation of all that is good, of all we most love in woman!

Ernest.—Verily, Cousin Alice, thou almost persuadest me to look with kindly eyes upon the object of my sincere abhorrence—an authoress. Still, for the fireside, by the hearthstone of the soul, a literary woman can have no place. Those domestic comforts which it is a woman's prerogative to prepare, are inseparable from the common-place employments which such a woman must despise. Therefore, he that would marry an intellectual wife must first turn Spartan to modern comfort, and often dine on the "feast of reason and the flow of soul."

Alice.—Permit me to say that you are again wrong. A woman such as I have described from actual experience, is the most capable of presiding over these occupations. *She* may not entertain society with her *culinary exploits*, or celebrate the intricate mazes of her housekeeping for the benefit of her companions, yet often have I learned a silent lesson when I have beheld the wheels of domestic comfort quietly performing duty in propelling the delicate machinery of household happiness and I knew by whose hand they were so oiled with the spirit of true kindliness, that in *her* house were never known those jars and disturbances which make a Babel of some homes, the females of which seem entirely absorbed, heart and mind, in the mysteries of the broom and frying-pan. Have you forgotten the Sigourneys, the Smiths, the Mitfords of female biography?

Ernest.—No; and, Cousin Alice, I am going to do penance for my ill-founded prejudice by proceeding straightway to pay particular attention to that venerable spinster, Aunt Barbara—she who, when I last had a cold, made me a bottle of cough syrup, and when I complained of nothing new to read, set to work and wrote some twenty stanzas on consumption!

Alice.—Do so, Ernest, for I see that she is sitting, as she ever does in society, unobtrusive and unnoticed. You will find that though she *has* perpetrated the heinous crime of writing some half dozen folios, prosaical and poetical, the true spirit of feminine gentleness has ever shed its influence over her life.

EVA.

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A FEW WORDS ON ETIQUETTE.

It is a matter of some slight surprise to me that in these days, full of improvement as they *have been* and certainly *are*, the science of etiquette should be so little cultivated by the mass of the people. I have, therefore, in an idle moment, ventured to lay down the following suggestions for a proper bearing in society, which may be found useful to the uninitiated.

The quality which a young man should most affect in intercourse with society is a decent modesty, but he must avoid at the same time all bashfulness or timidity. His flights must not go too far, but so far as they go let them be marked by *perfect assurance* and coolness. Familiarity of manner is the greatest vice of society, and when our *acquaintance* finds himself entitled to say, "Allow me, my dear fellow," or any such phrase, cut him directly.

Never use the term genteel—it is only to be found in the mouths of those who have it nowhere else. Never enter your own house without bowing to any one you may meet there, and on no account before strangers, grumble or find fault. A visit must always be returned;—an insult should never be overlooked.

The style of your conversation should always be in keeping with the character of the visit. You must not talk about literature on a vist of condolence, nor descant on political economy in a visit of ceremony. If you go to a house where there are children, you should take especial care to conciliate their good will by a little manly *tête-à-tête*. Never ask a lady any question about anything whatever, unless it be the all-important one of "popping the question," which is the star of the mind and heart from seventeen to thirty-two. Punning is now decidedly out of date. It is a silly and displeasing thing when it becomes a habit. Some one has very appropriately styled it the wit of fools. Above all, never take your hat into a drawing-room.

Your first duty at the table is to attend to the wants of the lady who sits next to you, the second to attend to your own. In performing the first, you should take care that the lady has all that she wishes, yet without appearing to direct your attention too much to her plate, for nothing is more ill-bred than to watch a person eating. If the lady be something of a *gourmande*, and in over-zealous pursuit of the aroma of the wing of a pigeon should raise an unmanageable portion to her mouth, you should cease all conversation with her and look steadfastly into the opposite part of the room.

If you have taken wine with every one at the table, you must not attempt to libate aught but water again till the cloth is removed. The decanter is then sent round from the head of the table, when each person may fill his own glass. At dinner never ask for ale or porter; it is a coarse mixture, and injures the taste of wine. If you should happen to be blessed with those lovely nuisances, children, and should be entertaining company, never allow them to be brought in after dinner unless they are particularly asked for. Never talk politics at a dinner-table nor in a drawing-room.

If you remove your hat, you need not at the same time bend the dorsal vertebræ of your body, unless you wish to be very reverential, as in saluting a person of distinction. If you have remarkably fine teeth, you may smile affectionately upon the bowee without speaking.

A lady should rarely take the arms of two gentlemen, one being upon either side; nor should a gentleman usually carry a lady upon each arm. The latter of these iniquities is practiced only in Vermont, the former, perhaps, in Kamtschatka. There are, to be sure, some cases in which it is necessary, for the protection of the ladies, that they should both take our arm—as in coming home from a concert, or in passing on any occasion through a crowd.

If you have bad squinting eyes, which have lost their lashes and are bordered with red, you should wear spectacles; if the defect be great, your glasses should be colored. In such cases, emulate the sky rather than the sea. Green spectacles are an abomination, fitted only for students in divinity; blue ones are respectable and even *distingué*. Almost every defect of face may be concealed by a judicious use and arrangement of hair. Take care, however, that your hair be not of one color and your whiskers of another; and let your wig, if you wear one, be large enough to cover the whole of your real hair. On Sunday, never wear white trowsers, light vest, white stockings or light-colored gloves, and studiously avoid on that day anything like display.

In a ball-room, lead your partner through the dance very gently, only touching her fingers, not grasping her hand. Dance quietly but gracefully, moving only your legs and feet, not your body to and fro like a pendulum. If you have no ear for music, or a false ear, never dance at all.

Fashion is so completely distinguished from good-breeding that it is often opposed to it. It is, in fact, a system of refined vulgarity. What, for example, can be more vulgar than incessantly talking about forms and customs?—about silver forks and French soups? A gentleman follows

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these conventional habits, but he follows them as matters of course. If he sees a person who eats with his knife, he concludes that that person is ignorant of the usages of the world, but he does not shriek and faint away like a perfumed dandy. If he dines at a table where there are no silver forks, he eats his dinner in perfect propriety with steel, and exhibits neither by manner nor by speech that he perceives any error. To be sure, he forms his own opinion about the condition of his entertainer, but he never presumes to harangue about such delinquencies.

By attending to these trifling regulations, young men on entering the world will be able to acquire the health of the true gentleman and a considerable insight into the knowledge of the anatomy of refinement.

A YOUNG GIRL'S DREAM.

ONE sultry summer afternoon, as I half-reclined on a lawn of freshest green, cooled by the shade of a mossy grove, I fell into one of those fits of idle musing with which I have so often whiled away precious hours. Conscious of many unfulfilled tasks, I made a few feeble efforts to rouse my sleeping energies, but relapsed after each into a more hopeless state of listlessness.

Thus hours flew on, when gradually the surrounding scene faded and changed; I seemed in a new region. While gazing around I was startled by the approach of one, human in form, but in beauty and air supernatural. As she advanced I was awed by the magical fascination of her looks. Her face beamed with the light of nineteen summers. Her bright, gray eye flashed with a god-like animation, vigor and intelligence. Her rosy cheek, shaded by a curtain of golden ringlets, glowed with perfect health. Her finely-arched and ruby lip beamed with love, happiness and resolution, beautifully blended.

But above all, her step disclaimed mortal origin; it was marked with sprightliness, decision and majesty. Roused to animation by the beautiful vision, I eagerly awaited the words she seemed about to utter. A magic smile was the prelude to the following—

"Mortal, to you on an errand of love
I come from the kindly powers above.
I've watched you from your earliest hour;
I've seen my sister Fortune pour
The richest blessings of her store
Around your path. Joy's purest flowers
She freely gave to cheer your way
And light the gloom of sorrow's day.
I pitied when I saw you turn
Heedless away, and lightly spurn
Her gifts so blessed if valued right.
Among the founts which play on high
Amid the gardens of the sky,
There's one which flows most clear and bright—
The spirit of that one am *I*,
It is the fount of Energy.
A vial here to you I bring,
Filled with the waters of that spring.
It will your drooping soul inspire,
'Twill waken vigor, and delight
Your talents with ambition's fire,
And make the load of duty light
When Idleness would Duty sway.
Drink it—'twill chase the fiend away."

Thus saying, she extended her hand to me with the vial. I gratefully took it, for how long had I desired such a gift.

"Kind goddess," I said, "I thankfully accept your heavenly gift, and will faithfully use it to inspire me to the fulfilment of the duties which have been so wickedly neglected. But, ah! when its contents are exhausted, who will replenish the vial?"

"Maiden, the gift is not of earth—
A heavenly region gave it birth.
Its crystal source can never sink;
It widens as you deeper drink.
Unless you ne'er your vial taste,
The precious gift can *never* waste.
Then freely drink—the fount on high
Will ever yield a fresh supply."

She ceased, and was floating on silvery wings in mid air. The scene around me was again changed. I awoke and found myself beneath the same green tree, and knew that it was all a dream!

But no longer did I linger lazily on the lawn. With fresh energy I returned to my unfulfilled tasks, for I felt the moral of my dream.

ROSEMARY.

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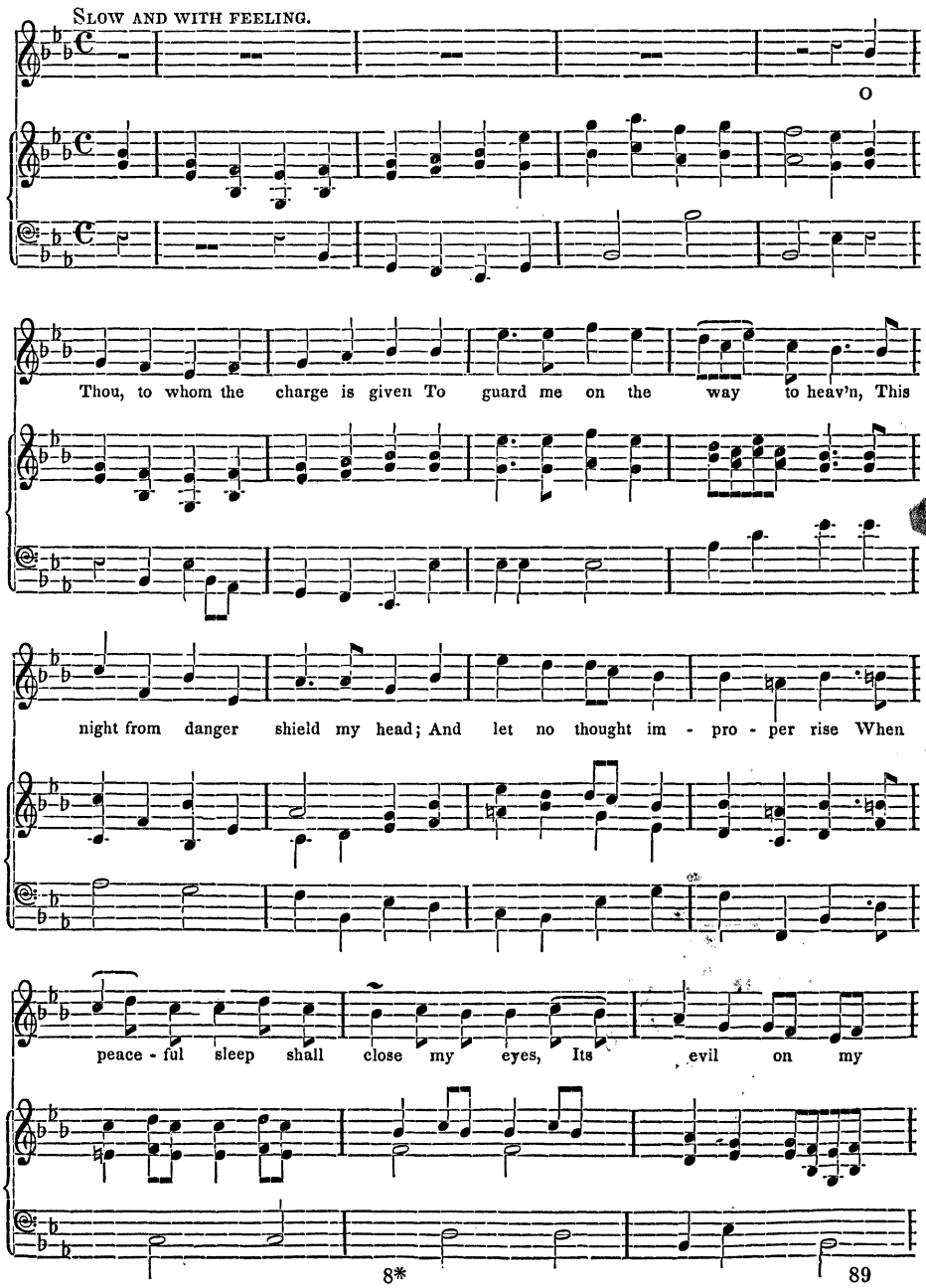
THE INFANT'S PRAYER.

WORDS FROM MORA CARMODY.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY

PROFESSOR F. W. HORNCASTLE.

[Expressly for Godey's Lady's Book.]



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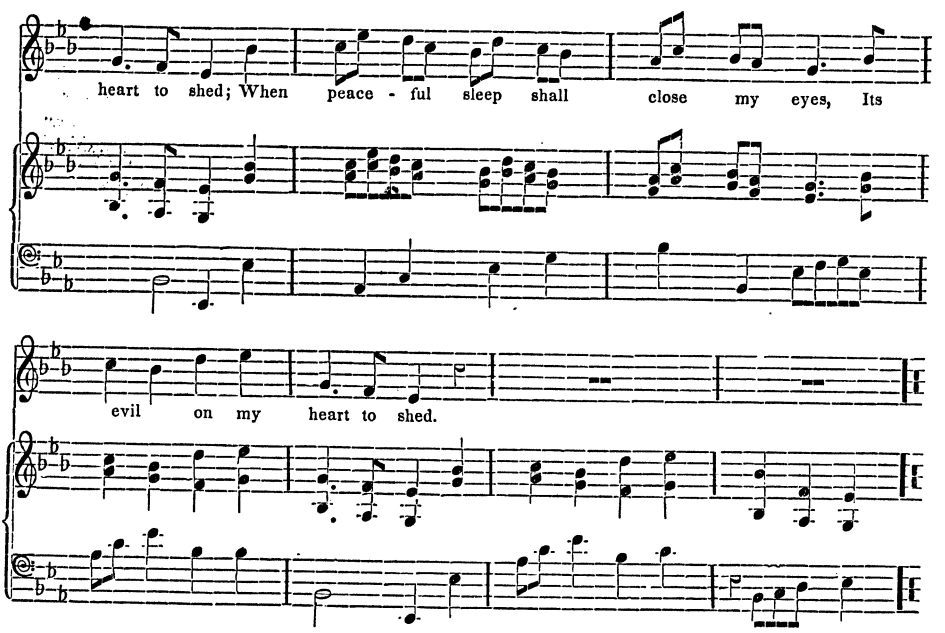

2. And blessed Lady—pure and mild!
O listen to a feeble child,
Who asks of thee a mother's care;
And pray for me all sin to shun,
That in the kingdom of thy Son
I with his saints his joys may share.

SONNET.*

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

"I have quaffed
Life from the lips of beauty, and shall I,
Who've banqueted like a god, be now content
With meager fare, or trust to mortal drugs,
And run, a common idler, through the world,
With not a heart to own me?"—BARRY CORNWALL.

Ay, thou art powerful in beauty's might,
Instinctive sweetness and divine repose,
Pliant to win, unyielding for the right,
Armed with all spells luxuriant nature knows;
Yet, my fair queen, as in all human skill,
There is a limit to thy regal sway—
I can exult o'er thy majestic will,
And smile thy pride triumphantly away:
Yes, even I, so humble, am thy peer,
Matchless in heart as thou in conscious grace,
As strong, by virtue of a faith sincere,
As thou in noble form and angel face:
Others a whim may fetter or release,
But I *will* love in spite of thy caprice.

Beauty in shapes more brilliant, rich and wild,
Has thrilled me with a sorrowful delight—
I grew bewildered like a wondering child,
As if made happy in my own despite:
But thy ingenious charms, like mountain air,
With calm enjoyment all my senses fill—
When near, I seem thy very life to share,
And absent, revel on thy memory still!
Ah! passion is not blind, when with it glows
Mind, heart and confidence serene and deep,
When sympathy dissolves all custom's snows,
And with mild touch invades love's fevered sleep;
Then nature's highest mandate we obey,
And our whole being vibrates to its sway.

Lurked there no stars behind each shifting cloud,
The pearly skies would be but what they seem—
Wert thou with lesser qualities endowed,
I could more easily renounce my dream;
But having seen the veil drawn half aside,
That from the world thy noble heart conceals—
And passed within the battlements of pride
To know as truth what love's own dream reveals—
And momently thy glorious being felt
Mingle with mine spontaneous and bold,
As if their very elements would melt,
And heaven's own blessedness at once unfold—
Can I to meaner objects stoop the wing,
In quest of what thy love alone can bring?

* As several errors occurred in the publication of Mr. Tuckerman's Sonnet last month, we republish it in this number corrected.

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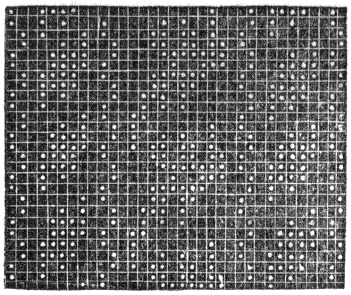
LADIES' WORK DEPARTMENT.

ORNAMENTAL NEEDLEWORK.

In the last number we gave a general description of *crotchet* work, and several illustrations of particular patterns. We now proceed to give

A Crotchet Slipper.

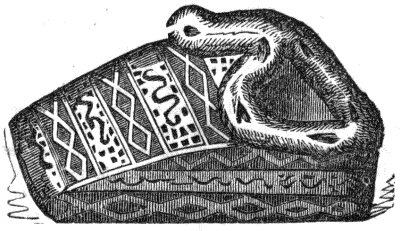


This pattern is intended for a slipper in *German wool* or crotchet silk, in stripes across the front, continued in the same direction round the back. The color of the different stripes are as follows: First stripe—yellow, with pattern composed of lilac, green, claret, bright scarlet and blue. Second stripe—lilac; the pattern in stone-color, gold-color, green, white and pink. Third stripe—green; this stripe is wider than any other on the slipper. The pattern is composed of scarlet, claret, black, gold-color, white, stone-color, blue, gold-color and lilac. Fourth stripe—white; pattern in blue, yellow, green and scarlet. Fifth stripe—scarlet; pattern in black, yellow, green, lilac and white. Sixth stripe—blue; pattern in gold-color, claret, pink, green and white.

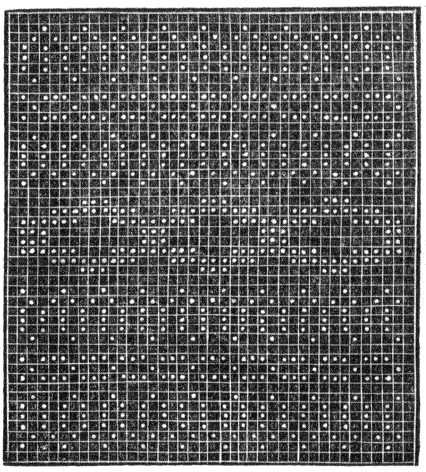
The narrow stripes are repeated round the back of the slipper, the sole of which may be formed of coarse crotchet in black.

For a moderate sized gentleman's slipper in crotchet silk, the toe may be commenced with twenty-four stitches, and increased in the succeeding rows until the width across the instep were eighty stitches; but, as some persons work much tighter than others, a positive number cannot be given. The silk also may vary in size, as well as the dimensions of the slipper. The increasing is made by the addition of a stitch on each side of the work. The ends of the wool or silk may be threaded with a needle and run into the inside of the work.

Crotchet Chancelière.



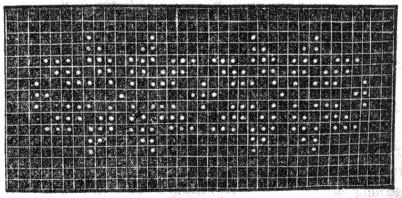
It is impossible to give the exact number of stitches—each row varying. It is best to cut a stiff paper of a proper size, as the pattern, first of the top, then of the bottom. The stitches of the band are worked in a contrary direction to those of the top, as shown in the above engraving. The annexed pattern will be found suitable for a chancelière.



The "crotchet slipper pattern," also the Turkish pattern in the last number, are very pretty for the chancelière. Four-thread fleecy and a steel needle are used. The inside of the chancelière is made separate and knitted with the *brioche* stitch, in six or eight-thread fleecy. The ermine ruff or trimming, in worsted, is easily procured; if not, a thick knitted fringe, three or four times doubled, will be a good substitute. The bottom is formed of leather or cloth. To be made up on a firm foundation, and stuffed between the lining and work with wool.

A Plain Crotchet Bag in Silk.

Commence at the top with a chain of about one hundred and forty stitches, in crotchet silk, (black,) on which work a plain row, and then one row alternately every two stitches with black and middle blue. The blue afterwards forms the ground of the pattern, of which then work one plain row.



The small stars in the pattern are rich gold-color, the

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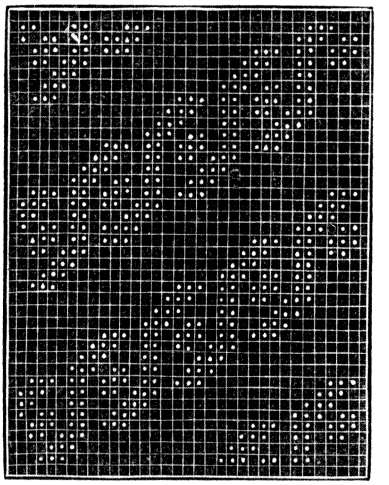
other parts light yellow brown; crotchet one row of plain ground on each side of the pattern, and repeat the row of black and blue stitches. An usual sized bag will take about seven skeins of crotchet silk.

A Crotchet Bag with Star-Shaped Bottom.

Make a chain of fourteen stitches in claret-colored silk; join both ends together, and crotchet one plain row all around. In the next row (in order to keep the circle flat) every other stitch is to be made a seam or dividing stitch, which is done by putting the needle under both loops instead of one, and making two stitches in the same place, every other stitch being a plain stitch. In the next row work the seam stitch in the same place, leaving two stitches between each instead of one. Repeat this circle sixteen times, always observing to keep the seam stitch in the same place, the number of plain stitches gradually increasing, when a flat surface of about four inches in diameter will be produced, intersected with seven raised stripes.

A vandyke border, in claret and green, may now be made as follows: First row—five stitches claret, one green. Second row—three stitches claret, three green. Third row—one stitch claret, five green. Fourth row—plain row of green.

The following pattern may be worked in green on the claret ground.



When within five rows of the top of the bag, work one plain row of ground; repeat the vandyke, and work two plain rows of the claret ground. This bag is very pretty worked in white and gold, in blue and gold, or black and gold. It may also be varied in color as taste may dictate.

EDITORS' TABLE.

"Music has charms" to dispel prejudices as well as to soothe sorrows. Mary Howitt, whose bitter feelings against us Americans were so copiously poured out in her preface to one of Miss Bremer's works, "Strife and Peace," we believe, has written a most laudatory epistle "To the Hutchinson Family," that band of sweet minstrels from the "Old Granite State." She thus commences:—

"Band of young apostles,
Teaching love and truth,
Ye are come before me
In your glorious youth;
Like a choir of angels
Missioned from above,
To make our souls acknowledge
How beautiful is love!"

And she closes in this strain:—

"We have seen and loved you!
We have pressed your hand,
We have blessed you, and we bless
In you your native land!
Farewell! God's angels guide you, ye young and noble band!"

This is beautiful poetry and noble sentiment. Mary Howitt is herself again.

Ladies' Shoes.—The celebrated Sir Benjamin Brodie, in his Surgical Lectures, says that "If shoes were constructed of the shape of the human foot, so that the pressure might be everywhere equal, neither corns nor bunions would ever be known." But ladies will wear narrow shoes, and low in the instep, so the toes are squeezed together and pressed against the leather—and gentlemen like to see little feet. The Chinese sentiment seems inherent in the civilized race, only the "Celestials" bring the matter into the smallest possible compass.

Our Dead Letter Office.—The success attending this experiment is complete. Already a number of valuable letters have been rescued from the fate of the dry well of oblivion, where they had lain till they resembled, in dinginess, manuscripts from Herculaneum, and ours will, no doubt, be quite as worthy perusal as those ancient documents. But let us read this first, a genuine letter, directed to a lady whose name we do not feel at liberty to give.

Martinsville, Va., March 20, '45.

Madam:—Such is my confidence in your wisdom, that I wish to secure your services in a matter of importance, at least to me. I wish you to aid me in procuring a wife. You are, no doubt, ready at this juncture to pronounce me a romantic fool; but stay—what is a wife? She is one suited by nature and equality to her husband. The stupid man who enters into this contract with a woman of genius and wit, has no wife, but a superior, whom *necessity* compels him to obey. So, on the other hand, a man of learning and talent can never be happy when linked with one who has no sentiments or feelings in common with his own. I have received, by the kindness of my parents, a liberal education. A comfortable fortune, a spotless reputation, as much credit for talent and for sense as it is usual for young men to possess at 26—are the benefits I possess on entering the theatre of life. What is the next blessing to be sought? Unquestionably *a wife*. Believing that I possess talents capable of being

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made useful to the public, I feel ambitious of exercising them. But I am determined to marry—but not for gold. I want a wife (and she is not in this portion of Virginia) possessing a *highly* cultivated mind. I do not mean one who has yawned over a few novels, or slept over a few reviews—on the contrary, this would be no recommendation. I want a wife who has read—read books, read nature, read the human heart. Of what avail is knowledge without the power of application? How foolish to call her wise who, with all her wisdom, is unable to make a reasonable husband contented and happy! I wish for a wife, then, who has not only great acquirements, but the "genius" to make them applicable to every day occurrences—a wife that can *think*. I do not ask her to bring me any pecuniary aid, but modesty joined with sprightliness, wit with prudence, chastity and virtue with caution, a soul spirited yet generous, and a heart overflowing with love. I would also require beauty of person—for, though fading, 'tis pleasant "to behold while it lasts, and sweet to recollect afterwards."

Is there no lady of this kind in your city, struggling against poverty to elevate herself in the estimation of the world? Is there no beautiful, but neglected child of genius, who needs nothing but the mantle of protection? If so, she may find in me a generous friend, a sympathizing husband.

What I seek, then, is this:—A lady not over twenty years of age, possessing *superior beauty*, VIRTUE and accomplishments, though she be poor and the daughter of the humblest citizen in your city. If you know such a girl, give me her name, and she shall have from me a satisfactory answer to every question she may propose. *Will* you attend to the above, and oblige one who will ever be profoundly grateful to you? Yours most faithfully,

CHARLES HEN. MORTON.

This second letter is dated ten years back, and, therefore, will be good data for those who wish to prove the advancement of female education. What a contrast between the schools then and now!

Belmont Retreat, June 15, 1836.

MY DEAR SARAH:—You must excuse my delay in answering your last, for really I have been *accablée* with *affaires*. Now I ought to be down in the history class, but as it is a lesson I never know, and to which I never pay any attention, I may as well give the time to you. My dear, you must coax your father to send you to our school. When I look back at the thing I was when I left the country, I really smile. Now, I am so improved, you would not know me, indeed you wouldn't. At Miss Goodenough's we used to be bored with study, study; lessons, lessons; while everything of real use, everything practical, was quite neglected. Who in society ever asks you the capital cities? or the courses of rivers? or who cares when those old Romans and Greeks lived, or what they did? Now, I have gained *a usage du monde*, and an air and style. Now, I know that eyes are not merely to see with, that clothes are not to be hurled on any how; I have studied, and with allowed success, the art of dress; I have learned to know what is becoming, how to be admired. We have, nominally, masters for a long list of sciences; but the truth is, that we are satisfied with the name only, and we give no application but to those which are calculated to be an advantage in the world—singing and dancing. These we know are necessary, and to them we give those hours you waste on musty grammars. If you had seen me the other night in the dress of a sultana, at our fancy ball, dancing the Mazurka with Tom Darling, the most fashionable beau in the city! I was dressed *à ravir*, in a lovely short tunic of gold muslin, with Turkish pantaloons confined at the ankle, to display a soulier mignon of white satin. We go to all the operas. Mrs. Modish thinks it improves our taste. You remember Miss Goodenough's narrow maxims about economy and not wasting our parents' money! Mrs. Modish tells us that an unfashionable hat or dress is a daily and clinging shame, which debases the mind and disfigures the person. So she makes us get everything of Madame La Folle, whose charges are, like her wares, beyond all others in the city. When we go out in public, you have no idea how we are admired.

Mamma has written for me to go home at the next holidays, but I shall do *mon* possible to stay here another year. I have taken a hatred to the country. Madame Pironette has come, and I cannot lose a minute from my dancing. Adieu, my dear.

Toute à vous, CECILIA.

The next, which we regret did not reach its destination, seems to have been written by the editor of a periodical, so much in our own vein, that we almost fancied it ours. But the caligraphy we could not claim—it was too beautiful. However, we adopt the sentiment, and commend it to all who understand.

Yew York, Jan., 1839.

MY DEAR YOUNG LADY:—I return your story, as you requested, if not wanted. You also desired that I would point out the faults. This is a difficult, and, usually, a very ungrateful task. However, I will give a few hints, which may be of use if you make literature a pursuit.

There are too many *adjectives*—too much of glittering metaphor and high-flown expression in the story. If you would write more naturally,-write as you converse, these faults would, of course, disappear. Have you ever read Miss Austin's novels? If not, I advise you to peruse these, not to imitate, but to examine her sources of power. She understood the female heart thoroughly, and human nature is most truly delineated in her pleasant stories. Then, if you could acquire more of her refined taste in the choice of words, and her naturalness of description, you would soon overcome the great difficulty which an unpractised writer of a vivid fancy has to encounter—namely, the desire to use lofty language and write fine sentences.

Our last specimen is a practical epistle, which tells its own story.

Philadelphia, Oct., 184–.

I've been some time answering yours, dated in June last
year,
And I dare say you are wondering why on earth you did
not hear;
For I remember that you said I'd nothing else to do,
And ought to write letters, at least six to your two.
Now, twenty people say the same, and just to let you see
I'm not the lazy being you imagine me to be,
I'll copy some commissions, such as I receive by scores,
From friends "remote from cities," from markets and
from stores,
Who all conveniently suppose because I'm not a wife,
And have no children of my own, I lead an idle life.
Well, here's a sample, from a town in a New England
State:
"Dear Patty, I have just returned, and am in trouble
great,
There's been a case of small-pox here, just fifteen miles
away,
The patient died, they buried him a week ago to-day—
And John and Harry will not take our doctor's vaccination,
And they are in such splendid health, I would not for
creation
That anything should ail them while their *father* is from
home—

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They might, within one little week, be sleeping in one tomb,
Or else live on all pitted! Now, you dear obliging creature,
If you would save from such a fate each darling's lovely feature,
You must get me some *virus*, that will be sure to take,
To-morrow morning early, the first moment that you wake.
Please go to Meigs or Chapman, no apothecary's stuff—
And then, for fear of failure, be sure you get enough!
See that the cost be trifling, and pay it, if you please—
I'd rather send the money, but cannot find my keys.
Get six pairs more of stockings, of finer, better yarn,
The last were thin, and you well know I cannot bear to darn;
Do try to get them cheaper:—those collars were too dear;
You paid within a shilling of the price they're asking here.
I send this dress to Hancock, the dyer way down town—
It looks quite rough and frumpy, let him extract the brown,
And color it a little green, or Mazarenish blue;
I shall expect to see it home as bright and fresh as new.
But do not send the package, as you have done, by Express,
The charge is quite a sum, and they never will take less
Than their first price; those Express men, you know they ne'er abate,
But now good night, dear Patty, for I find it's growing late."
And here's one from Virginia—a tutor is desired—
A thorough classic—manners of rare elegance required—
Sound principles, and honor bright—in politics a Whig—
Theology a Calvinist, but liberal—no prig;
His temper must be perfect, and discipline quite even,
Not rigid, nor yet yielding—his pupils will be seven,
Fine, manly chaps, whose ages range from fifteen down to five;
I love the boys, and mean to find the man, if he's alive.
I've a letter from Missouri, from a mother sorely tried,
Who cannot get her family with shoes and gloves supplied,
Or hats and cloaks—in short, they live on a remote plantation,
And want some part of everything created in creation.
These are but specimens, my friend—and now, perhaps, you see
The reason why I cannot write nine letters to your three.
I have not read a line for years, the shopman's bills apart,
And constant trotting has brought on a beating of the heart;
My clothes all need repairing, my journal's laid aside—
My favorite tabby, from neglect, has fallen sick and died.
In shopping and in packing, oh! what a way to spend
A busy, thankless life—a life now drawing near its end!
I'm not opposed to wedlock *now*—but offers there are none,
And "Patty Partridge, Spinster," will be graven on my stone.
So if your daughters ever think, as once *I* fondly thought,
They will escape the cares of life, and choose a single lot,
Remove this error, sad as false, this fatal fallacy,
And let them take fair warning from—yours, truly,

PATTY P——.

CERTAIN OBSERVANCES IN LETTER-WRITING.—While we are on the subject, we will give a few rules we consider excellent.

The neglect of the following points in our letters often produces inconvenience and trouble, and not seldom more serious evil. They ought to be impressed upon, and practised by, learners.

1. Attain and preserve a *legible signature*. Many letters miscarry or remain unanswered from the impossibility of making out *who* wrote them. Your *address* should also be written as carefully and legibly as your signature.

2. Sign your Christian or first name in *full*, that your *sex* may be known to a stranger to whom you write. Signing by the initial letter only is a slovenly practice, and often produces ludicrous mistakes in the answer received. Ladies are addressed "Esquire," and gentlemen "Mrs." or "Miss."

3. In *every* letter, or even card, get the habit of giving your address full, as for the post-office. Some people think that if they do so once it is enough, and the *second* letter comes dated, it may be, "London." If the first has been mislaid or destroyed, and their number is forgotten, to say nothing of their street, they cannot be surprised if they get no answer. They write another letter, wondering that you have not written; *that* letter, too, dated "London."

4. When you write a *proper* name of person, place or thing, recollect that if it be carelessly or illegibly written the context gives the reader no help. Therefore, get the habit of writing such words plainly, almost in *print hand*, if you would not cause your correspondent the trouble and loss of time of writing to you again, to request you to do the very thing which you ought to have done at first.

5. Call to mind to whom you are writing, when you come to *announce yourself* at the end of your letter. Very many people are too familiar. This is always offensive: the respectful, even beyond the necessary, never is so. "Yours truly," suits well equals in age and station. "Yours faithfully," is a little more respectful. "Yours respectfully," is proper to seniors and persons above you in station, when you know them well. "Your obedient servant," is proper to all strangers, and persons of condition. But good sense and proper feeling will, in the circumstances, always suggest the right expressions. Above all, avoid the over-familiar.

6. Always use an envelop, and seal with *wax*, when in the least on ceremony.

7. *Always*, when you request an answer in a matter of your own, enclose a postage stamp, or more if necessary. A ready stamped and addressed envelop is still better.

A PUZZLE.—We give this number of the "Book" without *names*. Who are the writers? is the problem to be solved. Can they be guessed by their style?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "Parting Lines," "Love Songs," "Modern Hospitality," "Reminiscence."

Not wanted: "Vesper's Reign," "First Love," "History of a Heart," "Youth and Age," "The Leper," and "Annie Duncan."

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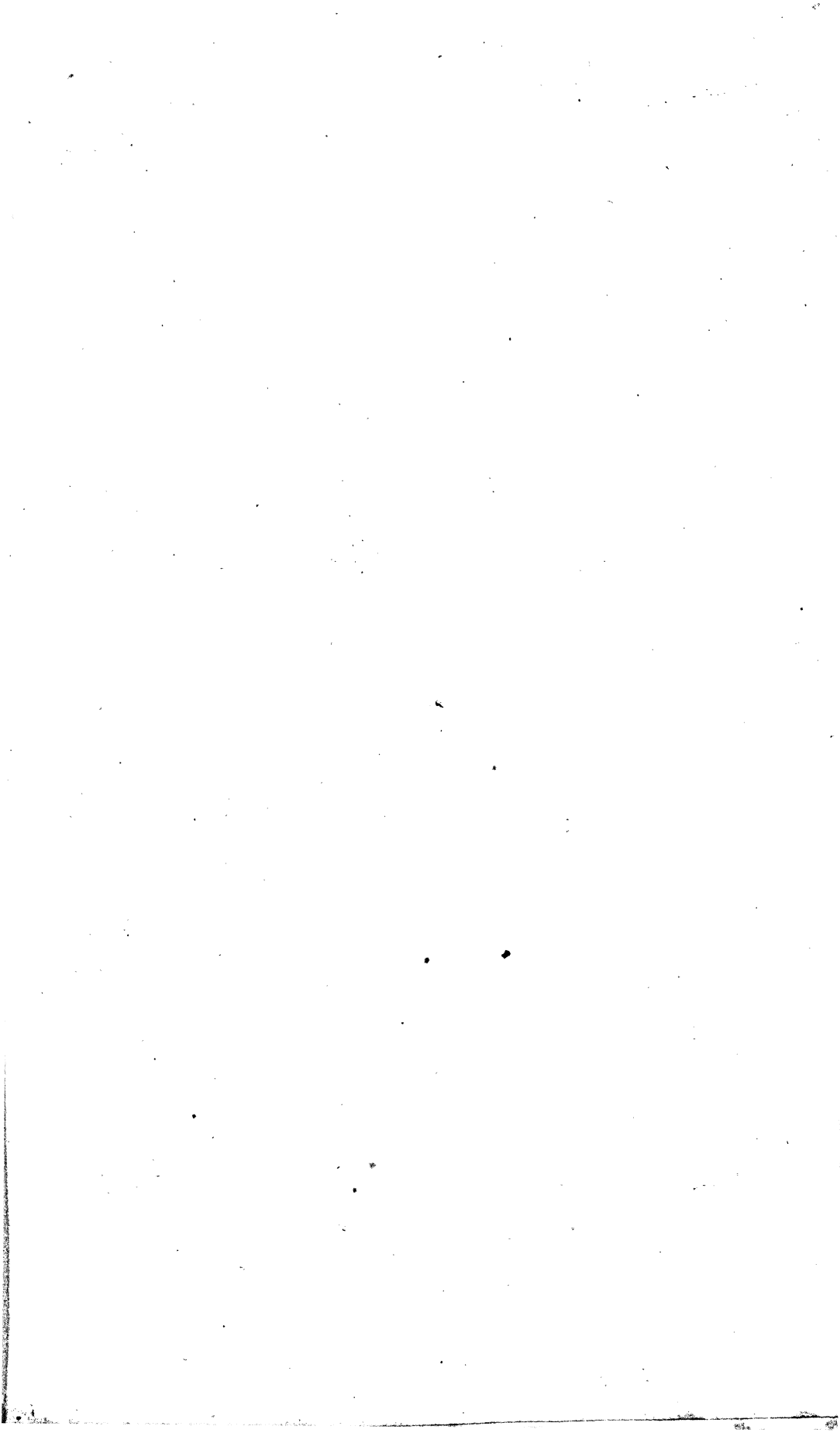

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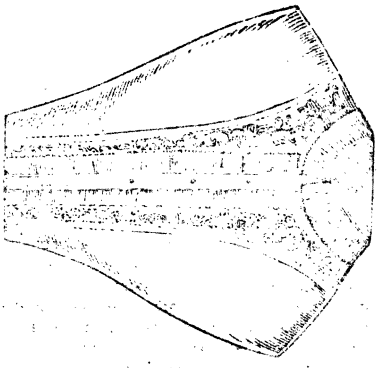

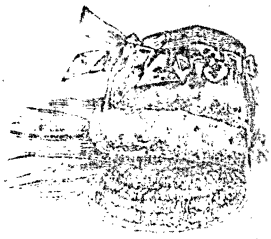

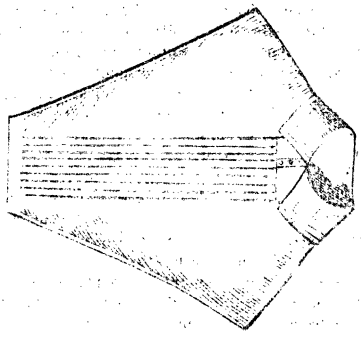

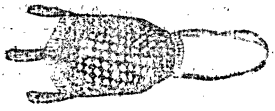

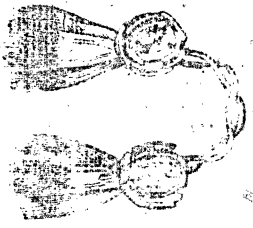

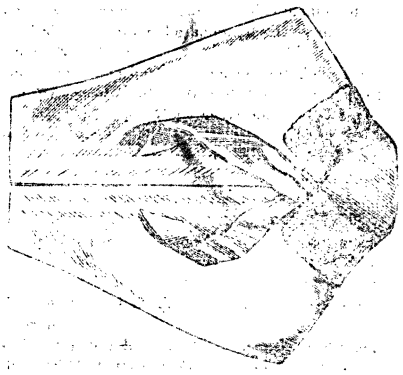

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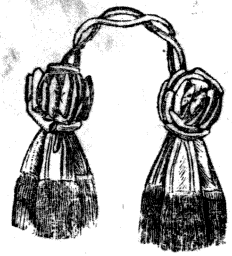

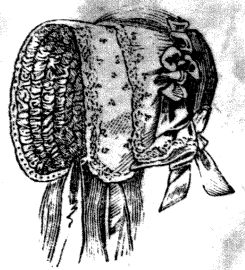

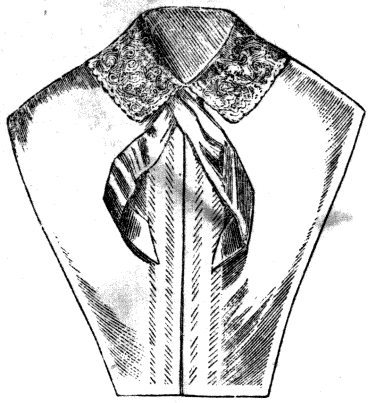

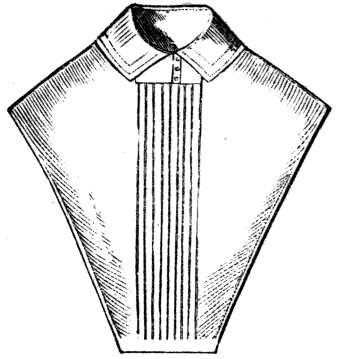

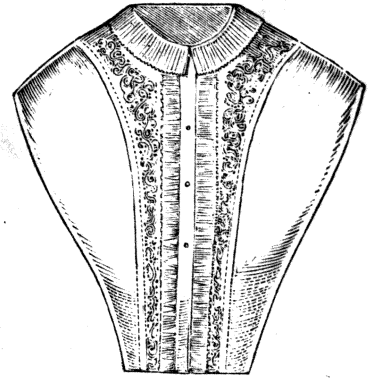

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EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

"*Early Lost, Early Saved*," by George W. Bethune. This little volume is of priceless worth to the mourners who, like Rachel, are weeping for their children because they are not. The "Argument for the Salvation of Infants" meets a response in the heart of every mother, which proves its truth. And how consoling are the thoughts this interesting writer awakens! how sweet the feelings of resignation he inculcates! The mind that dictated this consoling manual is of the highest order of humanity—filled with that holy benevolence which, like the blessed Saviour, delights to bind up the broken hearted. Genius and piety, when united, are irresistible. Published by Mentz & Rovandt, Philadelphia.

Messrs. Carey & Hart have published "*Mexico before and after the Conquest*," by Michel Chevalier, author of "Society, Manners and Politics in the United States." Translated by Fay. Robinson. This able essay was originally published in *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, and excited much attention in France. Its publication at the present time, when the actual state of Mexico is the object of so much interest, is very opportune. It is in the cheap pamphlet form.

The same publishers have issued the second and third volumes of their "Library for the People." entitled "*Achievements of the Knights of Malta*," by Alexander Sutherland, Esq. It is a work of uncommon merit, exhibiting the martial exploits of the most remarkable military order that ever existed. It will be read with lively interest by all who admire courage and self-sacrifice in the cause of Christianity. The innumerable anecdotes and individual traits with which it abounds, apart from its historical value, render the book particularly desirable to the lovers of the chivalrous and the romantic.

Messrs. E. Ferrett & Co. have published the third and fourth parts of Count Montholon's "*Captivity of Napoleon*," an invaluable work from the accurate and authentic information it affords respecting the splendid career and disastrous fate of Napoleon.

The same publishers have issued, among their other new music, "*General Taylor's Grand March*," "*General Taylor's Quick Step*," and "*The Rio Grande Quick Step*," very seasonable music.

Messrs. Carey & Hart have published the second series of "*Lives of Men of Letters and Science who Flourished in the Time of George III.*," by Henry Lord Brougham, F.R.S. This series includes Johnson, Adam Smith, Lavoisier, Gibbon, Sir Joseph Banks, D'Alembert, and a note on the Lives of Cavendish, Watt and Black. Of the literary merit of a work of Lord Brougham, it is superfluous to speak. This edition is in the cheap form, with good paper and print.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., and George S. Appleton, have published "*The History of Rome*," by Thomas Arnold, D.D., late Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford, Head Master of Rugby School, and Member of the Archæological Society of Rome. Three volumes in two. Reprinted entire from the last London edition. This work is universally admitted to be the best history of Rome which has ever appeared in any language. Even Alison, who is opposed to Dr. Arnold in politics, admits the soundness of his views, and commends his ability and candor in handling those nice historical questions arising out of the terrible feuds between the plebeians and patricians, which so long distracted the commonwealth. Avoiding the ultra opinions of Niebuhr, Dr. Arnold gives his criticism of the early Roman annals its due weight, and carefully disengages the truth of history from the superincumbent mass of tradition and exaggeration with which it has been obscured by the vanity of the Roman writers, and elicits from the facts the most useful lessons of political wisdom, lessons which every American statesman, and indeed every American voter, should weigh and consider with the greatest attention.

The same publishers have issued "*Expository Lectures on St. Paul's Epistle to the Colossians*," being an attempt to apply the Apostle's argument respecting the errors on the subject of the mediation of Christ at Colosse to the present circumstances of the church. By Daniel Wilson, Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan of India. The high character of Bishop Wilson for learning and candor will give to this timely publication a degree of authority which cannot fail to command the attention of all theological readers.

Messrs. Appletons have also published "*Animal Magnetism, or Psycodunamy*," by Theodore Leger, Doctor of the Medical Faculty of Paris, Late Professor of Anatomy, &c. &c. This is a learned and thorough treatise of the whole subject of animal magnetism, giving its academical history and its general history, and tracing its progress from the time of the ancient Egyptians, Hebrews and Persians through the middle ages and the modern ages of Europe, and concluding with Psycodunamy in the United States. It is not only a learned, but an extremely readable and entertaining work.

Messrs. Lea & Blanchard have published "*Lives of the Kings of England from the Norman Conquest*," with anecdotes of their courts, now first published, from original records and authentic documents. By Thomas Roscoe, Esq. This work will be welcomed by all who appreciate the value of authentic and entertaining history, and especially by those who have had the pleasure of reading Miss Agnes Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England," to which the present work is intended to form a companion and complement. This volume comprises the life of William the Conqueror, and, as a specimen, affords a highly favorable idea of the faithful and thorough style in which the undertaking is to be carried out.

Messrs. Leavit, Trow & Co., of New York, have published "*Glimpses of the Dark Ages*." It forms the second volume of the "Monthly Series of Useful Reading." Of the English edition of the "Life of Julius Cæsar," (vol. 1 of this series,) 12,000 copies were sold in one month. It is observable, however, that the English publisher gave precisely the same book, in the same style, for sixpence, which the American publishers charge 25 cents for. We opine that the American edition will not sell quite so rapidly, although the series is very well executed in every respect, so far as we may judge from the volumes already issued.

Messrs. G. B. Zieber & Co. have published "*Simon Girty the Outlaw, an Historical Romance*," by N. J. Jones. This is an interesting story founded on the well-known feats of a Swiss adventurer who joined the Indians in the numerous attacks on the western frontiers of Pennsylvania and Ohio. It is published in the cheap pamphlet form.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have published "*The Chro-*

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nicles of Clovernook, with some account of the Hermit of Belly fulle," by Douglas Jerrold, a very clever performance, in the author's peculiar style of humor. It is in the cheapest pamphlet form. Sold by G. B. Zieber & Co.

The same publishers have issued "*Voyages of Discovery and Research within the Arctic Regions from the Year* 1818 *to the present time, under the command of the several Naval Officers employed by Sea and Land in Search of a North-West Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific; with two attempts to reach the North Pole.*" By Sir John Barrow, Bart., F.R.S. This condensed view of the labors, sacrifices and perils of the arctic voyagers is gathered from the voluminous writings of Parry, Franklin, Richardson, Back and others, and gives the essence of their narratives without their voluminous and uninteresting details. It is an excellent book for school libraries and families. It is for sale by Carey & Hart, Grigg & Elliot, and G. B. Zieber & Co.

Messrs. Harpers have also published "*Livonian Tales,*" by the author of "Letters from the Baltic." It is remarkable that the lady who writes these stories is the only female contributor to the "Quarterly Review," an honor which her remarkable talents richly deserve. For sale by Carey & Hart, Grigg & Elliot, and G. B. Zieber & Co.

The same publishers have issued "*The Novitiate; a Year among the Jesuits,*" by A. Steinmetz," an extraordinary book, bearing every mark of genuineness and unfolding the peculiar training of the Jesuits so completely, that the reader ceases to wonder at the prodigies which that society has accomplished since its establishment by Loyola in the sixteenth century.

The same publishers have issued additional numbers of the "*Illustrated Wandering Jew,*" the "*Illuminated Shakspeare,* and the "*Pictorial History of England,*" since our last. These publications are all for sale by Messrs. Carey & Hart, Grigg & Elliot, and G. B. Zieber & Co.

"*The Tower of London,*" by Ainsworth, with four engravings by Cruikshank; "*The Garden,*" with an account of every vegetable cultivated for the table with the plough and the spade; "*Henry Russell, or the Year of Our Lord* 2000," a novel; "*The Horse Doctor,*" treating on the management, habits and diseases of the horse; "*The Artizan of Lyons, or Love's Traces,*" by Dennis Hannegan. All the above works are from the press of W. H. Graham, of the Tribune Building of New York. It will be seen that Mr. Graham does not confine himself to the mere publication of works of fiction, but combines those of utility. Ainsworth's "Tower of London" is well known. This is a new edition, with wood-cuts by Cruikshank, beautifully executed. "The Garden" and "The Horse Doctor" are books that will be appreciated by those having occasion for works on those subjects. "Henry Russel" and "The Artizan of Lyons" are new novels, and very entertaining —particularly the latter. Graham the Younger is like Graham the Elder. There is a go-aheadiveness about both, that seems to set at defiance anything like "fail" in their undertakings. Graham's works are all for sale at the depot of T. B. Peterson, 98 Chestnut street.

Benjamin Matthias, Esq., has recently published a "*Manual of Parliamentary Practice,*" containing the rules of order and the routine of proceedings in all public assemblies, such as town meetings, club meetings, society meetings, &c., which will be found invaluable in aiding public men to conduct public business in an orderly and regular manner, and prove of eminent service in economizing time by a prompt dispatch of whatever presents itself to the notice of the meetings where this manual is consulted as an authority.

Messrs. Lea & Blanchard have published No. 22 of the "*American Journal of the Medical Sciences,*" edited by Isaac Hays, M. D. This number is rich in contributions from eminent physicians and surgeons; and is embellished with a superb colored engraving.

A correspondent of the Saturday Evening Post mentions that "Powers has now nearly finished a most exquisite figure of a fisher-boy, standing on the shore, with his net and rudder in one hand, while with the other *he holds a shell to his ear and listens if it murmur to him of a gathering storm. His slight, boyish limbs are full of grace and delicacy—you feel that the youthful frame could grow up into nothing less than an Apollo. Then the head—how beautiful! Slightly bent on one side, with the rim of the shell thrust under his locks, lips gently parted, and the face wrought up to the most hushed and breathless expression, he listens whether the sound be deeper than its wont.* It makes you hold your breath and listen, to look at it."

Powers will gain no credit for this statue. The subject has been already handled by an eminent German sculptor, and the statue is now in the possession of the executors of the late Edward L. Carey. The subject is a girl holding a shell to her ear, listening. The description of Mr. Powers' subject, which we have italicized, is precisely that of Mr. Carey's, omitting the rudder, &c. We do not think that even Mr. Powers can excel this beautiful production.

The correspondent is again in error in saying that, when the "Eve" arrives, it will be his first ideal work in America. He forgets that the Proserpine, that he eulogizes so highly, was also ordered by Mr. Carey, and is in the same room as the Girl. Mr. C. died before the Proserpine arrived.

We like this system, copied from one of Dusolle's admirable letters from Europe. We object somewhat to the once a week—say once a month.

"Here a lady throws open her doors once a week upon a certain evening, and is 'at home,' as you call it, to all acquaintances on that occasion. They call, converse, eat, drink and are merry. All is without ceremony. They may have been there last week, or they may not have been present before for half a century. It is all the same. All are welcome. All enjoy themselves; and the delightful associations which, were she English, she would take a pride in confining to her own household, being French, she finds a greater pleasure in distributing among all who have the honor of her acquaintance. She is not happy unless she can divide her happiness with her friends, and render them equally joyous."

The following is from the North American of this city.

"GODEY AND GRAHAM.—We have had these two rival magazines for April upon our table for some days, and we should be remiss if we omitted to notice the improvements in Godey. We have an admirable number before us, and contributions from some of our best writers. Godey in his fashions is giving Graham's Paris Plates a hard push. No man has better taste than Godey, or knows so well how to be generous in all things to his patrons and his friends. We are glad to learn that he has just purchased the list of a rising magazine, and will add it to his own, with the eminent abilities of its editor. This will enable Godey to throw out another sail for popular favour."

BRANDYWINE SPRING.—The splendid hotel at this place is now open, and kept by Messrs. Bagley & Mackenzie, of the Columbia Hotel of this city. The names of these gentlemen are alone sufficient to insure comfort and plenty to their guests. We know of no more beautiful spot than this celebrated watering place.

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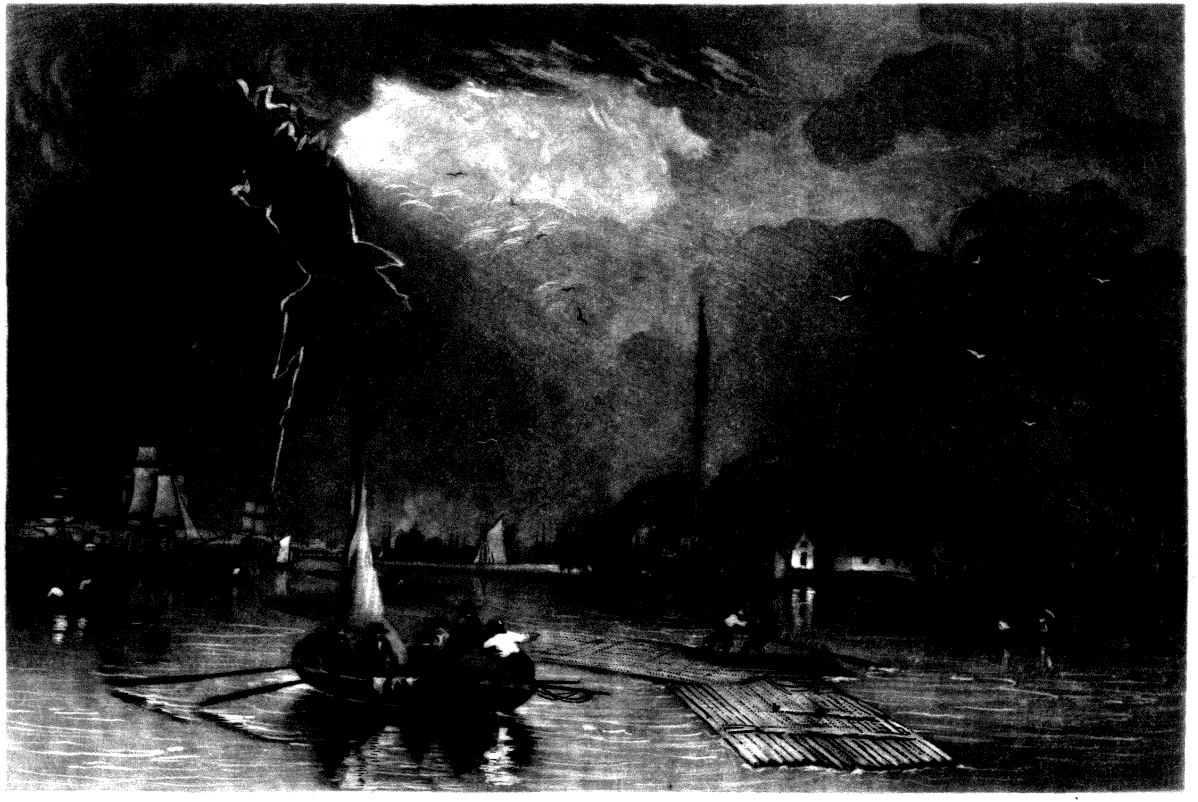

VIEW ON THE DELAWARE OPPOSITE PHILADELPHIA.

Engd by J. Sartain for Godey, from an original Painting by J. Hamilton.

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GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1846.

THE DELAWARE.

(*See Plate.*)

THE rivers of a country are to its people like those true friends whom we always welcome with a smile, and from whom we never separate without regret. No river in America is so deserving the honor of a place in the Lady's Book as the Delaware, on whose banks the work was first projected; so we shall consider the picture as referring to the water and not the shore view, and frame our illustration accordingly.

"Beginnings are alike," says the poet—

"One drop falls, lasts and dries up—but a drop—
Another begins a river."

The drop that begins the Delaware falls on the Catskill mountains in New York, and thence, gathering tribute from many springs and streams, it flows onward, increasing in power and volume, till it runs into Delaware bay, five miles below New Castle. Its whole length is about three hundred miles, but, like a truant boy, it turns aside from its direct course and then returns to a point nearly parallel with its starting place, as though it loved to linger among the green hills that overshadow it and the fruitful valleys that smile as it passes to woo its stay. Yet it hurries along, for it is by no means slow in its movements, though it does not go straight to its goal, but forms, in its rambling course, a very distinct W—whether intended as the initial of the wealth or wisdom which characterize those who have the good fortune to dwell on its banks, we shall leave future historians to decide.

The Indians called this river Lenape Wihittusk, which means—the rapid river of the Lenape; the bay they called Poutoxat, and the site where Philadelphia now stands Kúeguenáku. And here, on the banks of the Delaware, only one hundred and sixty-four years ago, William Penn selected the site for his city, and wrote thus exultingly—"Of all the many places I have seen in the world, I remember not one better seated, so that it seems to me to have been appointed for a town." And so it was, though then covered with a forest wilderness; the tall pines stood up like sentinels to protect the shore when the first settlers sat down beneath their shade on the banks of the Delaware. Who then thought of the future? With most, it doubtless was sufficient to provide for their immediate wants. Those men who had to dig caves to shelter their families, and then wander about among the thick old trees to find places where they might erect their log cabins, fearful of being lost in the dark woods or attacked by savages if they moved beyond the neighborhood of the river, which, as it had been their path to this new home, seemed the only way for their escape, must have had very moderate wishes. Safety, shelter, and the common comforts of life, obtained by their own strong arms, would seem to them sufficient riches.

But the good founder, William Penn, he doubtless had visions of the future grandeur of his beloved city. As he drew the two rivers, like a nursing mother and her handmaid, to the support of the infant settlement, he must have felt that he had planted his colony where its prosperity was as much surer than that of old Rome as the Delaware is superior to the Tiber, or the pursuits of peace are more lasting in their benefits than the triumphs of war. But did he anticipate what wonderful improvements a century and a half would have done? And who can estimate those of the next hundred years? Why, if the city but goes on at the usual increase of population in our country, doubling every twenty-five years, allowing now but two hundred and fifty thousand, there will in 1946 be

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the enormous number of four millions of inhabitants in Philadelphia—as many as has been assigned to Rome in the height of her glory, after the existence of a thousand years, and when she was the mistress and the capital of the world. How far will Broad street then extend?—and what distance along the river's bank will the crowded dwellings of men throw their shadows over the bright waters of the Delaware?

AMERICAN VIEWS.—NO. III.

MOUNT HOLYOKE.

(*See Plate.*)

We have this month the pleasure of presenting to our readers the third in the series of American views, which the most skillful engravers in our country are preparing to ornament the pages of the Lady's Book. This romantic mountain, elevated eleven hundred feet above the level of the Connecticut river, presents from its top a view, the radius of which is not less than fifty miles. It is ascended by all—and they are not a few—who travel through New England in search of the beauties of nature, ladders having been placed at the most difficult parts to facilitate the ascent. From the summit the traveler beholds a landscape unrivaled in silent beauty by any in our land; a lovely and fertile meadow, not partitioned between Brown and Smith and Jones by innumerable log fences, but naturally divided by the windings of the majestic river, which here makes no less than four turns to the west and three to the east, its windings rendered still more pleasing to the spectator by the elms and flowers and shrubs which line its banks. The bald face of the mountain looks towards Northampton, a right pleasant town, which has experienced all the vicissitudes of Indian warfare so common to the early settlements in Massachusetts. The township, embracing ninety square miles, was bought in 1653 for one hundred fathoms of wampum and ten coats, from its "chief and proper owners," one of whom appears to have been a married woman. In 1656 a tract of some nine hundred acres, called Capawunke, was bought from a native named Lampancho for fifty shillings, "to his entire satisfaction." Agriculture, agreeably varied with a little war, has ever been the occupation of the inhabitants of this earthly paradise. The first Merino sheep imported into this country were kept upon the little peninsula formed by the bending of the river.

The view of the meadow, however, is not more striking than that of the surrounding mountain range. Spurs of the Green Mountains are seen advancing and receding along the course of the Connecticut in the north, Moccadhoe is on the northeast, and Saddle Mountain on the northwest, while on the southwest the peculiar position of Mount Tour has given rise to geological speculations about lakes which once reposed in the bosom of the mountains, and which, by forcing their way to the ocean, formed the Connecticut river. Similar theories have been maintained in connection with the palisades and the Hudson, but in the language of N. P. Willis, "we have no time to go back to the deluge."

OUR NEW WORLD.

A FRAGMENT.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

Thus Faith and Freedom onward move
Towards that goal of peace and love
  Where Christ has pledged with men to meet;
Oh! she will win a glorious crown,
Our brave New World, when she lays down
  Her conquests at His feet!

No feudal fetters clog her pace—
No iron despot stops her race—
  No superstitions cloud her sky:—
Shall those, unwarmed by Freedom's ray,
Where chains and ruins bar the way,
  Attempt with her to vie?

As well the bird of night might dare
To mate the Eagle-king of air
  In gazing on the noonday light,—
As well the creeping tortoise be
Matched with the chamois, bounding free,
  To reach the mountain height!

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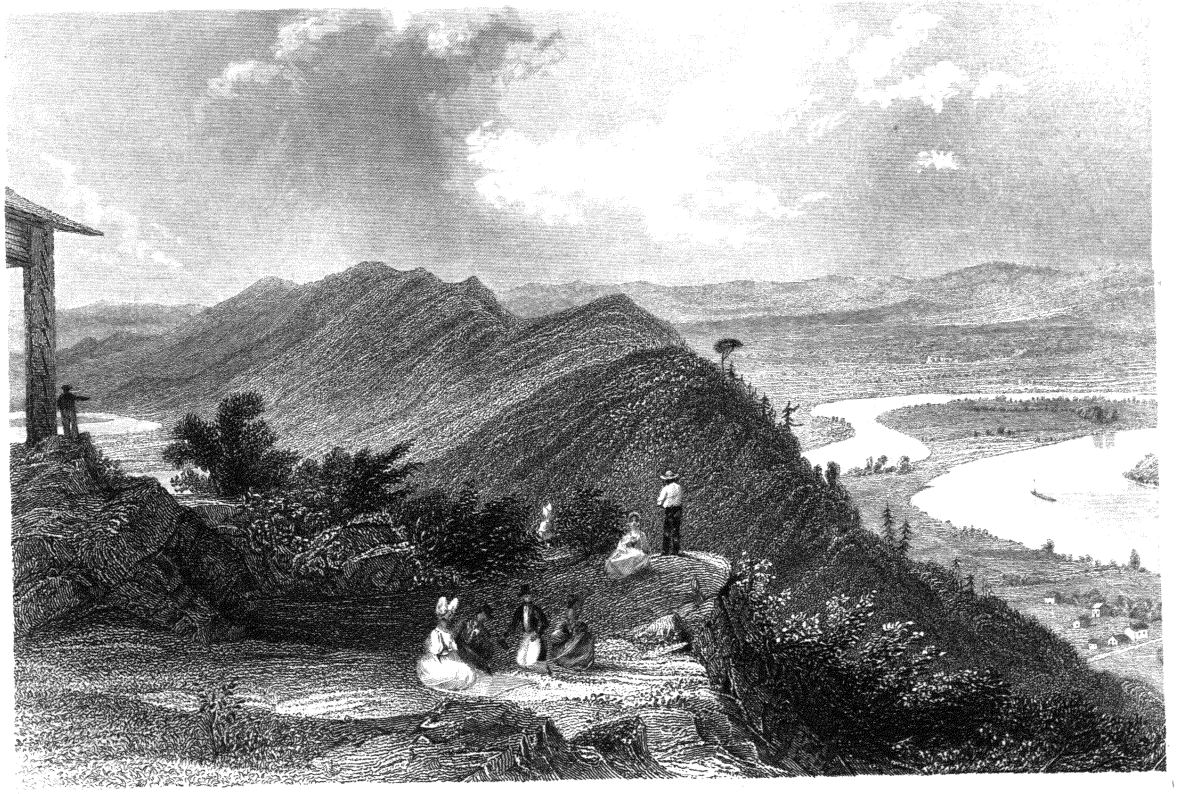

MOUNT HOLYOKE.

Engraved for Godey's Magazine by A. L. Jones.

N.Y. Series of American Views.

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THE YOUNG AMERICAN ABROAD.

LETTER I.

NAPLES.

NAPLES, *January* 10, 1846.

Quid autem ea dere antiquorum testimonia? Doceat hujus urbis amœnitatem, iiqua ex intima Europa huc accedentes eam admirantur hujus modi ut miraculum Naturæ divinam habitationem eam regionem appellant. —J. C. CAPACINUS, *Hist. Neap. A. D.* 1605.

MY first day in Naples is over! At last I have reached that golden city of the south, the darling of the blue Mediterranean—Parthenope, Palæopolis, Neapolis—thou child of the beautiful, I am with thee at last!

From early boyhood I have delighted to think of thee; thou wert linked with wild dreams of fantasy and legends of romance until thy very existence seemed connected with that of fairyland; and now I have indeed seen thee, and am, in truth, with thee, thou beautiful realization of spiritual romance. Yes, these very lines are written within thy walls, and in after days when I read them over, they will revive many golden hours, many gentle dreams.

When, this morning, I sat on a high terrace and, drinking in the full glory of sun and sky, gazed at thy beautiful bay with its glorious panorama, it seemed as if too much joy and pleasure had been thrown at once upon me. Far in the dim distance lay the purple island of Capri, seeming in the golden sun-rays like some quick-vanishing Atlantis land. At my left Vesuvius with his crest of smoke rose like a guardian giant over the city, while all around were seen and heard objects peculiar to this pleasant land.

It was not so, PROVENCE, that I felt when I wandered among thy classic ruins and knightly monuments of the middle ages! Nor even so, Niagara, when, one pleasant summer's day, I stood beside thy roaring cataract! Nor even so with thee, oh, romantic Spain, when I gazed upon thy snow-covered Nevada! A different feeling, a different sentiment affects me now—one not gathered from nature or romance alone, but from a strange combination of all.

And this night I visited San Carlo. Romance again! When from the singer's throat a stream of music rose, filling the soul with unutterable feelings of the beautiful and gentle, it seemed to me as if Viola Pisani were no creature of the brain, but a reality. Had Zanoni been seated within those walls? No;—this at least could be banished, for San Carlo has since been burnt. But how? By the influence of the Evil Eye, says Dumas. Ah, one romance rises from the ashes of another! Do what you will, you cannot live entirely in the Real in this land of the Ideal.

Jan. 11.—Started with a friend and walked about town. We followed a street which led us to an enormous cavern, the name of which I was unable to ascertain. About noon we again left our hotel, and walking through the Villa Reale soon reached the Grotto of Possilippo, "the mighty work of the old Cimmerians."

Yes, there I stood, by the shore of that "blue and waveless sea," "by the shores of the blue Parthenope, by Virgil's tomb and the Cimmerian cavern." From afar on the wings of the wind came the murmurs and shouts of the city. About us were motley groups of Neapolitans, declaiming and vociferating with that force and emphasis employed only by those who live perpetually in the open air. We passed on—a few steps and we stood almost alone at the entrance of the grotto. A sudden chill fell over me as I stood in the sunless portal. Around, above me, were mighty rocks, while before lay a cavern vast and weirdly in appearance, seeming in truth rather the work of magic than of human hands.

We passed through it, and returning over the hill through which it passes, paused for an instant to enjoy that scene—the most exquisite which Italy affords. "Afar, Naples gleamed whitely in the last rays of the sun, and the rose-tints of the horizon melted into the azure of her glorious bay. Yet more remote and in another part of the prospect might be caught, dim and shadowy and blackened by the darkest foliage, the ruined pillars of the ancient Posidonia. There, in the midst of his blackened and sterile realms, rose the dismal Mount of Fire, while, on the other hand, winding through variegated plains, to which distance lent *all* its magic, glittered many a stream by which Etruscan and Sybarite, Roman and Saracen and Norman, had, at the intervals of ages, pitched the invading tent. All the visions of the past, the stormy and dazzling histories of southern Italy rushed over his mind as he gazed below."

Such is a celebrated writer's description of the scene, and such must ever be its effect upon the mind of the gazer. Leaving its glories, we went our way by a strange winding path to the foot of the hill. Here the payment of a *carline* admitted us through the gate, and passing the innumerable crowd of beggars with their "*uno grano Signore, me miserabile*," we entered the grounds, and in a few minutes stood by the tomb of Virgil.

The tomb is empty now;—no urn or sarcophagus meets the eye to tell of the sacred deposit

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which it once contained. Ages have passed since the hands of the spoiler bore away the mortal remains of him whose inspiration seemed more than mortal. But the cool shade, the wild flower and the broad-spreading tree are better memorials, and serve far better to bring to mind the poet who sung of flocks, fields and herds, than urn or bust.

I am not one of those cold-blooded skeptics, ever prone to question the authenticity of a relic and dissipate its delusion by the assumption of unbelief—one of those "to whom the fountain of Egeria is only a pig-sty." A legend never appears to me ridiculous, though in construction it may be entirely founded on the grotesque. How then should I doubt but that this is indeed the tomb of the Augustan bard, since no fact can be better authenticated than that in all ages pilgrims led by his fame have wended their way thither. Victor Hugo has, indeed, said, "that where historical truth is at fault, imagination comes to its aid," and I for one am ever disposed to afford this agreeable assistance.

12*th*.—At San Carlo this evening. Opera, "Stella di Napoli;" ballet, "Merope." This being the king's birthday, and he moreover having had a son born this morning, the theatre was very brilliantly illuminated. It is generally rather dark. The Italians prefer a dim, melancholy light—to flirt by.

13*th*.—Started early, and with three American companions, and JOHN as a guide, mounted a carriage and were soon *en route* for Pompeii.

Pompeii, a land of pleasant wonders, a city of strange marvels! A ride along the Mole, through the lazzaroni, by maccaroni manufactories, along villas, palaces, huts; then through Tone del Greco —on—on—on. We soon reached a plain where nought was visible save trees and gardens. We alighted at a gate—this was Pompeii!

In a few minutes we stood in the amphitheatre. It was small, and not by any means in such preservation as those of Arles and Nismes. Yet how many associations, how many feelings as of intimacy and acquaintance came over me as I gazed upon it! Arbaces, Glaucus, Calenus—all the glorious procession, all the solemn phantasma of the "Last Days of Pompeii" were with me. Truly, there is no art like that of the romance writer.

A guide—a veritable "invalid soldier," as described by Dumas—was soon procured, and under his guidance we visited all the lions, *ab initio usque ad finem*. We plucked and ate oranges growing on this classic ground, drank water from the fountain by the Temple of Esculapius, and wine in a Roman courtyard. We extended ourselves on the *triclinia*, and devoutly wished (as the dinner-hour drew nigh) that the table were as well spread as it had been eighteen centuries since. In the house of Glaucus I thought of Nydia, and sighed in the cellar of Diomed over the impression of Julia's bosom, as did one of our thirsty companions over the empty wine jars. And then wending our way adown the road over the ancient tombs, we left this solemnity of the dead.

On our return to Naples we visited Herculaneum. A door admits us to this dark, sepulchral city. As we wound along the silent halls and deserted galleries, a solemn, ghostly feeling stole over me. Dim phantasma seemed to steal from their resting-places among the ancient walls, while all around the damp, black lava, filling completely every interstice and crevice between the buildings, gave them an appearance of massiveness and strength which awed far more than interested. We saw all the excavations—not very extensive at present, for the greater part has been filled up—and light of heart returned home.

We arrived safely, with no incident worth relating, save that a hard-faced little beggar girl ran a long time after us soliciting us to change a very small copper coin which we had given her;—she thought it uncurrent. After giving her another she picked up a companion and kept on in pursuit. But run as she might we escaped at last from her importunities.

14*th*.—Visited the church of San Severs, and saw the celebrated veiled statues. One, representing *Modesty*, is a female figure, naked from the waist upward and covered with a veil, all cut in marble. The veil is not, as I had supposed, a literal *web* carved outside of the figure, but is one piece with it. So delicately and curiously is it wrought, that the outlines of every feature and muscle are visible. Another statue representing a man tearing a net from his body is different. *Here* the cords are carved outside of the body after the manner of a veritable net. Another represents the *Death Sweat* of our Lord. It is superbly wrought. These statues are not classical. I could see in them, however, no trace of Gothicism. They are rather examples of what the Germans style "high Catholic art."

15*th*.—To-day we visited many ancient monuments of Roman art and power. Starting at an early hour with our guide, *John*, as an attendant, we reached *via* Posilippo, the far-famed *Pozzuoli* —the Puteolum of ancient times. Here a crowd of beggarly wretches besieged us, entreating us to purchase several wretched brass affairs which they affirmed to be genuine antiques. Here another guide was obtained, and we drove along until we reached the Lucrine lake, dear to the *bon vivants* of old Rome. Near it is the *Monte Nuovo*, which was thrown up by a volcanic eruption in thirty hours.

A short walk took us to Lake Avernus, celebrated in the *diablerie* of classic days—the broad and gently sloping path which led to it enabling us to quote "*facilis descensus Averni*" with great propriety and wonderful complacency. Turning to the left, we stopped before a door in the rock, and here John suddenly astonished us by imparting the information that this was the *Sybil's Cave*—yes, the veritable seat of the oracle where in early

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times the vague leaves scattered by the wind had given birth to so much doubt and conjecture. Dim visions of Ovid and Juvenal, of Christian prophecies and Pantagruelian voyages, danced before my mind; but a simple demand from a rascally-looking *custode* soon dissipated these delusions, and we found that a few *carlines* now sufficed to open a gate which had once been closed to the haughtiest and proudest.

Descending a long passage cut in the living rock, we soon reached a narrow entry covered with water. Here our guide lit several large torches, and *mounting* our lazzaroni attendants, we *rode* leisurely on through the water.

What with the strong fume and smoke of the torches, which their intense red glare scarcely penetrated, the figures of our guides magnified and distorted through its medium into real demons, and the close, black rock, which seemed in every direction to be oppressively near, I began to suspect that the German school of writers were not so very far out of the way even in their wildest imagery. The diablerie of the whole scene defied description. Let the reader imagine one of the wildest scenes in Faust or Der Freischutz taking place in the bowels of the earth, in a red, lurid air, amid clouds of suffocating smoke, and he may form some slight idea of the general appearance of our party and guides.

We soon reached the farther bound of the cavern, and were here shown the seat and bath of the sybil, with other chambers. Mounting our two-legged steeds, we again rode forth gladly to the air and sun of the upper world.

During the day we visited many places well known to the antiquary and scholar. All of the country around Pozzuoli is rich in relics and classical reminiscences. We dined *al fresco*, near the Baths of Nero, on black bread, bad wine and goat's-milk cheese, with an army of girls and children standing around in admiration. We descended into the Piscina Mirabile of Lucullus, and ascended the amphitheatre sanctified by the miracle of San Gonnaro. We visited the far-famed temple of Jupiter Serapis, and found on leaving it that our rascal John had stolen for us several pieces of its marble as relics—he erroneously supposing us to be English, naturally thought that such a violation of the regulations could not but be acceptable.

Other antiques awaited and received our visit, nor were we exempt from modern annoyances. On leaving the Piscina Mirabile, a crowd of beggars assailed us, and endeavored by every variety of word, look and gesture, to attract our attention and money. The Neapolitan is famed for his urbanity and politeness;—he deserves his reputation, with the saving clause that his attentions are confined to the *rich*. He will, like the *Graceulus Esuriens* of Juvenal, do anything for money. He will grin for a grana, cut capers for a carline, dance for a ducat. This in the higher classes is tolerable, but among the lower it is positively annoying. Our newly-made acquaintances beset us with a determination and energy worthy a better cause. The boys threw somersets and then demanded their pay with as much assurance as if we had hired them by the job. Three wretched little girls began dancing the Tarantella to the sound of an old tamborine, and then joined the general cry of "*Datemi qualche cosa.*" Half-a-dozen old hags twirled their distaffs and begged at the same time, while the surrounding spaces were filled up by every variety of halt, lame, blind and vagabond. What at first seemed only a slight annoyance, soon threatened to become a serious trouble. Numbers crowded around our carriage as we entered it, and by clinging to the wheels and pushing before the horses, seemed determined to impede our course. Our small change was thoroughly exhausted, yet none of our assurances to that effect were believed by this multitude, who to other defects and vices added those of obstinacy and incredulity. At last, by dint of swearing, whipping and scolding, our coachman got us under way. A general shout burst out as we departed, and then the whole pack burst after us in full cry—but we escaped.

It was late in the evening as we returned to Naples. Cool and pleasant the breath of the west wind blew over the purple isles of its silent bay. Moonlight, star ray and evening mist by turns illumined and obscured the white walls of the city, while far in the distance gleamed the red glare of the Sterile Mount of Fire.

A few lazzaroni still lingered around the deserted Chiaja, a few tired soldiers yet remained by the Villa Reale, as we, weary of body yet light of heart, drove through the silent streets. A hasty dinner at the Table d'Hôte, a hasty dress, and we soon found ourselves in that everlasting evening lounge of the Neapolitan—the opera of San Carlo.

NEAPOLITAN NOISE.

Bref il n'y en avoit pas une qui ne fist le Diable.—*Discours de Ragot, Capitain des Gueno.*

Le peuple Neapolitan à quelques égards n'est point du tout civilisée. La rive Africaine qui bord la mer de l'autre coté se fait presque déjà sentir, et il ya je ne sais quoi de Numide dans les cris sauvages qu'on entend de tous parts.—*De Stael.*

We are informed by Southey and the Jewish Talmud that ten measures of talkativeness were sent to the earth, and that women obtained nine of them.

This is all well so far, but the two respectable authorities above quoted have omitted to state the proportion of loquacity obtained by different places in the world. I rejoice that I have it in my power to supply this deficiency. After long and laborious calculation, I have arrived at the conclusion that of all the noise in the world caused by human voices, one-half is to be heard in the city of Naples!

The reader, if he be in anywise philosophically

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inclined, will naturally inquire the cause of all this noise; he will wish to know why a Neapolitan should scream at the top of his voice words which among us would be expressed by a low whisper; he will wonder at a man's giving vent to more screams, soliloquies, cries and prayers over an extinguished pipe, than an American would expend over a defunct family of ten children. I regret that causes are not so easily arrived at as facts; if they were, I should answer at once. As it is, I can only reply that I attribute it entirely to their fine climate. And why their climate? Because their fine climate induces them to remain, live, eat, drink and sleep out of doors. Living out of doors obliges them to raise their voices, since it is a well-known fact that it is more difficult to make ourselves heard in the street than in the parlor. Besides, raising our voices in the street improves them amazingly, and the late lamented Malibran is said to have owed her extraordinary vocal powers entirely to being taught out of doors. Taking these facts into consideration, we imagine that we have solved the mystery. Göethe, with his accustomed acuteness, has remarked this extraordinary propensity:—"Wie viele haudwerken arbeiten vor den Hausern auf freie Strasse! Wie viele Laden sind ganz gegen die Strase zu craffnet! Wie mancherlei geschiet auf den markten, Platzen und in den Hofen."

Let the newly-arrived leave his hotel on the Chiaja or Chiatamones, and turning leftwards wend his way to the Santa Lucia. What wonders there await his eyes and ears! Before him lies the bay with its blue waters and purple isles, while far in the distance rises the black volcano. But beautiful view and burning mountain will all be forgotten and pass away like a dream in contemplation of the extraordinary human spectacle which stretches out broad and wide inland. His first impression is that some extraordinary event is taking place—perhaps a new Massaniello has summoned them together, or a new Punchinello has just made his appearance. Is it an earthquake, a revolution, a battle which causes this tremendous meeting, this infernal clamor, this unbounded riot?

Neither the one nor the other. As his eye becomes gradually accustomed to the sight, he perceives with amazement that a great part of the tumultuous assembly are either seated in chairs or extended at full length in baskets or on the earth. Old and young, male and female, are grouped together—all talking, screaming, scolding and vociferating in a language compared with which Polish becomes musical and Hungarian melodious. In one corner a bare-footed priest is narrating some new miracle of San Gennaro to a readily assembled audience, while in the other a tattered minstrel strums an old guitar, and sings to its inaudible accompaniment the last verses of the last popular canzene—

"Nec sta na ciardenera
Chiammata Luvisella
Da copp'a l'Arenella
Mine vene a'ncajeta."

A late English tourist who seems to have thoroughly studied the town, remarks—"A partial observer might say that Naples is a truly jovial place. All seems mirth and uproar—lords and lazzaroni, ladies and demireps, improvisatores, pickpockets and punch, jumbled together in a heterogeneous mass. Chaos is come again."

CARLOS.

LOVE SONGS.

BY MISS H. B. MACDONALD.

NO. 1.

'Tis sweet to wander in the rosy air
Flung from Aurora's incense-dropping chair!
At noon in diamond water
'Tis sweet amid the lilies of the wave,
In mood, luxurious brow and limb to lave,
Like some bright naiad daughter!

'Tis sweet, when evening's crimson shadows throng,
To watch the rich-plumed birds, with silver song,
Their bright path homeward winging!
'Tis sweet to view the stars with changeless part,
Like dear familiar eyes around the heart,
Their light for ever flinging.

Yet sweeter far to watch with bending eyes,
Like some rich goddess of thy destinies,
For ever thee above;
Down shedding blessings o'er thy graceful head,
Bidding thee learn of all its gifts bespread,
That earth hath none like Love.

NO. 2.

The lonely haunt where thou art dwelling,
'Neath thine embowering household vines—
Each vocal gale of Summer swelling
Amid the flowery lines
That deck thy path by bower and lea—
All is sweet to me!

Like moonlight beams thy low, sweet laughter;
And when thy voice doth, thrilling, come,
I dream of winds and fountain water
In some old genii home,
Through ærial halls that murmuring be—
All is sweet to me!

The air whose brightness doth surround thee
Doth seem of some enchanted clime;
Surely a magic spell hath bound thee,
Making each track of time
A path of bliss when sped with thee!
All is sweet to me!

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MY AUNT MARY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LETTERS FROM THE MIDLAND COUNTIES."

SHE was a "single" woman of forty—at least once in her life. I am not willing to attach the alliterative accompaniment of "fair and fat," partly because I am no great admirer of their author, who was at best but a bungling novice in the art of sneering, and a bad imitator of that embodiment of scorn, Voltaire; and partly because my Aunt Mary would never acknewledge that she possessed any one of three accomplishments. She was what the wicked people of the world call an "old maid," but to this honorable title she never aspired herself, nor can I allow her name to be graced or disgraced with it. God bless her! You may explore the whole range of feminine humanity, maids, matrons or widows, and you shall not find her superior.

She had a lover in her youth, and she has his miniature now. They were betrothed, which is a very different thing from being married, and in fact often proves the greatest preventive to marriage. She would certainly have had a husband (that enviable acquisition) if the last war had not broken out. Her lover was a poor lieutenant in the army, and Mars required his services in Canada before he could sacrifice to Hymen in England. War is no great respecter of amorous contracts, and however grateful its rapacity for victims may be to some married ladies, few of the affianced young can sympathize with its demands. In a few months my Aunt Mary lost her lover, America lost a foe, Great Britain lost a soldier, and that humorous abstraction, "national honor," gained a victim. His sword and epaulette were brought to her by a faithful fellow who attended him, and for some months she gave way to uncontrollable grief. She indulged in this fruitless sorrow until her health failed, and I believe would have suffered it to sap her life had not an event occurred that diverted her attention from such dismal pursuits.

My mother died, and my aunt's grief subsided before her sympathy and love for my father and his children. She vowed thenceforth to become a mother to us, and most faithfully she performed her promise. She had several offers of marriage, some of which my father urged her to accept, but she resolutely declined them all and determined to devote herself to us. She was at this period about five-and-twenty; my father was ten years older, and when time had somewhat assuaged his grief for his bereavement, he was gratefully sensible of his sister's love, and abandoned his domestic affairs entirely to her control. Her affection for us filled up the vacancy in her heart; she early initiated us into the mysteries of the alphabet, made dolls for my sisters, and taxed her ingenuity in inventing a thousand little pleasures and surprises for us.

She was never fairly weaned from her recollections of her young love, and I can well remember how, when she has immured herself for hours in her lonely chamber, I have—taught by the instinct of childhood—crept silently to her side, and laying my hand upon hers, awoke her from her reverie, while she vainly tried to smile away the tears that were filling her eyes, and called forth mine by the kindly effort. Often, too, when she had accompanied us on a short walk on a calm summer's evening, and left us to romp at pleasure through the fields, have we returned to her side when the sun had totally disappeared and the last shadow of his glory was swooning from the west, and the latest larks were soaring on high to shout their farewell song, and there we found her seated upon a rustic bench, sighing in deep abstraction, and holding in her hand a miniature which she always wore in her bosom.

An old maid in the country parts is considered the exclusive patroness of the poor, who look upon her as a kind of property sent by Heaven for their use and benefit, to be applied to in every emergency. So when my Aunt Mary had dismissed three or four aspirants to her hand, (she had a small fortune, too,) and regularly set up in life as a woman on her own account, she was besieged on all sides by the villagers who needed help or advice. Anxious to follow the established precedents in such cases, she commenced, with the assistance of the clergyman, by instituting a school for the girls of the village; by visiting the old people, and making presents of cloaks and bonnets as far as her means would permit.

This was as far as she ventured at first, but at the age of thirty-five she had overcome many scruples, and boldly studied the art of making currant, raisin, cowslip and other wines, and collected recipes for their manufacture wherever they could be found. Every year she had a goodly store made and stowed away in the cellar, that the volatility of their youth might subside and age bestow upon them the virtue and experience belonging to old wines. This was a great step towards a confirmation of old-maidenhood, but it only emboldened her to make farther advances. She bought a medicine chest, but after having administered a dose of ipecacuanha for "*pulv. jalapii,*" she became terrified and abandoned the use of such fearful ingredients. Her next step was to commence an arduous study of Buchan and Culpepper. With

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information derived from these immortal authors, and a little help from the crones of the village, in the course of a year or two she could tell the names and extract the virtues of scores of subtle herbs, which but for such as her and them, would "blush unseen and waste their sweetness" in obscurity. It was her custom to award premiums to the children of the village who would bring her the finest specimens of colt's-foot, marshmallows, &c.;—the roof of the kitchen was perfectly hidden with bunches of these inestimable simples hung up to dry. The housekeeper and cook were often reduced to the verge of insanity when the sanctity of the kitchen was desecrated to such "vile uses" as making decoctions and infusions; and as my aunt invariably superintended the process in person and contrived to disarrange all order, the poor cook was certainly to be pitied.

One small room, which we called her "surgery," was filled with the *materia medica* used in her eccentric system of practice. There were shelves filled with jars of preserves, bottles containing syrups of buckthorn, pennyroyal water, and tinctures of herbs unknown to the profession; gallipots of deer's suet, hog's lard and spermaceti, and infallible ointments for the cure of chilblains, chapped hands and scrofula. In the course of her practice she achieved the most wonderful success; she actually brought children safely through the measles, and indescribable diseases in aged people after having defied the attacks of every medicine in her pharmacopœia, have been known to give way to a three months' course of her matchless home-made wines. In the goodness of her heart she rashly undertook the cure of half-a-dozen asthmatic paupers, who under her treatment were "recovering" for six and seven years each, and always found their pains alleviated by the prescription of cowslip wine and broken meats. In fact, whom she did not cure she turned over to the doctor, and as she paid his bill, their cure was owing to her none the less.

I have frequently seen her hold a *levée* in the kitchen for her patients, where would assemble old men with broken shins, others with violent wheezings, old women with terrible coughs, and young mothers with sick infants. When my Aunt Mary's footsteps were heard approaching, the old fellows would rise and commence wheezing and coughing in the grandest style, which long experience in those arts had taught them, while at the same time the infants (who were not themselves aware of any sickness) would join the short-winded chorus with their shrill voices, to the utter distraction of the cook, who became delirious with anger, and ran to pour out her wrath to the housekeeper.

Nor was it as a physician alone that my aunt was esteemed in the village: no matter on what point disagreement or doubt occurred among the cottagers, the knotty subject was always referred by mutual consent to "Miss Mary," and an appeal from her decision would have been held preposterous and disgraceful. Thus I have known her to solve problems in theology, law and witchcraft. In the case of some poor woman whose infant had died without christening when the parson was on a distant visit, and her neighbors with charming officiousness had alarmed her fears for the future welfare of her child, my Aunt Mary would allay her doubts with arguments, justified by the kindness that prompted them rather than supported by her slender stock of theological knowledge. In legal knowledge she was perfectly matchless; she prevented many a frivolous suit, and compelled quarrelsome clowns to save their money against their will. She very much modified the belief in the black art by ascribing diseases in cattle and pigs to natural causes, but to dispel entirely all credence in witchcraft was beyond her power: she could never persuade one of her clients to remove the horseshoe from over the door of the cow-shed, or to take down the sprig of last year's misletoe from the ceiling.

None of the young women in the village would have thought of marrying without her knowledge, and with the assistance of the parson she has brought many a refractory lover to his senses. On more than one occasion has a disconsolate clodhopper begged with a sneaking air a private audience of Miss Mary, and bashfully laid before her all his sorrows; how that he had been courting Lucy So-and-so for "a twal month or near," and how that she had promised to marry him when he had saved enough money, and how that since last Easter when she danced with Farmer So-and-so's son, her affection had become lukewarm, and, in fact, she was "sometimes on wi' him and sometimes off wi' him." On these occasions my aunt would interfere, and the affair was speedily consummated or broken off altogether, as she thought most expedient.

The parson was a bachelor, but this did not prevent my Aunt Mary from entering into collusion with him, and every Christmas they jointly concocted a plan for levying contributions from the surrounding gentry;—at some of their houses the arrival of her pony carriage would be hailed with dismay and herself secretly condemned as a begging bore, while others more charitable welcomed her approach and felt thankful to her for her schemes. It was her custom at Christmas to present to every villager some of the various pies of the season on her own account, while the money she collected was given to the clergyman to be expended in fuel and clothing.

Her influence and intercession have shielded from the rigor of the law many an unfortunate wight who has been detected in the enormous crime of snaring a hare or trespassing in a rabbit warren, and her rebuke has checked the career of many an incipient roysterer who showed a daring ambition to excell in small dissipation at the village alehouse.

She was never known to pine over her estate of single-blessedness or to sigh for the plural charm of wedlock. True, she was in reality an old maid,

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but she had none of the epicene characteristics of the class, and no one would have dreamed of identifying her with the epithet. She was active and always good-humored; she drove her own ponies, and had no passion for tom-cats or poodles—the only quadrupeds for which she manifested any regard being her ponies and a pair of ancient foxhounds, which were pensioned for life and appointed to sinecure places upon the hearth-rug. As for herself, she did not believe that she *was* an old maid—in fact, she was so busy with her gratuitous labors, and thought so little about herself, that I do not believe she ever seriously considered the enormity of the misfortune. The only time when her unmated situation ever caused her a pang, was on occasion of her attaching her signature to some legal instrument in which she was described as "Mary ———, spinster." This was a cold-blooded insult of the law, and its necessity could hardly justify its rudeness. My aunt was naturally indignant, but the requirements of legal custom were imperative. She signed the document, and retiring to her room, burst into tears as she exclaimed—"Have I lived forty years without causing an hour's unhappiness to any mortal, to be called a spinster at last?"

The monotony of her life was destined to be broken by a little episode which at one time alarmed her friends lest she should be drawn by it into an amorous dilemma. A gallant captain of dragoons, who had earned unknown fame in country quarters, achieved wondrous deeds in port wine in garrison towns, and acquired a martial corpulence in the nation's service, sold out of his regiment when he had passed the meridian of years and saw no prospect of advancement, and settled in our quiet neighborhood to enjoy for the remainder of his days his *ὄtium cum dignitate*.

The captain was a man of the middle height, possessing that look of pompous sourness which a life of military command invariably confers and dyspepsia and duns always augment. His eyes were gray and piercing; his brow appeared to have been long struggling with a frown which had got the better of it and established a permanent footing upon the feature. But his nose was the gem of his face; it was in the most highly finished state of art, a perfect specimen of the triumph which a nose of perseverance and determination can obtain, with the help of brandy, over nature. He was suave in his manners, though very haughty to his inferiors; to the ladies he was polite to a fault, and had the reputation of having been in his youth a terrible lady-killer.

The captain quickly made an acquaintance with our family, and having satisfied his conscience on the important question of my aunt's "three-percents," he made it a matter of duty to fall in love with her with all possible dispatch. All were afraid that my Aunt Mary's heart must surrender at discretion to the attacks of such an irresistible assailant. He commenced operations by praising her ponies and admiring her skill as a driver; he challenged her to a glass of wine every time he dined with us: from this he proceeded to sentimental ogling, but the captain's ogling days were passed, and having once caught a glimpse of his reflection in an opposite mirror while practising the forlorn attempt, his face assumed a shade of deeper purple than usual, and he relinquished the hopeless task forever. I have more than once observed him while looking gravely amorous at my aunt, to attempt a sigh, but he soon discovered that it was a failure as complete as it was painful.

My Aunt Mary, although she could not be unaware of the tendency of these uncouth manifestations, to our surprise showed no displeasure; but on the contrary appeared to be pleased with them, and my father was inclined by suffering them to pass unnoticed to encourage them. The poor captain was in a state of sad perplexity. He came one day with his hand scratched and begged her to dress it for him. My father winked at us, and slyly hinted that the wound was caused by a deliberate and intentional *accident*. However, it formed an excellent pretext for him to visit my aunt three or four times and to become in dangerous proximity to her during the surgical operation, after which the trifling wound maliciously healed.

The captain had the reputation of being a bold man with the ladies, but whether it was that he had lost his former spirit or that the manners of my aunt forbade rash advances, certain it is that the captain degenerated into a bashful man, and his amour proceeded slowly. At length he might occasionally be seen driving my aunt's ponies as she went to visit some of her poor friends—a temporary martyrdom to which he submitted with an awkward complacence. On one occasion he opened the county ball with my aunt, and after this the affair was considered as settled. Our neighbors invited them both to their parties, and wherever she went out to dine she was sure to meet the captain. My aunt's conduct amazed us certainly; we could not believe that she was perfectly aware of the captain's aims, but put down his acts to the account of eccentricity, or a strange mode of politeness acquired in the mess-room;—none of us thought it possible that she intended to marry, and the wickedest person living would not accuse her of coquetry.

For an entire week the captain had not been near us; we sent to inquire after his health, but his answers were perfectly satisfactory. One day when we were alone, I expressed to my Aunt Mary my surprise at the discontinuance of his visits, and she explained to me the cause. She said that on his last visit he took the opportunity of being left alone with her, to forget himself in a most remarkable manner. "It was after dinner certainly," said my Aunt Mary, "and he actually went so far as to inform me, that he had been for a long time struggling with a passion for me, and I really fancy that he had so far imposed upon himself as to believe it. He followed up this de-

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claration with the most absurd nonsense about unchanging constancy, affection and all that kind of thing, and positively promised if I did not accept his hand to break his heart. How I should love to see," she exclaimed, laughing, "an old dragoon captain with a broken heart. Heavens, my dear! to think that a man should presume to fall in love *with me!* Was such a thing ever heard of? How *could* the old fool think that I would marry a man with a red-hot nose, and who drinks two bottles of wine with impunity?"

"Well, what reply did you give him?" I asked.

"I was amazed," she continued; "and when his fusty protestations were cut short by a slight eructation, which compelled him to place his fingers upon his lips"—she was always a wag—"I calmly told him that he must be laboring under some strange hallucination, but that if he was really in earnest I could not for a moment entertain his proposals. I am almost afraid I lost my temper, for I finished by saying, 'Heavens, have I not half the parish to *nurse* already?' and left the room."

The captain broke his promise, and did not break his heart, but in a fortnight was again at our dinner-table. His visits became more frequent than ever, but he never afterwards "so far forgot himself" as to make love to my Aunt Mary.

HEART HISTORIES.—PART FIRST.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

THERE is a multitudinous amount of Aunt Maries in the world, yet he who has not seen *our* Aunt Mary, though he may remain in blissful ignorance of his loss, has nevertheless sustained one. She has just sailed for the old country, and, dear reader, I intend to take advantage of her absence to tell you all about her. She is now, alas! in the Indian summer of her beauty—that is, in her forty-first year. Now, don't turn away from my heroine with a "pshaw!" and call her "*passée*." She is a most fascinating woman still, I give you my word for it, and it is scarcely necessary to add that upon *that* you may lean as on a staff. I declare that she is yet beautiful enough to grace rather than be graced by "Mary," that rose-bud among names; yet elegant and accomplished enough to turn the heads of half-a-dozen young collegians in a week; yet mirthful and light-hearted enough to drive the blue-devils from the chamber of a confirmed hypochondriac. There is some secret in this which does not lie in mere personal gifts. True, she was very lovely from her earliest childhood, but many who are fairies at thirteen are frights at thirty. In the first place, she has always cherished a spirit of hopeful cheerfulness, in itself a greater beautifier than all the cosmetics of Gouraud. It is her earnest and untiring activity which has *preserved* form and feature within the line of grace and beauty, while a genuine love of home-joys has kept them from the wear and tear of dissipation. The sole secret of her loveableness lies in her *loving*. All through her life, with the fearless independence of a pure and lofty spirit, she has dared (like the angels) to love whatever and whoever she found worthy of that adorable sentiment. She has never presumed to cage in narrow prejudices that dove flown to us from the bosom of God, to bind down its restless wing with the harsh maxims of a selfish philosophy, but has sent it forth again and again to fly from heart to heart, and it has always returned to her unwearied and unsullied. Yet is she no visionary, no wild enthusiast, for her whole mind and soul are deeply imbued with that true spirit of poetry which is both the clearest sense and the highest reason.

I will now, after this long introduction, let her reveal herself farther to you, reader mine, in a letter which she wrote for my eye alone and placed in my hand on the morning of my seventeenth birthday. It was suggested by a remark made by me the evening before, in all the confident wisdom of a school girl—an expression of my belief that first love is the only love which we poor mortals may ever experience, the Alpha and Omega of all we may ever know of the divine passion.

The letter will be found to be quite fragmentary. It was a style of writing peculiar to her;—her conversation had something of the same character.

"And so, dear Grace, you believe in first and only love! And how have you, while yet so young, formed so sage an opinion? From poetry and romances, not from experience, or even observation, I must believe. But as I know such a sentiment to be sometimes productive of error and unhappiness, I have resolved to unfold to you the history of one all womanly heart. Grace, *I* have twice loved; once in my early girlhood and once in my maturity—the unsettled April and the rich June of my existence. Well do I remember the object of my 'first and passionate love.' His was a dark, stern face, of wondrous classic beauty, illuminated with the fire of a restless and aspiring genius; a face where *mind* sat enthroned, but whence *heart* was banished. There was no 'love-light' in the eye, no *woman* about the mouth, but all was calm, proud, imperial manhood. His stature was low, his form slight, but in his loftier

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moods he seemed to tower far above me, and my weak eyelids trembled and drooped beneath the descending lightning of his glance. His voice had a clear, bold, imperious tone, which thrilled one like the note of a clarion. He seldom smiled; he scarcely understood mirth;—he despised sentiment and softness. Life was to him a deep and serious game; he played for its honors;—he fed his soul on ambition and gloried in what he termed his manly unimpressibleness.

"Such was the being who sought my love, or rather *commanded* it. To others I had always been wayward, enthusiastic and impetuous, but in his presence was awed and subdued; even my pride, that crown of woman, was laid at his feet. But I loved him with a deep, wild, engrossing, ever-present love, which left no room for any other sentiment. Reflection, reason, even the cherished affections of years seemed overpowered and paralyzed, seemed perishing in the glow of that rapturous adoration, dying a sweet death, like insects in the flame of a censer. As when one has looked upon the sun, its golden semblance long burns before his gaze, so wherever I turned, shone before me the glorious image of my love. Had I any disquietudes, any little heartaches, Moore's Lilis would as soon have confided them to her angel lover as I to him, who claimed me as his plighted wife. Should I come with my complaining strains to make discord amid the lofty music of a soul like his? I tremble now as I remember how daringly I took on my soul the sin of so blind an idolatry. But there came a time when a vague fear, a nameless dread, took up its abode with me. I was like one who dreams he is walking in Paradise, yet knows that he is dreaming; like one who treads upon thin ice, beneath which he can almost feel the heaving of the waves. Even as I exulted over my love, I trembled lest this new star of my existence should be blotted out, lest this morning dew of my life should rise in mist and float away forever!

"May not this have been the warning whisper of my ministering angel, for Charles F—— is living, and we are as strangers. Had our separation been caused by vices or positive faults in him, they should not be revealed, for affection once given, throws a sacredness, like that of the grave, around even an unworthy object. Had many errors been his, around them would my tenderness have clung to shield from all censure. Had the world hated and shunned him, one heart would have been loyal to the last; but the world looked upon him with mingled admiration and awe, and *this was all he asked.*

"Slowly and painfully the truth came home to me that he to whom I had given worship belonging alone to Heaven, did not and could not love me as I would be loved. At first I had been content with the admiring homage of his genius, but at last I began to yearn for the tenderness which it was not in his nature to bestow, for the winning words, the fond smiles, the endearing attentions which have been the food of woman's heart ever since God made her loving and dependent. At last I saw it all. He was a statue, from the pedestal of his greatness looking down with cold, calm eyes on the enthusiastic devotion of his worshiper. A lofty, spotless, unimpassioned embodiment of pure intellect, whose eddying currents of human feeling were only wide enough to circle round himself. I saw that the marriage altar must be an altar of sacrifice, a funeral pyre of all in my nature which could not then be merged in his; that my joys and sorrows, my purposes and life, almost my very identity, must not mingle with, but be *lost* in his. I saw that the fountain of my heart would expand itself when there were no waters to replenish it; that the garden of my soul would become a waste place when there was no hand to tend its flowers. I knew this should not be; I said it *must* not be, and we parted.

"When Death bears a loved one from us, the sudden grief prostrates and bewilders; but, oh! the intense, exquisite anguish of the deliberate reveling of clinging affections, the tearing one by one the live tendrils from the living tree!

"Years passed away, and I loved again. But how unlike the idol of my former dream! Edward C—— united the winning softness of woman to the dignity of man. He was feminine, though not effeminate. He did not wear his manhood as a Spanish grandee wears his cloak, wrapped around him moodily and closely, as for fear of displaying the poverty beneath, but as a young prince his royal robe, with careless gracefulness over the richness and beauty it but half conceals. His mind was not like a cultivated plain, which but for toil and art would have been a barren waste; it was more like a prairie of the west, from whose bosom spring flowers and verdure spontaneous, but luxuriant and beautiful. He was tall, but never seemed to tower above me; he was fair, and his face wore a joyous expression, if so restless a name could be given to that outlooking of a calm and happy nature;—

A world of sunshine slumbered in his eyes,
A world of sweetness gathered round his mouth;
His quiet tones spoke gentle sympathies,
As breathe of flowers the low winds of the south;

and over all broke the *light*, but not the *fire* of genius.

"So had his beneficence endeared him to the humble; so had his earnest character and spotless life won for him the admiring homage of the great; so did the kindly feelings of the good and true throng around him, that I felt that even my unspeakable love was but the world's sentiment concentrated and impassioned. Yet it was long ere we loved. The bud of that divine feeling was long in unfolding, for it was never to fade. Love has been called the rose of the heart, and the heart is too often made a hot-bed to force it into unnatural and premature bloom. If it be left to the sunlight of nature, to the dews of innocence and truth, to the tending of the angels, what a joy to mark

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its up-springing, to watch its unfolding leaf after leaf, taking from each passing hour a sweeter breath and a warmer glow till it stands in the perfectness of its matchless beauty.

"Our life has been singularly free from outward incidents of a painful nature, yet we have known some sorrows and heart-wearying cares. Yet we could not repine, as it was granted us to share them together. Above all, that willing confidence, that perfect trust, that delicious repose of soul on soul which we bore with us to the altar, and without which there can be no true marriage, has never for one hour forsaken us. Nor have we been blind worshipers; we know each other's faults—all, even to the most minute—yet ever as they have revealed themselves we have wrapped about them the white robe of forgiveness, and thrown over them the silver veil of charity, and thenceforth they have been sacred from the world.

"In conclusion, dear Grace, I would thus compare my two loves:—my first was an eaglet, caged by a master hand, submitting to captivity, but longing ever for his former freedom—remembering still the glad rush of his untamed wing. My second was a gentler bird, stealing contentedly into the heart of her capturer as to her own home-nest, and folding her weary wing in quietude with a scarce perceptible flutter of delight."

Here closed Aunt Mary's singular letter. Though eloquent for its simple earnestness, it did not convince me, for I took the ground that what she called her first love was in fact no love at all. She could not come *near enough* to Charles F—— to love him, and had they wedded she would have been like the wife of Cato, who, her stern lord affirmed, never dared to cling about him but when Jove thundered. The sentiment she knew was admiration, gratified pride, infatuation—anything you please but that bondage of the soul in which the slave hugs his chains, that madness of the heart which the lunatic infinitely prefers to reason. She seems to have held the balance of power and to have decreed the parting, which she could never have done had she loved with all the blind devotion, the beautiful folly of woman. Our strength in *affaires de cœur* is often pride, which must be roused by wrong or slight, and she seems to have received neither the one nor the other. With her second love I found no fault, though it seemed a little too much like "walking by sight" to be charmingly feminine; but to her first experience I could not allow the name she had given—so I remained *in statu quo* till I was convinced by more "powerful means." The history of my final conversion to a belief in the actual existence of a second love, deeper, stronger and far more beautiful than a first, shall be the subject of the next sketch of, Thine, dear reader,

GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE SIGH.

TO ——.

'TWAS months ago, we sat alone
One Summer eve, none other by,
When, in a gentle, whispering tone,'
You asked, "Why do you sigh?"

An answer then I gave you not,
And now 'tis late to tell you why—
Yet, fair one, think not I've forgot
Why I that eve did sigh.

I thought of moments unimproved,
Nay, precious hours that flitted by,
And one so near I should have loved,
And therefore did I sigh.

The bliss that first began to fill
My trembling heart, to know thee nigh,
Fond Memory failed not to reveal,
And claimed an answering sigh.

Still live those days when, side by side,
We climbed the mountain's summit high,
Watching the stream beneath us glide,—
For pleasures gone I sigh.

Those tiny waves, for ever flown,
Then marked the current murmuring by—
I listened to—thy voice alone—
And, listening, dared to sigh.

How oft, when by thy side at eve,
Thy smile made every sorrow fly:—
To every moment now I give
The tribute of a sigh.

And still I gaze, with hope and fear,
Upon that gay and laughing eye,
Then turn to my sad heart and hear
The echo of a sigh.

Why thus by fate together thrown,
If we alone must live and die?
And why so dear each look and tone
Of thine—each smile or sigh?

While memory lives it lives to thee;
Deep in my heart, beloved, shall lie
Thine image, dear as life to me—
For thee my spirit sigh.

The *Past* we never may forget—
The *Present*, bless its moments fly—
The *Future*, We dare trust it yet,
And, *trusting*, will not sigh.

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GOING INTO THE COUNTRY CURES BALDNESS.

BY MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.

I.

"WHAT can be the reason of my hair's falling out in this way?" was Mr. Greenleaf's exclamation, addressed, perhaps, to his image in the looking-glass, for there was no other conversible person in the room. "It must be want of exercise, or strong coffee—or, perhaps, anthracite coal. I must consult a physician!"

Mr. Greenleaf omitted to mention forty-five years—no uncommon cause of baldness, and one, unfortunately, upon which it is vain to call in medical aid. He looked at the increasing forehead, passed his fingers fearfully over a spot near the crown where there was an ominous smoothness, and then seated himself (with a sigh) in his great arm-chair before the fire.

What were his reflections as he sat gazing at the grate must be gathered from circumstances. His countenance wore for some time an air of great solemnity, not to say moodiness. Ever and anon his hand wandered, as if unconsciously, to the fatal spot, and then descended caressingly upon the ample whiskers below. Now his face would brighten a little, then again it looked as if all his stock was below par. At length he seemed to come to a sudden resolution, and ringing for his servant, he made a very careful toilet and sallied forth.

Behold him next seated in the neat parlor of Mrs. Armour, a widow lady of comely appearance, who lodged not very far from Mr. Greenleaf's. This lady was one of those who always board out, know everybody, are invited everywhere, and maintain a handsome appearance upon very moderate means. She always treated Mr. Greenleaf with the consideration due to a particular friend, consulted him in any little emergency such as widow ladies are subject to, and deferred to his better judgment with a grace which showed at once her good sense and her high appreciation of his wisdom. Mrs. Armour stood well in the good graces of Mr. Greenleaf, and he had had some secret thoughts that if she were a little younger she would make a very agreeable Mrs. Greenleaf. Perhaps he might have forgotten even this objection, so formidable to bachelors of a certain age, if it had not been for the occasional suggestions of his housekeeper, who, being also a widow, felt it her duty to keep him from making a fool of himself.

"Mrs. Armour," she would observe, as she rinsed Mr. Greenleaf's cup and poured out his tea with just the proper inclination of the tall silver teapot—"Mrs. Armour is a nice old lady. Pity she's a little hard of hearing!"

"Old! hard of hearing!" said Mr. Greenleaf, in astonishment, when these ideas were first suggested by careful Mrs. Wilson. "I'm sure she dresses as young as anybody, and hasn't a gray hair in her head; and as to deafness, she always hears what I say."

"Yes, poor thing," Mrs. Wilson would reply, with an air of commiseration, "she tries to make the best of it. As to dressing, she is very wise; and hair, you know, is to be bought anywhere. But I wonder you have never observed her deafness! Mrs. Byng told me that only the other day she had repeatedly asked Mrs. Armour whether she had any children, and never yet could get an answer."

"Hum!" said Mr. Greenleaf, thinking to himself—"I fancy you are a little spiteful, Mrs. Wilson!"

So on this occasion he went with a peculiar meaning to pay a visit to the fair widow, whose bright eyes, brown curls and quick-enough ears had been thus traduced. Whether the visit had any immediate connection with the sense of growing baldness we do not pretend to determine.

Mrs. Armour was charmingly dressed, and seated at her little work-table engaged in some ladylike employment. She received Mr. Greenleaf most graciously, and wheeled an easy chair round for him so near her own that the scene became at once almost alarmingly cozy. Mr. Greenleaf felt a little frightened. It looked as if she had divined his thoughts, since in these days of Mesmeric revelations one never knows when one is safe. He edged back a little, for he felt that it would be poor tactics to remain voluntarily close within range of the enemy's fire.

"Too warm, Mr. Greenleaf?" said Mrs. Armour, and she reached him a screen, with the prettiest little hand in the world.

"Yes, rather—rather warm," said the embarrassed bachelor, looking down upon the screen. "Is this a specimen of your skill, Mrs. Armour?"

"A long time ago!" sighed the fair widow.

"Not *very* long, I think," said Mr. Greenleaf, gallantly plucking up courage as danger thickened.

"Ah, yes—ages!" said the lady, as ladies will.

Here came a pause. When Mr. Greenleaf had nothing particular to say, he could be very agreeable, but now his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. Mrs. Armour kindly relieved him.

"Have you been sleighing yet, Mr. Greenleaf?"

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"I? No; I have not thought of it."

"How strange! But perhaps you do not think it safe to drive a sleigh in the city? Now, I had the most charming drive to-day with Mr. and Mrs. Dovely. I really wonder you do not keep a sleigh, Mr. Greenleaf."

Take care, Mrs. Armour; with all your tact you are treading a dangerous ground! If Mr. Greenleaf *has* a fear, it is that somebody will take him in by marrying him for an establishment.

"Really, now," went on the unconscious widow, "I should think you would find it delightful to keep a handsome sleigh, and then for summer just such a beautiful open carriage as Mr. Forester's. Mr. Forester's whole establishment is so beautiful!"

Mr. Forester had been a bachelor of about Mr. Greenleaf's standing, and he had lately taken a gay wife and set up housekeeping in a style that Mr. Greenleaf thought very absurd.

"She wants to lead me to make myself equally ridiculous!" whispered the same demon within that had always thrown a spell over him when he had thought of proposing for any one. "She thinks to marry me for an establishment!" and, as soon as he decently could, he made his bow, returned to his room, looked in the glass again, felt the bald spot, and then sat down in the great chair and stared in the fire, as much perplexed as ever.

II.

Mr. Greenleaf soon perceived that fretting about his hair only made it fall out the faster, and when spring came he resolved to try country air, exercise and amusement, by way of renewing his youth and forgetting his troubles. Mrs. Wilson strongly opposed the plan. She prophesied damp beds, close rooms, snakes, wet feet and broken bones—but in vain. Mrs. Armour only sighed, and asked him to what part of the country he was going. He said he had not yet decided—for the truth was he had a secret, undefined fear that she would follow him and throw herself in his way, and so get him after all. This fear is a compliment which men sometimes pay to the irresistible power of the weaker sex. So Mr. Greenleaf slipped off clandestinely, as it were, and soon found himself in a part of the country where there could be little fear of any traps but those set for foxes or weasels. Here he felt quite safe, and went gunning and fishing very industriously, carefully rubbing the smooth spot on his head every night with an infallible specific.

But one day when he was coming home to his lodgings after a morning's shooting, he saw in a field which he was just about to cross, an old lady and a beautiful young girl very much terrified by some unruly cattle. His gallantry was aroused, and he instantly prepared to climb the fence to hasten to their rescue; but, unfortunately, as he set his gun down, a twig touched the trigger, and a full charge of small shot was lodged in his shoulder. He heard the ladies scream and saw them run towards him, but he knew no more; for everything swam before him, ladies, cattle, trees and skies, and he sank fainting on the ground.

He recovered, as heroes should, lying on a bed in a neat chamber, with a charming face leaning over him. But this sweet vision was soon exchanged for the far less amiable one of an old country doctor, who examined his wounds and extracted as many of the shot as he could, giving as his opinion that *if* it had been a little more this way or that way, no human skill (not even his own) could have saved the patient; but being just where it was, he thought it might be done—so, after a thorough probing and many cautions, he left some huge vials of medicine and departed.

Poor Mr. Greenleaf! Is it to be wondered at that he thought of Mrs. Wilson's wise remonstrances?—that his memory reverted to that snug room which had so long accommodated him, and the careful hands that anticipated all his wants? But his present hostess left nothing undone, and when household duties called her down stairs, she left to watch the patient the same pretty creature whose fright had first excited Mr. Greenleaf's gallantry. If he *must* be wounded, and away from home and Mrs. Wilson, he could not be better off.

Before many days he was able to sit up again—for his wounds had been fortunately scarcely more than skin deep—and then he became more and more acquainted with the old lady and her granddaughter. Their name was Retford, and the young one was called Jeannie. She was a sprightly creature, with bright, dancing eyes, and a ceaseless flow of spirits, and Mr. Greenleaf found her society in the sick-room so charming that he almost wished to retard his convalescence—since with the return of health must vanish every excuse for remaining longer a guest at Mrs. Retford's. She treated him with all the attention of a daughter, and an affectionate one, too, little thinking that the staid bachelor was meanwhile speculating on the feasibility of making a wife of her. Here was a case in which the establishment could have no weight, since neither Jeannie nor her grandmother had seen or heard of it. Here was a sweet, simple, lovely creature, expert in all delicate householdry, domestic in her habits, and evidently affectionate in her disposition—disengaged, of course, for she had never seen anybody in these wilds. Why not try to secure an interest in her young heart, and take her to the handsome town home, let Mrs. Wilson look sour as she might? Nay, why not take her at once, and trust to winning her heart afterwards, as unwearied kindness was sure to do? Mr. Greenleaf thought all this over for days and days.

Meanwhile the pretty Jeannie went on as if she had been bent on making a conquest. She read to him, she sang to him, with the graceful accom-

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paniment of a Spanish guitar, on which she was no mean performer; she shook up his cushions, kept off the flies with a fresh branch, split and buttered his muffin with her rosy-tipped fingers, and "performed to point" all those charming little attentions which are so soothing to the convalescent. She was so unwearied that the old demon began again to whisper to Mr. Greenleaf—"She has guessed at the establishment." But he would not listen this time. Jeannie's artlessness, aided by those clear, honest eyes, could have neutralized the spells of Mephistophiles himself.

At length not a shadow of apology for remaining longer at Mrs. Retford's was left, and Mr. Greenleaf, with many regrets, prepared for his return to town. He would have been glad to live on so forever—an honored guest, hospitably entertained and made quite comfortable, in a common way, by the old lady, while for the thousand indescribable essential trifles, there was a fairy handmaiden ever at his side, whose ministrations were delightful to him, and whose very presence seemed to fill the room with sunshine.

To be sure, he experienced no palpitations; he seldom sighed, except when he was rubbing the specific upon his head, and he slept perfectly well whether Jeannie was at home or not. "But then," he said to himself, "all that is nonsense! I used to have such feelings, but I have grown wiser. I love this sweet girl as if she was my daughter even now; her countenance beams upon me like the face of an old friend. Heigho! if I *had* a daughter like her I would never marry, and that would please Mrs. Wilson better than anything else."

He forgot in his cogitations to ask himself, among other questions, whether it was probable that a beautiful girl of seventeen would marry a man old enough to be her father. He had so complete a conviction that "women, like moths, are ever caught by glare," that he thought it no disrespect to the sex to take it for granted.

When a bachelor looks down upon matrimony from the awful height of five and forty, he may be excused for shrinking a little at the leap; and it was with no small amount of trepidation that Mr. Greenleaf sought a private interview with Mrs. Retford to disclose his amiable designs upon Jeannie. But the matter once broached he recovered his habitual fluency, and laid before the good lady his worldly situation with some complacency, assuring her there was no person who had any claims upon him except a sister's son, for whom he intended to provide an outfit in life.

Mrs. Retford seemed a little embarrassed, hinted at disparity of ages, declared there was no answering for young girls' fancies, but said she would consult Jeannie, and if she wished, lay the matter before her mother.

"Her mother?" exclaimed Mr. Greenleaf. "Has she a mother living?"

"Oh, certainly; a lady in your city, whom I dare say you may have met. The marriage was most unfortunate—so much so that poor Jeannie has never known her father, who is a voluntary outcast in one of the southern cities. My daughter, unwilling to endure the odium of a divorce, has always been afraid that her miserable husband might return some day and claim the child, confided her to me, and she has been brought up in seclusion, as you see."

"She is not then likely to have formed any attachment?" said Mr. Greenleaf, confidently.

"Why, as to that," said Mrs. Retford, "I am scarcely qualified to reply. As I observed to you, one can never count upon young girls' fancies. To tell you the truth, there *has* been a young gentleman about this neighborhood that I thought Jeannie favored. He brought us a letter of introduction from her mother."

"A letter? What was his name, pray?" said Mr. Greenleaf, with suddenly awakened curiosity.

"Everts—George Everts," said the old lady.

"My nephew! And the lady who gave him the letter?"

"Mrs. Armour."

Mr. Greenleaf stood like one transfixed. He saw through everything—past, present and future—and he was "blasted with excess of light." Jeannie was Mrs. Armour's daughter—*ergo*, Mrs. Armour, being a married woman, could never have had any designs upon him or his establishment. Jeannie had seen and liked George Everts, and therefore was very unlikely to have laid any snares for George Evert's uncle. Yet, after having received so much kindness from two women whom he was thus forced to believe disinterested, the cruel fates put them both out of his reach. At least so he concluded, for the old lady's manner betrayed that she knew more about Jeannie's liking for George Everts than her words alone would have indicated.

Our bachelor friend was very low-spirited, we must confess; but a little reflection reconciled him to the new aspect of things. A newly-lighted flame in the staid heart of forty-five,

> "Hangs quivering at a point, leaps off by fits,
> And falls again, as loth to quit its hold;"

but it takes but a mere puff of adverse wind to blow it out entirely. He had wished Jeannie was his daughter, and here was an opportunity to make her the next thing to it, besides the pleasure of doing a generous action. He soon found courage to seek the damsel, adroitness to get out of her the secret of her attachment to his nephew, who had spent some weeks in the neighborhood on a geological tour, and magnanimity enough to promise that if Mrs. Armour did not refuse her consent he would before long put it in George's power to marry, on condition that his house should be, for a time at least, the home of the young couple.

These matters comfortably settled, Mr. Greenleaf's heroism declined a little, and he was not sorry when all the adieux were fairly said and he could hide his face and his disappointment in the

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corner of a stage-coach. Mrs. Wilson received him very graciously, much pleased in her secret soul to think that one of her predictions had been verified by the gun, but little dreaming how near she had come to being supplanted by a slip of a girl. Mrs. Armour had heard a good many things, yet she and Mr. Greenleaf found much interesting conversation after this; and Mr. Armour having happily ceased to torment the world in general and his wife in particular, we may venture to predict that at some time or other Mrs. George Everts and Mrs. Wilson will both be superseded by a Mrs. Greenleaf, whose years will so nearly correspond with those of her liege lord, that the unfurnished spot on the outside of Mr. Greenleaf's head will cease to be matter of disturbance to the owner.

Mr. Greenleaf asserts that going into the country cures baldness, and he proves it, syllogistically, according to the present fashion, as thus—

Baldness was his trouble;
Going into the country cured his trouble;
Ergo—going into the country cures baldness!

JANE M'CREA.

A BALLAD.

BY J. K. PAULDING, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRESIDE," "THE OLD CONTINENTAL," &c.

Beneath the shade of yonder tree,*
So venerably old,
Once happ'd a doleful tragedy
As ever yet was told.

'Tis of a rustic maiden fair,
Who claim'd no high degree,
Yet had a face and form as rare
As any you might see.

And near her dwelt a rural swain,
Right handsome, bold and young,
Who lov'd and was belov'd again—
For so the tale is sung.

She lov'd as with her vital breath,
And he lov'd her so true,
That nothing but the hand of death
Could sever them in two.

The marriage day was fix'd and near,
The wedding clothes were done,
And every moment seem'd a year
Till they were join'd in one.

But the loud din of rampant war
Echo'd through dale and hill,
Rousing the country near and far
With drum and fife so shrill.

Burgoyne like thunderbolt came down,
Inflamed with loyal ire,
Blasting the country and the town
With scourge of sword and fire.

It was proclaim'd through all the land,
There should no neutrals be—
That each man now must take his stand
For King or Liberty.

The lover now must quick decide
'Twixt his country and his king,
And so he left his country's side—
It was a dastard thing!

'Twas treason to his native land,
Treason to liberty—
And he who bears the traitor's brand
Is mark'd for infamy.

Nor let him ever hope to share
The joys of virtuous love;
The parent's hope, the parent's care,
He never more shall prove.

Sad was their long and last farewell,
Mix'd with soft kisses sweet;
For neither youth nor maid could tell
When they again should meet.

"I must away," at length he cried,
"For glory beckons me;"
"Oh! stay with me," the maid replied—
"Let love your glory be."

"I must away," again he said;
"But think thee well, my dear—
Thy true-love rests among the dead,
If of him no more you hear."

Her tongue was silent, but her eyes
Rain'd many a scalding tear—
And many long-drawn, shivering sighs,
Like whispers, sounded near.

They parted as if rent in twain—
He for the coming fight,
And she to mourn her absent swain
For many a sleepless night.

Full many a sleepless night she pass'd,
And many an anxious day,
Till Autumn her bright foliage cast,
And Winter stern bore sway.

And he came not to her again,
And still no letter came
To soothe her ever-anxious pain—
Yet still she did not blame.

* The old inhabitants in the neighborhood point out this tree as the scene of the tragedy.

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For faithful in her own true love,
By hers she judg'd his heart,
Nor ever fear'd that heart would prove
Aught but of hers a part.

At length the jocund Spring came round,
Breathing in balmy airs;
With music all the woods resound
From little birds in pairs.

Though soft and sweet the balmy airs,
They brought no sweets to her—
And when she saw the birds in pairs
Her heart with grief would stir.

She watch'd them in their feathery nest;
She sigh'd as blithe they sung,
And wept with envy sore oppress'd
When she heard their twittering young.

Her wonted work neglected she,
For the tears so dimm'd her sight,
That through the gloom she could not see
To thread her needle right.

As she sat one morning on the spot
Where they took their last farewell,
She heard a distant horseman's trot
Clattering adown the dell.

And soon a band of Red men came;
One led a bridled steed,
Who seem'd of strong and sturdy frame,
That might be good at need.

She would have flown, but her limbs were weak,
Though once so lithe and light;
She would have shriek'd, but she could not speak,
For her voice was chok'd with fright.

With slow and solemn pace they came,
And eyes bent on the ground—
Kings of the woods of stately frame,
And gravity profound.

Slow came the copper-color'd band,
And he who foremost sped,
Held up a letter in his hand,
With arm above his head.

A sudden thought came o'er her heart,
Like inspiration true,
And with a wild, convulsive start,
Straight to the chief she flew.

She snatch'd the note with eager glee,
And read it quickly o'er,
For well her dim eye now could see
The honey'd words it bore.

"Saddled and bridled is my steed,
And swift of foot is he;
He never fail'd me in my need,
Nor will he e'er fail thee.

"Fear not the forest wild and drear,
Through which thy steps must wend;
Fear nothing, my own lovely dear—
The Red man is my friend.

"My blooded steed's fleet as the wind—
Come quick, my love, to me;
And there, in holy wedlock twin'd,
My loving bride thou'lt be."

She ran to her mother—the letter in hand—
And cried out, "Dear mother, see!
He has sent me this steed, and this faithful band
My true-love has sent to me.

"He cannot come to me, he says,
But I to him must go,
To be his good wife all my days,
Be it through weal or woe."

"You cannot go alone, my dear,
And who will go with you,
To guard you through the forest drear,
From bloody Indian crew?"

"My guides shall be the Indian crew,
My shield the Indian arm,
For the Indians they are brave and true,
And never maiden harm."

"Thy lover is a traitor knave,
Unworthy of thy heart,
For he'd rather be the Briton's slave
Than take his country's part."

"Traitor, or knave, or skulking hind,
I care not if he be—
False though he were to all mankind,
I know he's true to me."

She has mounted her steed, she has rode away
To the forest so wild and drear;
She has taken her wedding suit so gay,
And deck'd with rings her ear.

And the Red men watch'd her all the day,
And guarded her through the night,
Till one fair morn they found their way
To the river so calm and bright.

They stopp'd beneath yon cedar tree,
So venerably old,
To act as sad a tragedy
As ever yet was told.

They op'd the hoarded chest that bore
Her lover's deadly bribe—
That poison fatal from of yore
To all the Indian tribe.

That bribe which he, alas! hath sent,
To win their faith and troth,
Is destined now to be misspent
In violating both.

They drank the madd'ning liquor down—
Their eyes began to glare—
And ever and anon a frown
Her sinking heart would scare.

They talk'd aloud in Indian tongue,
But what she did not know—
Till howlings through the forest rung
Sad sounds of coming woe.

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Their tomahawks they brandish'd high,
And shook them in the air—
And every keen and bloodshot eye
Glanc'd at the maiden fair.

She gaz'd them meekly in the face;
She trembled every limb;
She call'd down God's protecting grace—
No help was now but HIM.

Her asking eye on Heav'n was bent;
Her form sank to the ground,
For now her strength was almost spent,
As she fearful gaz'd around

At length the leader of the band
Came stagg'ring furiously,
With lifted tomahawk in hand,
And murder in his eye.

He seiz'd her by the silken hair,
With bridal ribbons bound;
He eyed her with a fiendlike glare,
As he dragg'd her round and round.

"Oh! spare me! spare me, chief!" she cried,
"Oh! spare my maiden life,
For I am bound through forest wide
To be my true-love's wife.

"He looks for me at dawn of day—
He looks for me at night—
And if I come not soon, he'll say
That I am false and light.

"Oh! spare me!" but he heeded not
Her wild, beseeching eye;
Nor did his savage ear, I wot,
List to her dying cry.

He twisted her long, silky hair
Around his red left hand,
And with the other high in air,
Rais'd his detested brand.

It has cloven her innocent head in twain;
It has let out the breath of life—
And she lies on the ground without a stain,
A maiden instead of a wife.

And now the tragedy is done—
The last sad act is o'er;
The crowning trophy now is won—
The scalp all dripping gore!

Accursed be the bloody deed!
Accurs'd the bloody band!
And by itself in Hell's black creed
For ever may it stand!

And on that land be her pure blood,
That with this hellish crew,
Combin'd in wicked league thus stood,
And this poor maiden slew.

The lover watch'd from morn till night—
He watch'd from night till morn;
But never did that maiden's sight
Greet his sad eye forlorn.

At length, from some dark hand unknown,
There came a scalp with blood bedight;
He utter'd not a word or groan,
But his hair turn'd gray that night.*

And what became of him I speak,
To know I never tried;
But if he had a heart to break,
I think he must have died.

He was a recreant to the cause
Of sacred Liberty,
And she the spotless victim was
Of his black perfidy.

And thus for others' deeds of guilt
Poor virtue must atone:
A nation's blood is often spilt
For the crime of one alone.

* From tradition.

TWILIGHT.

BY J. W. MORTON, ESQ.

IN that soft, dusky hour,
When the weary day is done,
And fancy sits in power
Where reason held her throne—
Oh! it is then that memory
Will linger o'er the past,
'Mong hopes and wishes born to die,
Too sweet—too frail to last!

Then many a fond thought cherished,
And many a gentle dream,
That in long years have perished,
Will for a moment gleam;
And fancies that we deemed were dead
Will idly come again—
And visions that have long since fled
Will hover round us then.

A mother's gentle smiling,
A sister's silver tone,
Or beauties still more wiling,
That once the heart hath known:—
They come, and for a moment beam,
Gentle and soft and light,
Then flit away, as day's last gleam
Is mingling into night.

Though clouds around us lower
To dim life's sweeter part,
Yet in that twilight hour
They darken not the heart:
For many a wild tale Mem'ry brings
'Neath Fancy's idle ray,
While breezes, with low whisperings,
Bemoan the dying day.

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OUR ARTISTS.—NO. II.

DURAND.

WHOEVER has sailed across one of our immense lakes—the inland seas of this vast continent—at the close of a day when summer was verging into autumn, and the keen wind swept over the broad waters as they glowed with crimson or saffron in the magnificent sunset, cannot easily forget a scene unequaled in any part of the world. The expanse of water spreading to the horizon, seems kindled into transparency by the warm and deepening hues as they flash unobstructed upon the waves; as twilight comes on, the view grows sublime, and when the vivid tints gradually vanish in darkness, a deep and almost sacred impression is left upon the mind. Durand gives, in one of his landscapes called a "Lake Scene," a remarkably happy idea of a prospect like this. We know not where his view is located, but if we had encountered it in any gallery abroad we should have instantly recognized one of the most characteristic phases of nature in America. It is in musing upon subjects of this kind—upon the remarkable natural features of our native land—that we realize what a grand field is here presented to the landscape painter, and a feeling of impatience steals over us that comparatively so little has been accomplished. The inferiority of the old masters in this department of art is generally acknowledged. While Claude's skies and the dextrous management of Salvator's pictures continue to retain the admiration they have ever excited, numerous modern artists are distinguished by a feeling for nature which has made landscape, instead of mere imitation, a vehicle of great moral impressions. As modern poets have struck latent chords in the heart from a deeper sympathy with humanity, recent limners have depicted scenes of natural beauty, not so much in the spirit of copyists as in that of lovers and worshipers; and accordingly, however unsurpassed the older painters are in historical, they are now confessedly outvied in landscape. And where should this kind of painting advance if not in this country? Our scenery is the great object which attracts foreign tourists to our shores. No blind adherence to authority here checks the hand or chills the heart of the artist. It is only requisite to possess the technical skill, to be versed in the alphabet of painting, and then under the inspiration of a genuine love of nature "to hold communion with her visible forms," in order to achieve signal triumphs in landscape, from the varied material so lavishly displayed in our mountains, rivers, lakes and forests—each possessing characteristic traits of beauty, and all cast in a grander mould and wearing a fresher aspect than in any other civilized land. Among those who have turned their attention in the right spirit to this subject and given happy illustrations of its fertility, Durand occupies a prominent rank.

Engraving is said to have originated with the goldsmiths, who, in tracing designs upon their wares, unconsciously suggested the method of reproducing pictures which has since been carried to such marvelous perfection. We readily understand, therefore, how natural was Durand's initiation as an artist when informed that his father was a watchmaker. Cellini inscribed many an exquisite chalice with the same hand that moulded the Perseus; and if facility in mechanical processes and a gradual progress from the humble to the lofty spheres of art be a desirable education for a painter, the early circumstances of Durand formed no inadequate basis for his ultimate success. It is a favorite notion that great results are best attained by what is vaguely called inspiration, and in many minds genius and industry are antagonist principles. The history of art proves that the highest endowments are unavailing unless sustained by proportionate acquirements. It is interesting to trace the gradual advancement of Durand by virtue of patient study. There is a moral as well as an intellectual element in every artist, and that of Durand is integrity of purpose. He has been a thoroughly conscientious workman, constantly seeking through experiment to reach the highest attainable point of practical skill. He never received any regular instruction in drawing, although at a very early age he scratched some clever devices on a powder-horn; but when the engraver to whom he was apprenticed first placed a small head before him to copy, he accomplished the task altogether through imitation and without any knowledge of rules. His effects have been produced through repeated attempts rather than from theoretical ability. His natural perceptions clearly enough made known to him what was to be done, but no academical studies revealed the shortest way to accomplish the end in view. Observation and perseverance have been his best teachers. We cannot but recognize a noble patience in such a career. Thus it is that many of our renowned men in letters and art have wrought their way to fame, unaided by public culture or tasteful sympathy; and it argues a truth of character to triumph over difficulties by mere force of purpose, seldom called for under the agency of European institutions. Durand obtained the mastery of details and assiduous habits as an engraver, and after bearing away the palm of the art in this country, became distinguished as a landscape painter—thus reversing the course usual with our artists, who

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generally launch into the mysteries before they understand the elements of their profession. Durand was probably best known by his engraving of Trumbull's "Declaration of Independence." A higher interest seems to us to attach to his first serious effort, which was "Musidora." Unfortunately, the plate was nearly worn out by frequent correction, and but few effective impressions are in existence. They suffice, however, to herald very significantly Durand's after-reputation. His object was to represent a nude female figure, modest in feeling and simple in design. For this purpose he selected for illustration the lines from Thomson's "Seasons"—

"——— with timid eye
Around surveying, stripped her beauteous limbs
To taste the lucid coolness of the flood."

The happy manner which charms us in some of the engravings that embellish English works of standard literature published half a century ago, is visible in this conception. The artist finds some inaccuracies in the drawing, but he has cause still to regard with complacency so sweet a product of the burin. He has caught the gracefulness of the poet's conception and exhibited the peculiar flesh-like effect for which his best engravings are so justly celebrated. We doubt if he felt quite as contented over his bank-note plates after having produced so artistic a work—for, although he was employed for years in copying portraits, especially those for Longacre's "National Gallery," we soon find him in Virginia, transferring to the canvas the venerable features of Madison, and gradually abandoning portrait for landscape. Indeed, the confined position incident to the life of an engraver weakened too much a constitution never robust, and the free air which he breathed while exploring scenery had become as requisite for health as a wider range for his mental development. Before abandoning his early sphere of labor, however, he placed the seal to his merit in that department by his admirable engraving of Vanderlyn's "Ariadne." It has been said that an engraver is to a painter what a translator is to an author. The inference is obvious that the original, especially if an ideal work, can never be worthily reproduced unless its spirit is felt and its conception realized by him who would translate into a form for general circulation what could otherwise be only partially enjoyed. These exacting conditions were amply fulfilled in the present instance, and, as a natural consequence, no work of the kind is more justly celebrated.

There is great individuality in Durand's trees. This is a very desirable characteristic for an artist who deals with American scenery. No country boasts more glorious sylvan monarchs; and not only in the shape and hue of the foliage, the position of the branches and the indentation of the trunks do they offer peculiar features, but each genus presents novel specimens eminently worthy of accurate portraiture. Some of the noblest elms in the world grace the villages of New England. The scarlet color of the maple in autumn is as brilliant a tint as the vegetable creation anywhere possesses. Here majestic willows turn their silver lining upward in the swaying breeze, and there the vivid emerald of the oak glistens in the sun. The delicate white blossom of the locust and the orange-berries of the ash float on a sea of verdure, and the firs on the mountain side hold the snows in their evergreen boughs. A rich variety of magnificent forest trees have survived the demolition of the wilderness, and their felicitous introduction constitutes one of the most effective points in American landscape. One of Durand's recent pictures is admirable in this regard. In the foreground are two noble trees, a beech and a linden—the latter with a fine mossy trunk, and from beneath the shade of these woodland patriarchs the prospect is supposed to be visible. Down a dusty path a farmer is loitering behind his flock of sheep. A river, calm and lucent, slumbers in the midst of the scenery, and beyond are groves, meadows, and a village; a mountain range forms the background. Such is the outline of the landscape, but its charm consists in the atmosphere. The artist has depicted to a miracle the brooding haze noticeable in our climate at the close of a sultry day during a drought. There are some verses of Bryant's which convey in words a remarkably just impression of the scene thus depicted, and the coincidence of feeling in the poet and painter indicate how truly native is the composition of each.

"The quiet August day has come,
A slumberous silence fills the sky,
The fields are still, the woods are dumb,
In glassy sleep the waters lie.

"And mark yon soft white clouds that rest
Above our vale, a moveless throng;
The cattle on the mountain's breast
Enjoy the grateful shadow long.

"And now a joy too deep for sound,
A peace no other season knows,
Hushes the heavens and wraps the ground—
The blessing of supreme repose.

"Rest here, beneath the unmoving shade,
And on the silent valleys gaze,
Winding and widening, till they fade
In yon soft ring of summer haze.

"The village trees their summits rear
Still as its spire, and yonder flock
At rest in those calm fields, appear
As chiseled from the lifeless rock."

The details of the two pictures differ somewhat, it is true, but in spirit they are identical. It was a bright thought of the Sketch Club, (a small private society in New York,) that each of its members should contribute an illustration to Bryant's poems. We hope the design may yet be realized. Few American poems, for instance, are susceptible of finer illustration than the "Fountain." In the

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hands of a competent artist it would form a most graphic emblem of our civilization, from the primeval wilderness through the lives of savage, hunter and settler, to the thriving homes of a populous and extensive city. The best hints towards the object in view were those suggested by the faithful pencil of Durand, whose eye for quiet scenery is correct and discerning. In color, too, whatever may be his natural perception, he evidently aims at harmony. This to a discriminating observer is no small praise. Nature so blends her tints as to produce a genial but not dazzling impression, which gratifies without disturbing the vision. A celebrated author, speaking of moral experiences, has observed that "the unconscious is the only true." An analogous fact pertains to the natural world, where every variety of hue is so admirably disposed as to contribute to a general and pleasing unity, so that we do not note each in our sympathy with all. Durand has not ventured on any very brilliant experiments in color; his tone is subdued.

Durand was born in Springfield, New Jersey. He was one of the original founders of the National Academy of Design, and is now its president. Perhaps we cannot more appropriately close this notice than with the following sketch of a visit to his rooms published three or four years since.

"Those fine old Roman heads!—who can forget them? For years have their possessors lived as models, drawing a more certain subsistence from the outside of their craniums than most authors do from their brains. The thick locks of 'silver sable,' the white flowing beards, the strongly marked, sunburnt faces and keen eyes—how venerable and prophet-like! What an absurd profession is that of a barber! The man who first proposed clipping and shaving had no sense of the beautiful. Look at that handsome brigand—how his embrowned visage is set off by the full, curving moustache! Razors are a vile invention. Not satisfied with arraying man in a way the best calculated to make him appear ridiculous, deprived of everything like a becoming costume, to the deformities of tail-coat and round hat, there must needs be added a gratuitous curtailment of 'nature's fair proportions.' We are infinitely obliged to artists for preserving such semblances of primitive, or if you please, uncivilized humanity. But we are forgetting Durand—one of those men who are living illustrations of the saying that 'modesty and merit always go together.' His landscapes are faultless. Scan ever so minutely that view of the Lake of Geneva, and it seems the mirror of reality. How perfect the aerial perspective! There is a singular tone about the atmosphere of the Swiss mountains. Allston has caught it in his 'Alpine Scenery.' It gives the idea of the neighborhood of snow, as the peculiar blue of the water indicates its birth from the melted ice of the hills. In this picture Durand has, with rare fidelity, represented this local characteristic. It is sufficient of itself to identify the scene. In his late visit to Europe, this unpretending and skillful artist has communed with the old masters, to good effect. Observe that girl with the parrot. Every detail is finished with a marvelous exactitude. It is perfectly Titian-like! What clearly-defined eyes, and yet how liquid! What round, palpable flesh! The complacent freshness of the south broods over every feature and glows in the sunny hair. Durand is the enviable possessor of one of the *chef d'œuvres* of American art—a picture which stands by itself, and which to have seen is an epoch in the life of Beauty's worshiper. To the fine engraving of its fortunate owner is the Old World chiefly indebted for a knowledge of its existence. Now he is about to draw the curtain. Stand here. Hush! There she lies! Do not criticize that arm, although it is faulty, nor complain of the whiteness of the body and limbs with the voluptuous warmth of Titian's Venus in your memory—but look steadfastly at the head. Was 'nature's sweet restorer' ever more nicely caught when cradling beauty in her lap? Is it not a glimpse of Paradise? When I first saw it I wrote the following, which has been in print before, but describes better than anything I can now say,

"VANDERLYN'S ARIADNE.

"How like a vision of pure love she seems!
Her cheek just flushed with innocent repose,
That folds her thoughts up in delicious dreams,
Like dew-drops in the chalice of a rose;
Pillowed upon her arm and raven hair,
How archly rests that bright and peaceful brow!
Its rounded pearl defiance bids to care,
While kisses on the lips seem melting now;
Prone in unconscious loveliness she lies,
And leaves around her delicately sway;
Veiled is the splendor of her beaming eyes,
But o'er the limbs bewitching graces play:
Ere into Eden's grove the serpent crept,
Thus Eve within her leafy arbor slept."

CHAPMAN.

THERE is an old house at Albano, near the lake, that has been used from time immemorial by artists who frequent the vicinity as an inn, although it makes no pretensions to the character. The successive families, or rather generations of the same family, who have occupied the domicil, do their best to make the guests comfortable, and it is a piece of traditional wisdom to let them have their own way. The freaks, convivialities, Indian talks and continental extravaganzas resulting from so liberal a rule, may be easily imagined. Doubtless if the old walls could speak, the tales they might unfold would equal the "Decameron" in the richness of their flavor and "Boz" in humorous zest. As it is, they are not altogether silent, being covered with all kinds of sketches, impromptu landscapes and grotesque portraits—the hasty but suggestive autographs of the long train of visitors who have stolen thither from the studios and galleries

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of the Eternal city for a month's *villegiatura* or a day's pic-nic. One fine spring afternoon a knot of these graphic adventurers were inspecting the several designs with more curiosity than reverence, when a young American of the party drew the attention of his companions to a female head, the exquisite beauty of which at once changed their sportive comments to earnest admiration. The host was summoned, and in answer to their inquiries offered to show them the original. With high-wrought expectations they followed him to a neighboring farm-house, and beheld an infirm, silver-haired woman of eighty or ninety propt up in an arm-chair. They looked at their guide incredulously, but all present confirmed his assertion. It seems that, sixty years before, a German youth—one of the most promising students of the Roman Academy—had roamed thither, like themselves, to breathe the fresh air of the hills and enrich his scrap-book with views of the lake. The decrepid creature before them was at that period a beautiful girl, the very one so sweetly portrayed on the walls of the venerable dwelling they had just left, of which her father was proprietor. The ardent boy from the Rhine had not finished his sketch before he found himself deeply in love. In a few weeks he married her; they established themselves at Rome, and six months after he was stabbed one evening near his own door. The fair being whose dream of happiness was thus horribly broken, returned to Albano and never left the farm-house or was seen to smile from that hour. Such is one of the anecdotes of Chapman's sojourn abroad. It is interesting as indicative of the romantic associations which so often invest the life of an artist, and to which their unconstrained habits and affinity with all that is picturesque and adventurous are so favorable. Arrayed in the goat-skin and untanned shoes of a peasant, Chapman and his comrades wandered over the greater part of Calabria. Every well-defined outline in the mountain ranges, each graceful shrine—the effective attitude of monk or vintager; the tower of the middle ages; the isolated cornice or pillar whose true proportions survived the corrosion of time; the vine-laced terrace or the rocky headland afforded an idea or illustrated an effect which they sketched for future use; while cloud and breeze, storm and sunshine were ever around, inviting them to study in a loving mood that wondrous and inexhaustible Nature which is the source and inspiration of all that is true and lasting in the trophies of art. It is astonishing how materials multiply to the observant eye; and the very by-ways furnish pictures for the artist and lessons for the moralist. We remember one among many of Chapman's memoranda of this pilgrimage, which conveys a sweeter hint to the imagination than half the elaborate compositions that crowd the canvas. It represents an old man in the garb of a pilgrim asleep beside the road, his head resting in his daughter's lap, who sits under a tree, and as the sun approaches the horizon, shades his beams with her hand from the father's eyes. The action is simple and effective, and as thus caught by the passing artist, makes as natural a vigil of love as poet or painter could wish.

De Tocqueville observed that in science Americans seek the immediate. The remark is equally true in no small degree of art. Even ideal pursuits are wrested into the service of utility in a country where the good of the greatest number is so earnestly proposed. There is a tendency to make art and literature subservient to temporary ends and render them popular agents, which few men whose lot is cast in this republic can resist. Nor is it always desirable they should, for, although elaborate works are not as likely to be created, it is no ignoble office to take an efficient part either as a writer or an artist in the education of the people. In the Old World art is a luxury, but one open to the enjoyment of all. It is no uncommon thing to see a beggar and a prince contemplating the same statue in the Vatican, while architecture and music in their highest forms are still more accessible. In this country, where no such facilities are enjoyed, art necessarily takes a popular form and cheap literature answers instead of public libraries. Necessity, too, obliges the artist and *littérateur* to consult the immediate, and those who in Europe would have been engaged for years on a philosophical work or an historical painting, become in America writers of newspaper paragraphs and magazine articles and portrait painters or illustrators of annuals. Thus, as in many other ways, the individual is sacrificed to the many. He seldom leaves an adequate or tangible monument of his genius behind him; his mind has been diffused in its career over a wide space, and has exerted a quickening rather than a permanent influence; his labors have met the exigency of the hour, and been tributary to the great stream of intellectual life that fertilizes the broad arena of republican industry. The energy of his mind, to use an expression of the author before quoted, has been more animated than dignified in its development, and he has been compelled, as it were, to do his fellow-beings more justice than himself. How far it is well for art thus to adapt herself to the temporary, is, indeed, a great question. We know that her loftiest results can only be obtained through that individuality of purpose and feeling which is one of the distinctions between genius and talent; and there are men so endowed that, like Michel Angelo and Milton, they must be true to themselves or be guilty of apostacy from what is most dear and noble in humanity. This, however, need not prevent us from regarding with complacency the labors of those who have made the arts of design instruments of common good, who have disseminated ideas of the beautiful and illustrated the popular taste.

This train of reflection is very naturally suggested by the name of so popular an artist as Chapman. He does not remember the time when he did not sketch, and as this native readiness

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continued to display itself, he determined to adopt the profession of a painter, and after some preliminary study, went abroad to carry on his education. From the superior copies he executed in Italy of such pictures as Guido's "Aurora" and Titian's "Flora," it was evident at once that he had not mistaken his vocation. Many of his subsequent works are distinguished by felicity of design and brilliancy of coloring. They are so various in kind, from the simple rural to the elaborate fancy composition, that it would be difficult to designate them under any one term. The point, however, mainly characteristic of Chapman as an artist, is his facility in drawing, and we know of no individual who so rarely combines mechanical ingenuity with artistic taste. He is familiar with all the processes of the artisan as well as those of the artist; now at work on a mezzotint and now on a wood-cut; to-day casting an iron medallion and to-morrow etching on steel; equally at home at the turning-lathe and the easel, and as able to subdue plaster and bronze as oils and crayons to his uses. Perhaps it is from his acquaintance with so varied a range of operations that Chapman owes his intelligent sympathy with mechanics. As a class he thinks them the most original and deserving among the people; and when we remember how many useful inventions have sprung from their ingenuity in America, and the thoroughly respectable social position they have acquired, it is singular that their claims have been so seldom recognized. Chapman recently conceived a very happy manner of indicating the real importance of their labors in a series of graphic illustrations of Whittier's "Songs of Labor." The artist and poet, by mutually extending the design, might readily execute a work that would be vastly popular and highly creditable.

Color is apt to fascinate the inexperienced at the expense of drawing, and few really admire the cartoons of Raphael compared to the number who are enchanted by the splendid hues of the Venitian school. On this subject a late writer justly observes—"A finished work of a great artist is only better than its sketch if the sources of pleasure belonging to color and chiaro 'scuro are so employed as to increase the impressiveness of the thought. But if one atom of thought has vanished, all color, all finish, all execution, all ornament, are too dearly bought." Such is the essential importance of drawing—as the alphabet of expression. How desirable is a mastery over such an element of art! Without considering what it may be to the artist as means of pleasure—as a language it is invaluable. There is reason for its becoming more and more (as is the case) a branch of liberal culture. It is true that progress beyond a certain point in drawing seems very dependent on organization; and we know of no better test whereby to decide between imitation and originality of mind, than the use made of this vehicle of expression when once acquired. But its early and correct acquisition, the education of the hand and eye, is the first step in an artist's course. It is true that when this mastery is attained there must be feeling and intelligence to inform it with meaning, otherwise it is of no more efficiency than skill in the use of weapons to the soldier who is destitute of the valor to wield them in battle. Yet the pencil is ever a delightful resource. How it cheers the languid hours of the invalid, and what a graceful pastime it affords the social circle! To an imaginative traveler it is a means of preserving such effective hints of scenes he explored with enthusiasm, that in after years his portfolio becomes the sybilline leaves of memory, any one of which excites far-spreading and vivid associations. Happy the art that can thus

> "Arrest the fleeting images that fill
> The mirror of the mind and hold
> Them fast."

Chapman is preparing a work designed to simplify the teaching of drawing. These manuals hitherto have been written by mere teachers whose interest rendered it undesirable to unfold very clearly all the mysteries of the subject, and treatises on perspective, as a general rule, do not impart any adequate practical knowledge. The work in question is philosophical in design and brings out the whole subject from its simplest to its most complex relations, illustrating the process at every stage with great felicity. It cannot fail to be eminently useful, and will serve as a standard authority in this department of education.

Chapman is indefatigable; early and late he is at work, and seems to overcome fatigue rather by changing his occupation than abstaining from labor. The booksellers constantly employ him in illustrating Bibles, histories, poems, and even grammars. At intervals he makes ingenious toys for his children, attends a club-meeting, or goes up the Hudson to rusticate and fish. Like most artists of ready talent, he has an eye for the humorous. One hot August day a party of his friends, including several ladies, made an excursion on the Potomac, from which, through accident or wisdom, he chose to abstain. When they reached the middle of the river their boat was stranded by the falling tide and left high—but not dry—on an extensive mud-flat, of such a consistency that to tread upon it was to risk suffocation. The hapless passengers had no alternative but to remain exposed to the intense heat of a Virginia sun, without refreshment or shelter of any kind and devoured by musketoes, until evening, when the rising water enabled them to land. Chapman stood comfortably on the umbrageous banks of the river, and made such an admirable sketch of the affair that the "party of pleasure" found when they came on shore that their awkward mishap was not likely soon to be forgotten.

We have alluded to the utility in such a country as our own, of diversified labors like those which, for the most part, employ this artist. It is to be regretted that others reap so unfair a proportion

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of the gains incident to such industry. In many cases works that owe their circulation almost entirely to the illustrations, have brought great returns to the publishers, who have allowed the merest stipend to the artist. In such cases the latter is justly entitled to a copyright remuneration. A single instance of the manner in which a popular design may be appropriated occurs in regard to that of the "Landing of Columbus," by Chapman. It was originally sketched for a drop-curtain, and then furnished as a vignette for a newspaper for sixty-five dollars. In a few months it was reproduced in a London work, on band-boxes in the Bowery, in a tableau at the Olympic, and as a heading to the diplomas of the Madrid Historical Society!

TO MY DECEASED WIFE.

SWEET spirit who, awhile with me,
Sojourn'd amid this vale of tears,
Gilding my clouded destiny
With the pure love of thy young years:

Loved, while on earth allowed to dwell,
With youth and beauty on thy brow,
More than all marshal'd words can tell,
And only less than worship'd now:

Sweet spirit, in those realms of light,
Where, freed from earthly taint and sin,
Thyself, all purified and bright,
Through Christ's dear grace, hast entered in,

I see thee, thank the God of love,
With Faith's undimm'd, undoubting eye,
Amid the radiant bands that move
On golden pinions through the sky.

I see thee with that very smile,
Kindled by gleams of coming day,
With which thy features glow'd the while
Thy gentle spirit pass'd away.

That smile, like sunlight rich and free,
Leaping from vernal skies to earth,
Wak'ning the forest minstrelsy,
And calling gentle flowers to birth,

Upon my rack'd and frozen heart,
With warm and genial influence fell,
And long shall gentle feelings start,
Its grateful presence there to tell.

True, it has ceased, long ceased to glow,
Nor more those pallid lips may give,
And I have felt what depths of woe
The human heart may feel and live.

It ceased—but as from out the west
The crimson beams of light decay,
Only because its glowing guest
Is flooding other worlds with day:

So only failed that smile of love,
Which ne'er shall fail my heart to fill,
And so, in brighter worlds above,
Sweet spirit, thou are smiling still.

Auburn, N. Y. M.

ON FINDING AN INDIAN DART.

BY STELLA.

RUDE remnant of as rude a race,
And now to us the only trace
Remaining, of a numerous band,
Once denizens of this fair land,—
Lords of the forest and the stream,
Now vanished as a baseless dream,—
A fated race—not slain in strife—
Yet blotted from the book of life.

Not with a lawless, tyrant hand,
Our fathers won from them the land
Held by their sires from age to age,
An immemorial heritage;
Nor claimed it for some trifling gaud,
With hearts of guile, intent on fraud:
Unjustly they would not displace
Their brothers of the Indian race,
But rather would their rights defend,
For Onas was the Red-man's friend.

Those hills where once a forest frown'd
Are now with blossom'd clover crown'd;
Yon stream, that down its channel'd bed,
From rock to rock, impetuous sped,
Now, from the darkling thicket won,
Is sparkling in the cheerful sun,
And winds in silence round the hill,
Obedient to the white-man's will,
Till at the goal his art has plann'd,
In crystal depths its waters stand,
Waiting his further leave to flow
Upon the dripping wheel below,
Where now it foams with rapid whirl,
A sheet of silver, fringed with pearl.

Memento of a race extinct!
How wonderful that naught remains
With which their memory is link'd,
Save this, within these wide domains!

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A TALE OF TERROR.

BY P. HAMILTON MYERS.

A WITTY editor of a partisan periodical, during a recent political campaign, remarked of a grave charge which had appeared in an opposition print, bolstered up by a formidable array of dots and dashes, that it came supported by the authority of Streak Streak, Esq., of Streak Hall, and endorsed by General Three Periods.

I am happy to inform that incredulous and stiff-necked class of readers who are ready to require a voucher for every extraordinary narrative, that I am at liberty to refer to the same distinguished gentlemen for the authenticity of the following tale.

The days are yet fresh in the memory of all when our country was inundated by that spring-tide of imaginary wealth, upon whose billows so many were borne temporarily aloft, and who, by its sudden and disastrous ebbing, were left, like stranded mariners upon the beach, gazing upon the retreating waves which had caused their ruin. When that national monomania was at its height, the dozen dwellings that now constitute the quiet and dozy village of Risingville, in the western part of Michigan, were, like a thousand similar settlements, the expected nucleus of a city, whose imaginary bounds extended far into the adjacent forests, and the stock for whose anticipated ship-canal, through thirty miles of wilderness to the lake, was already subscribed, by men who could not have borne positive testimony to the existence in all creation of one-tenth part of the sum set opposite to their respective names. Although the majority of those who ran rabid in the days alluded to, were, of course, dupes and visionaries, there were in every community a few long-headed and calculating knaves, who served, like the leaven in dough, to keep up the necessary state of ferment in the mass. In this essential, Risingville possessed an enviable superiority over many an older town, in the person of Mr. Simon Swashy, a gentleman who, although in the ordinary state of human affairs he had never proved himself competent to obtain a respectable living, seemed singularly fitted to wield and govern the elements that were now at work in society. His advent at Risingville had been the signal for that quietest of all quiet villages joining in the mad chase after the visionary phantom of Fortune, from which pursuit it had seemed before effectually debarred by its peculiarly hopeless locality. Under the magical operation of his wand, however, the quiet burghers soon awoke to a sense of their own importance, the value of their real estate, and the brilliant destiny which awaited their embryo city. Astonished that they had so long remained ignorant of the extraordinary natural advantages which now stared them in the face, they resolved to atone by future diligence for their long inaction.

A variety of public improvements were simultaneously begun, the most formidable of which, already alluded to, was made to appear a trifle in comparison with the immense advantages to be derived from it. The village was incorporated, and Mr. Simon Swashy was its mayor. A bank was chartered, and Mr. Simon Swashy was its President. The Michigan State Hydraulic and Internal Navigation Company of Risingville was formed, and its chief officer, its principal director and general agent, was Mr. Simon Swashy. It cannot be necessary to relate how rapidly real estate, and particularly village lots upon North-First street, (the only street, by the way, in Risingville,) were enhanced in value by these operations, or how the ball of speculation was put in motion by repeated transfers of the village store and post-office at prices so astounding to the original owner, who had sold them for a sum only double their real value, that he had well nigh hung himself in chagrin. It is true that inasmuch as the village could boast but a single street, corner lots remained for a while a desideratum. But Mr. Swashy's genius was not easily baffled. New streets were opened, or rather surveyed, in every direction, and mutilated saplings and scarred trees bore triumphant testimony to their course through the neighboring forests. But the crowning item of Mr. Swashy's labors, and paramount in the admiration and affections of the people, was the bank — that mysterious institution — through the agency of which the most ample means were afforded for the discharge of old debts by incurring new ones. The good people of Risingville, for the first time in their lives, acquired some knowledge of the wonderful art of financiering, and when they began to handle packages of smooth, fresh notes, with a vignette representing the steam-packet "Chicago," crowded with passengers, sailing across invisible swamps and bluffs, plump into the heart of their transformed village, they felt that the resources of Risingville were at length in process of development. They were.

But this story, whatever anticipations may have been formed to the contrary, has but little to do in reality with the fate of that prospective "inland seaport," as it was sometimes felicitously termed by its ingenious eulogist. It will chiefly relate to that distinguished gentleman himself and a few of his less conspicuous neighbors, at the period of

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time when that brilliant bubble, which had been so long pursued with outstretched arms and straining eyes, had suddenly burst; when the half-mile of excavated canal was abandoned as a play-ground to the boys, and the Commercial and Naval Bank of Risingville, like the whole class of similar institutions rejoicing in the generical name of "Wild Cat," began to exhibit the talons which had been so long concealed within its velvet hose. The bank, in other words, after having gone on like clock-work for about two years, further proved its affinity to that species of mechanism by requiring to be *wound up*, and so satisfactorily did this operation eventuate, that there was literally no loss *except among the bill-holders*. As in most cases, however, of broken banks and exploded steamboats, no blame whatever attached to the officers. But the failure of this palladium of their prosperity, the consequent suits brought by the legal receiver of its assets, the simultaneous fall of the value of real estate about ninety-nine per cent., and the accompanying foreclosures of mortgages through the aid of an attorney, who had pounced, harpy-like, upon the village at the opportune moment, combined to throw the affairs of the once-peaceful inhabitants of Risingville into a maze of inextricable confusion. It was not a little remarkable, however, that while numbers were stripped of fancied affluence and many of a real competence, Mr. Swashy became a man of comparative wealth.

Among the more ignorant and simple of those who had embarked in the business of speculation, was an old German, who was unacquainted with any language but his mother tongue, but who in all his transactions received the gracious aid of Mr. Swashy, and placed the most implicit reliance on his integrity. But, alas! Mr. Outowater, notwithstanding the indications of better fortune which seemed to be given by his name, was doomed to behold his small possessions, by some magical operation of law which he was neither capable nor desirous of comprehending, transferred to his condescending friend. Old and infirm, he saw the fruits of years of sober industry absorbed in the vortex which he had unwittingly approached, and had not the courage to seek either to regain or repair his shattered fortunes. But if he could not exactly comprehend in what manner the operation had been performed, he still knew that he had been defrauded, and like many other victims of the great financier of Risingville, looked with a bitter and burning heart upon him as the sole author of his misfortunes.

It would not, perhaps, be saying too much for the humanity of Mr. Swashy, to conjecture that some compunctions of conscience must have been felt by that gentleman when, as a municipal officer of the village, he signed the certificate which accorded the public charities of the county to the destitute German, together with his aged and infirm companion, and a daughter of about fifteen years, who was their only child. But however that fact may be, the miserable and dejected appearance of these unhappy foreigners was never fully effaced from his memory.

Time passed on. The German bore his changed fortunes for a while with fortitude, but at length grief and privation accomplished their usual mission, and his wasted form was followed to the grave by a pauper train, of whom many looked with envy upon his lot. But who shall tell the silent agony of his wretched partner, or of that gentle girl, now just approaching maturity, who could not fail to see in the failing strength and senses of her surviving parent, the certain indications of another and more dreadful bereavement? Nor had she long to endure the agony of such an anticipation. They who for half a century had buffeted the storms of life together, who together had sought in this western world a fancied paradise, and found deceit, privation and distress, were not to be long separated by the portals of the grave. Of the sorrowing widow it could almost be said, in the expressive language of Scripture, "Behold, the feet of them which have buried thy husband are at the door and shall carry thee out." The crescent moon, whose gentle beams fell upon the unmarbled grave of the father, was crescent still when the friendless and desolate Maria repaired by its favoring light to weep tears of bitter agony over a mother's tomb.

A pretty and sensible girl was Maria. Not the person, perhaps, to be selected for the heroine of a tale, nor is she destined to any such distinction, but one well worthy of a milder fate than that which impended over her. An orphan girl cast upon the cold charities of the world, is, indeed, an object than which none can be conceived more helpless or pitiable. That such a fate should be hers while another unjustly held her inheritance, was a state of affairs that could not fail to excite indignant notice, even among people whose ordinary moral perceptions were none of the most acute. But it is a fortunate arrangement of the lot of mortals that the mind cannot entertain several prominent griefs at once. There is a high-sorrow mark in the human breast, beyond which the tide of misery may not rise, however many the conspiring causes that swell the flood. And it is a favorable part of the experience of the poor, that the necessity for daily exertion, however irksome in itself, lightens the weight of affliction by forcing the thoughts into other channels. Such was the case with Maria. Possessed of a spirit which would not brook the disgrace of dependence upon public bounty, she soon, by diligent effort, procured a situation at service in a respectable family, where her misfortunes were known and commiserated.

Having, according to the strict requirements of chivalry, seen this unfortunate damsel rescued, in part at least from her unpleasant condition, it will become necessary for the proper development of the tale to recur once more to the life and fortunes of the gentleman already introduced. Mr. Swashy,

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from the period of the downfall of Risingville, had continued to transact a sort of miscellaneous business in that village, common to moneyed men in a moneyless community. His office was the same which had formerly enjoyed the distinction of being the banking-house of that emporium, the darkened and mysterious-looking closets of which had once, by a pleasant and popular fiction, been regarded as the depositories of vast stores of bullion. If the *denouement* of affairs had shown that those imposing tiers of kegs which had been so long on duty, guarding the credit of the Bank of Risingville, were charged with less precious contents than had been supposed, and that the financial officer of that institution was in reality conducting, simultaneously with the monetary affairs of the village, a little private hardware business of his own, it ought not to be considered any cause for casting reproach upon the character of that gentleman. Mr. Swashy had taken the tide of fortune at the flow, and had little reason to apprehend any ebbing of its current. His present business, like his former, proved as advantageous to himself as, in many cases, it was disastrous to others concerned. In the midst, however, of his prosperity, the tidings of the death of the old German fell with a startling effect upon his mind, and for many weeks his imagination was haunted by the picture of the pauper's suffering and death. His heart was not altogether hardened, and it was only by oft-repeated processes of ingenious reasoning with himself that he became at length persuaded of the fair business nature of his transactions with the deceased foreigner. It was during the long twilight of a summer evening that he was leisurely wending his way towards his office, from which he had been absent during the day. He had been ruminating as he walked upon this very affair, and as he reached his office door had just closed an argument with his conscience, in which, as usual, he had got the better of that antagonist. But what was his surprise when, upon unlocking the door, his first glance of the interior revealed an occupant of his usual seat! How was his surprise turned into horror as he gradually saw, or fancied he saw, the lineaments, the form, the very habiliments of the old German! Swashy was not a coward—indeed, he was accustomed to boast of the firmness of his nerves. But there were occasions on which he could tremble, and this was one of them. Let it not be remembered against him. James the First of England was not accused of cowardice, although he could not bear the sight of a drawn sword. The monarch had been present, under peculiar circumstances, at the assassination of his royal mamma's favorite fiddler. Perhaps Swashy's mother had seen a ghost. However this was, he trembled. It was long before he could prevail upon himself to take a second look. It was surely the creature of his imagination. He looked again, fully determined to see the chair empty. He was mistaken. It was filled, and whether its occupant were of flesh and blood, or of less substantial texture, he was not transparent. He could not *see through him.* And the more he gazed the more he became convinced that it was indeed the disembodied spirit of old Outowater which sat before him, and that he had even brought with him the ghost of his old tattered garments. Mr. Swashy could not speak; he could not stir. Terror had paralyzed his limbs. He stood gazing for some time with a night-mare like horror, totally unable to withdraw his eyes from the dreadful object before him. He at length gained sufficient courage to perform an act which usually requires but little of that heroic quality—that is, to retreat. Slowly he withdrew, backward, as from the presence of royalty, keeping his eyes fixed upon his "spiritual adversary," and but too well satisfied that there was no attempt at pursuit. He gained the street, but remained loitering, detained by a fearful curiosity, and unwilling to leave his premises in such questionable hands. At this juncture of affairs he perceived a neighbor sauntering near, and resolved to conceal his fear and try the experiment of exhibiting his guest to him as if by accident. He hoped thus to ascertain whether there was really any ground for his fears, or whether his excited imagination had converted an ordinary strolling mendicant into the apparition of his defunct neighbor. The gentleman whom his good fortune had thus thrown in his way was the very one, perhaps, whom he would have selected for the trial. He was a young man, a sort of idle genius, poor as a beggar, but happy as a king, who had no fixed occupation, but boasted that he could turn his hand to any kind of business. He turned it too often. He had once possessed a small property, the present whereabouts of which could have been better defined by Mr. Swashy than himself. But as he had never seemed to manifest the least hostility to that gentleman for relieving him of his trifling possessions, the latter did not hesitate to accost him as usual. He soon contrived, also, on some pretext to invite him into his office, and even displayed the unusual politeness of opening the door and stopping to let his companion precede him into the interior. Mr. Merriweather—for such was the young gentleman's name—bolted, *sans ceremonie*, in his usual free-and-easy manner into the middle of the room. Here, however, he stopped short, uttered an exclamation of surprise, and covering his face with both hands, made one leap through the doorway, carrying the terrified speculator with him. The latter landed in an undignified and quadrupedal posture upon the pavement. Mr. Merriweather continued to hide his face with his hands, and seemed for a while convulsed with fright. He soon, however, recovered himself sufficiently to speak, and taking his companion aside, who had by this time recovered his feet, exclaimed, in a whisper, and with eyes dilated to the last degree—"It's old Outowater!"

"Y-y-yes!" said Mr. Swashy.

After this sententious dialogue, both remained for some time casting furtive glances at the office door.

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"Lock it," said Swashy, retreating behind the other.

"No use—keyhole," said Merriweather.

"Stop it up," said Swashy.

"Chimney," said Merriweather, indicating the various modes of egress which their filmy friend might adopt.

But Mr. Merriweather soon succeeded in persuading his friend that there could be no propriety in confining their visitor, if practicable, as nothing could be more desirable than his departure, and that as far as the contents of the office were concerned, they might leave him there with perfect safety, inasmuch as he could carry nothing away but what was quite *immaterial*. On his advice, also, they concluded to proceed at once to the residence of the village clergyman and procure the valuable assistance of that functionary. This project was soon carried into effect, and the dominie, with ill-concealed alarm, together with some half-dozen of the neighbors who had heard of the affair, soon accompanied them back to the office. Although considerable time was necessarily consumed in these transactions, enough of the evening twilight still remained to disclose the form and features of the unwelcome guest, who still remained in the same posture in which he had been left. Various, yet decided were the several exclamations of surprise and horror with which each individual of the company gave evidence of recognition of their old acquaintance, as, from a prudent distance, with outstretched necks and bended bodies, they peered into the room;—and, although one considerate individual gave vent to some honest indignation because the old man was not contented to lie still after being buried at the public cost, and seemed to anticipate a recurrence of that outlay, the prevailing emotion was one of unmitigated fear. An embarrassing pause ensued, which was broken at length by a request from one of the tremblers that the clergyman would proceed to *exercise* the ghost. Let it not be supposed that this singular request arose from any regard for the spirit's health, or from a belief that its inability to rest quietly in the grave was owing to troubles of a dyspeptic nature. On the contrary, the desire, when fully understood, was far from being as unreasonable as at first blush it appeared, and all joined in imploring the dominie to commence the exorcism by which the spirit was to be expelled. No one doubted that the dominie was a learned man: he had frequently hinted as much, both in his sermons and private conversations, besides which it was said he often quoted Espinasse, Hippocrates and other distinguished divines, in his discourses. But his present deportment did not seem to indicate that confidence in the extent of his acquirements which was expected. He advanced with trembling steps to the doorway, followed by his parishioners, and looking every way excepting at the dreaded object before him, repeated a series of most uncouth sounds, which, whatever their real character, passed with his enlightened audience for the expected Latin adjuration. But it was in vain. Instead of dissolving into thin air or departing with the roof, according to approved precedent, the ghost sat immovable, with an obstinacy that fully vindicated his national character. The assaulting party were for a while disconcerted; but Mr. Merriweather now came to their relief, and with chattering teeth reminded the dominie that this was the ghost of a Dutchman who could not understand a word of any language but his own when living, and who, although it was true he was now dead, and had, perhaps, enjoyed some opportunities of improving his education, was by nature too dull and slow of learning to have yet made any material progress in the languages. Here was a quandary! It was at once apparent to all that "*adjuro te*," although Latin to them, was Greek to him. An adjuration in high Dutch was evidently the only thing that could be available. It required a little time for the dominie, in the confused state of his faculties, to recollect the fortunate fact that the German tongue was also his vernacular, and one which he could speak with perfect fluency. When this idea was fully matured, this batterer of the strongholds of Satan reassumed his post at the doorway, and rolled forth a volley of long, harsh and discordant sounds, which, if unavailable, could leave nothing to be hoped for from human artillery. But unavailable it certainly was, and although the shades of evening had now gradually superseded the twilight ray, the outline of the old man could still be distinctly perceived against the opposite window. The fame of the affair had by this time spread through the village, and a crowd of anxious and terrified faces thronged the street. The clergyman now abandoned his efforts, avowing that the spirit of the old man must have been permitted to revisit earth for some specific purpose, and that until his mission was accomplished the attempt to remand him would be useless. Swashy again groaned. The dominie then proceeded to say that if any were present who were conscious of having wronged him in his lifetime, there could be no doubt that an immediate reparation made to his surviving relatives would make him permanently quiet. Every eye was turned upon poor Swashy, and a dozen voices exclaimed "Maria!" Swashy's mind was made up in a twinkling. He confessed that he had become the owner of a portion of the German's property in his lifetime, for which, although it was acquired by legal means, he feared no adequate consideration had been given. There was no dispute as to his own claim, he said, but if the gentleman from the churchyard thought it would contribute essentially to his future repose he would make due reparation. These were fair promises. Still they did not seem to move the exacting shade of old Outowater. Possibly he had become used to promises before his decease. It was, therefore, suggested that the sum which was deemed due to the deceased should be at once paid to the clergyman in trust for the daughter. To this also Swashy,

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now fully humbled, readily consented. Himself was the sole arbiter of the amount, yet so liberal was the sum adjudicated and paid, that the most rigid were fully satisfied that justice had been done.

The dominie now returned with confidence to the charge, and in a brief and doubtless pertinent address in high Dutch, politely signified to the apparition a desire to break up the interview; but on the suggestion of Mr. Merriweather that it was probably a long time since the old man had had an airing, and that he ought to be allowed a reasonable indulgence for that purpose, the company dispersed, leaving the door open to admit of a free egress when the mysterious visitor should see fit to follow their example.

It was with a palpitating heart that Mr. Swashy returned to his place of business on the following morning. But his fears were unnecessary — his guest was gone and had left no trace of his presence. Nor was he again annoyed by any similar visitation. For a long time he was continually on the alert, full of dreadful expectation. He grew very thoughtful, and made restitution in several other cases of a similar nature. The tale obtained general currency in the neighborhood, and was for a long time the best authenticated ghost story extant. Some discredit, however, was thrown upon the genuineness of the apparition by a circumstance that took place a few years subsequent. Mr. Merriweather, who had become an industrious and sober citizen of a neighboring village, became the husband of the pretty Maria, to whom it was said he had been long attached. Among his multifarious pursuits, that of a portrait painter was one, and he was even reputed to be acquainted with the mysterious art of making casts in plaster of the human head and face. His genius, for want of fostering aid, had been but slightly developed at Risingville, but at the place of his subsequent abode he is said to have acquired a singular reputation for dexterity in these pursuits. Some have gone so far as to say that an old plaster-of-paris bust of his father-in-law, with the visage painted to resemble life, had been discovered in his private museum. The better informed, however, lend no ear to these insinuations, but maintain the genuineness of the ghost. Indeed, they have one argument on the subject which usually silences the most skeptical, and that is the extreme fright manifested by Mr. Merriweather himself at the apparition.

AIRS OF SUMMER.

BY EMILY HERRMANN.

THERE'S a feeling of life and buoyancy
Borne on by the Summer air,
As it sweeps o'er the wavy fields to me,
And cools the hot feverish glare.

It makes me feel like a spiritual thing,
That longs for a purer sphere;
It bears me up on its viewless wing
To glories that are not here.

The Summer air doth its office well—
It fanneth the reaper's cheek,
And he turns with joy to meet its swell—
But its birth-place none may seek.

It kisses the lips of the fainting flowers
That breathe sweet odors out;
It leaves with the rustling maize fresh powers
To scatter her gold about.*

It sweeps the strings of the forest harp
That pours its music wild;
It roams where the cliffs are rough and sharp,
And blesses the shepherd's child.

The panting flocks for its coming wait
On the sun-brown'd pasture hills,
And the kine rouse up from their dreamy state,
When it talks to the purling rills.

It wanders on where the poor man toils
In his little garden plot,
And it tries to renew what the fierce drought spoils,
But its effort availeth not.

For the earth is parched, and the green things droop,
And the leaves are all rolled up,
And the dying vines from the trellis stoop
And gasp for the water cup.

So then it bringeth the showery gift,
And the longing earth is fed;
The leaves uncurl, and the young vines lift
Their stems from the moistened bed.

It breathes o'er the grove and the maple tree—
Its silver-lined leaf turns up
To catch the drops that merrily
Are filling its glossy cup.

The ancient oaks of the woods are glad
At its gentle touch to bow,
And the whispered parting is always sad
When this guest from their shades must go.

Then on it roams to the sunny South,
'Neath deep blue skies—and there
Blessings are poured from every mouth
On the joyous Summer air.

* The pollen from the tassel, which falls in showers over the swelling young ears below.

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THE LITERATI OF NEW YORK CITY.—NO. V.

SOME HONEST OPINIONS AT RANDOM RESPECTING THEIR AUTORIAL MERITS, WITH OCCASIONAL WORDS OF PERSONALITY.

BY EDGAR A. POE

FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Mrs. Frances Sargent Osgood, for the last two or three years, has been rapidly attaining distinction—and this, evidently, with no effort at attaining it. She seems, in fact, to have no object in view beyond that of giving voice to the feelings or to the fancies of the moment. "Necessity," says the proverb, "is the mother of Invention;" and the invention of Mrs. O., at least, springs plainly from necessity—from the necessity of invention. *Not* to write poetry—not to think it, dream it, act it, and be it, is entirely out of her power.

It may be questioned whether, with more method, more industry, more definite purpose, more ambition, Mrs. Osgood would have made a more decided impression on the public mind. She might, upon the whole, have written better poems, but the chances are that she would have failed in conveying so vivid and so just an idea of her powers as poet. The warm *abandonnement* of her style—that charm which now so captivates—is but a portion and a consequence of her unworldly nature, of her disregard of mere fame; but it affords us glimpses (which we could not otherwise have obtained) of a capacity for accomplishing what she has not accomplished and in all probability never will. But in the world of poetry there is already more than enough of this uncongenial ambition and pretence.

Mrs. Osgood has taken no care whatever of her literary fame. A great number of her finest compositions, both in verse and prose, have been written anonymously, and are now lying *perdus* about the country in out-of-the-way nooks and corners. Many a goodly reputation has been reared upon a far more unstable basis than her unclaimed and uncollected "fugitive pieces."

Her first volume, I believe, was published six or seven years ago, by Edward Churton, of London, during the poet's residence in that city. I have now lying before me a second edition of it, dated 1842—a most beautifully printed book, dedicated to the Reverend Hobart Caunter. It contains a number of what the Bostonians call "juvenile" poems, written when Mrs. O. (then Miss Locke) could not have been more than thirteen, and evincing a very unusual precocity. The leading piece is "Elfrida, a Dramatic Poem," but in many respects well entitled to the appellation "Drama." I allude chiefly to the passionate expression of particular portions, to delineation of character, and to occasional scenic effect; in construction, (that is to say, plot,) in general conduct and plausibility, the play fails—comparatively, of course, for the hand of genius is evinced throughout.

The story is the well-known one of Edgar, Elfrida and Earl Athelwood. The king, hearing of Elfrida's extraordinary beauty, commissions his favorite, Athelwood, to visit her and ascertain if report speaks truly of her charms. The earl, becoming himself enamored, represents the lady as anything but beautiful and agreeable, and the king is satisfied. Athelwood soon afterwards woos and weds Elfrida, giving her wealth as his reason to Edgar. The true state of the case, however, is betrayed by an enemy, and the monarch resolves to visit the earl at his castle and so judge for himself. Hearing of this resolve, Athelwood, in despair, confesses his duplicity to his wife, and entreats her to render null as far as possible the effect of her charms by dressing with unusual plainness. This the wife promises to do, but, fired with ambition and resentment at the wrong done her, arrays herself in her most magnificent and becoming costume. The king is captivated, and the result (a somewhat immoral one, although in keeping with the ordinary idea of poetical justice) is the destruction of Athelwood and the elevation of Elfrida to the throne.

These incidents are especially well adapted to dramatic purposes, and with more of that art which Mrs. Osgood does *not* possess, she might have woven them into a tragedy which the world would not have willingly let die. As it is, she has merely succeeded in showing what she might, should, and *could* have done, but unhappily did not. The character of Elfrida is the bright point of the play. Her beauty and consciousness of it, her indignation and uncompromising ambition, are depicted with power.

The English collection of which I speak was entitled "A Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England." It met with a *really* cordial reception in Great Britain—was favorably noticed by the "Literary Gazette," "Times," "Monthly Chronicle," "Atlas," and especially by the "Court Journal," the "Court and Ladies' Magazine," "*La Belle Assemblée*," and other similar works circulating very extensively among the aristocracy. Mr. Osgood's merits as an artist had already intro-

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duced his wife into distinguished society, (she was petted in especial by Mrs. Norton and Rogers,) but her beautiful volume had at once an evidently favorable effect upon his fortunes. His pictures were all placed in a more advantageous light by her poetical and conversational grace.

As the "Wreath of Wild Flowers" has had comparatively little circulation in this country, I may be pardoned for making one or two other extracts. "*The Dying Rosebud's Lament*," although by no means one of the best poems included, will very well serve to show the earlier and more characteristic manner of the poetess.

"Ah me!—ah, woe is me!
That I should perish now,
With the dear sunlight just let in
Upon my balmy brow!

"*My leaves, instinct with glowing life,*
Were quivering to unclose;
My happy heart with love was rife—
I was almost a rose.

"Nerved by a hope, warm, rich, intense,
Already I had risen
Above my cage's curving fence—
My green and graceful prison.

"*My pouting lips, by Zephyr pressed,*
Were just prepared to part
And whisper to the wooing wind
The rapture of my heart.

"*In new-born fancies reveling,*
My mossy cell half riven,
Each thrilling leaflet seemed a wing
To bear me into Heaven.

"How oft, while yet an infant flower,
My crimson cheek I've laid
Against the green bars of my bower,
Impatient of the shade!

"*And pressing up and peeping through*
Its small but precious vistas,
Sighed for the lovely light and dew
That blessed my elder sisters.

"I saw the sweet breeze rippling o'er
Their leaves that loved the play,
Though the light thief stole all their store
Of dew-drop gems away.

"I thought how happy I should be
Such diamond wreaths to wear,
And frolic with a rose's glee
With sunbeam, bird and air.

"Ah me!—ah, woe is me, that I,
Ere yet my leaves unclose,
With all my wealth of sweets, *must die*
Before I am a rose!"

Every true poet must here appreciate the exceeding delicacy of expression, the richness of fancy, the nice appositeness of the overt and insinuated meaning. The passages I have italicized have seldom, in their peculiar and very *graceful* way, been equaled—never surpassed.

I cannot speak of the poems of Mrs. Osgood without a strong propensity to ring the changes upon the indefinite word "*grace*" and its derivatives. It seems, indeed, the one key-phrase unlocking the cryptograph of her power—of the effect she produces. And yet the effect is scarcely more a secret than the key. *Grace*, perhaps, may be most satisfactorily defined as a term applied, in despair, to that class of the impressions of beauty which admit neither of analysis nor of comprehension. It is in this irresoluble charm—in *grace*—that Mrs. Osgood excels any poetess of her country—or, indeed, of any country under the sun. Nor is she more graceful herself than appreciative of the graceful, under whatever guise it is presented to her consideration. The sentiment, the perception, and the keenest enjoyment of grace, render themselves manifest in innumerable instances, as well throughout her prose as her poetry. A fine example is to be found in "A Letter to an Absent Friend, on seeing Celeste for the first time in the Wept-of-Wish-ton-Wish," included in the "Wild Flowers from New England." Celeste has been often described—the effect of her dancing, I mean—but assuredly never has she been brought so fully to the eye of the mind as in the verses which follow:—

"She comes—the spirit of the dance!
And but for those large, eloquent eyes,
Where passion speaks in every glance,
She'd seem a wanderer from the skies.

"So light that, gazing breathless there,
Lest the celestial dream should go,
You'd think the music in the air
Waved the fair vision to and fro!

"*Or that the melody's sweet flow*
Within the radiant creature played,
And those soft wreathing arms of snow
And white sylph feet the music made.

"Now gliding slow with dreamy grace,
Her eyes beneath their lashes lost,
Now motionless, with lifted face,
And small hands on her bosom crossed.

"And now with flashing eyes she springs—
Her whole bright figure raised in air,
As if her soul had spread its wings
And poised her one wild instant there!

"She spoke not—but, so richly fraught
With language are her glance and smile,
That when the curtain fell, *I thought*
She had been talking all the while."

Messrs. Clark & Austin, of New York, have lately issued another, but still a very imperfect collection of "Poems, by Frances S. Osgood." In general, it embraces by no means the best of her works, although some of her best ("The Spirit of Poetry," for example), are included. "The Daughter of Herodias," one of her longest compositions, a very noble poem—quite as good as anything written by Mrs. Hemans—is omitted. The

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volume contains a number of the least meritorious pieces in the "Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England," and also more than enough of a class of allegorical or emblematical verses—a kind of writing which, through an odd perversity, the fair authoress at one time much affected, but which no poet can admit to be poetry at all. These *jeux d'esprit* (for what else shall we call them?) afforded her, however, a fine opportunity for the display of ingenuity and an *epigrammatism* in which she especially excels.

Of this latter quality, in its better phase—that is to say, existing apart from the allegory—I must be permitted to give two exquisite specimens:—

"LENORE.

"Oh, fragile and fair as the delicate chalices
Wrought with so rare and so subtle a skill,
Bright relics that tell of the pomp of those palaces
Venice, the sea-goddess, glories in still!

"Whose exquisite texture, transparent and tender,
A pure blush alone from the ruby *wine* takes,
Yet, ah, if some false hand, profaning its splendor,
Dares but to taint it with poison, it breaks.

"So when Love poured through thy pure heart his lightning,
On thy pale cheek the soft rose-hues awoke—
So when wild Passion, that timid heart frightening,
Poisoned the treasure, it trembled and broke!"

—

"TO SARAH.

"Oh, they never can know that heart of thine,
Who dare accuse *thee* of flirtation;
They might as well say that the stars, which shine
In the light of their joy o'er creation,
Are flirting with every wild wave in which lies
One beam of the glory that kindles the skies.

"Smile on, then, undimmed in your beauty and grace!
Too well e'er to doubt, love, we know you;
And shed from your heaven the light of your face,
Where the waves chase each other below you—
For none can e'er deem it *your* shame or *your* sin,
That each wave holds your star-image smiling within."

"Lenore," independently of its mere epigrammatism, well exemplifies the poet's usual turn of thought, her exactitude and facility at illustration. The versification (except in the first quatrain, which puts me in mind of Moore), is defective. The first two lines of the third are even rough. The rhythm is dactylic, but the dactyls are all false—*e. g.:*

"So when Love | poured through thy | pure heart his | lightning,
On thy pale | cheek the soft | rose-hues a | woke."

Here the necessarily long syllables, *love, through, heart, pale, soft*, and *hues*, should be short, and the rhythm halts because they are not so. "To Sarah" is the better poem in every respect;—the compliment in the two last lines is exquisitely pointed. Both these pieces appeared originally in "The Broadway Journal," (which has been honored by many of Mrs. Osgood's very finest compositions;) the last, "To Sarah," is not included in the volume lately published by Messrs. Clark & Austin.

What is really new in this volume shows a marked change in the themes, in the manner, in the whole character of the poetess. We see less of vivacity, less of fancy; more of tenderness, earnestness, even passion, and of the true imagination as distinguished from its subordinate fancy: the one prevalent and predominating trait, *grace*, alone distinctly remains. In illustration of these points I feel tempted to copy some seven or eight of the later poems, but the deep interest of my subject has already led me too far, and I am by no means writing a review. I must refer, however, to two brief *songs* as best exemplifying what I have said. They were quoted, about five months ago, in a notice of the works of the poetess—a notice by myself, published in this magazine;—the one commences, "She loves him yet," the other, "Yes, lower to the level." These pieces serve also to show the marked improvement of the writer in versification. The first-named is not only rhythmically perfect, but evinces much originality in its structure; the last, although in rhythm not so novel, is more forcible, better balanced, and more thoroughly sustained—in these respects I have seldom seen anything so good. In terse energy of expression this poem is unsurpassed.

My extracts are already extended to a greater length than I had designed or than comports with the plan of these papers, yet I cannot forbear making another. Its music, simplicity and genuine earnestness, will find their way to the hearts of all who read it.

"A MOTHER'S PRAYER IN ILLNESS.

"Yes, take them first, my Father; let my doves
Fold their white wings in Heaven, safe on Thy breast,
Ere I am called away! I dare not leave
Their young hearts here—their innocent, thoughtless hearts!
Ah, how the shadowy train of future ills
Comes sweeping down life's vista as I gaze!
My May, my careless, ardent-tempered May,
My frank and frolic child, in whose blue eyes
Wild joy and passionate woe alternate rise;
Whose cheek the morning in her soul illumes;
Whose little loving heart a word, a glance,
Can sway to grief or glee; who leaves her play,
And puts up her sweet mouth and dimpled arms
Each moment for a kiss, and softly asks,
With her clear, flute-like voice, 'Do you love me?'
Ah, let me stay—ah, let me still be by,
To answer her and meet her warm caress!
For, I away, how oft in this rough world
That earnest question will be asked in vain!
How oft that eager, passionate, petted heart,
Will shrink abashed and chilled, to learn at length
The hateful withering lesson of distrust!
Ah, let her nestle still upon this breast,
In which each shade that dims her darling face
Is felt and answered, as the lake reflects
The clouds that cross yon smiling heaven. And thou,

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My modest Ellen—tender, thoughtful, true,
Thy soul attuned to all sweet harmonies—
My pure, proud, noble Ellen, with thy gifts
Of genius, grace and loveliness, half hidden
'Neath the soft veil of innate modesty,
How will the world's wild discord reach thy heart
To startle and appal! Thy generous scorn
Of all things base and mean; thy quick, keen taste,
Dainty and delicate; thy instinctive fear
Of those unworthy of a soul so pure;
Thy rare, unchildlike dignity of mien—
All, they will all bring pain to thee, my child.
And, oh! if even their grace and goodness meet
Cold looks and careless greetings, how will all
The latent *evil* yet undisciplined
In their young, timid souls, forgiveness find—
Forgiveness and forbearance, and soft chidings,
Which I, their mother, learned of Love to give?
Ah, let me stay—albeit my heart is weary,
Weary and worn, tired of its own sad beat
That finds no echo in this busy world
Which cannot pause to answer—tired alike
Of joy and sorrow, of the day and night.
Ah, take them first, my Father, and then me!
And for their sakes—for *their* sweet sakes, my Father,
Let me find rest beside them, at thy feet!"

Mrs. Osgood has done far more in prose than in poetry, but then her prose is merely poetry in disguise. Of pure prose, of prose proper, she has, perhaps, never written a line in her life. Her usual magazine articles are a class by themselves. She begins with a desperate effort at being sedate—that is to say, sufficiently prosaic and matter-of-fact for the purpose of a legend or an essay, but in a few sentences we behold uprising the leaven of the unrighteousness of the muse; then, after some flourishes and futile attempts at repression, a scrap of verse renders itself manifest; then another and another;—then comes a poem outright, and then another and another and another, with little odd batches of prose in between, until at length the mask is thrown fairly off and far away, and the whole article—*sings*.

I shall say nothing farther, then, of Mrs. Osgood's prose.

Her character is daguerreotyped in her works—reading the one we know the other. She is ardent, sensitive, impulsive; the very soul of truth and honor; a worshiper of the beautiful, with a heart so radically artless as to seem abundant in art—universally respected, admired and beloved. In person she is about the medium height, slender even to fragility, graceful whether in action or repose; complexion usually pale; hair very black and glossy; eyes of a clear, luminous gray, large, and with a singular capacity of expression. In no respect can she be termed beautiful, (as the world understands the epithet,) but the question, "Is it really possible that she is not so?" is very frequently asked, and *most* frequently by those who most intimately know her. Her husband is still occupied with his profession. They have two children—the Ellen and May of the poem.

LYDIA M. CHILD.

Mrs. Child has acquired a just celebrity by many compositions of high merit, the most noticeable of which are "Hobomok," "Philothea," and a "History of the Condition of Women." "Philothea," in especial, is written with great vigor, and, as a classical romance, is not far inferior to the "Anacharsis" of Barthelemi;—its style is a model for purity, chastity and ease. Some of her magazine papers are distinguished for graceful and brilliant *imagination*—a quality rarely noticed in our countrywomen. She continues to write a great deal for the monthlies and other journals, and invariably writes well. Poetry she has not often attempted, but I make no doubt that in this she would excel. It seems, indeed, the legitimate province of her fervid and fanciful nature. I quote one of her shorter compositions, as well to instance (from the subject) her intense appreciation of genius in others as to exemplify the force of her poetic expression:—

"MARIUS AMID THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

"Pillars are fallen at thy feet,
Fanes quiver in the air,
A prostrate city is thy seat,
And thou alone art there.

"No change comes o'er thy noble brow,
Though ruin is around thee;
Thine eyebeam burns as proudly now
As when the laurel crowned thee.

"It cannot bend thy lofty soul
Though friends and fame depart—
The car of Fate may o'er thee roll
Nor crush thy Roman heart.

"And genius hath electric power
Which earth can never tame;
Bright suns may scorch and dark clouds lower,
Its flash is still the same.

"The dreams we loved in early life
May melt like mist away;
High thoughts may seem, 'mid passion's strife,
Like Carthage in decay;

"And proud hopes in the human heart
May be to ruin hurled,
Like mouldering monuments of art
Heaped on a sleeping world:

"Yet there is something will not die
Where life hath once been fair;
Some towering thoughts still rear on high,
Some Roman lingers there."

Mrs. Child, casually observed, has nothing particularly striking in her personal appearance. One would pass her in the street a dozen times without notice. She is low in stature and slightly framed. Her complexion is florid; eyes and hair are dark; features in general diminutive. The expression of her countenance, when animated, is highly intellectual. Her dress is usually plain, not even neat

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—anything but fashionable. Her bearing needs excitement to impress it with life and dignity. She is of that order of beings who are themselves only on "great occasions." Her husband is still living. She has no children. I need scarcely add that she has always been distinguished for her energetic and active philanthropy.

ELIZABETH BOGART.

Miss Bogart has been for many years before the public as a writer of poems and tales (principally the former) for the periodicals, having made her *debût* as a contributor to the original "New York Mirror." Doctor Griswold, in a foot-note appended to one of her poems quoted in his "Poets and Poetry," speaks of the "volume" from which he quotes; but Miss Bogart has not yet collected her writings in volume form. Her fugitive pieces have usually been signed "Estelle." They are noticeable for nerve, dignity and finish. Perhaps the four stanzas entitled "He came too Late," and introduced into Doctor Griswold's compilation, are the most favorable specimen of her manner. Had he not quoted them I should have copied them here.

Miss Bogart is a member of one of the oldest families in the state. An interesting sketch of her progenitors is to be found in Thompson's "History of Long Island." She is about the medium height, straight and slender; black hair and eyes; countenance full of vivacity and intelligence. She converses with fluency and spirit, enunciates distinctly, and exhibits interest in whatever is addressed to her—a rare quality in good talkers; has a keen appreciation of genius and of natural scenery; is cheerful and fond of society.

CATHERINE M. SEDGWICK.

Miss Sedgwick is not only one of our most celebrated and most meritorious writers, but attained reputation at a period when *American* reputation in letters was regarded as a phenomenon; and thus, like Irving, Cooper, Paulding, Bryant, Halleck, and one or two others, she is indebted, certainly, for *some* portion of the esteem in which she was and is held, to that patriotic pride and gratitude to which I have already alluded, and for which we must make reasonable allowance in estimating the absolute merit of our literary pioneers.

Her earliest published work of any length was "A New England Tale," designed in the first place as a religious tract, but expanding itself into a volume of considerable size. Its success—partially owing, perhaps, to the influence of the parties for whom or at whose instigation it was written—encouraged the author to attempt a novel of somewhat greater elaborateness as well as length, and "Redwood" was soon announced, establishing her at once as the first female prose writer of her country. It was reprinted in England, and translated, I believe, into French and Italian. "Hope Leslie" next appeared—also a novel—and was more favorably received even than its predecessors. Afterwards came "Clarence," not quite so successful, and then "The Linwoods," which took rank in the public esteem with "Hope Leslie." These are all of her longer prose fictions, but she has written numerous shorter ones of great merit—such as "The Rich Poor Man and the Poor Rich Man," "Live and let Live," (both in volume form,) with various articles for the magazines and annuals, to which she is still an industrious contributor. About ten years since she published a compilation of several of her fugitive prose pieces, under the title "Tales and Sketches," and a short time ago a series of "Letters from Abroad"—not the least popular or least meritorious of her compositions.

Miss Sedgwick has now and then been nicknamed "the Miss Edgeworth of America;" but she has done nothing to bring down upon her the vengeance of so equivocal a title. That she has thoroughly studied and profoundly admired Miss Edgeworth may, indeed, be gleaned from her works—but what woman has not? Of imitation there is not the slightest perceptible taint. In both authors we observe the same tone of thoughtful morality, but here all resemblance ceases. In the Englishwoman there is far more of a certain Scotch prudence, in the American more of warmth, tenderness, sympathy for the weaknesses of her sex. Miss Edgeworth is the more acute, the more inventive and the more rigid. Miss Sedgwick is the more womanly.

All her stories are full of interest. The "New England Tale" and "Hope Leslie" are especially so, but upon the whole I am best pleased with "The Linwoods." Its prevailing features are ease, purity of style, pathos, and verisimilitude. To plot it has little pretension. The scene is in America, and, as the sub-title indicates, "Sixty years since." This, by-the-by, is taken from "Waverley." The adventures of the family of a Mr. Linwood, a resident of New York, form the principal theme. The character of this gentleman is happily drawn, although there is an antagonism between the initial and concluding touches—the end has forgotten the beginning, like the government of Trinculo. Mr. L. has two children, Herbert and Isabella. Being himself a Tory, the boyish impulses of his son in favor of the revolutionists are watched with anxiety and vexation; and on the breaking out of the war, Herbert, positively refusing to drink the king's health, is expelled from home by his father—an event on which hinges the main interest of the narrative. Isabella is the heroine proper, full of generous impulses, beautiful, intellectual, *spirituelle*—indeed, a most fascinating creature. But the family of a Widow Lee

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throws quite a charm over all the book—a matronly, pious and devoted mother, yielding up her son to the cause of her country—the son gallant, chivalrous, yet thoughtful; a daughter, gentle, loving, melancholy, and susceptible of light impressions. This daughter, Bessie Lee, is one of the most effective personations to be found in our fictitious literature, and may lay claims to the distinction of originality—no slight distinction where *character* is concerned. It is the old story, to be sure, of a meek and trusting heart broken by treachery and abandonment, but in the narration of Miss Sedgwick it breaks upon us with all the freshness of novel emotion. Deserted by her lover, an accomplished and aristocratical coxcomb, the spirits of the gentle girl sink gradually from trust to simple hope, from hope to anxiety, from anxiety to doubt, from doubt to melancholy, and from melancholy to madness. The gradation is depicted in a masterly manner. She escapes from her home in New England and endeavors to make her way alone to New York, with the object of restoring to him who has abandoned her, some tokens he had given her of his love—an act which her disordered fancy assures her will effect in her own person a disenthralment from passion. Her piety, her madness and her beauty, stand her in stead of the lion of Una, and she reaches the city in safety. In that portion of the narrative which embodies this journey are some passages which no mind unimbued with the purest spirit of poetry could have conceived, and they have often made me wonder why Miss Sedgwick has never written a poem.

I have already alluded to her usual excellence of style; but she has a very peculiar fault—that of discrepancy between the words and character of the speaker—the fault, indeed, more properly belongs to the depicting of character itself.

For example, at page 38, vol. 1, of "The Linwoods:"—

"'No more of my contempt for the Yankees, Hal, an' thou lovest me,' replied Jasper. 'You remember Æsop's advice to Crœsus at the Persian court?'

"'No, I am sure I do not. You have the most provoking way of resting the lever by which you bring out your own knowledge, on your friend's ignorance.'"

Now all this is pointed, (although the last sentence would have been improved by letting the words "on your friend's ignorance" come immemediately after "resting,") but it is by no means the language of schoolboys—and such are the speakers.

Again, at page 226, vol. 1, of the same novel:—

"'Now, out on you, you lazy, slavish loons!' cried Rose. 'Cannot you see these men are raised up to fight for freedom for more than themselves? If the chain be broken at one end, the links will fall apart sooner or later. When you see the sun on the mountain top, you may be sure it will shine into the deepest valleys before long.'"

Who would suppose this graceful eloquence to proceed from the mouth of a negro woman? Yet such is Rose.

Again, at page 24, vol. 1, same novel:—

"'True, I never saw her; but I tell you, young lad, that there is such a thing as seeing the shadow of things far distant and past, and never seeing the realities, though they it be that cast the shadows.'"

Here the speaker is an old woman who, a few sentences before, has been boasting of her proficiency in "*tellin' fortins.*"

I might object, too, very decidedly to the vulgarity of such a phrase as "I put in my oar," (meaning, "I joined in the conversation,") when proceeding from the mouth of so well-bred a personage as Miss Isabella Linwood. These are, certainly, most remarkable inadvertences.

As the author of many *books*—of several absolutely bound volumes in the ordinary "novel" form of auld lang syne, Miss Sedgwick has a certain adventitious hold upon the attention of the public, a species of tenure that has nothing to do with literature proper—a very decided advantage, in short, over her more modern rivals whom fashion and the growing influence *of the want* of an international copyright law have condemned to the external insignificance of the yellow-backed pamphleteering.

We must permit, however, neither this advantage nor the more obvious one of her having been one of our *pioneers*, to bias the critical judgment as it makes estimate of her abilities in comparison with those of her *present* cotemporaries. She has neither the vigor of Mrs. Stephens nor the vivacious grace of Miss Chubbuck, nor the pure style of Mrs. Embury, nor the classic imagination of Mrs. Child, nor the naturalness of Mrs. Annan, nor the thoughtful and suggestive originality of Miss Fuller; but in many of the qualities mentioned she excels, and in no one of them is she particularly deficient. She is an author of marked talent, but by no means of such decided genius as would entitle her to that precedence among our female writers which, under the circumstances to which I have alluded, *seems* to be yielded her by the voice of the public.

Strictly speaking, Miss Sedgwick is *not* one of the *literati* of New York city, but she passes here about half or rather more than half her time. Her home is Stockbridge, Massachusetts. Her family is one of the first in America. Her father, Theodore Sedgwick the elder, was an eminent jurist and descended from one of Cromwell's major-generals. Many of her relatives have distinguished themselves in various ways.

She is about the medium height, perhaps a little below it. Her forehead is an unusually fine one; nose of a slightly Roman curve; eyes dark and piercing; mouth well-formed and remarkably pleasant in its expression. The portrait in "Graham's Magazine" is by no means a likeness, and, although the hair is represented as curled, (Miss Sedgwick

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at present wears a cap—at least most usually,) gives her the air of being much older than she is.

Her manners are those of a high-bred woman, but her ordinary *manner* vacillates, in a singular way, between cordiality and a reserve amounting to *hauteur*.

LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK.

Mr. Clark is known principally as the twin brother of the late *Willis* Gaylord Clark, the poet, of Philadelphia, with whom he has often been confounded from similarity both of person and of name. He is known, also, within a more limited circle, as one of the editors of "The Knickerbocker Magazine," and it is in this latter capacity that I must be considered as placing him among literary people. He writes little himself, the editorial scraps which usually appear in fine type at the end of "The Knickerbocker" being the joint composition of a great variety of gentlemen (most of them possessing shrewdness and talent) connected with diverse journals about the city of New York. It is only in some such manner, as might be supposed, that so amusing and so heterogeneous a medley of chit-chat could be put together. Were a little more pains taken in elevating the *tone* of this "Editors' Table," (which its best friends are forced to admit is at present a little Boweryish,) I should have no hesitation in commending it in general as a very creditable and very entertaining specimen of what may be termed easy writing and hard reading.

It is not, of course, to be understood from anything I have here said, that Mr. Clark does not occasionally contribute editorial matter to the magazine. His compositions, however, are far from numerous, and are always to be distinguished by their style, which is more "easily to be imagined than described." It has its merit, beyond doubt, but I shall not undertake to say that either "vigor," "force" or "impressiveness" is the precise term by which that merit should be designated. Mr. Clark once did me the honor to review my poems, and——I forgive him.

"The Knickerbocker" has been long established, and seems to have in it some important elements of success. Its title, for a merely local one, is unquestionably good. Its contributors have usually been men of eminence. Washington Irving was at one period regularly engaged. Paulding, Bryant, Neal, and several others of nearly equal note have also at various times furnished articles, although none of these gentlemen, I believe, continue their communications. In general, the contributed matter has been praiseworthy; the printing, paper, and so forth, have been excellent, and there certainly has been no lack of exertion in the way of what is termed "putting the work before the eye of the public;" still some incomprehensible *incubus* has seemed always to sit heavily upon it, and it has never succeeded in attaining *position* among intelligent or educated readers. On account of the manner in which it is necessarily edited, the work is deficient in that absolutely indispensable element, *individuality*. As the editor has no precise character, the magazine, as a matter of course, can have none. When I say "no precise character," I mean that Mr. C., as a literary man, has about him no determinateness, no distinctiveness, no saliency of point;—an apple, in fact, or a pumpkin, has more angles. He is as smooth as oil or a sermon from Doctor Hawks; he is noticeable for nothing in the world except for the markedness by which he is noticeable for nothing.

What is the precise circulation of "The Knickerbocker" at present I am unable to say; it has been variously stated at from eight to eighteen hundred subscribers. The former estimate is no doubt too low, and the latter, I presume, is far too high. There are, perhaps, some fifteen hundred copies printed.

At the period of his brother's decease, Mr. Lewis G. Clark bore to him a striking resemblance, but within the last year or two there has been much alteration in the person of the editor of the "Knickerbocker." He is now, perhaps, forty-two or three, but still good-looking. His forehead is, phrenologically, bad—round and what is termed "bullety." The mouth, however, is much better, although the smile is too constant and lacks expression; the teeth are white and regular. His hair and whiskers are dark, the latter meeting voluminously beneath the chin. In height Mr. C. is about five feet ten or eleven, and in the street might be regarded as quite a "personable man;" in society I have never had the pleasure of meeting him. He is married, I believe.

ANNE C. LYNCH.

Miss Anne Charlotte Lynch has written little;—her compositions are even too few to be collected in volume form. Her prose has been, for the most part, anonymous—critical papers in "The New York Mirror" and elsewhere, with unacknowledged contributions to the annuals, especially "The Gift" and "The Diadem," both of Philadelphia. Her "Diary of a Recluse," published in the former work, is, perhaps, the best specimen of her prose manner and ability. I remember, also, a fair *critique* on Fanny Kemble's poems;—this appeared in "The Democratic Review."

In poetry, however, she has done better, and given evidence of at least unusual talent. Some of her compositions in this way are of merit, and one or two of excellence. In the former class I place her "Bones in the Desert," published in "The Opal" for 1846, her "Farewell to Ole Bull," first printed in "The Tribune," and one or two of her sonnets—not forgetting some graceful and

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touching lines on the death of Mrs. Willis. In the latter class I place two noble poems, "The Ideal" and "The Ideal Found." These should be considered as one, for each is by itself imperfect. In modulation and vigor of rhythm, in dignity and elevation of sentiment, in metaphorical appositeness and accuracy, and in energy of expression, I really do not know where to point out anything American much superior to them. Their ideality is not so manifest as their passion, but I think it an unusual indication of taste in Miss Lynch, or (more strictly) of an intuitive sense of poetry's true nature, that this passion is just sufficiently subdued to lie within the compass of the poetic art, within the limits of the beautiful. A step farther and it might have passed them. *Mere* passion, however exciting, prosaically excites; it is in its very essence homely, and delights in homeliness: but the *triumph over* passion, as so finely depicted in the two poems mentioned, is one of the purest and most idealizing manifestations of moral beauty.

In character Miss Lynch is enthusiastic, chivalric, self-sacrificing, "equal to any Fate," capable of even martyrdom in whatever should seem to her a holy cause—a most exemplary daughter. She has her hobbies, however, (of which a very indefinite idea of "duty" is one,) and is, of course, readily imposed upon by any artful person who perceives and takes advantage of this most amiable failing.

In person she is rather above the usual height, somewhat slender, with dark hair and eyes—the whole countenance at times full of intelligent expression. Her demeanor is dignified, graceful, and noticeable for repose. She goes much into literary society.

MODEL COTTAGES.

THE fashion for building elegant cottages has spread itself over all the most highly cultivated portions of our country. Not only comfort and convenience, but beauty of plan and situation are becoming every day more regarded by our citizens in town and country. It is with a view to give the influence of our widely circulated Magazine towards the diffusion of so laudable and useful a taste, that we have determined to present our readers with a complete series of engravings of model cottages, embracing plans, elevations and figures of different parts of the structures, executed with such care as to render them useful to the practical architect. We shall do this at the same time that we shall not diminish, but considerably augment, the number of our pictorial embellishments on other subjects. In short, we purpose to lend our assistance towards diffusing a taste for beautiful architecture:

By submitting a series of designs for cottages, farm houses and villas, embracing every appropriate comfort and the greatest variety of beauty, and by accompanying these designs with analytical and critical remarks, pointing out in what this comfort and beauty consist, and on what principles both are founded:

By submitting a series of designs for the finishing, fitting up, fixtures and furniture suitable to the different descriptions of cottage, farm and villa buildings; and, by accompanying these with remarks on their fitness for the end in view, such as lighting, heating, ventilating, &c., as well as with analytical and critical remarks on their style or beauty—thus showing the necessity of architects including the study of furniture in that of their profession, so as to be able to give designs for furnishing a house as well as for building one:

By accompanying many of the designs with gardens for the cottager, as well as pleasure ground and park scenery for the occupant of the villa; and by explaining the connection of villa architecture with landscape gardening, and pointing out the necessity which exists for villa architects possessing a considerable knowledge of the art of laying out grounds:

By avoiding, when it is not absolutely necessary, the use of terms peculiar to architecture; by explaining all such as are used, where they first occur; and by adopting such a style as will render the work easily understood by the uninitiated reader, as well as subservient to the purpose of educating young persons in architecture as an *art of taste*, especially to the female sex.

We commence the series with the following view, plan and description of a cottage suitable for a very small family. In our future numbers we shall give similar plans for larger cottages, for farm houses, villas and *other* dwellings.

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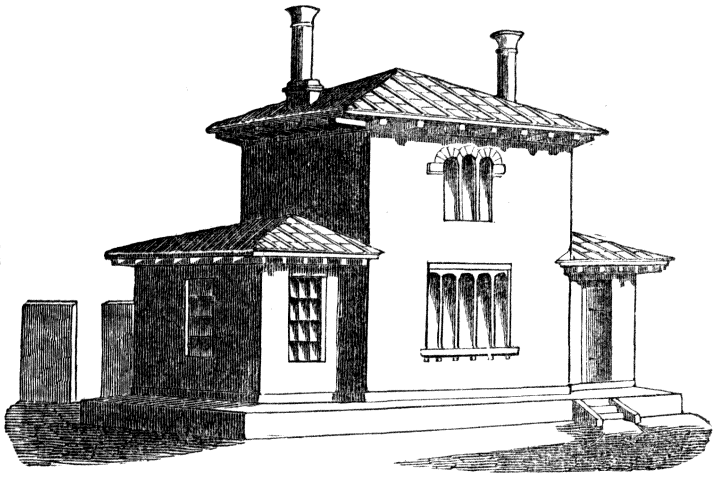
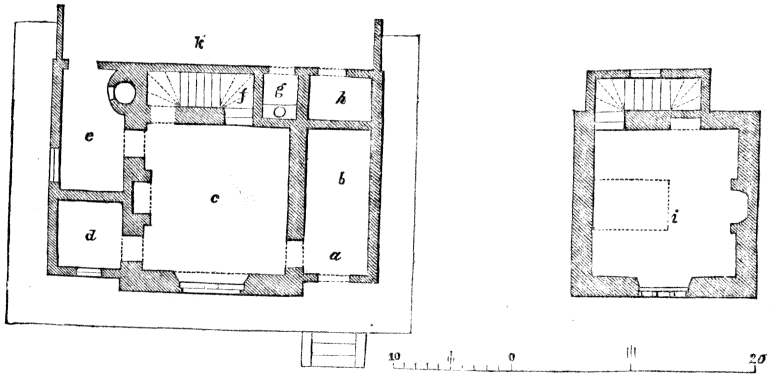


PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

Accommodation.—This cottage, though very small, contains a good many comforts and conveniences. The entrance *a*, (see the ground plan below,) is by a lean-to at one end, which serves as a porch, and at *b* may also be used as a place for fuel. There are a good kitchen, *c;* a pantry, *d;* back kitchen, *e*, with an oven and a flue to heat the floor of the principal kitchen; a staircase, *f*, with a closet under; water closet, *g;* and a place for poultry, *h*. The upper story contains only one bed-room, *i*. There is a small yard behind, *k*, which may contain a cow house and an office.



GROUND PLAN.

Construction.—The walls are here represented of rough stone plastered, and the roof as covered with tiles. The terrace is of masonry, and the chimney tops (see *Fig.* 1, on a scale of three-eighths of an inch to a foot) are of brick and cement. The projection of the roof is considerable, and it is finished with a gutter supported by small pieces let into the wall *l*, (see *Fig.* 2,) and by cantalivers *m*. The blocks supporting the sill of the kitchen window are of stone, and so is the sill. The mullions which divide the window are of wood, and the casements which fit into them are hinged so as to open inwards. The windows of the pantry and back kitchen are sash windows.

Situation.—This building, having no windows behind, is calculated for being placed upon the side of a hill, where it will present a picturesque appearance, particularly when viewed from below. If surrounded by a good garden, and with no trees within a hundred yards of it higher than fruit trees, it can hardly fail to have a beautiful effect. In general, trees which stand close to any building,

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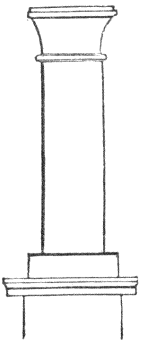
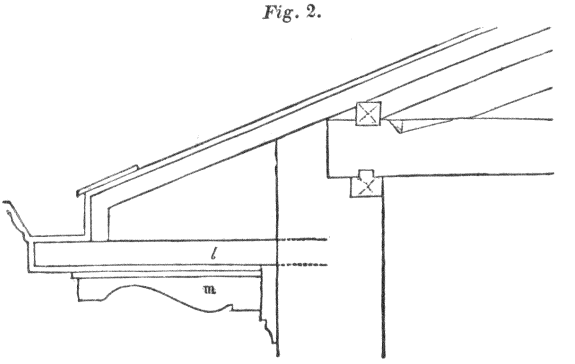
Fig. 1.

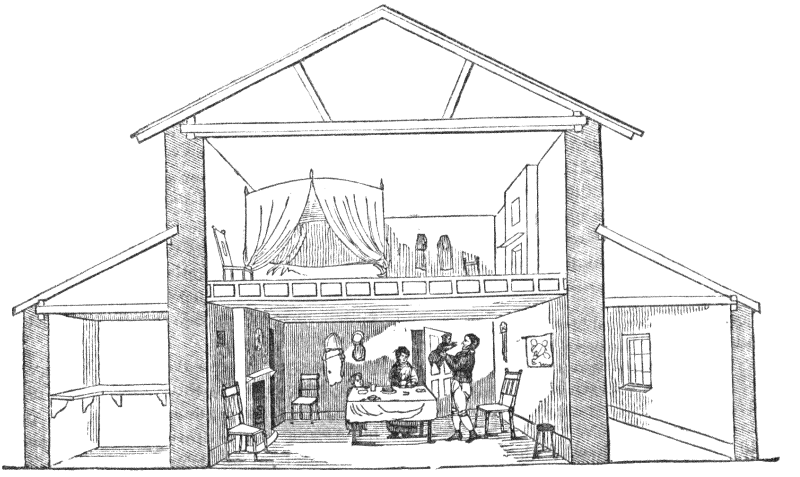


CHIMNEY TOP.

Fig. 2.



more especially to one of small size, should be either decidedly larger or decidedly smaller than the building itself. The chief reason for this is, that objects of the same size, or apparently so, do not co-operate well in forming a whole view; which always should consist of one principal or prominent part, and of two or more subordinate ones. Below is a section of the cottage exhibiting the interior.



INTERIOR.

SONNET.—TO FLORENCE.

BY J. N. M. HARDING.

Hail, Florence! could I but catch a tone
From some Byronic harp that breathes
In mockery of death, thy own
Fair form, and cheek, and brow where wreathes
A beauty of fair Hebe's hue—
I'd tell in magic cadences
Thy graces—and the picture true
Would be; and glad as angel's is
Thy smile, when fancy's limning eye
Portrays her mansion up in bliss,
Laving her brow in halo-dye,
Looks meekly out on worlds like this,
Giving to them a boon-like glowing—
As thou my hope—without thy knowing.

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FLORA ST. CLAIR TO A FRIEND IN PHILADELPHIA.

With an host of pleasurable sensations dancing in my bosom, I prepare to obey your most welcome request, but *how* it will be performed I know not, for I feel as if under the influence of some magic spell;—when I would fain collect my wandering ideas and bring them to one point, (a scribbling point,) away they all fly like so many fairies on a sunbeam, sporting in hope's sweet joyousness just beyond my reach. Begone, ye saucy, happy truants! begone, I will have naught to do with you at present. Take your tricks elsewhere, and I will seek a more "goodlie companie" of grave and sober ones;—*they* shall sit quietly in their places or come at my command, like so many well-behaved children whose mamma has taught them the art of being orderly.

Ah, how difficult it is to be *orderly* (methodical) in the country. My firmest resolutions to do as *other* people do have been put to sudden flight by the warble of a bird, the busy hum of bees in the clustering honeysuckle, the musical murmur of the soft summer wind as it moved among the gracefully-pendent branches of the stately elms, gently lifting each leaf and awakening it to motion and to melody. Lost in a kind of dreamy joy, I have listened, gazed and *felt*, until the perfume of some sweet flower stealing in at the open window would arouse me from the climax of temptation, and the next moment would find me forth with nature, amid

"A populous solitude of bees and birds,
And fairy-formed and many-colored things,
Who worship Him with notes more sweet than words,
And innocently open their glad wings
Fearless and full of life."

Who would not wish to dwell with *Nature*, to see her in her every-day garb, to mark her changeful humor, to inhale her pure breath and listen with never-wearying ear to the sounds ever echoing through her matchless halls!

Though this charming place abounds in the *minutiæ* of beauty, it is by no means destitute of the sublime and grand, the wild and wonderful. Here huge mountains rear their stern heads, as if to meet the sky and lure each floating white cloud to their cold, dark embrace; their (in some parts) almost perpendicular sides are studded with rough rocks, foaming cataracts, or lofty trees that have for ages battled with the storm, smiled beneath the genial influence of spring and bent under the snows of winter.

The frequent streamlet, now dashing onward like an impatient war-horse over its rocky bed, now gliding quietly with a soft, playful ripple, just pausing to salute bending shrubs and flowers that hang over its transparent surface, and then away to mingle its glad waters with the lordly Hudson. The rich meadow; the deep glen of almost impenetrable darkness and gloom; the clearness of the air; the peculiar hue of the sky as beheld from among the mountains, all combine to inspire feelings difficult to define, impossible to express. But its interest rests not here.

Tradition and revolutionary incident have thrown an additional charm over scenery sufficiently fine to need nothing beyond its own natural grandeur and beauty to recommend it.

Here once stalked the swarthy Indian with painted face, murderous hatchet and deadly scalping knife in belt; each mountain echo has repeated and prolonged the horrid war-cry, the shout of victory, the wail of the dying; there once curled the white smoke of the council fire; and farther towards the west, between the creek and a ridge of hills, lies a grassy plain, supposed to have been a battle-ground, from the innumerable arrow-heads each year turned up by the peaceful plough.

Many are the tales of Indian love and sorrow ("for never yet ran course of true love smooth") which I have listened to: some are well worth recording—but more of this, perhaps, hereafter.

This place during the revolution was the scene of many strange and romantic events, almost forgotten now and rarely spoken of—for but few remain to tell them.

Here may be seen the "farm-house" spoken of by Cooper in "The Spy;" the pass through which Henry Wharton, attended by Harvey Birch, made his escape in the dress of the old black Cæsar; the mountain on which stood the hut where Frances sought an interview with "Harper." These have I often gazed upon, and many times visited the room in which Major Dunwoodie and that gentle but heroic lady were united in marriage.

The massive stone church used in those iron times as a prison, and another of less strength as an hospital, still stand as monuments of times gone by.

You perceive that, though an *inland* and *small* place, this has numerous attractions for the lover of the past as well as the admirer of local scenery. I could say much *more* of place and legend, although I am aware of having so *far* given a very imperfect idea of what is so interesting to myself, but I fear I have extended my letter to a wearisome length. Adieu.

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COME AWAY, LOVE.

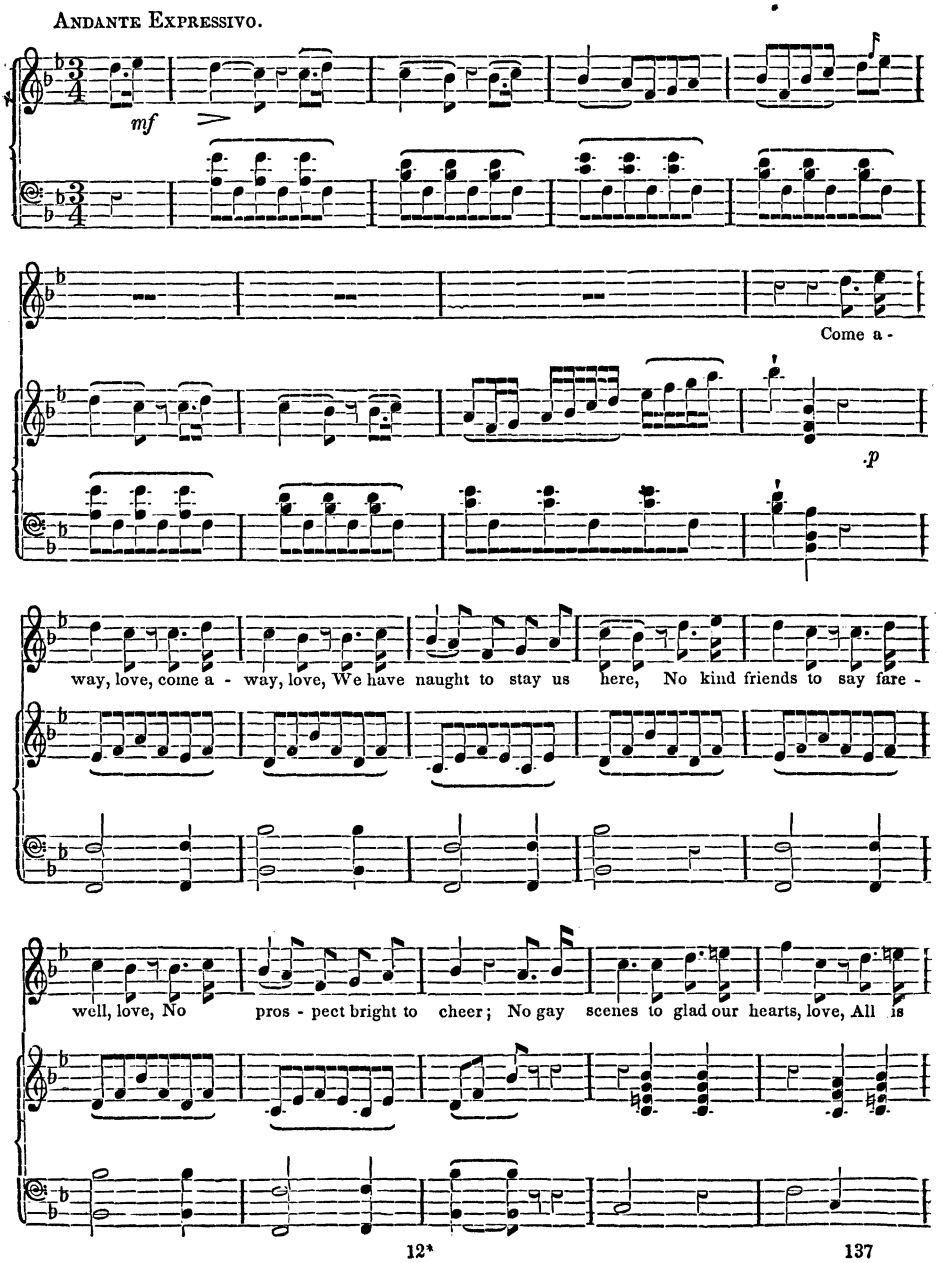
A BALLAD.

MUSIC BY HIMMEL.

ARRANGED BY JOHN BARNET.

[Expressly for Godey's Lady's Book.]

ANDANTE EXPRESSIVO.



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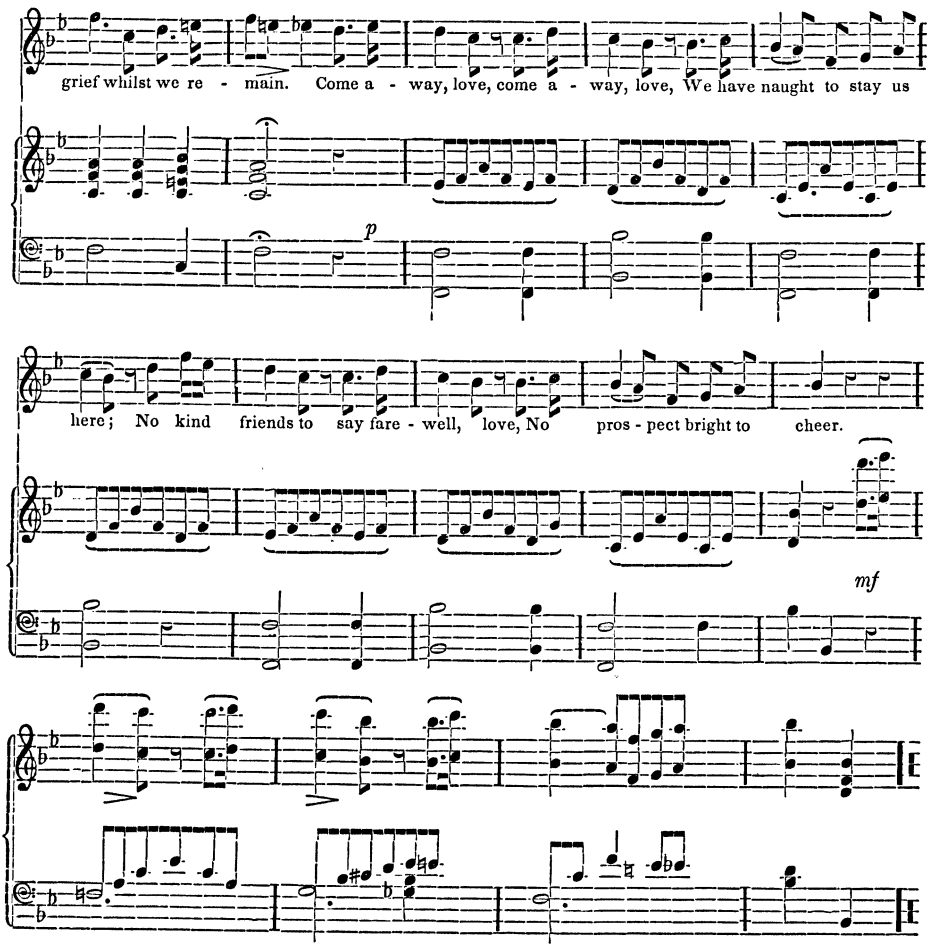

2. Come away, love, come away, love,
We will seek a brighter home;
Where the false ones shall not grieve us,
Where the proud ones never come;
There, forgetting all our sorrow,
We will seek a brighter morrow.
Come away, love, come away, love,
We will seek a brighter home, &c.

LET ME BE A FANTASY.

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

Like the faint breathing of a distant lute,
Heard in the hush of evening still and low,
For which we lingering listen, though 'tis mute,
I would be unto thee, and nothing moe—
Oh! nothing moe.

Or like the wind-harp, trembling to its pain
With music joy, which must perforce touch woe
Ere it shall sing itself to sleep again—
So I would pass to thee, and be no moe—
A breath, no moe.

Like luster of a stone, that wakens thought
Pure as the cold, far-gleaming mountain snow—
Like water to its crystal beauty wrought—
Like all sweet fancy-dreams, but nothing moe—
A dream, no moe.

Like gleams of better worlds and better truth,
Which our lone hours of aspiration know,
I would renew to thee the dew of youth,
Touch thy good angel-wing, oh! never moe—
A thought, no moe.

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LADIES' WORK DEPARTMENT.

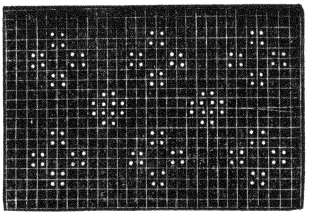
ORNAMENTAL NEEDLEWORK.

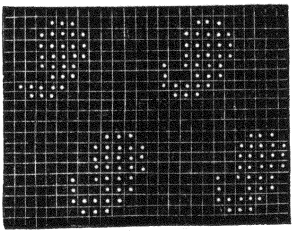
A Star Bottom for a Bag, with Beads.

Make a chain of fourteen stitches, join both ends together with the crotchet, and crotchet one plain row all round. In the next row, every other stitch is to be made a seam or dividing stitch, which is done by putting the needle under both loops instead of under one, and making two stitches in the same place—every other stitch being a plain stitch, on which is to be a bead. In the next row, work the seam stitch exactly over the last, which leave two plain stitches between instead of one: this is to be repeated until eight circles are formed, every plain stitch having a bead on it. Crotchet eight rows more, leaving the seam stitch in the same place, but diminish the number of beads by leaving out one bead in each division on each successive circle, so that the last row will have but one bead in each division. Then crotchet four plain rows, keeping the seam stitch in the same place as before, then one plain row all round without a seam stitch, which forms the bottom of the bag.

A Bag with Steel or Gold Beads.

Make a star bottom for the bag, as before directed. For the upper part of the bag, either of the annexed patterns—pine or diamond—may be employed.





The pine pattern is the handsomest.

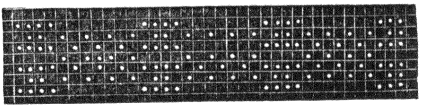
When within five rows of the top of the bag, the pattern will finish, when two or three plain rows are to be worked, and the two remaining rows may be composed of steel beads.

The colors which assimilate best with *steel*, are black, ponceau, silver gray, purple and marron.

For *gold* beads, brown, dark green, crimson, violet and blue, are to be preferred.

Any pattern intended for beads may be worked with equal effect with gold cord.

Another Bag with Steel or Gold Beads and Silk of two Colors.



Make a star bottom as before. Crotchet the above pattern in steel around it, supposing the ground black. Work five plain rows in a dark green. Repeat the black stripe with steel beads. Work five more plain rows of green in a lighter shade, and repeat these stripes black and green alternately, until the bag be finished, making each succeeding stripe of green lighter than the last.

It has always a good effect when working stripes, to break the straight line by crotcheting alternately two stitches of each color.

Dark green and ponceau, violet and greens, ponceau and grays, claret and blues, and white and blues, are colors which will readily harmonize.

An elegant Bag in Blue, White and Gold.

Work a chain of about six stitches in length, with fine blue crotchet silk, and join both ends together. Commence with three plain rows of blue, and then one row blue and gold in alternate stitches, which forms the foundation of the star pattern for the bottom of the bag.

On the above circle, crotchet a row of two stitches of blue and two of gold alternately. In the next row, two of blue and three of gold, and continue one row after another, increasing each time one stitch of the gold in every division of each row, until they amount to eight, taking care to keep the *two* stitches of blue in their right position over each other.

The gold must be decreased three stitches on the next row by working four stitches of blue and five of gold; in the next row there should be seven of blue and three of gold; and in the next, eleven of blue and one of gold, followed by two plain rows of blue, increasing a sufficient number of stitches to keep the work flat;—this completes the bottom of the bag.

Crotchet one plain row of gold, and in the next row insert one stitch of white silk between each five stitches of the gold. In the next row there will be three white and three of gold; and in the next, five of white and one of gold. These four rows will form a *vandyke* pattern.

Crotchet one plain row of white, one plain row of gold, then two plain rows of blue, after which commence the following pattern on the blue ground.

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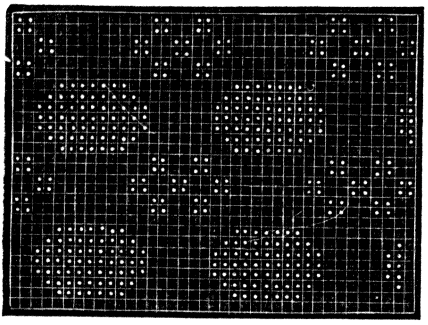


The hexagonal figure is to be worked in gold; the group of stars in white. Finish the bag with two or three plain rows of blue and white.

An open Crotchet Bag in Chenille.

Make a chain of six loops and unite both ends. Crotchet in rows to form a round, increasing a sufficient number of stitches in each row to keep the work flat, until fourteen rows are finished, which forms the bottom of the bag.

Commence a *vandyke* pattern by making one stitch of gold to every fifth of the colored ground in the first row. In the next row, three stitches of gold and three of the ground; in the next, five of the gold and one of the ground. The two next rows are to be plain; the first of gold, the second of black.

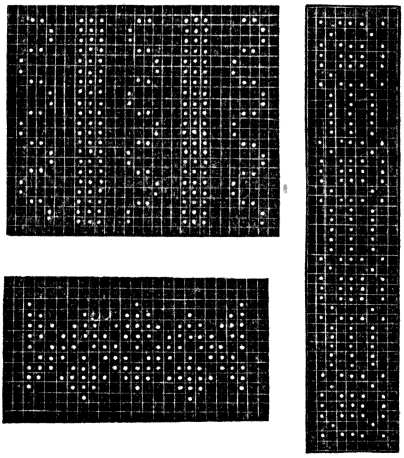
Work two rows of open crotchet in the same color, but the second row should be of a lighter shade than the first.

Two rows of black, with one row of gold between, are then to be worked in plain crotchet, which, repeated alternately with the two rows of open crotchet, complete the bag.

About sixteen skeins of chenille and twenty-four yards of gold cord will be required.

Other Patterns for Bags.

Either square or round bags may also be worked in crotchet silk, with colored stripes arranged perpendicularly, with small patterns of steel or gold on each alternate color, for which the annexed designs will be found suitable. Gold cord, if preferred, may be used in the place of beads.



EDITORS' TABLE.

"THANK God for the mountains!" exclaimed William Howitt. How warmly we responded the sentiment as we looked once more on the grand scenery of the "Old Granite State." Coming directly from the level country of the Delaware, where the city of straight streets lies flat and even as the waters of a sleeping lake, the magnificence of these mountain views was most strikingly impressive.

"Hill upon hill, they joyous stand,
In firm and equal brotherhood;
The giant billows of the land,
They stand where they have ever stood;
Their rounded, scooped and wavy forms
Smile even at the frowning storms."

We had been invited *home* to the place of our birth to celebrate the "glorious Fourth" by a sort of village festival, which all the present inhabitants of the town, and "natives," wherever scattered in this wide land, were summoned to attend. We had been absent many years; not a relative remained to welcome us, and but few of our early associates—yet it was *home* still. The green hills and bright river were there; the remembered places of childhood and youth, where first the bright visions of poetic fancy came to color with rainbow tints the world of hope, could be found; and deeper still was the tie—the graves of our dead were there.

"'Tis home where'er the heart is!"

So we went to the festival.

The improvement fever is now raging in New Hampshire, melting down the "everlasting hills," smoothing the granite precipices, and fusing, as in a crucible, the varied interests of the people into one burning desire for steam power and a railroad to pass through every town in the state. But these improvements are mostly in progress or prospect. Traveling is still chiefly by stage-coach—but of this by and by.

We will only say here, that the railroad, so far as it goes, (from Lowell to Concord, N. H.,) is the pleasantest we ever traveled. It runs the whole distance (fifty miles, we believe) through the valley of the Merrimack the beautiful river on one hand, rich farms and pleasant dwellings on the other, and new towns of manufacturing enterprise rising at short intervals, as though the Aladdin of "spinning-jennies" had been rubbing his lamp there the night before we passed.

Well, we reached *Newport* in safety—not the New-

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port of fashionable celebrity, the summer resort of the rich and idle, where beauty is seen in her bathing dress, most lovely when rising, Venus-like, from the waves. No, our Newport is not thus distinguished; it has neither *port* nor harbor, nor reason for its name. But should you ever visit it, reader mine, you will find a pleasant and rather picturesque-looking village, the "white houses with green blinds" having most of them quite an enterprising air, as though each wished to push forward a little and take a peep at its neighbor. And then there are the churches, one at each end of the village, and the third in the centre, seeming like monitors and guardians to watch over and warn from all deviations beyond their sphere of influence; while the court-house, opposite the centre church, from its elevated position, looks like an impartial judge over the whole.

THE JUBILEE.—The arrangements for the day were well planned and happily executed. The novelty of the celebration consisted in its local interest;—it was *of* as well as *for* Newport.

Committees had been appointed to collect information respecting the history—natural, civil, literary and miscellaneous—of the town. After the reading of the Declaration of Independence, the chairman of each committee read his report. These were, to the gathered thousands, of absorbing interest, for ancestors, friends or townspeople figured in each. Then came the history of the churches. Newport has been greatly blessed in its religious privileges. Its first settlers were from Connecticut. Eight young men came together from the "land of steady habits" to this then "howling wilderness." None of these were professedly pious, but all had been trained to respect religion. On the first Sabbath of their sojourn they gathered under one of the large old trees to rest and read the Bible! It was in the summer of 1776. From that day to this the Sabbath has been strictly observed. Clergymen of eminent piety, distinguished, too, for talents as well as zeal, have built up the Congregational and Baptist churches; and, as the consequence of this moral enlightenment, the worth of learning has been well understood. During the eighty years since Newport was inhabited, about thirty young men of the town have received a collegiate education. Wisely acting from the first on the principle embodied in one of the toasts of the day, that "Where the people are the sovereign every child should be educated for the throne," the system of common schools has been very efficiently maintained. With a population of two thousand souls, they have now nineteen district schools in the town, besides a High School in the village. Not a son or daughter of Newport was ever allowed to attain maturity without being taught to read and write at least; generally speaking, all have a "good common-school education." This town has given many useful and intelligent citizens to the state and country; but never a criminal to the law or a suicide was born and raised there. Would that every town in our wide land could truly make such a statement. We might then well claim to be a moral people. After the reports came the oration by the Rev. Baron Stow, of Boston. He is a son of Newport, and therefore could enter with the deepest sympathy into the feelings that pervaded the assembly, and drew so many from their distant residences to this their first and dearest home. His particular aim was to show the influence of mind upon mind, and most powerfully must the influence of his own high and holy thoughts expressed in that beautiful oration act on the hearts of all who heard him. It was worth a journey of four hundred miles to have the privilege of listening to such noble eloquence. But the discourse is to be published, and then we will give extracts.

After the feast of reason and sentiment came the usual Fourth-of-July feast. This was provided for all, (the numbers were differently estimated from two to four thousand,) both good and abundant, though the gathering was so large. The entertainment was, of course, conducted on strict temperance principles; but there was no lack of spirit in the toasts and speeches. At the conclusion the following hymn was sung to the tune of Old Hundred, in which many voices joined:—

GATHERING SONG.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

How blest to find a resting-place,
A gathering goal in life's swift race,
Where hands that Time has long untwined,
Once more in friendly clasp are joined.

Though parted from our place of birth,
Yet still, like flower seeds left in earth,
Its deep remembrances remain,
And, waked to life, unfold again.

And thus, with hearts in bloom, we come,
From many a dear and distant home,
Like pilgrims to their own roof-tree,
To keep this day of jubilee.

And though a shade of sadness fall,
That come who may, they come not all,
Yet Love shall here his torch renew,
And Hope, assured, look upward too.

And while with grateful hearts we say
The God of old is ours to-day,
The same who led our *fathers* on
Till freedom's heritage was won,

Still onward leads, while blessings flow
As Heaven had turned its tide below.
Oh, may each voice and spirit free
Bless God for this sweet jubilee!

We have given this sketch for two reasons—we would invite the people of other towns to follow this mode of keeping the national jubilee. Temperance celebrations have been common, and many other modes, but the people of Newport, N. H., have been the first, we think, to set the fashion of an "Historical Celebration."

In the second place, we would bear testimony to the good a good man can do. The pastor of the Congregational church, Rev. John Woods, was the leader of this pleasant gathering. The other two churches in Newport have now no steady pastor, and Mr. Woods united all the people as one parish. His sound judgment and warm philanthropy seemed to pervade all the arrangements. Improvement and amusement were blended; truth was brought forward in such attractive forms that wisdom seemed the way of pleasantness. And this is the right way. The clergy of all denominations should study to promote the social happiness of their people, and unite with and lead them on all great festivals and national celebrations.

STAGE-COACH ADVENTURES.—Everybody goes in the cars. On and on, straight and almost as swift as a carrier pigeon would fly, we go through the country, and hardly have a reminiscence to record, except some serious disaster occurs. For the last eight years we had only traveled by steam, and had almost forgotten the old-fashioned stage-coach, but we found it again in the "Old Granite State." And here, for the amusement of those

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who have never had experience of such a conveyance, we will sketch our last ride. It has a moral.

We left Newport early in the morning, intending to visit friends who reside at Hopkinton. The distance was about thirty miles, and directly on the way to Boston. It was on Friday, the tenth of July, "the hot Friday," that we started, but the morning there was beautiful. The cool breeze from the green hills met us like a parting blessing; the bright waters of Sunapee Lake, in sight of which the road passes for several miles, rolled out before us like the embodiment of those visions of peace and lonely loveliness that charm us in our day-dreams. The rout passes through a wild and picturesque part of New Hampshire; a succession of lakelets or ponds, five or six in number, are seen; then hill rises over hill, the green foreground often cultivated, orchards and yellow harvests, even on the swelling summit, while the blue ridges in the distance seemed truly "cloud-land."

As the stage-driver had particular directions concerning the place where we were to stop, and had promised to be particular—he knew the place well—we gave up our mind to the contemplation and enjoyment of this bold and beautiful scenery. Never having traveled this rout, the novelty enhanced the pleasure.

There were two coaches in company when we started. One in which we had place went to Nashua before meeting the cars, the other was to go to Concord. There was a bustle and some changes going on when the coaches parted, but as we had been told we were not to change, that all was right, we quietly waited in the coach. At last we moved onward again; but the heat increased, the dust came in showers, the road seemed to be interminable as on and on we went, and no stopping-place was announced.

At length we came to a collection of houses. On inquiry we found we had, like John Gilpin of old, reached "Ware," (or Weare, as they spell it here,) "full ten miles off" from where we should have stopped.

The driver excused himself from all blame, (as is the case in accidents of traveling by flood or field—no one is ever to blame!) He was put on this coach when it parted with that going to Concord, and heard nothing of stopping till he reached Nashua. Moreover, he was very late, and could not go back. While we were considering the possibility of obtaining a private conveyance to return, we discovered our *trunk* was missing! Here was a dilemma. The driver said some of the baggage was changed when the coaches parted, probably our trunk was put on the Concord coach, would from thence be sent on to Boston, and reach it by the same train in which we would go from Nashua. So being obliged to go on, we went.

At New Boston the stage took up a young mother, with her sick infant of ten weeks old, going to Lowell. There was in the coach an aged woman we will call "grandmother," and her charge, a little boy, two or three other ladies, and one man of the "bone and sinew class," but so naturally polite and kind that he may well be styled a *gentle*man.

The sun was now intensely hot, the driver "in hot haste," fearing he should be too late for the cars, (he had the mail;) grandmother said we "sartinly should lose them;" the young mother was divided in her fears, thinking her baby would be killed when the coach went fast and the cars lost when it drove slowly. We had lost our visit, lost our truuk, and now had the prospect of losing the cars and being detained all night in Nashua. It must be confessed, though we said nothing, our feelings were rather soured towards the stage-coach world. Certainly we would not have advised any one to take that rout.

The coach dashed on. Suddenly, in the midst of a lone, sandy road, the linch-pin came out! There was another on hand, but the trouble was to raise the coach and put it in. The driver and gentleman took rails from an old fence to lift up the coach; the ladies got out; the rays of the sun seemed pouring on us as from a burning-glass; the driver seemed in a fever of impatience, while grandmother declared solemnly the cars would be lost! At last the coach was "right," all in, and, half smothered in dust, we went fast as horses could carry us. We reached Amherst. It was eleven miles farther to Nashua, and only one hour remained for that distance if we took the cars! Six fresh horses were put on in a twinkling, the mail bag brought, and off we dashed. While the horses were being changed, the *gentleman* had taken off his coat, (the thermometer being a hundred or upwards the ladies excused him,) and rolling it up carefully laid it on the middle seat by the door. As the coach started with a great bounce open flew the door, out flew the coat!

"Forward!" shouted the driver to his horses.

"Hold on!" shrieked coatless to the driver.

"Hallo!" bawled a man behind, running with the coat.

"Oh, dear me, we shall lose the cars!" sighed grandmother, as the coach stopped.

The climax had come. The ridiculous of all these small miseries of traveling was reached. We burst into a fit of laughter that was for a long time uncontrollable. Nor do we know when we should have been serious again had not the distress of that young mother drawn us to sympathise with her. Our own losses and disappointments were forgotten. The luxury of a good laugh had made amends for all. But she could not smile; her fair young face was rigid with agony as she gazed forward, eager to see Nashua appear, and then would turn to her moaning babe. Never shall we forget that countenance or the sorrow that seemed to melt her large blue eyes when she told us the doctors gave her no hope.

And then, when we endeavored to comfort her with picturing the blessedness her child would enjoy passing to Heaven without a stain of earth on his pure soul, unconscious of death, and only taken from her arms to be sheltered in the Saviour's, she replied, sadly, "I know it; I have thought of all this—but he is my first, my only one, and it is so hard to part with him!"

Men, in the pride of your health and strength, do you ever reflect on the cares and sorrows your mothers have borne for you? Truly, the mother's love is the strongest as well as purest feeling of the human heart.

We reached Nashua just in season for the cars, and Boston in due time, but our trunk had not come; it was still on its travels, nor did we recover it for three days. And now for the moral:—The lady who travels in a stage-coach unattended should always get out when the stage stops and look after her trunk.

GRACE GREENWOOD.—In this number will be found an article by this charming writer, the favorite correspondent of that popular paper, "Morris's National Press." It will be followed by another in October. We can promise our readers a rich treat in the perusal of her delightful effusions.

We welcome Flora St. Clair to our columns. "Love and Money" will suit our pages.

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EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have published "*The Statesmen of the Commonwealth of England, with a Treatise on the Popular Progress in English History*," by John Forster, of the Inner Temple—edited by J. O. Choules. We have been long wishing for the reprinting of these admirable lives in this country. They supply a defect which we have deeply regretted, in the mass of historical literature. The accounts of the Great Rebellion, as Clarendon calls it, hitherto published in this country, are nearly all by the flatterers of the Stuarts and by those who have servilely copied their innumerable falsehoods. Forster has first done justice to the ablest and most patriotic band of statesmen who have adorned the annals of England. His account of Cromwell is by far the best which has ever been written. His skill in developing the truth respecting the Protector's character and actions is not less remarkable than the graphic fidelity with which he describes the various scenes in the grand drama in which Cromwell plays the principal part. In battle scenes particularly, Forster is admirable—not excelled by Napier himself. The work is published in numbers, five, at twenty-five cents each. The English edition costs twelve dollars.

The same publishers have issued "*Shores of the Mediterranean, with Sketches of Travel*," by Francis Schroeder, Secretary to the Commodore commanding the United Squadron in that sea, 1843-45—with engravings. This is a lively, interesting narrative of travels, embracing some of the most memorable places in the world. Every facility for examining the classic ruins with which the shores of the Mediterranean abound was afforded by the commodore, and the secretary used his opportunities with the happiest result for his reader.

Messrs. Colon & Adriance have published "*The March of Science, in which are noticed the principal Discoveries and Improvements of Modern Times.*" This is a series of verses filling fourteen pages, 12mo., with notes. We give a specimen:—

"Science has prophets she inspires to say,
The hour and minute of a distant year,
When darkness will obscure the source of day
Or when the moon's eclipses will appear.

"The shining orbs in the etherial fields,
And flaming comets with elliptic flight,
Can joy impart to him who fondly yields
To contemplate the firmament at night.

"Observatories risen in our land,
Now aid the view of those who love to trace
The heavenly host of worlds that roll so grand
And shine resplendent in unbounded space."

Neither Milton nor Byron ever wrote such verses as these. Science may well rejoice in the patronage of the anonymous poet who thus sings her "march."

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have published Dr. Weil's "*Biblical Legends of the Mussulman, compiled from Arabic sources and compared with Jewish traditions*," a most interesting book filled with the boldest flights of oriental fancy. The light which it throws on the Mahometan religion will commend it to serious as well as imaginative readers.

The same publishers have issued since our last several additional numbers of the "*Illuminated and Illustrated Shakspeare*," "*The Wandering Jew*," "*Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities*," and "*Pictorial History of England*," all of which are sold by Messrs. Grigg & Elliott, G. B. Zieber & Co., and Carey & Hart.

Messrs. Lea & Blanchard are publishing a series of "*Small Books on Great Subjects.*" The numbers before us are "The Principles of Criminal Law," "Philosophical Theories," "Philosophical Experiments," and "The Connection between Physiology and Intellectual Science."

Mr. W. J. Cunningham, No. 104 South Third street, sends us one of the volumes of Dunigan's Library, entitled "*Thornberry Abbey, a tale of the Times.*" A Catholic novel with a handsome frontispiece.

Messrs. Sorin & Ball have published "*Droppings from the Heart; or, Occasional Poems*," by Thomas Mackellar. It is a collection of short pieces produced during the leisure redeemed from an active business life. They breathe the true spirit of poetry, and what is far more important, the genuine spirit of religion. We commend them heartily to our readers.

Messrs. Theodore Bliss & Co., of Philadelphia, have published "*The Book of Nursery Rhymes, complete from the Creation to the Present Time.*" This is by far the most complete and best embellished book of its class ever published. Nothing seems to have been omitted which could serve to delight the inmates of the nursery in their first yearnings after poetry. It will be a pet book, and its contents, committed to memory at a time of life when the utterance is still imperfect, although the love of rhythm and jingle is already awakened, will remain indelibly impressed till life's latest pulses beat. The pictures are engraved in a bold, sketchy and very effective style.

We have been shown by the publishers, Messrs. Lindsay & Blakiston, two most beautiful books. The one is entitled "*Scenes in the Lives of the Apostles*," edited by the Rev. H. H. Weld. It contains eight mezzotint engravings in Sartain's best style—The Redeemer—Antioch in Syria—John reproving Herod—Christ weeping over Jerusalem—Christ's charge to Peter—Healing the Lame—Paul before Agrippa, and John on the Island of Paphos. The beauty of the designs and the execution of the engravings cannot be excelled. The cover is richly embossed, and contains emblems of Faith, Charity and Hope.

The other work is "*The Illuminated Gems of Sacred Poetry.*" The illustrations of this work are different in some degree from the first. The initial letter of each article, commencing with A and going through the alphabet, is highly illuminated and in a style never before equaled in this country. This portion of the work is by Sinclair. It also contains eight plates by Sartain, viz.: The Mourners—Rome from the Tiber—Daniel in the Lion's Den—Jesus stilling the Tempest—Reflections on a Scull, and Joseph sold by his Brethren. This, like the former, has also a highly embellished cover, and the fastidious can be accommodated with binding of any color.

Two more splendid works have never been published in this country.

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We have received No. 8 of "*Morse's Geography.*"

"*Ethan Allen; or, the King's Men,*" by the author of "The Master of Langford." W. H. Graham, New York, and T. B. Peterson, 98 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. The name of Ethan Allen alone would be enough to induce a person to read the work, but upon its perusal they will find that it needs not the mere name to carry them on through scenes of peril and stratagem such as it has seldom been our good fortune to meet so well depicted. Mr. Graham is very successful in the works he publishes.

Graham's cookery book, "*The French Cook,*" one of the best works upon cookery to be found—very far superior to anything published lately upon the subject. To be had of T. B. Peterson, 98 Chestnut street.

Burgess & Stringer, of New York, have sent us the July No., vol. 4, of "*The London Lancet,*" a publication that ought to be in the hands of every physician in this country. The price is only $5 per annum. We will cheerfully act as agent in transmitting the subscription price of the same to the worthy publishers.

The Germantown Telegraph, P. R. Freas, Germantown. The most independent weekly paper we have. Its selections are admirable and its editorials spirited.

We hear of some complaints having been made by those writers who have already been noticed by Mr. Poe. Some of the ladies have suggested that the publisher has something to do with them. This we positively deny, and we as positively assert that they are published as written by Mr. Poe, without any alteration or suggestion from us.

HIGH LIFE IN LONDON.—The annexed account of the celebrated Polish ball will give our readers some idea how charity matters are managed in London.

"The scene of the ball was Willis's Rooms. Beyond the piece of tapestry in an apartment adjoining the ball-room, which, by the way, was admirably lighted, there was no particular decoration Covered benches, raised four deep, occupied three sides of the upper end; ropes were thrown across to prevent intrusion upon the space appropriated to the prepared quadrilles, and Julien's band occupied the orchestra. At about ten o'clock the company began to arrive, and by eleven the Ladies Patronesses made their appearance, and dancing commenced.

"The ball opened with the Marchioness of Sligo's quadrille, which was danced by thirty couples.

"The ladies in this quadrille wore white tarlatane gowns, looped up with red flowers; a wreath to correspond, and a white veil. The gentlemen were all in uniform.

"The next set, arranged by Lady Charles Fitzroy, was exceedingly beautiful, representing the 'Months' and 'Seasons.' The Month of January (Lady Charlotte Fitzwilliam) was represented by a bouquet of snow-drops; February, by Pyrus Japonica; March, by violets and primroses; April, by lilac; May, by lilies of the valley; June, by roses; July, by cactus; August, by corn-flowers; September, by barberries; October, by blue salvia; November, by chrysanthemum; and December, by holly. Of the Seasons, Spring was represented by a bunch of fuschias; Summer, by geraniums; Autumn, by grapes and wheat; and Winter, by the ice plant.

"The ladies representing the Seasons wore dresses of white tarlatane with double skirts, the lower with a deep flounce; the upper skirt and flounce looped up on the left side with a bouquet of flowers, and the same in the center of the *berthe*, which was made of folds of tarlatane. Each lady also wore a bouquet on the head, with a long sash of scarlet and white ribbon fastened on the left side. The ladies representing the Months wore the same description of dresses, with a badge of scarlet ribbon on the left shoulder.

"The gentlemen wore military uniforms, each of them having a scarlet and white rosette upon his breast.

"The next set was arranged by the Lady Caroline Sanford, and entitled the 'Rose' Quadrille.

"The costume of the ladies in this quadrille was composed of three tunics of clear tarlatane muslin, with ruches of net to each, and a temple wreath and bouquet to correspond, of the respective shade of roses; a mantilla veil of white and silver hanging from the back of the head.

"The gentlemen were all attired in uniform, and each wore in his button-hole a rose of the same shade of color as the one selected by his partner.

"The Viscountess Palmerston's 'Lance' Quadrille was well supported, and, as on a similar occasion last year, gave great satisfaction.

"A mazourka, arranged by the Hon. Mrs. Damer, and which was supported chiefly by the ladies and gentlemen in the opening quadrille, was greatly admired, and closed the arranged programme, after which the general dancing commenced.

"Dancing was continued until a very late hour, but owing to the absence of masters of the ceremonies, or competent stewards, we noticed a great many of the fair sex, of no ordinary attraction, destitute of partners.

"We have not heard to what extent the funds of the Association were benefited by the ball, but, as there was a very proper economy in the matter of refreshments, we hope that the addition was something very acceptable.

"We noticed Nogendernauth Tagore, the son of Dwarkanauth, among the visitors. He was elegantly dressed in a vest richly embroidered with silver, and wore a Cashmere shawl turban of tasteful and picturesque form."

"How are you off for soap?" is a very common inquiry. We can answer, that owing to the kindness of Mr. E. B. G. Kinsloe, No. 209 Chestnut st., "Very well." He has sent us some vegetable soap, which we gave to a friend of ours who is not blest with so clear a complexion as ourselves, and she states that it has worked wonders even in the little time that it has been in use.

ROUSSELL'S DELIGHTFUL MINERAL WATER.—We remember Roussell when he commenced this business in Philadelphia. We hardly thought then that we should have occasion to write this notice of one of the most flourishing establishments and one of the most courteous gentlemen in the country. It is not alone his mineral water that has made and is making for him a fortune—but his soaps and perfumes, that far surpass La Belle France, and which he has placed by low prices within the reach of all. His soaps should literally be in the hands of everybody.

DEAR SIR—Please send me your Lady's Book, commencing with the Model Cottages. Enclosed are three dollars. Yours respectfully, A. W. MORGAN.

MR. L. A. GODEY. *Cincinnati, July* 3, '46.

MR. GODEY, *Schenectady, N. Y. July* 11.

SIR—Enclosed you will find three dollars for your Book containing plans for Model Cottages. I am about erecting several in this place, and it may be useful to me. Your servant, T. N. BORNTON.

We copy the above orders from among many others, which make us think well of our new enterprise. If orders are received before our plan is seen, what may we not expect after the publication of the present number?

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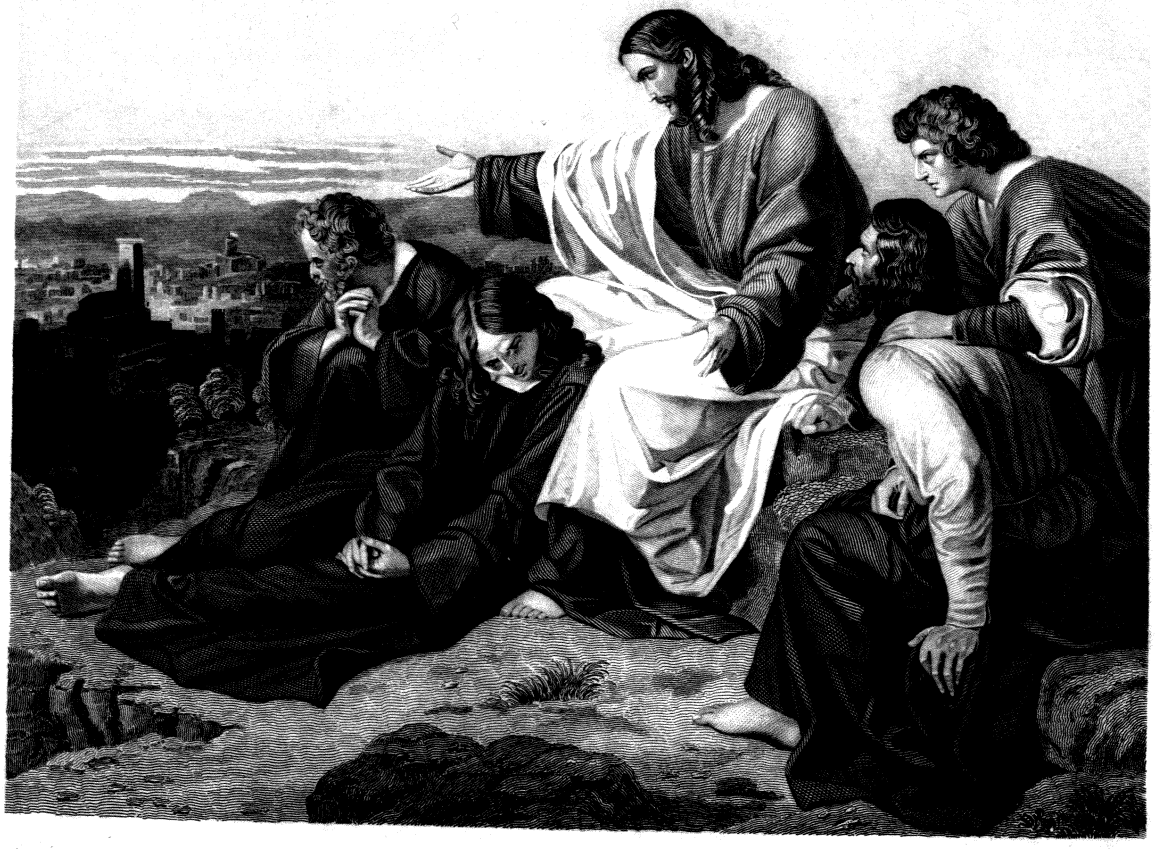

CHRIST WEEPING OVER JERUSALEM.

Engraved by W H Ellis for Godey's Lady's Book

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GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1846.

CHRIST WEEPING OVER JERUSALEM.

(See Plate.)

Compassion for human weakness, sympathy with human sufferings—these are the holy lessons taught us by the example of the divine Saviour. The love of the human, because it was created in the image of God and redeemed by the sacrifice of the Son of God—this is the spirit of the Gospel.

We recollect reading, in a description of one of the festivals in honor of Juggernaut, how frequently on their long pilgrimages the devotees fall by the road-side and expire, no one passing by offering the least assistance or pity to the dying Hindoo. On one occasion the Christian traveler saw an infant of a few months old lying on the bosom of its dead mother, and raising a feeble wail as it endeavored in vain to draw its usual nourishment from her cold breast. None of the pilgrims, many of whom were women, would take the child or appeared to feel the least pity for it; and that Christian man was alone in his wish to save its life, which he did.

If Christ had never appeared, never preached, never wept over Jerusalem, that man would have passed as unmoved as the heathen worshipers of Bramah.

"Sympathy is an essential of the human heart," says a powerful writer, and where it is not cultivated, the soul and mind both suffer, are dwarfed and deformed by sin and sorrow. We are so accustomed to the influence of the love and compassion taught by the Saviour's precepts and example, that we cannot realize what life would be without it. How dark, cold and cruel our world would become.

Every benevolent institution in our country owes its existence to the Gospel. The smallest sewing circle in the most secluded village, gathering its few dollars by female industry, to be poured into the treasury of the Lord, is of more significance in moral estimation than all the learning of Aspasia or genius of Sappho—because in that charity is the love of the human, the principle of the Gospel of life, the only elevating principle of human character. The picture reveals the true spirit of our holy religion, touching compassion even towards those who are unworthy, and sympathy with all who suffer. It does not belong to finite beings to judge, as did Christ concerning Jerusalem. We must always have that charity which hopes and believes, and labors to do good to all.

"The new religion—final, perfect, pure—
Was that of Christ and love. His great command,
His all-sufficing precept—was't not love?
Truly to love ourselves we must love God—
To love God we must all his creatures love—
To love His creatures, both ourselves and Him.
Thus love is all that's wise, fair, good and happy."

TO AN INVALID GIRL, ON PRESENTING TWO ROSEBUDS.

Friendship, pure as the white rose, brings
These flowers, to soothe the sufferer's rest;
Friendship, true as the moss which clings
Close to the crimson rosebud's breast!

L. T. Voigt.

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FOURTH OF JULY DOINGS.

A SKETCH—FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY MISS LESLIE.

In a corner of one of the old thirteen states, and considerably more than "forty miles from tide water," is located the village of Springletown, which, when finished, will undoubtedly be a goodly city—having a fertile and thickly-settled country all round. A self-selected selection of its inhabitants had prepared (being uncommonly good men) to celebrate the birthday of our national independence in a manner that should comprise in its festivities their wives and children. There was to be a great dinner that day at the General Montgomery; and several lesser ones at the lesser hotels, alias taverns. But the *élite* of Springletown went on a new plan. The committee of ways and means was more judiciously chosen than such committees frequently are, for it consisted entirely of persons who were either competent to suggest the ways, or competent to furnish the means. The presiding genius was Mr. Joseph Atwater, an excellent citizen and a conspicuous temperance man.

The festival was to be celebrated in a shady field in front of a school-house about two miles from the end of the village. It was a sort of green lawn, where trees enough had been left for the school children to play under; and where, on the edge of a piece of woodland, a spring welled up amidst a circle of mossy stones, and then wandered away among the feathery fern. The drawing-room was to be held under the shade trees; but from the dining-place the sunbeams were excluded by a long arbor, constructed by the "big boys" with their own hands, of interwoven branches cut from the neighboring woods, and roofed with a trellis of laurel boughs from a hill that was overgrown with that beautiful shrub. The girls had resolved on decorating these verdant walls with festoons of flowers from their gardens; but the difficulty was, that though wreaths of natural flowers are, theoretically, very beautiful, yet practically, they are too short-lived for use during the wear and tear of a long summer day.

Finally it was concluded in this instance that art was better than nature, and that the flowers should be of colored paper; of which a sufficient quantity was procured at the fancy store of Mr. Showbright, who generously presented each fair purchaser with an extra sheet—and this being known, the purchasing committee was subdivided into as many members as possible. The flowers were all in the form of "red, red roses." The boys likened them to cockades; but to prove that they were really designed for roses, each flower was amply provided with green leaves all properly jagged at the edges. To be sure, all the green paper that could be obtained was of a determined verdigris color; but that was no disadvantage to eyes that were so accustomed to seeing that tint in the flower-pieces and landscapes at the tops of their clocks and looking-glasses.

There was a very long table, constructed of boards laid upon a double row of empty barrels, kindly volunteered from the grocery of Mr. Le Mix; the boards for both table and benches being patriotically furnished by Mr. Rawrip, of the saw-mill. Clean sheets did duty as table-cloths. They might have obtained all manner of tables and table appendages from the Montgomery hotel; but the hotel was the opposition line, and, besides, had ample use on this day for its whole stock of everything.

Carts loaded with baskets of provision were sent in due time; the preparation of all the eatables being superintended by the notable mothers of the neighborhood assisted by their no less notable daughters; for the ladies of Springletown had not yet learned to boast their ignorance of household duties. Every cart was decorated with a national flag—thanks to the bright idea of our calico factories in printing the stars and stripes upon squares of cotton; and selling them cheap, so as to make them "accessible to all."

At nine o'clock a "goodly company" had assembled on the ground, arrayed in their holiday clothes and looking very flushed and happy. Luckily, the day was unusually cool for the season. As soon as they took their seats, the programme of the festival was handed about and admired—its contents had been familiar to them for a week past.

This programme was in the first instance drawn up by the committee; and Mr. Bass Booker, the schoolmaster, had made a handsome copy of it; like a writing-piece in large and small hand, headed by a grand pen-flourish in the form of an eagle. But that every one might comprehend exactly what was to be done, all the elders uttered explanatory notes after the exhibition of the programme.

The first performance was to be a bite (*Anglicé* a luncheon) to be taken sitting on the grass beneath the trees, by the side of the brooklet, and as near to it as they could get without sitting in the mud. Reader, if a poet tells you (in print or album-wise) that he delights in "despairing beside a clear stream," do not believe him. Now that most poets have good clothes, they are more careful of them than to lie down in "plashy places;"

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and we are very sure that the female votaries of the muse never misuse their bareges and balzorines after that fashion.

To return to the performances—after the company had done biting, they were to walk about for exercise during fifteen minutes. Then, at the sound of a conch-shell, they were to be arranged in procession by the marshal of the day, Rigdon Riggs, Esq., who had lived a year in the city, and seen processions both on and off the stage, and who held in his hand, by way of baton, a round ruler, smoothly enveloped in a sheet of white paper tied on with a lilac ribbon. This procession was to march to the school-house, headed by the ladies, followed by the little girls. Then came the gentlemen; and the boys, as usual, brought up the rear. The chief peculiarity was, that each person carried a large laurel branch.

Arrived at the school-house, (which had been swept and scrubbed for the occasion, and the desks all rubbed with lime juice to get out the ink stains,) they were to hear an oration delivered by Mr. Cicero Phelps, a promising young lawyer who had practiced successfully for the last two years in Springletown, where he had been employed in three causes, and drawn up four wills. Then the procession was to disperse, and walk about promiscuously for another fifteen minutes, to recover the fatigue of sitting out the speech. Then they were to go to dinner, and drink toasts in sassafras mead, and molasses and water, or plain water if they preferred it. They were all temperance people. Dinner was to be followed by a dance, and the dance by an afternoon bite; the bite by a series of songs; the songs by tea and coffee in the arbor; and then they were all to wend their way homeward by moonlight; walking *ad libitum*.

While engaged at the introductory or forenoon repast, there were mutual congratulations on the extensive plan that had been arranged for the delights of the day; great praise of the gingerbread, which had been contributed in all its numerous varieties, hard and soft, allspiced or only gingered, in round cakes, square cakes, twists and rings; the stout rusks with their shiny tops; the new cheese speckled with sage; the custards baked in substantial crusts; and the pickles which, being cucumbers, the girls could take conveniently in their hands and nibble at with as much relish as if they were apples. Boys always prefer real apples.

"We have only one thing wanting to complete the festivities of the day"—said Rigdon Riggs—"and that is a revolutionary soldier."

"Ah, we miss poor old grand-daddy now"—said Mrs. Davison—"after having had him with us so many fourth of Julys."

"We have nobody now to honor and to hold up as a pattern for the future heroes of young America"—observed Cicero Phelps, glancing round at the boys, who all glanced back again triumphantly—knowing that *they* were the future heroes.

"Well, we should be thankful he was spared to us so long"—resumed Mrs. Davison. "To be sure, he was quite childish the last ten years. and dreadfully deaf, and could not walk a step without two canes; and he had quite forgotten all his battles, except the first; and he even disremembered Yankee Doodle, and when he heard it used to ask what tune that was. But he was spared to us till he had finished his eighty-ninth year. I am thankful I was so wonderfully supported to bear his loss. Indeed, the whole of us held up under it with becoming fortitude."

"It is on such occasions as this we miss him most"—said Mr. Davison. "It is some consolation to think how many years our family had the glory of furnishing a veteran for independence day. We counted it a great privilege."

"A fourth of July celebration ungraced by a revolutionary warrior"—said Rigdon Riggs—"is like—is like—like something flat."

"Like punkin pie without spice"—said Mrs. Brown.

"Or like sassages without sage"—said Mrs. Green—"such as Rachel Petty always makes"—she added, in an aside to Mrs. White.

"I hear they've but one old soldier at the Montgomery to-day"—said Mr. Gladding. "That fine, hearty old fellow from Boston, Remembrance Bunker, cannot come to them this year, having been bespoken at five other celebrations. Old soldiers are getting so scarce, that there is now quite a scramble for them. They've none now at the Montgomery but their standing dish, Increase Bragg; and he was only at the fight of Concord, which he insists was the greatest battle of the whole war."

"I should not wonder"—said Mr. Phimmons—"if, after they lose Increase Bragg, the Montgomery has to take up with old black Cato, who says he fed Washington's horse the morning of the battle of Monmouth."

Rigdon Riggs now took out his watch, and reminded the company that it was time for the oration; his esteemed friend, lawyer Phelps, having already accompanied the master to the schoolhouse for the purpose of receiving the procession; his modesty not permitting him to walk at the head of it, as had been first intended. The truth was, Mr. Cicero Phelps became at the last a little diffident about the strength of his memory, to which he had committed this elaborately-written address; and he was desirous of having one more rehearsal of the most striking passages in the presence of his confidential friend, the schoolmaster.

As all were equally impatient "to perform their act," the orator of the day had scarcely time to rehearse the first ten minutes of his speech before Rigdon Riggs had begun to marshal his clan, showing them how to hold their leafy screens, and to keep an even step in marching to the schoolhouse. And Phelps had to stop short his rehearsal, when Bass Booker, who sat by the window, looked out, and saw Birnam wood coming to Dunsinane; so he, as master of the house, prepared to

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receive his visitors in due form, supported on his right hand by the orator.

It was some time before the laurel boughs were all stood up in a corner, and the audience all seated; the front benches, of course, being appropriated to the ladies, the back ones to the gentlemen; and the boys sitting up in the windows, acccupied a chair beside the schoolmaster, and held in his hand a laurel sprig; having read that Madame de Stael found the twirling of such a sprig a great help in *her* orations. Having waited till the coughs and whispers began to abate, the speaker came forward and made his bow.

We do not attempt to give more than a slight outline of the eloquent address of Mr. Cicero Phelps. It had cost him three months to write, and two months to learn by heart, and one month to practice the motions. It began with his high sense of the honor conferred by selecting him for this great and glorious task—extreme distrust of his own abilities, which he candidly admitted were of the humblest class—indeed, miserably poor. But so much the more was he indebted to the disinterested generosity that had chosen him for this arduous distinction, and therefore he tremblingly threw himself upon the indulgence of his enlightened audience, the most enlightened (it was his pride and pleasure to say) that could be found within the unlimited boundaries of free America. (*Great applause, commenced by the boys.*) He hoped, however, as he proceeded, to draw inspiration from the smiles of the ladies, and to light up the fire of eloquence at the sparkles of their eyes. (*The ladies applauded now—those that had fans rapping on the benches before them, those that had not "jogging their little feet."*) He then spoke of the Greeks, talked of Harmodius and Aristogiton concealing their swords among branches of myrtle. (*The audience all turned their heads, and looked towards the deposit of laurel boughs.*) Next he, of course, proceeded to the Romans, and passed lightly over the elder Brutus that he might have time to dwell more particularly upon the younger; whose patriotic assassination of Cæsar he strongly urged as an example to be followed in case any American president should attempt to invest himself with the crown of empire. "In such a case"—he said—"he could himself be Brutus." (*Immense applause, prolonged by the fierce brow and stern lip assumed by the orator, and the wave he gave to his laurel sprig.*) "In such a cause"—he continued—"I could brave the banded legions of the world's whole soldiery."

Just then "the tuck of drum" was heard approaching. The orator looked annoyed, and bit his lip; yet endeavored to proceed as if regardless of the interruption. But it was in vain. "The soldiers are coming"—was whispered about; the young ladies fidgeted and turned their heads to listen and look; and so did the old ones. Even the sober, steady fathers became restless; the young men hastened to the door, (the marshal himself setting the example,) and the boys jumped out of the windows. The schoolmaster rapped his ruler on the desk, and vainly called "order! order!" and the face of the orator wore a mixed or treble expression, of anger at being interrupted, curiosity as to the precise cause, and impatience to run out and ascertain it, bodily. Presently the marshal returned, and announced that a detachment of volunteers had come to pay their compliments to the ladies and hear the oration of that distinguished citizen, Cicero Phelps, Esq., magnanimously and gallantly forsaking, for this purpose, the rest of the honorable company of the Springletown Grays, who had a dinner of their own in a large tent on the public green. The detachment of gray volunteers (consisting of eight privates, one officer, and one drummer) now came stamping in, after depositing their muskets against the outside of the house, and leaving the drummer at the door. They contrived in some way to make a sufficient noise with their side-arms; and the scabbard of the lieutenant went nicketty-nock as it rattled against the benches in passing along. He entered sword in hand, but sheathed it on approaching the ladies; some of whom testified great fear of the glittering weapon.

All sorts of seats were vacated for the gallant grays—even several young ladies caught themselves inadvertently starting up to offer theirs; but they were pulled down again by their fathers; and a brother was heard sternly to ask his sister "if she had no shame."

Finally, two benches were placed upon the platform for the visitors. The boys jumped up again into the windows; but this time they all faced inward, that they might look steadily at the soldiers all the while. It is true that everybody was familiar enough with the Springletown Grays in their usual capacity of private citizens, young men of the neighborhood. But in soldier-clothes they were not like the same things; and, as Mary Smith whispered to Sarah Jones, it did not seem suitable to call them Bill, and Jem, and Sam, now that they were in regimentals.

While all this was going on, the orator of the day might have taken an opportunity of sitting down to rest himself, but not quite sure that this would be lawful, he remained standing in a not graceful position; looking in no particular mood; and disposing of his hands he did not precisely know how—perhaps because he had dropped his laurel sprig. However, when order was restored, a bright thought struck him of something that might be made out of this unexpected visit in the way of an extemporaneous embellishment introduced into his oration.

When the coughers had coughed once more, and

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the whisperers had once more whispered, the schoolmaster again rapped on his desk; and this time succeeded in enforcing order. The Springletown Cicero picked up his sprig, advanced two steps, and resumed his oration. Having evidently something on his mind that he was anxious to arrive at, he curtailed much that he had intended to say in his enumeration of all the patriots that belonged to history. He slurred over Wat Tyler and William Tell; hurried through Hampden and Sidney; gave but a few words to Warren and Montgomery; and even dwelt rather concisely on Washington himself. The heroes of the second war with England he forgot entirely; for which they can afford to forgive him. At last the great new idea came out in magnificent force. Turning his back to the audience, and his face to the soldiers, he poured forth a tirade of compliments to the illustrious guests, the delegation from the Springletown Grays. The faces of the privates spread into broad smiles of satisfaction; but the officer modestly cast down his eyes and fixed them on his boots.

The orator, warming with his subject, proceeded to say that in the band of patriots before him, he recognized such spirits as would at no distant time wave the stars and stripes of annexation over every coast of this whole vast continent, both north and south, and on all the neighboring islands, even to the Gallipagos. To this the officer responded by nodding his head assentingly, and clapping his hand audibly on the hilt of his sword, to the rapturous delight of the ladies, and the suppressed envy of the yet-swordless boys.

All were "caught up with enthusiasm." The customary philippic against England, coming in directly after, had even a more than usual effect, and the applause was deafening. As to the Mexicans, they were contemptuously dismissed in a few words—the boys all turning up their noses, and even the ladies curling their lips in disdain.

The orator proceeded—crossing over to Europe, and throwing missiles at the kings all round; except those that are queens, and they escaped out of courtesy to their sex. No American orator ever speaks slightingly of a woman, even if she does make believe to rule over millions of men. All men know very well that the rule of women, either on or off the throne, is nothing but pretence. From the queens of the old world, Mr. Phelps turned to the ladies of the new—particularly the fair sex of Springletown. The mothers he exhorted to train up their children in the way they should go; which he explained, as the way to Oregon. The young ladies were reminded that none but the brave deserve the fair; at which all the warriors looked pleased, and the damsels simpered. The oration finished with a grand burst, prophetic of an expected event, which Mr. Phelps averred must shortly take place—the American eagle holding in his talons the flags of every nation in the western world, and the British lion, after vainly endeavoring to tear them from his grasp, lying prostrate before him, exhausted with fatigue. The picture was so vivid that it elicited innumerable rounds of applause, which continued long after the orator had made his bow, wiped his face, sunk into his chair, and taken a glass of water.

"That last part was beautiful"—said Mrs. Hopewell—"about the eagle and the lion; and it will certainly come true. I think I see it all before me."

"I've seen it often"—said Mrs. Dotey.

"Where?"—asked Mr. Dotey.

"In my mind's eye."

"Where can that eye possibly be situate?"—inquired her husband. "I hear of it daily, but I've no notion where to look for it."

The oration being over, the gentlemen gathered round the modern Cicero, and shook hands with him, and complimented him, and Mrs. Dotey informed him that in her mind's eye she saw him in Congress. The company began to pour out of the house promiscuously. All the young ladies manœuvred to get as near as possible to the soldiers, and each of the military beaux did actually take a belle on each arm, while seven little girls literally and closely "followed the drum," though the boys ungallantly and enviously remonstrated at being thus deprived of their natural places. "Let's go a-head"—said Dick Davison—"and get before the drummer. That's better still."

All the belles that had military beaux made the entire circuit of the field, to prolong the glory as much as possible. Those who had to take up with citizens or beaux in plain clothes were tired, and sat down pretty soon, but they consoled themselves by "laying the flattering unction to their souls" that, after all, these "white-feathered, boot-leathered" heroes would, next day, be reduced to straw hats, brown jackets and striped trowsers, as plain Mark Mortice the joiner, and plain Sam Spokes the wheelwright; and Billy Needles the tailor, and Joe Boulting the miller, &c. &c; and that even the officer was, after all, nobody but Jem Beaverly the hatter, and the drummer his 'prentice boy.

The dinner hour approached, and the matrons proceeded to set the table, assisted by all the maidens except those that had soldier beaux, and could not well be expected to leave them for "the dull pursuits of civil life."

In unpacking the eatables it was discovered that not one of the contributors to the pic-nic had remembered to provide any bread; each, perhaps, supposing that others would do it, or most probably thinking nothing about it. It had not come into the head of any one that such an indispensable article could possibly be overlooked; and therefore everybody had overlooked it. Its importance had not been recollected among all the pie-making, cake-making, ham-boiling and chicken-cooking that had occupied the fair caterers. It is true there was an abundance of gingerbread, which the boys kindly volunteered to eat with *their* dinners, instead of common bread; but that could not be permitted. Some of the company proposed doing

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without bread; but this motion was soon overruled, as it might be spread abroad, with great exaggerations, that the citizens of Springletown had not a bit of bread to put in their mouths on independence day.

"Don't, don't"—said Cicero Phelps. "When the news gets to Europe, the English will be too delighted; and will assert that the republic must soon fall to pieces, the people being in a state of starvation."

"How they would crow over us"—said Mrs. Dotey. "I can see them in my mind's eye."

It was decided that two of the most business-like youths should proceed in a light cart to the village, with funds to purchase a supply of bread from Peck Pybus the baker, whose shop was at the nearest or fashionable end of the village—the people farther down baking their own bread. Peck Pybus was at the Montgomery; but his wife was not, and from her the needful loaves were obtained, and placed in the cart.

While this business was finishing, an old white-haired man, driving a very old-fashioned chair, got out at the baker's door, and desired to purchase some biscuits, saying he found he should be late getting to the place where he intended to dine, and wanted some provender to keep in his pocket. There was something in his look that immediately excited the attention of Reuben and Titus Applegate; though it is true almost all faces attracted their gaze. They exchanged glances and whispers.

"That man's an old soldier, I'll be bound for it"—said Reuben.

"I was just guessing the same"—replied Titus. "Wouldn't it be fine if we could nab the old fellow, and get him to our dinner?"

"That it would. An old soldier's all we want, now we've got the bread."

"Ask him"—said Titus.

"No, I don't like. Ask him yourself."

"I would, but I don't know how to word it."

"Then I'll try. Who's afraid?"—said Reuben. "I've done worse things than this in my lifetime."

Then marching up to the stranger, who was paying for his biscuits, Reuben Applegate saluted him with—"How d'ye do, stranger? Likely it will be no offence if I ask if you wasn't once in your life a soldier?"

"I was"—replied the stranger.

"And in the old war?"

"Yes; I fought in the war of the American revolution"—said the old man, solemnly.

"Hurrah—hurrah! I knew it—I knew it!"—exclaimed Reuben.

"There's no mistaking these old veteran men"—shouted Titus. "There's always something about them quite different from other folks."

"And now to business"—said Reuben. "Stranger, if I may make so free—supposing you'll be so good as to pardon my taking the liberty—excuse my boldness—but we've a small favor to ask you ——"

"Pho—pho"—said Titus—"you'll never get on that way. I've took courage now; so I'll go ahead, and put it right into him. Here, my fine old fellow, you've a chance of doing a good turn. So come along with us to a dinner we're having out in the fields with all the best people of Springletown, and a dash of military besides. We've got everything we want but an old soldier; and no independence feast is quite complete without one."

"My plan was to get to Palmyra to-night"—said the old man. "I have business there."

"Never mind"—said Reuben—"this is no day for business. I wonder you should be traveling on the fourth of July—you, an old soldier. But come—Titus can take the cart, and you'll let me jump into the chair beside you, and drive you over to our dining-place. You'll be quite a windfall for us."

"We'll give you a good dinner, and thank you for coming, and make a hero of you besides"—said Titus.

The old man modestly hesitated; and the two youths seizing him by the arms, drew him towards his chair that stood before the baker's door. Finding resistance in vain, he passively got in. Reuben jumped in beside him, and took the reins; while Titus brought the flag that had decorated their cart.

"Here, take this flag, old gentleman"—said he. "It will seem quite handy to you, and like old times. Just give it a wave out, now and then when we pass a house; and a good flourish when we get to the dinner-field, to let them see what's coming."

They then started from the baker's door, Titus following with the bread cart.

"I'll not ask you about your battles now"—said Reuben, considerately. "You'd better save them up for after dinner, that the ladies and children may enjoy them."

As soon as they entered the dinner field, Titus dishonorably whipped his cart-horse, so as to pass the chair and get in advance with the good news. It was received with great applause, and Rigdon Riggs began singing—

> "See, the conquering hero comes—
> Sound the trumpets, beat the drums."

He would have sung more, only he did not know the rest; and, besides, there were no trumpets to sound. But the drummer boy had sense enough to give his drum a loud rattle, without orders.

"Twirl your flag"—said Reuben to his companion.

The old soldier waved it out as far as it would go.

The veteran was greeted with enthusiasm. There was a rush to help him out of the chair, and another rush to shake hands with him. Children were brought to have their heads patted, and six of the primest men led him to the head of the table; where he was soon seated in the school-master's great chair, brought from the school-house by seven boys. The old man seemed greatly embarrassed by the blushing honors that were laid so

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thick upon him; and appeared too much confused to know exactly what to do or say. It was evident that he was naturally taciturn. Perhaps he was thinking incessantly of the fields he had fought.

Having first attended to his horse, Reuben and Titus Applegate, in virtue of having brought the veteran to the festal board, divided between them the office of waiting on him exclusively; taking their stands at the back of his chair. But all present were eager to lavish attentions on him. His plate was heaped with as much as it could possibly contain, and all in his neighborhood were anxious "to press the bashful stranger to his food." Mr. Atwater (being ultra-temperance) drank in a glass of plain cold water, "Our distinguished guest."

"That's you"—said Reuben Applegate, touching the stranger's shoulder.

The old man nodded in acquiescence that it *was* him; and bumpers of water went round. After which, most people drank sassafras mead; notwithstanding Mr. Atwater's hints of the superior flavor of the pure element. Cicero Phelps composed a toast on the spur of the occasion, and gave —"The silver-headed warrior who deigns this day to honor with his presence our festive board. We owe him a debt which the homage of a thousand returns of this glorious day, would not be sufficient to liquidate. May he live to receive it."

"He wishes you to live a thousand years yet"—whispered Titus to the veteran of eighty summers.

The old man gave another nod of assent.

The dinner was now over, but the company still remained at the table; while a low talk was going round, suggesting that the old revolutionary hero should be respectfully requested to talk of the battles in which he had fought. And the boys gathered closely about him, and looked in his face expectingly.

Lieutenant Beaverly (of the detachment of eight volunteers and a drummer) being the most military man present, took upon him to broach the subject by drinking in molasses and water, the health of "his brother soldier;" and saying—"I suppose, my brave old friend, you saw a great deal of severe fighting in the glorious and never-to-be-forgotten war of independence."

"I was in many of its battles"—replied the veteran.

"Were you at Bennington?"—inquired Bass Booker, the schoolmaster, whose uncle had lost a limb in that conflict.

"I was there."

"How I envy you your feelings"—continued Bass Booker. "The feelings that must have inspired you when brave old Starke rushed on with his men to victory, exclaiming, 'Boys, you must take that battery, or Molly Starke is a widow tonight.' How this memorable command and the gallant charge that followed it, must have fired your blood with a glow of delight."

"I can't say it did"—replied the old soldier.

"What?" "Why?"—exclaimed several voices at once.

"I was a Hessian"—answered the veteran.

* * * * * * * * *

There was an awful pause. Faces were set aghast, and things were dropped from hands. The guest shrunk back in his seat, and looked anxiously round as if alarmed at having made the avowal; and Reuben and Titus diverged from beside his chair. The boys stared, and retreated backward. In a few moments a sort of amused look stole over the countenance of the stranger; and was instantly reciprocated by his good-humored entertainers; who now, after the fashion of our country, seemed much inclined to make a joke of their disappointment.

"Young men"—said the veteran, addressing Reuben and Titus—"had you been particular in your inquiries I should most certainly have replied to them frankly, for I had no intention of deceiving. And I beg pardon of all present, for giving way to my fancy of seeing the play played out; since it had commenced so divertingly. You, of course, never thought for a moment that it was possible for a man to have fought in the war of the revolution and not to have been on the right side. And I have, myself, long since considered *yours* the right side. I had my misgivings even when obliged to fight against it. After the close of the war I remained in America, which I found a better country for a poor man than my own. Heaven permitted me to prosper in my endeavors to get a living industriously and peaceably, and I tried to remedy the want of early education. My condition improved every year. I settled in Vermont; became a naturalized citizen, and married a Yankee girl. My two sons fought bravely in the last war with England. One of them was wounded at Plattsburgh. My name is Phillip Wenzel, and I live in Hillingdon, Vermont; where I shall be very glad to have an opportunity of returning to any members of the present company the civilities they have this day mistakenly bestowed on me."

Every one was again eager to shake hands with the stranger, who confessed, laughingly, that he had found it very difficult to keep his countenance during the dinner. He had also some conscientious whisperings of self-reproach for allowing his kind hosts to be deceived; but he trusted to their good nature when the discovery came. And well he might; for they invited him to come and dine with them again on the next fourth of July.

"I know now why he said so little"—remarked Mrs. Davison to Mrs. Dotey. "As he was once a foreigner, he was afraid his words would not sound quite American."

"As to the sound of his talk"—said Mrs. Dotey —"it did not seem to me the least foreign. I dare say he has quite forgotten the language of his own country, having been so long away from it. But the moment I looked at him, I saw in my mind's eye that he was a Hessian."

"And now"—said the old gentleman, as he

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quitted the table—"with many thanks, I must take my leave, and proceed on my way. Remember me always as one among the vast number of foreigners who, first coming to your country with the feelings of enemies, have gladly remained there with the feelings of friends."

RETIRING FROM THE CARES OF LIFE.—NO. I.

BY J. K. PAULDING, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRESIDE," "THE OLD CONTINENTAL," ETC.

One of the blessings which a large portion of mankind propose to themselves as the reward of a life of exertion and abstinence, is the privilege of retiring from the cares of the world and passing the remainder of their days in the lap of retirement and repose. It is a rational prospect, and greatly contributes to smooth the rough path of the present by agreeable anticipations of the future—as he who is toiling up the steep mountain consoles himself with the hope of a magnificent prospect when he arrives at the summit. Yet how apt they are to be disappointed by only seeing another still higher before them; and how few, after being tossed all their lives on the stormy ocean of life, retain the capacity to enjoy a perpetual calm, or one only disturbed occasionally by the ripple of a summer breeze. Long habit not only accustoms us to what was at first disagreeable or revolting, but at length renders it indispensable to our happiness; and I once knew a man who actually died of ennui in consequence of being relieved from the pressure of accumulating debts and the necessity of incessant borrowing, by the death of a rich relation.

Among the most occult and refined secrets of happiness, is the capacity to enjoy a life of repose and to live without the stimulus of perpetual excitement. Yet without something of this kind men would be little better than brutes and the world a stagnant pool. All their efforts would be limited to satisfying the mere animal wants of life, and, like our Indians, when these were gorged, they would fall asleep. Perhaps the true golden mean would be never to indulge in those violent excesses of hope or desire, the disappointment of which is productive of misery or despair, at the same time that we avoid the opposite extreme of being totally insensible to those gentle excitements which, without producing a tempest, prevent life from degenerating into a dead calm. Resignation is often but another name for despair, and what is called philosophic repose is nearly akin to insensibility.

The Spanish writers, almost without exception, have represented the natives of South America as among the most stupid, unenlightened of the human race; and Don Antonio d'Ulloa, after indulging himself in a strain of contemptuous invective against these harmless people, proceeds to exemplify its truth in the following picture, which, it is not a little remarkable, actually represents a community of philosophers. "Nothing," he says, "disturbs the tranquillity of their souls, equally insensible to disasters and to prosperity. Though half naked, they are as contented as a monarch on his throne. Riches do not attract them in the smallest degree, and the authority or dignities to which they are permitted to aspire are so little the object of their ambition, that an Indian will receive with the same indifference the office of a judge or that of a hangman, if deprived of the former and appointed to the latter. Nothing can move or change them. Interest has no power over them, and they often refuse to perform a small service for money, pointing to their mouths and saying they are not hungry. Fear makes no impression on them and hope as little." Could all the ancient or modern systems produce such a nation of philosophers?

What is meant by retirement from the cares of life is, in the estimation of a rational, reflecting man, not a total abstraction from the business of this world, but from those violent and harassing excitements of the passions, which, in the declining weakness of age, either lose their powers of temptation or cease to be within the capacity of its enjoyment. In such a state, that longing for happiness, which is the innate instinct of the human mind, still continues to operate with increasing vigor to the last, and when it can look no farther on this earth, extends its aspirations beyond the grave, almost invariably impelling us to seek in some new variety of existence some new phantom of happiness in the room of that we have so long chased but never overtaken. To the citizen trader, who has at length realized the fruits of a life of labor and economy, the country generally offers to his imagination a thousand seductive allurements. It is there that, in imagination, he can escape from all the cares of life and pass the remainder of his days in peace and repose; it is there he can rest from his labors, abstracted from all those harassing vicissitudes, gnawing cares and besetting reactions, entailed upon him at first by necessity, pursued afterwards from habit, and at length abandoned as old friends of whom we are grown tired, or who we imagine have deceived us when in fact we have only deceived ourselves.

It is a fair experiment, but often fails. To render it successful, many things are indispensable

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which do not fall to the lot of every man, and most especially men who have passed the prime of their lives in the pursuit of wealth or power. It is not such as have been disappointed in the chase or who have found by experience that the possession of the game does not repay the toil of pursuit, and therefore retire in disgust to repay themselves by fancying they despise the world; it is not these that may rationally anticipate the success of such an experiment. It is necessary that they should have an eye for the beauties of nature and a heart open to impressions of kindness and good will, not only towards their fellow-creatures, but their domestic animals, the birds of the air, and every living thing around them that is not noxious or offensive. It is necessary that they should be capable of enjoying the murmurs of the brooks, the whispers of the woods, the music of the skittish warblers that inhabit them, the freshness of the blithe morning air, and the gentle repose of the long, lingering summer twilight, which presents so many touching and beautiful analogies to the closing scenes in the life of a just man. In short, they must have preserved a keen relish for all that is rustic in poetry, all that is poetical in rusticity; and, above all, they must have resources for rainy days and winter evenings. But instead of these abstractions, I will draw on my recollection of days long past, and present my readers with a few sketches which will more clearly exemplify the moral I wish to impress on their minds.

A great while ago, as the fairy books say, an old schoolmate of mine, having succeeded to a moderate fortune and married a wife, purchased a small estate in one of the Kiru counties, as they are called, and retired thither to spend the remainder of his days in peace and repose. Eugenius, as I shall call him, had been well educated, and, though far from being studious, had a propensity for books when there was neither occasion nor opportunity for active employment. Without pretending to any decided literary taste, he was fully capable of relishing all sorts of good writing; could appreciate a poetical beauty, and, though not one of that class of critics which can detect a knot in a bull-rush, was able to spy out a fault even though concealed in the obscurity of that plentiful crop of modern poetry which may be said to be smothered in roses. He was cheerful, kind-hearted, fond of innocent jokes and pleasantry, and, without dissecting him further, I shall only say, though not exactly what is called an original, he was not like everybody. To sketch that delightful oddity, a real *bona fide* woman, especially a wife, is no such easy matter, and I shall merely premise that the helpmate of Eugenius, being what is called by way of distinction, a reasonable woman, humored her husband in all his innocent foibles. As in duty bound, she always laughed, not at him, but at his jests, and, except under very extraordinary excitement, never took the unwarrantable liberty of turning the tables upon him.

As Eugenius had no occasion for borrowing money nor any taste for speculation, and his wife was not sufficiently *distingué* to figure in the *beau monde*, they never came to New York; and though I often received the most cordial invitations to pay them a visit, it was nearly four years after his retiring that the yellow fever—for it is an ill wind that blows nobody good—by inducing Counselor Fliestrap to shut up his office and abandon his clients to their fate, afforded me a long holiday, which I passed with my friend. I arrived in the twilight of a luxurious day in June—if I remember right, for it is a long while ago—and, not being exactly expected that moment, found Eugenius had wandered forth, as was his custom—so his wife informed me, without insinuating in the least that he might better have staid at home, which piece of self-denial I record in honor of that excellent woman, who, as well as her husband, has long since passed away. She added that he was doubtless somewhere along the river which flowed past at a distance of about a quarter of a mile, and with the permission of the lady I sallied forth in pursuit of him.

I found him sitting on a ledge of picturesque rocks, sprinkled here and there with various species of trees and shrubs, and contemplating with a sort of chastened enthusiasm one of the most beautiful scenes I ever beheld either before or since that time. Descriptions of scenery can convey no idea of the happy combinations of cunning nature—her tints, her contrasts and her harmonies; and I shall not, for that reason, weary my readers with details that will convey nothing but confused ideas of rivers, valleys, woods, meadows and mountains, the former exhibiting all the shifting varieties of purple, caught from the ruddy clouds that glowed about the path of the sun then just sunk below the hills skirting the opposite shore, and the latter bearing on their lofty summits the last impress of his golden rays. I approached without being heard, and was at his elbow before he perceived me. In such a scene, and at such a time, to be taken by surprise and have the tuneful string of fancy or contemplation rudely broken, is a sore trial for a man's philosophy. But my friend received me with a most cheerful yet impressive welcome, which at once bore conviction to my mind that he was right glad to see his old schoolmate. I remained his guest until the black frosts of autumn had neutralized or extinguished the venom of the pestilence, and the visit has ever since afforded me a source of agreeable recollections, not the less so for being tinged with a shade of melancholy, when I think that Eugenius is gone and that what remains of his old friend is hardly worth preserving.

Various were the walks and talks we had together, in the course of which Eugenius dwelt with unaffected complacency on the pleasures of a country life, and the simple sources whence he derived his happiness. Though blessed with great hilarity of disposition, he was capable of the deepest, most acute feelings, and, more than any other

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man I ever knew, blended in his conversation the opposite extremes of touching sentiment, whimsical vivacity and inspiring wit. He passed so rapidly from one to the other that it was sometimes difficult to decide whether he was in jest or earnest, and I once heard his wife accuse him of this ambiguity, to which he gravely replied—"My dear Jenny, I will give you an infallible clue. Whenever I talk foolishly, consider me jesting, and whenever I talk wisely, be sure I am in earnest." "Truly, then," said the lady, archly, "you give me very little of your serious conversation." Eugenius took the joke in perfect good humor, but I would advise all wedded dames to refrain from such dangerous experiments.

I confess I was sometimes inclined to suspect that, like many persons I have known in the course of my life, he indulged a little sly feeling of vanity in enlarging on the pleasures of rural life and the happiness of his condition, either to disguise some latent discontent, or perhaps to excite the envy of others. With a view to silence or confirm these doubts, I often drew him out by noticing various little defects and drawbacks in his house, his farm, and other portions of his establishment, which, upon the whole, I one day told him, he had, I thought, purchased at an extravagant price.

"My dear friend," replied Eugenius, "you never were more mistaken in your life. It is true I have only fifty or sixty acres of land, but you forget the river which skirts its borders, the fine trees a century old, that cannot be created by money or labor; the beautiful prospects that are commanded in every direction from my piazza, my windows, and every part of my grounds, and, above all, the blue Alpine mountains that terminate the prospect so gloriously."

"Stop, stop, my friend," replied I, "you forget yourself; the river, the landscape and the mountains are not yours. You have not purchased them, I believe."

"So much the better—they are mine without purchase. They cost me neither money nor labor. Yet I derive from them all the gratification of ownership. I see them every day and at all times without the trouble of taking care of them or the expense of taxation. It is nothing to me whether the beautiful fields that spread themselves out on the other side of the river adequately repay their owners for the toil they bestow on them, and a failure in their crops detracts not in the least from their beauty in my eyes. So with yonder towering mountains, over which we see the clouds at this moment descending, and along whose sides the mists are gliding like sheeted ghosts, I consider them as mine, for I have the same right to look at them as their owners. They are appendages to my farm; they constitute a part of my purchase, since no man can deprive me of the pleasure I derive from contemplating their perpetual changes, though at all times the same."

There was a fine brook coursing its way by a succession of mimic cataracts, throughout the entire breadth of the little farm, and I one day took occasion to admire it, at the same time regretting that it was sometimes dry in summer, as he had informed me.

"So much the better," exclaimed my friend. "Would you have it always running and fatiguing you with its eternal murmurs? It is a thousand times better as it is. After missing it awhile, it returns again like an old friend, and is doubly welcome from its temporary absence. For my part, I should be heartily tired of it were I obliged to be always listening to its music or gazing on its clear, shining water. It would be like hearing the same tune on an old fiddle, played by the same old fiddler, without even the intermission of rosining his bow."

One day, during one of our rambles, he expatiated with great enthusiasm on the pleasure of wearing an old coat and boots, with which he could explore the woods and swamps without being afraid of tearing the one or spoiling the lustre of the other.

"No man," said he, "is, or can be a free agent if he is afraid of spoiling his clothes. He can neither go where he will nor do as he will, lest he should peradventure injure or derange his costume; and I remember when I aspired to dandyism in the city, I have often confined myself a whole day to the house rather than sally forth in the rain and spoil a pair of boots with pump soles and patent blacking. Now, here in the country I dress as I please of a morning, though I always sit down to dinner in a tight-bodied coat, out of respect to my wife, who allows me to change it immediately after, through a conviction derived from actual experience," added he, smiling, "that I would do it without her permission."

On my once asking him if he did not find a constant residence in the country somewhat tedious, uninteresting and monotonous, he answered, with a glowing cheek and sparkling eyes—"Tedious? My good friend, I have not half time enough to do half the things that press upon me every day of my life, and am sometimes tempted to wish there was no Sunday in the week. You have no conception of the variety of my occupations. In the morning I consult with my overseer on the business of the day, ask his advice, and follow my own will afterwards. After that I take my cane and make the entire circuit of my domain, stopping at the points presenting the finest views, and admiring them only the more the oftener I see them; for you will one day learn, my friend, that confirmed habits answer all the ends of perpetual variety, and that the daily contemplation of what is really beautiful or good only renders it more dear to the heart, more essential to our happiness."

"But," replied I, desirous of bringing him out, "I should suppose a man accustomed to the brilliant excitements of gay and fashionable life would find it rather uninteresting to live in the country

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in comparative solitude, with no other associates but the multifarious progeny of nature, animate and inanimate."

"You forget my wife," interrupted Eugenius, smiling, "whose ever sunshiny face and cheerful, unaffected vivacity, are worth all the changeful variety of the entire fashionable world. But I am not dependent alone on her for society. True, I have no Saratoga or Newport to resort to, where I might solace my vacant hours with the fluttering of fashionable butterflies, but I am visited during the spring, summer and autumn, by a perpetual succession of welcome guests far more bright and captivating. They come without invitation and depart without ceremony; and verily I say unto thee, that not the most fashionable dame at a courtly ball was ever arrayed like one of these. They sport among the ruddy clover in the shape of boblincons, whose liquid notes, poured forth with rich, unbounded hilarity, seem to me like the voice of nature hymning its gratitute to the Creator of the universe; they come in the splendid plumage of the Baltimore oriole, in the modest, snuff-colored garb of the tuneful thrush, or the Quaker simplicity of the equally tuneful cat-bird; they hail me at my window in the morning; they chaunt their evening vespers in the long summer twilight, and often the solitary whippowil whistles his nightly salutation, which is not the less pleasing from its association with the legends of rural superstitions. I say nothing," continued he, "of my particular friends, the fire-flies, those little watchmen of the summer night, which I sometimes fancy prowling about with their lamps among the glittering dew-drops after a genial shower, detecting the insect depredators and placing them in durance vile, there to encounter the fury of a citizen in office.

"Besides these, and a thousand other objects of interest, we farmers are animated by an infinite succession of agreeable solicitudes, which, while they ripple the surface, leave the stream still clear and untroubled. You cannot conceive what an interest we take in the moon, whose face is a perpetual subject of contemplation, whose changes bode us either good or evil, and who, like a meddling gossip in a country town, has, according to opinions hallowed by time and confirmed by experience, a finger in almost every pie."

Seeing me shake my head in token of dissent, he continued, with still more earnestness—"Yes, a finger in every pie. I would no more kill my pigs or sow my grain in the decrease of the moon than in the dead of winter. You may laugh, for I see you belong to that sect of wiseacres who believe nothing but what they can account for on scientific principles, as they are pleased to call them, though palpable to the senses and founded in ages of experience. But putting the moon out of the question, I presume you will not deny the agency of the sun in these matters, and can in some measure realize the interest we farmers take in sunshine, rain, and in every actual or anticipated change of weather. Not a sunbeam or a cloud but produces a gentle excitement of hope or apprehension; and every wind that blows, as well as every change of weather, is watched with a calm solicitude, equally distant from indifference or impatience. Talk of the monotony of a country life! Why, my dear friend, it is one continued succession of endless variety. No two days of the year are alike, and the four seasons differ in their perpetual round just as much as the human physiognomy, the dramas of this variegated world, or the degrees of passion that animate the race of mankind in the different situations of life, and in their progress from childhood to old age. But," added he, after a brief pause, "I don't depend altogether on outward and visible things; I read in rainy days and winter nights. And, harkee, my friend"—sinking his voice to a whisper, as if fearful the Dryads should overhear and betray him—"I sometimes write poetry."

"Impossible! You don't say so?"

"Absolute fact—and I don't care if all the world knows it."

"And do you mean to publish?"

"No, I shall appeal to posterity. See and believe!"

Then casting a suspicious glance around, he slipt a paper into my hand, with strict injunctions not to open it in his presence, as he never could bear to see anybody read his productions. It contained the following address—

TO MY BIRDS.

From southern climes, where balmy airs
Smooth the rough lines of winter's brow,
You come to me to match in pairs
And rear your young beneath my bough.

You revel in my clover fields,
You nestle in my whispering bowers;
You share whate'er my harvest yields,
And sing away your gladsome hours.

No sportsman dares approach your nest;
No wily fox or weazel gaunt
Prowls round your place of peaceful rest,
Or frights you in your secret haunt.

You find protection in my trees,
And food my fruitful fields among;
And yet—ungrateful birds!—for these
You give me nothing but a song.

Long as the genial seasons last
And balmy airs and sunshine greet,
My guests you are; but when they're past,
Leave me the wintry blasts to meet.

Soon as autumnal tints appear
And withered leaves begin to fall,
No more your evening song I hear
Nor list your sprightly morning call.

You hie away to happier climes,
You lack another balmy spring,
And warned by chilling winds betimes,
Seek summer lands on vagrant wing.

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Through all the livelong wintry year
No more I see your plumage gay,
No more your welcome song I hear—
You've flown to happier scenes away.

Yet why should I, a man, complain,
That you, like men, ungrateful are?
They flee from poverty and pain
And only in the banquet share.

When Fortune smiles and all is bright,
They bask with us in her warm ray;
But when the sunbeams fade in night,
Leave us to find our own dark way.

Then welcome to my peaceful home,
Welcome to come and free to go—
Welcome bright, sunny lands to roam
When our cold north is wrapt in snow.

When next the spring, in blithesome glee,
Comes tripping o'er her beds of flowers,
As spring itself you'll welcome be
Once more to your deserted bowers.

I recollect one pleasant morning, Eugenius and I were standing on his piazza, which overlooks a delightful prospect. He was indulging in a strain of eloquent enthusiasm, which carried all before it, when his overseer came up scratching his head, and informed him, that notwithstanding he had concocted a scarecrow which, in his opinion, ought to have frightened any bird of ordinary impudence, still the blackbirds had committed such depredations on the corn-field that he should be obliged to plant it over again for the third time. He had scarcely made his communication, when one of the laborers approached with a doleful face and a doleful story, purporting that the Hessian fly had made its appearance among the wheat in such numbers, that "he calculated—nay, he was pretty sartain the crop would be entirely destroyed."

"Very well," replied Eugenius, "we shall do better next year."

Presently came the gardener to announce that the moles were committing great depredations in the gardens; that the melon seeds were all destroyed by the ground squirrels; the beans for the fourth time cut off by the grubs, and that the same "varmint" was exterminating the strawberries. I expected every moment to hear my friend exclaim, with Macbeth, "Bring me no more reports!" but he only quietly said to me—"Well, never mind; the earth was given to man, but not as a monopoly. Your grub must live as well as his brother worm."

I visited my friend occasionally afterwards, and became thoroughly convinced that he was one of the happiest persons I had ever known—or that, at least, he had persuaded himself he was so. And what can man do more? Excellent Eugenius! He died many long years ago, and his poetry, I believe, was buried with him.

BRIDGE AND WATERFALL AT NORWICH, CONNECTICUT.

(*See Plate.*)

The largest river in New England is this Connecticut, as every child's geography will tell you we may add, one of the most beautiful rivers in the world. Cradled among the rocky hills of the "Old Granite State," its waters are clear as truth, and flow on triumphant over every obstacle, as though teaching that lesson of persevering industry the people on its banks have so faithfully followed.

What beautiful villages and cities mirror themselves in the bright waters of this noble river! From Haverhill, in New Hampshire, down to old Saybrook, in the state it has baptized with its own expressive name, on both banks, rise these pleasant places. Here may be seen the Yankee character in its most perfect development. The true pilgrim type of man is here. The house of God and the school-house are the important places in every neighborhood. Piety and learning are the passports to favor.

"'Tis a rough land of earth, and stone, and tree,
Where breathes no castled lord or cabined slave;
Where thoughts, and tongues, and hands are bold and free,
And friends will find a welcome, foes a grave;
And where none kneel, save when to Him they pray—
Nor even then, unless in their own way."

* * * * * * * *

"Her clear, warm heaven at noon—the mist that shrouds
Her twilight hills—her cool and starry eves;
The glorious splendor of her sunset clouds;
The rainbow beauty of her forest leaves,
Come o'er the eye in solitude and crowds,
Where'er his web of song the poet weaves."

So sung a true poet, and his testimony may be relied on. Whoever doubts, let him or her go on a pilgrimage to the scene of our picture in Norwich. The bridge is (or rather, was—it has been carried off by a freshet, we believe), a very rustic, picturesque affair, and the rock and waterfall are there still. An Indian legend of bloody interest is connected with the rock, somewhat after the Tarpeian fashion—but we cannot tell it now.

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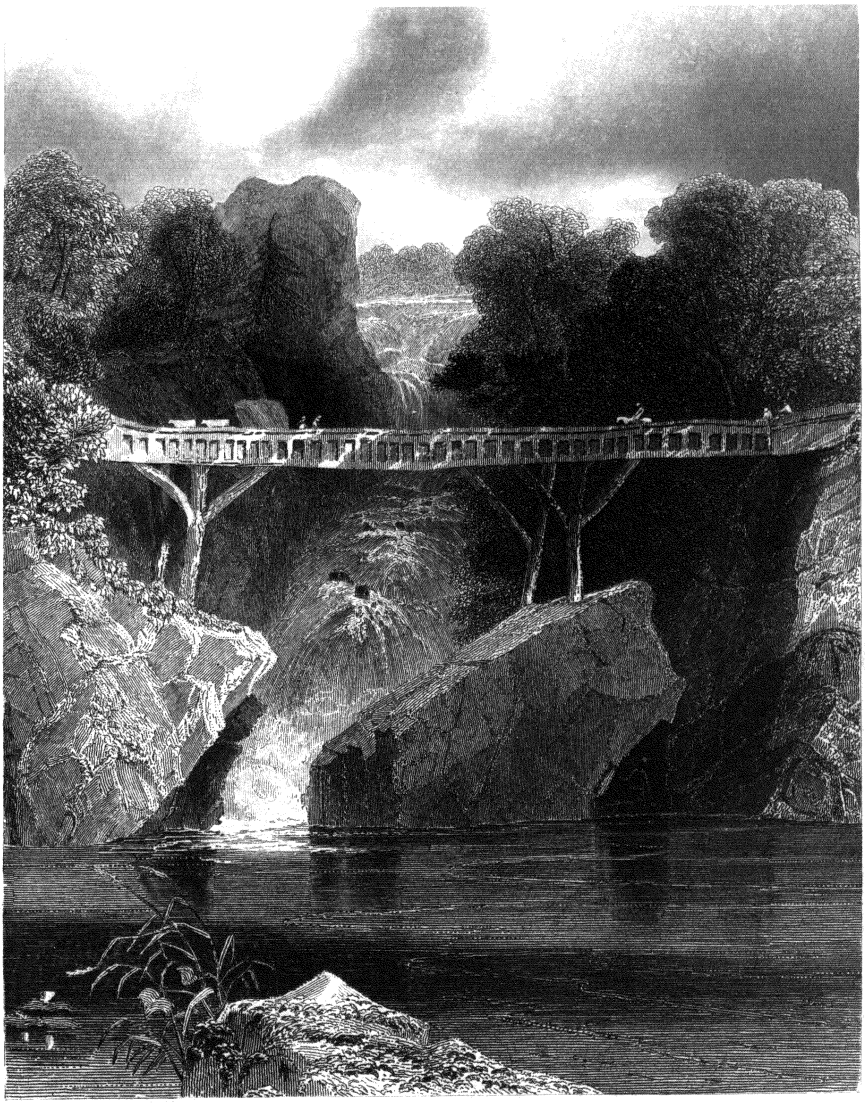

BRIDGE & WATERFALL IN CONNECTICUT.

Engraved by A. D. Jones for Godey's Series of American Views.

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A Reading Party.

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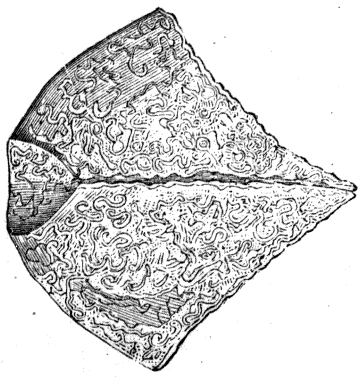

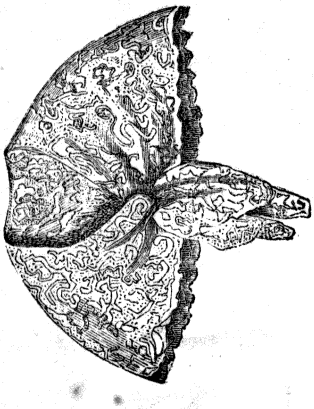

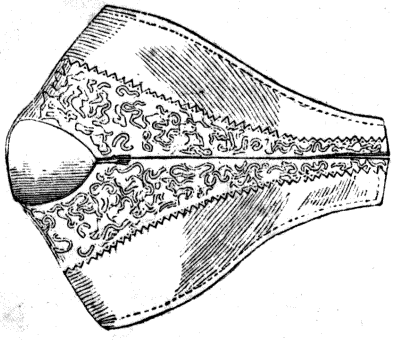

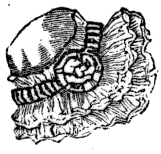

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THE LITERATI OF NEW YORK CITY.—NO. VI.

SOME HONEST OPINIONS AT RANDOM RESPECTING THEIR AUTORIAL MERITS, WITH OCCASIONAL WORDS OF PERSONALITY.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

Mr. Charles Fenno Hoffman has been long known to the public as an author. He commenced his literary career (as is usually the case in America) by writing for the newspapers—for "The New York American" especially, in the editorial conduct of which he became in some manner associated, at a very early age, with Mr. Charles King. His first *book*, I believe, was a collection (entitled "A Winter in the West") of letters published in "The American" during a tour made by their author through the "far West." This work appeared in 1834, went through several editions, was reprinted in London, was very popular, and deserved its popularity. It conveys the *natural* enthusiasm of a true *idealist*, in the proper phrenological sense, of one sensitively alive to beauty in every development. Its scenic descriptions are vivid, because fresh, genuine, unforced. There is nothing of the cant of the tourist for the sake not of nature but of *tourism*. The author writes *what* he feels and, clearly, *because* he feels it. The style, as well as that of all Mr. Hoffman's books, is easy, free from superfluities, and, although abundant in *broad* phrases, still singularly refined, gentlemanly. This ability to speak boldly without blackguardism, to use the tools of the rabble when necessary without soiling or roughening the hands with their employment, is a rare and unerring test of the natural in contradistinction from the artificial aristocrat.

Mr. H.'s next work was "Wild Scenes in the Forest and Prairie," very similar to the preceding, but more diversified with anecdote and interspersed with poetry. "Greyslaer" followed, a romance based on the well-known murder of Sharp, the Solicitor-General of Kentucky, by Beauchampe. W. Gilmore Simms (who has far more power, more passion, more movement, more skill than Mr. Hoffman) has treated the same subject more effectively in his novel "Beauchampe;" but the fact is that both gentlemen have positively failed, as might have been expected. That both books are interesting is no merit either of Mr. H. or of Mr. S. The real events were more impressive than are the fictitious ones. The *facts* of this remarkable tragedy, as arranged by actual circumstance, would put to shame the skill of the most consummate artist. Nothing was left to the novelist but the amplification of *character*, and at this point neither the author of "Greyslaer" nor of "Beauchampe" is especially *au fait*. The incidents might be better woven into a tragedy.

In the way of poetry Mr. Hoffman has also written a good deal. "The Vigil of Faith and other Poems" is the title of a volume published several years ago. The subject of the leading poem is happy—whether originally conceived by Mr. H. or based on an actual superstition, I cannot say. Two Indian chiefs are rivals in love. The accepted lover is about to be made happy, when his betrothed is murdered by the discarded suitor. The revenge taken is the careful *preservation* of the life of the assassin, under the idea that the meeting the maiden in another world is the point most desired by both the survivors. The incidents interwoven are picturesque, and there are many quotable passages; the descriptive portions are particularly good; but the author has erred, first, in narrating the story in the first person, and secondly, in putting into the mouth of the narrator language and sentiments above the nature of an Indian. I say that the narration should not have been in the first person, because, although an Indian may and does fully experience a thousand delicate shades of sentiment, (the whole idea of the story is essentially sentimental), still he has, clearly, no capacity for their various *expression*. Mr. Hoffman's hero is made to discourse very much after the manner of Rousseau. Nevertheless, "The Vigil of Faith" is, upon the whole, one of our most meritorious poems. The shorter pieces in the collection have been more popular; one or two of the *songs* particularly so—"Sparkling and Bright," for example. which is admirably adapted to song purposes, and is full of lyric feeling. It cannot be denied, however, that, in general, the whole tone, air and spirit of Mr. Hoffman's fugitive compositions are echoes of Moore. At times the very words and figures of the "British Anacreon" are unconsciously adopted. Neither can there be any doubt that this obvious similarity, if not positive imitation, is the source of the commendation bestowed upon our poet by "The Dublin University Magazine," which declares him "the best song writer in America," and does him also the honor to intimate its opinion that "he is a better fellow than the whole Yankee crew" of us taken together—after which there is very little to be said.

Whatever may be the merits of Mr. Hoffman as poet, it may be easily seen that these merits have been put in the worst possible light by the indis-

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criminate and lavish approbation bestowed on them by Doctor Griswold in his "Poets and Poetry of America." The compiler can find *no* blemish in Mr. H., agrees with everything and copies everything said in his praise—worse than all, gives him more space in the book than any two, or perhaps three, of our poets combined. All this is as much an insult to Mr. Hoffman as to the public, and has done the former irreparable injury—how or why, it is of course unnecessary to say. "Heaven save us from our friends!"

Mr. Hoffman was the original editor of "The Knickerbocker Magazine," and gave it while under his control a tone and character, the weight of which may be best estimated by the consideration that the work thence received an impetus which has sufficed to bear it on alive, although tottering, month after month, through even that dense region of unmitigated and unmitigable fog—that dreary realm of outer darkness, of utter and inconceivable dunderheadism, over which has so long ruled King Log the Second, in the august person of one Lewis Gaylord Clark. Mr. Hoffman subsequently owned and edited "The American Monthly Magazine," one of the best journals we have ever had. He also for one year conducted "The New York Mirror," and has always been a very constant contributor to the periodicals of the day.

He is the brother of Ogden Hoffman. Their father, whose family came to New York from Holland before the time of Peter Stuyvesant, was often brought into connection or rivalry with such men as Pinckney, Hamilton and Burr.

The character of no man is more universally esteemed and admired than that of the subject of this memoir. He has a host of friends, and it is quite impossible that he should have an enemy in the world. He is chivalric to a fault, enthusiastic, frank without discourtesy, an ardent admirer of the beautiful, a gentleman of *the best* school—a gentleman by birth, by education and by instinct. His manners are graceful and winning in the extreme—quiet, affable and dignified, yet cordial and *dégagés*. He converses much, earnestly, accurately and well. In person he is remarkably handsome. He is about five feet ten in height, somewhat stoutly made. His countenance is a noble one—a full index of the character. The features are somewhat massive but regular. The eyes are blue, or light gray, and full of fire; the mouth finely-formed, although the lips have a slight expression of voluptuousness; the forehead, to my surprise, although high, gives no indication, in the region of the temples, of that ideality (or love of the beautiful) which is the distinguishing trait of his moral nature. The hair curls, and is of a dark brown, interspersed with gray. He wears full whiskers. Is about forty years of age. Unmarried.

MARY E. HEWITT.

Mrs. Hewitt has become known entirely through her contributions to our periodical literature. I am not aware that she has written any prose, but her poems have been numerous and often excellent. A collection of them was published not long ago in an exquisitely tasteful form, by Ticknor & Co., of Boston. The leading piece, entitled "Songs of Our Land," was by no means the most meritorious, although the largest in the volume. In general, these compositions evince the author's poetic fervor, classicism of taste and keen appreciation of the beautiful, in the moral as well as in the physical world. No one of them, perhaps, can be judiciously commended as a whole, but no one of them is without merit, and there are several which would do credit to any poet in the land — still even these latter are rather particularly than generally commendable. They lack unity, totality, ultimate effect, but abound in forcible passages. For example—

"Shall I portray thee in thy glorious seeming,
Thou that the Pharos of my darkness art?"
* * * * * * *
"Like the blue lotos on its own clear river
Lie thy soft eyes, beloved, upon my soul."
* * * * * * *
"Here, 'mid your wild and dark defile,
O'erawed and wonder-whelmed I stand,
And ask, 'Is this the fearful vale
That opens on the shadowy land?'"
* * * * * * *
"And there the slave—a slave no more—
Hung reverent up the chain he wore."
* * * * * * *
"Oh, friends, we would be treasured still!
Though Time's cold hand should cast
His misty veil, in after years,
Over the idol Past,
Yet send to us some offering thought
O'er Memory's ocean wide—
Pure as the Hindoo's votive lamp
On Ganga's sacred tide."

The conclusion of "The Ocean Tide to the Rivulet" puts me in mind of the rich spirit of Harne's noble epic "Orion."

"Sadly the flowers their faded petals close
Where on thy banks they languidly repose,
Waiting in vain to hear thee onward press;
And pale Narcissus by thy margin side
Hath lingered for thy coming, drooped and died,
Pining for thee amid the loneliness.

"Hasten, beloved!—here, 'neath th' o'erhanging rock!
Hark! from the deep, my anxious hope to mock,
They call me backward to my parent main.
Brighter than Thetis thou, and, ah, more fleet!
I hear the rushing of thy fair white feet!
Joy, joy!—my breast receives its own again!"

The personifications here are well managed, and the idea of the ebb-tide, conveyed in the first line italicized, is one of the happiest imaginable; neither can anything be more fanciful or more appro-

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priately expressed than the "rushing of the fair white feet."

Among the most classical in spirit and altogether the best of Mrs. Hewitt's poems, I consider her three admirable sonnets entitled "Cameos." The one called "Hercules and Omphale" is noticeable for the vigor of its rhythm. Another instance of fine versification occurs in "Forgotten Heroes."

"And the peasant mother at her door,
To the babe that climbed her knee,
Sang aloud the land's heroic songs—
Sang of Thermopylæ.

"Sang of Mycale—of Marathon—
Of proud Platæa's day,
Till the wakened hills, from peak to peak,
Echoed the glorious lay.
Oh, god-like name!—O, god-like deed!
Song-borne afar on every breeze,
Ye are sounds to thrill like a battle shout—
Leonidas! Miltiades!"

I italicize what I think the effective points. In the line,

"Sang of Thermopylæ,"

a trochee and two iambuses are employed, in very happy variation of the three preceding lines, which are formed each of an anapæst followed by three iambuses. The effect of this variation is to convey the idea of lyric or martial song. The first line of the next quatrain even more forcibly carries out this idea. Here the verse begins with an anapæst (although a faulty one, "sang" being necessarily long) and is continued in three iambuses. The variation in the last quatrain consists in an additional foot in the alternating lines, a fuller volume being thus given to the close. I must not be understood as citing these passages or giving their analysis in illustration of the rhythmical *skill* of Mrs. Hewitt, but of an occasional happiness to which she is led by a musical ear. Upon the whole, she has a keen sense of poetic excellences, and gives indication, if not direct evidence, of great ability. With more earnest endeavor she might accomplish much.

In character she is sincere, fervent, benevolent, with a heart full of the truest charity—sensitive to praise and to blame; in temperament, melancholy (although this is not precisely the term); in manner, subdued, gentle, yet with grace and dignity; converses impressively, earnestly, yet quietly and in a low tone. In person she is tall and slender, with black hair and large gray eyes; complexion also dark; the general expression of the countenance singularly interesting and agreeable.

RICHARD ADAMS LOCKE.

About twelve years ago, I think, "The New York Sun," a daily paper, price one penny, was established in the city of New York by Mr. Moses Y. Beach, who engaged *Mr. Richard Adams Locke* as its editor. In a well-written prospectus, the object of the journal professed to be that of "supplying the public with the news of the day at so cheap a rate as to lie within the means of all." The consequences of the scheme, in their influence on the whole newspaper business of the country, and through this business on the interests of the country at large, are probably beyond all calculation.

Previous to "The Sun" there had been an unsuccessful attempt at publishing a penny paper in New York, and "The Sun" itself was originally projected and for a short time issued by Messrs. Day & Wisner; its *establishment*, however, is altogether due to Mr. Beach, who purchased it of its disheartened originators. The first decided *movement* of the journal, nevertheless, is to be attributed to Mr. Locke; and in so saying I by no means intend any depreciation of Mr. Beach, since in the engagement of Mr. L. he had but given one of the earliest instances of that unusual sagacity for which I am inclined to yield him credit.

At all events, "The Sun" was revolving in a comparatively narrow orbit when, one fine day, there appeared in its editorial columns a prefatory article announcing very remarkable astronomical discoveries made at the Cape of Good Hope by Sir John Herschell. The information was said to have been received by "The Sun" from an early copy of "The Edinburgh Journal of Science," in which appeared a communication from Sir John himself. This preparatory announcement took very well, (there had been no hoaxes in those days,) and was followed by full details of the reputed discoveries, which were now found to have been made chiefly in respect to the moon, and by means of a telescope to which the one lately constructed by the Earl of Rosse is a plaything. As these discoveries were gradually spread before the public, the astonishment of that public grew out of all bounds; but those who questioned the veracity of "The Sun"—the authenticity of the communication to "The Edinburgh Journal of Science"—were really very few indeed; and this I am forced to look upon as a far more wonderful thing than any "man-bat" of them all.

About six months before this occurrence the Harpers had issued an American edition of Sir John Herschell's "Treatise on Astronomy," and I had been much interested in what is there said respecting the possibility of future lunar investigations. The theme excited my fancy, and I longed to give free rein to it in depicting my day-dreams about the scenery of the moon—in short, I longed to write a story embodying these dreams. The obvious difficulty, of course, was that of accounting for the narrator's acquaintance with the satellite; and the equally obvious mode of surmounting the difficulty was the supposition of an extraordinary telescope. I saw at once that the chief interest of such a narrative must depend upon the reader's yielding his credence in some measure as

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to details of actual fact. At this stage of my deliberations I spoke of the design to one or two friends—to Mr. John P. Kennedy, the author of "Swallow Barn," among others—and the result of my conversations with them was that the optical difficulties of constructing such a telescope as I conceived were so rigid and so commonly understood, that it would be in vain to attempt giving due verisimilitude to any fiction having the telescope as a basis. Reluctantly, therefore, and only half convinced, (believing the public, in fact, more readily gullible than did my friends,) I gave up the idea of imparting very close verisimilitude to what I should write—that is to say, so close as really to deceive. I fell back upon a style half plausible half bantering, and resolved to give what interest I could to an actual passage from the earth to the moon, describing the lunar scenery as if surveyed and personally examined by the narrator. In this view I wrote a story which I called "Hans Phaall," publishing it about six months afterwards in "The Southern Literary Messenger," of which I was then editor.

It was three weeks after the issue of "The Messenger" containing "Hans Phaall" that the first of the "Moon-hoax" editorials made its appearance in "The Sun," and no sooner had I seen the paper than I understood the jest, which not for a moment could I doubt had been suggested by my own *jeu d'esprit*. Some of the New York journals ("The Transcript" among others) saw the matter in the same light, and published the "Moon story" side by side with "Hans Phaall," thinking that the author of the one had been detected in the author of the other. Although the details are, with some exception, very dissimilar, still I maintain that the general features of the two compositions are nearly identical. Both are *hoaxes*, (although one is in a *tone* of mere banter, the other of downright earnest;) both hoaxes are on one subject, astronomy; both on the same point of that subject, the moon; both professed to have derived exclusive information from a foreign country, and both attempt to give plausibility by minuteness of scientific detail. Add to all this that nothing of a similar nature had ever been attempted before these two hoaxes, the one of which followed immediately upon the heels of the other.

Having stated the case, however, in this form, I am bound to do Mr. Locke the justice to say that he denies having seen my article prior to the publication of his own; I am bound to add, also, that I believe him.

Immediately on the completion of the "Moon story," (it was three or four days in getting finished,) I wrote an examination of its claims to credit, showing distinctly its fictitious character, but was astonished at finding that I could obtain few listeners, so really eager were all to be deceived, so magical were the charms of a style that served as the vehicle of an exceedingly clumsy invention.

It may afford even now some amusement to see pointed out those particulars of the hoax which should have sufficed to establish its real character. Indeed, however rich the imagination displayed in this fiction, it wanted much of the force which might have been given it by a more scrupulous attention to general analogy and to fact. That the public were misled, even for an instant, merely proves the gross ignorance which (ten or twelve years ago) was so prevalent on astronomical topics.

The moon's distance from the earth is, in round numbers, 240,000 miles. If we wish to ascertain how near, apparently, a lens would bring the satellite, (or any distant object,) we, of course, have but to divide the distance by the magnifying, or, more strictly, by the space-penetrating power of the glass. Mr. Locke gives his lens a power of 42,000 times. By this divide 240,000, (the moon's real distance,) and we have five miles and five-sevenths as the apparent distance. No animal could be seen so far, much less the minute points particularized in the story. Mr. L. speaks about Sir John Herschell's perceiving flowers (the *papaver Rheas*, etc.), and even detecting the color and the shape of the eyes of small birds. Shortly before, too, the author himself observes that the lens would not render perceptible objects less than eighteen inches in diameter; but even this, as I have said, is giving the glass far too great a power.

On page 18, (of the pamphlet edition,) speaking of "a hairy veil" over the eyes of a species of bison, Mr. L. says—"It immediately occurred to the acute mind of Doctor Herschell that this was a providential contrivance to protect the eyes of the animal from the great extremes of light and darkness to which all the inhabitants of our side of the moon are periodically subjected." But this should not be thought a very "acute" observation of the Doctor's. The inhabitants of our side of the moon have, evidently, no darkness at all; in the absence of the sun they have a light from the earth equal to that of thirteen full moons, so that there can be nothing of the extremes mentioned.

The topography throughout, even when professing to accord with Blunt's Lunar Chart, is at variance with that and all other lunar charts, and even at variance with itself. The points of the compass, too, are in sad confusion; the writer seeming to be unaware that, on a lunar map, these are not in accordance with terrestrial points—the east being to the left, and so forth.

Deceived, perhaps, by the vague titles *Mare Nubium*, *Mare Tranquilitatis*, *Mare Fœcunditatis*, etc., given by astronomers of former times to the dark patches on the moon's surface, Mr. L. has long details respecting oceans and other large bodies of water in the moon; whereas there is no astronomical point more positively ascertained than that no such bodies exist there. In examining the boundary between light and darkness in a crescent or gibbous moon, where this boundary crosses any of the dark places, the line of division is found to be jagged; but were these dark places liquid they would evidently be even.

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The description of the wings of the man-bat (on page 21) is but a literal copy of Peter Wilkins' account of the wings of his flying islanders. This simple fact should at least have induced suspicion.

On page 23 we read thus—"What a prodigious influence must our thirteen times larger globe have exercised upon this satellite when an embryo in the womb of time, the passive subject of chemical affinity!" Now, this is very fine; but it should be observed that no astronomer could have made such remark, especially to any "Journal of Science," for the earth in the sense intended (that of bulk) is not only thirteen but forty-nine times *larger* than the moon. A similar objection applies to the five or six concluding pages of the pamphlet, where, by way of introduction to some discoveries in Saturn, the philosophical correspondent is made to give a minute school-boy account of that planet—an account quite supererogatory, it might be presumed, in the case of "The Edinburgh Journal of Science."

But there is one point, in especial, which should have instantly betrayed the fiction. Let us imagine the power really possessed of seeing animals on the moon's surface—what in such case would first arrest the attention of an observer from the earth? Certainly neither the shape, size, nor any other peculiarity in these animals so soon as their remarkable *position*—they would seem to be walking heels up and head down, after the fashion of flies on a ceiling. The real observer (however prepared by previous knowledge) would have commented on this odd phenomenon before proceeding to other details; the fictitious observer has not even alluded to the subject, but in the case of the man-bats speaks of seeing their entire bodies, when it is demonstrable that he could have seen little more than the apparently flat hemisphere of the head.

I may as well observe, in conclusion, that the size and especially the powers of the man-bats (for example, their ability to fly in so rare an atmosphere—if, indeed, the moon has any) with most of the other fancies in regard to animal and vegetable existence, are at variance generally with alt analogical reasoning on these themes, and thal analogy here will often amount to the most positive demonstration. The temperature of the moon, for instance, is rather above that of boiling water, and Mr. Locke, consequently, has committed a serious oversight in not representing his man-bats, his bisons, his game of all kinds—to say nothing of his vegetables—as each and all done to a turn.

It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to add, that all the suggestions attributed to Brewster and Herschell in the beginning of the hoax, about the "transfusion of artificial light through the focal object of vision," etc. etc., belong to that species of figurative writing which comes most properly under the head of rigmarole. There is a real and very definite limit to optical discovery among the stars, a limit whose nature need only be stated to be understood. If, indeed, the casting of large lenses were all that is required, the ingenuity of man would ultimately prove equal to the task, and we might have them of any size demanded;* but, unhappily, in proportion to the increase of size in the lens, and consequently of space-penetrating power, is the diminution of light from the object by diffusion of the rays. And for this evil there is no remedy within human reach; for an object is seen by means of that light alone, whether direct or reflected, which proceeds from the object itself. Thus the only artificial light which could avail Mr. Locke would be such as he should be able to throw, not upon "the focal object of vision," but upon *the moon*. It has been easily calculated that when the light proceeding from a heavenly body becomes so diffused as to be as weak as the natural light given out by the stars collectively in a clear, moonless night, then the heavenly body for any practical purpose is no longer visible.

The singular blunders to which I have referred being properly understood, we shall have all the better reason for wonder at the prodigious *success* of the hoax. Not one person in ten discredited it, and (strangest point of all!) the doubters were chiefly those who doubted without being able to say why—the ignorant, those uninformed in astronomy, people who *would not* believe because the thing was so novel, so entirely "out of the usual way." A grave professor of mathematics in a Virginian college told me seriously that he had *no doubt* of the truth of the whole affair! The great effect wrought upon the public mind is referable, first, to *the novelty of the idea;* secondly, to the fancy-exciting and reason-repressing character of the alleged discoveries; thirdly, to the consummate tact with which the deception was brought forth; fourthly, to the exquisite *vraisemblance* of the narration. The hoax was circulated to an immense extent, was translated into various languages—was even made the subject of (quizzical) discussion in astronomical societies; drew down upon itself the grave denunciation of Dick, and was, upon the whole, decidedly the greatest *hit* in the way of *sensation*—of merely popular sensation—ever made by any similar fiction either in America or in Europe.

Having read the Moon story to an end and found it anticipative of all the main points of my "Hans Phaall," I suffered the latter to remain unfinished. The chief design in carrying my hero to the moon was to afford him an opportunity of describing the lunar scenery, but I found that he could add very little to the minute and authentic account of Sir John Herschell. The first part of "Hans Phaall," occupying about eighteen pages of "The Messenger," embraced merely a journal of the passage between the two orbs and a few words of general

* Neither of the Herschells dreamed of the possibility of a speculum six feet in diameter, and now the marvel has been triumphantly accomplished by Lord Rosse. There is, in fact, no physical *impossibility* in our casting lenses of even fifty feet diameter or more. A sufficiency of means and *skill* is all that is demanded.

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observation on the most obvious features of the satellite; the second part will most probably never appear. I did not think it advisable even to bring my voyager back to his parent earth. He remains where I left him, and is still, I believe, "the man in the moon."

From the epoch of the hoax "The Sun" shone with unmitigated splendor. The start thus given the paper insured it a triumph; it has now a daily circulation of not far from fifty thousand copies, and is, therefore, probably, the most really influential journal of its kind in the world. Its success firmly established "the penny system" throughout the country, and (*through* "The Sun") consequently, we are indebted to the genius of Mr. Locke for one of the most important steps ever yet taken in the pathway of human progress.

On dissolving, about a year afterwards, his connection with Mr. Beach, Mr. Locke established a political daily paper, "The New Era," conducting it with distinguished ability. In this journal he made, very unwisely, an attempt at a second hoax, giving the *finale* of the adventures of Mungo Park in Africa—the writer pretending to have come into possession by some accident of the lost MSS. of the traveler. No one, however, seemed to be deceived, (Mr. Locke's columns were a suspected district,) and the adventures were never brought to an end. They were richly imaginative.

The next point made by their author was the getting up a book on magnetism as the *primum mobile* of the universe, in connection with Doctor Sherwood, the practitioner of magnetic remedies. The more immediate purpose of the treatise was the setting forth a new magnetic method of obtaining the longitude. The matter was brought before Congress and received with favorable attention. What definite action was had I know not. A review of the work appeared in "The Army and Navy Chronicle," and made sad havoc of the whole project. It was enabled to do this, however, by attacking in detail the accuracy of some calculations of no very radical importance. These and others Mr. Locke is now engaged in carefully revising; and my own opinion is that his theory (which he has reached more by dint of imagination than of anything else) will finally be established, although, perhaps, never thoroughly by *him*.

His prose style is noticeable for its concision, luminousness, completeness—each quality in its proper place. He has that *method* so generally characteristic of genius proper. Everything he writes is a model in its peculiar way, serving just the purposes intended and nothing to spare. He has written some poetry, which, through certain radical misapprehensions, is not very good.

Like most men of *true* imagination, Mr. Locke is a seemingly paradoxical compound of coolness and excitability.

He is about five feet seven inches in height, symmetrically formed; there is an air of distinction about his whole person—the *air noble* of genius. His face is strongly pitted by the small-pox, and, perhaps from the same cause, there is a marked obliquity in the eyes; a certain calm, clear *luminousness*, however, about these latter, amply compensates for the defect, and the forehead is truly beautiful in its intellectuality. I am acquainted with no person possessing so fine a forehead as Mr. Locke. He is married, and about forty-five years of age, although no one would suppose him to be more than thirty-eight. He is a lineal descendant from the immortal author of the "Essay on the Human Understanding."

LINES.

Could I but write my inmost thoughts,
My feelings as they flow,
And tell them all—hopes, joys and doubts—
As gifted ones may do;
To grave the pictures of my soul
Deep in another's breast,
And feel that though time onward roll,
And in the grave I rest,
The mind, the strength, the light of life,
May leave some trace behind,
To light our brothers' paths of strife,
When sympathy they find—

Oh! 'twould be joy unutt'rable
Thus to have language deep
For thoughts which swell the bursting heart
Till life's last, latest sleep—
To write with pen of burning fire
The depth of passion's power—
To tell the dreams that joys inspire
In pleasure's beaming hour—
Words for a pure and lasting love,
A love which ne'er can die;
Oh! but for words its strength to prove,
And seek blest sympathy.

The bitter sorrow's pangs which come
With scorching, blighting heat,
Must they be borne, then, all alone?
No kindred heart to beat?
Oh! give me language of the heart,
That they who read must *feel*—
Words that spring freshly from the fount,
With balm life's wounds to heal;
Give me the speech to gently tell
Religion's blissful sway,
Till the soul bursts the binding spell,
And in utt'rance wells away.—W. L.

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HEART HISTORIES.—PART SECOND.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

"I SAY, Grace," said my friend, Kate Richmond, "I like your cousin Nelly right well; she comes wonderfully near angelhood: but then she wants something—I scarcely know what, but *something*. Does she not lack feeling?"

"You're out there, Kate," I replied, "for our Nelly is *all* feeling."

"Ah, that is just what I meant; it is too evident, too much on the surface, too foamy and frothy—there is no still, unfathomable deep. Or she has no rich hoards of passionate feeling—it is all in small change."

"Why, Kate," said I, half piqued by her want of penetration, "Nelly is yet a mere child. You surely would not ask for strong, concentrated passion in a girl of seventeen. The woman in her nature is yet a sealed fountain; but she will develop gloriously by and by, mark my words. Her character will yet reveal itself in marvelous strength and beauty, and our eyes shall behold it."

If ever there was one I knew thoroughly, heart, mind and soul, it was my sweet cousin, Ellen Montgomery. She came to us a fairy-like child of ten summers, an orphan. Her father had died while she was a mere infant, and when his widow after a few darkened years, was about to follow him, she tenderly bequeathed her sole earthly treasure to a fond and devoted sister, my own mother, well-beloved.

Cousin Nelly found a home, indeed. She was the pet and idol of the household. Our father indulged her, and our mother seemed to feel for her a peculiar tenderness, yet we young folks were never jealous. We saw her growing up surpassingly beautiful, yet we never envied her. There was a magnetism in her loveliness which drew our hearts to hers and fastened them there. At no time of my life have I seen a character so freshly, dewyly natural as hers—one that so turned itself out to the sunlight, was so transparent in its perfect simplicity. She positively could not comprehend the artificial rules of propriety-teachers—what she termed the stupid, meaningless laws which oppress modern society. Perhaps it would have been wise in us to have preached to her on the danger of thus remaining as God had made her—to have counseled her to conform to the regulations of fashion. Our weakness in failing to do this may have cost her some heartaches.

At the time Kate Richmond made the remarks I have noted down, Ellen was the acknowledged belle and beauty of our village. Generous, amiable and light-hearted, she rapidly won the earnest regard of all. And she was a most indefatigable hoarder up of affection: bee-like, she flew from heart to heart, weighing herself down with the sweets of tender and kindly feeling. Yet those who knew her well believed her to possess a rich inner nature, unrevealed even to herself, and that the heart which seemed to open fully to all was yet but a half-unclosed flower, capriciously delaying its unfolding and waiting to have its most glowing leaves kissed apart by the lips of the angel of Love.

It was soon after Ellen was seventeen that the heir of the Grahame property, Mr. James Stuart Grahame, (I give the name in full, as he always wrote it,) burst upon us in sudden glory. He had left our town when a lad, and after graduating at Yale and visiting the land of his fathers, old Scotia, with his mother and sisters, had now come down to have the grand old mansion made inhabitable as a summer residence. Young, rich, handsome and haughty, his advent naturally stirred up our village into a state of delightful excitement. It was at a May party that he first met with us. He was certainly what romantic young ladies call "interesting" in appearance, besides being

> "Perfect in form and feature,
> And so divinely tall;"

but then he had a cold, condescending way with him—a manner I always feel myself especially called upon to resent—and one could see at a glance that he was as proud as the fallen "son of the morning." I afterwards found that, like a true Scot, this pride was his distinguishing trait and ruling passion; it was within, around him, and emanated from him in all directions.

Nelly was our queen, and never shall I forget the startling impression which her first appearance, in all her grace, gayety and blooming beauty, made upon Grahame. He gazed awhile with eyes dilated and lips apart, and then pressed eagerly forward for a presentation. It did my heart good to see the imperious, traveled aristocrat kneeling humbly, blushing like a very schoolboy, and timidly kissing the rose-tipped fingers of our laughing little Nell. But my triumph gave place to a slight feeling of apprehension, as I remarked the eyes of Her Majesty *pro tem.* fixed with evident interest on the glowing face of her courtier-like admirer. I saw it was all over with *him*—that he could do nothing less than haul down colors and surrender to Commodore Cupid; but I did not wish the heart of our brave Nelly to prove so easy a conquest. But what availed my wishes! All through budding May and leafy June was Greenwood cottage honored by

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the frequent presence of Grahame the admirer, Grahame the friend, Grahame the lover, Grahame the adorer, and Grahame the affianced of our darling Cousin Ellen!

The bridegroom elect was boyishly proud of his betrothed, and seemed to exult in having won the beauty of M——. To others he was as imperious and fastidious as ever, but deferential and fondly attentive to Ellen. And she—how gloriously the woman awoke within her! How she trusted in him—how she cared for him—how proud she was of him—how she doted on and treasured up his lightest words! How she poured her very soul out in grateful worship! Yet she loved him familiarly; she sang, and danced, and laughed, and jested with him till her own beautiful and joyous existence seemed so intertwined with his that they could not be separated.

At last, with much "pomp and circumstance," the female part of the family of Grahame came to M——. Ellen and I were among the first to call. We found the mother a stiff, formal Scotch woman, and the two daughters exceedingly plain and exceedingly disagreeable. What was pride and haughtiness in the brother was superciliousness and insolent arrogance in them. As they knew of the engagement, I was indignant at the airs they assumed toward Ellen. Dear girl! it was the first time I had ever seen her painfully embarrassed. The very atmosphere seemed to oppress her. Yet she rattled on, and said many charming things, and some, it must be confessed, more distinguished for *naïveté* than wisdom. She even, when James was mentioned, began warmly praising him out of the fullness of her innocent little heart. But the old mother looked solemn, Miss Euphemia prudish, and Miss Margaret giggled.

On our way home I hinted to Nelly that it were best for her not to seek to *win* the regard of the lofty Scotch dames, but to give them a sufficiency of coldness and formality, and *queen it* in her turn. But no—she had such a holy faith in love—she would subdue them with kindness; she would wind herself into their hearts, and they *must* love her yet. I then suggested that she should endeavor to conceal her partiality for Grahame in the presence of his mother and sisters. I might as well have counseled a wild rose to hide her blushes. It would out. It revealed itself in a thousand ways, and on no occasion did the sisters of Grahame fail to notice it and call the attention of others, till James was evidently annoyed by those very demonstrations of preference which once thrilled his heart with proud pleasure.

Finally, Ellen was honored with an invitation to spend a week at "Grahame Place." She returned before the visit was completed, sad and ill. I questioned her, and she said she had never so felt that she was an ignorant country girl; that she found she could not sing and play Italian like Miss Euphemia, nor speak French and paint in oils like Miss Margaret. "And then," said she, while her face grew crimson, "*I was dressed so plainly.*"

"But, surely," I remarked, "their manner did not make you to feel this? Were they not kind and affable?"

"No; cold and neglectful."

"But James—how was he?"

She threw herself on my breast with a gush of tears, and murmured—"He was like the others."

At last she told of many things he had said and done which had cruelly grieved her heart. One circumstance I now recollect. On the morning of the day of her return an excursion on horseback was planned, and Grahame collected a considerable party.

While showing off the paces of his horse, a fine-blooded animal, the vicious creature suddenly threw him. Grahame was but slightly hurt, but dreading the laughter of his friends, lay for a moment as though insensible. Ellen, half-frenzied, sprang from her palfrey, raised his head on her knee, chafed his temples and called upon him wildly and tenderly. He opened his eyes, poured upon her a look of angry pride, flung her hands rudely from him, and exclaimed, in a harsh undertone—"Good God! Miss Montgomery, do not render yourself and me ridiculous!"

In the afternoon, Ellen pleaded illness and came home.

Three days of terrible suspense passed before she saw the face of her betrothed husband. At last he came, and all in a tremor of fearfulness and love, she received him. In a short time I saw him pass down the avenue, but for more than an hour Ellen remained alone where he had left her.

When she gave me leave to enter, I found her extended on the sofa, her face hid with her hands, and the long, golden curls which had fallen over it, her breast heaving and her neck quivering with quick, convulsive sobs. She could tell me nothing; her anguish was too intense for words;—all night long she wept and moaned within my arms, and her hot tears seemed burning into my heart. Just at dawn she fell asleep, and remained in tranquil slumber for some hours. When she awoke and found me watching beside her, she turned her sorrowful eyes upon me, and said, meekly—"How good of you to show such kindness to a poor, humiliated, forsaken girl."

"*Forsaken!*" I exclaimed. "Has James Grahame *dared* to forsake you?"

"He said we had better part—that he was convinced we were not suited to one another, and he has left me forever."

"And thank God for it!" I cried, "my dove, my lamb, my rose-bud, my everything that is good and gentle and lovable! Grahame was never worthy of you—he never truly loved you. You never reigned over his narrow, little soul. Pride only, 'like a mounting devil,' ruled there. If he thought less of you for your being portionless, let him now see with how *rich* a scorn you can look down on one poor in heart and poor in honor. Learn to despise and detest him as the embodiment of faithlessness and refined cruelty. Let him

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shrivel beneath the scorching contempt of a proud and injured woman!"

She looked up mournfully for a moment, and only replied—"*I love him!*"

Such brief and childlike answers were all she ever returned to my appeals to her pride and attempts to rouse her resentful feeling. She said her heart was so sore, so crushed and trodden to the earth, that she could never be proud again. For the sake of the blissful past, she mourned her faithless lover as one dead, tenderly and forgivingly.

I despair of having my heroine admired by young ladies of spirit. She was, indeed, no tragedy queen—she was but a meek, loving, constant, childlike woman.

All through the winter our beloved Ellen drooped daily, and spring found her but the pale shadow of her former self. Then came a new era in her existence. An uncle of her father, a Bostonian of wealth and family, having married off his last daughter, wrote to his "little unknown niece," entreating her to accept a home with him, and thus "make glad the house and heart of a lonely old man."

She went, and two years passed before we saw her dear face again. She then came to spend a summer with us—the same, and yet how changed.

Ah, she was a magnificent creature in her full, ripened loveliness, with the patrician carriage of her exquisitely moulded head, the serene dignity which slept upon her brow, the womanly purity which looked from her eye, and the winning softness which waited on every curl and curve of her delicate lips! She had none of her former restless thoughtlessness; the very spirit of *repose* seemed pervading her entire character. Every movement was tranquilly graceful. She said little, and her voice was low and deliciously intonated. She laughed in a quiet, musical, lady-like manner, and it even seemed that she smiled leisurely and with thought.

In her absence she had been the idol of her city relatives and the followed and worshiped of a large circle of intellect and fashion, and now the accomplished, self-possessed woman met again the lover of her early girlhood.

Since his heartless desertion of Ellen, he had buried his mother and married his sisters, and now dwelt in solitary grandeur in the old homestead. I witnessed the meeting. He happened in at an evening party, evidently not dreaming of such an encounter till the hostess electrified him by an introduction to his *ci-devant* lady-love. He turned deathly pale, and actually shook with agitation; but Ellen never lost her queenliness for a moment, her eye never quailed, and the hand she extended while remarking carelessly that they were old friends, never trembled.

All present must have seen that he was deeply struck and instantly subdued by the rare combination of natural and artificial fascinations which she presented. He hovered round, and gazed upon her in a silent stupor of admiration. She was dressed superbly that night. A profusion of rich lace and pearls, harmonzing charmingly with her style, contributed not a little to her dazzling beauty.

I could cover pages in telling how from that time, gradually and timidly, like a school-boy who has played truant, the haughty Grahame stole back to his allegiance; how Ellen, though she did not positively encourage, *did not frown on him*, till it was evident that he loved with all his soul, and for once, with all his *pride*. He had *fancied* our little Nell as a pretty plaything, but he now *adored* the elegant, perfectly developed woman as a goddess. He was her most devoted, her knight, her slave, here, there and everywhere at her bidding, till I grew indignant at her not rejecting his homage, at her permitting his presence—for I would sooner have seen her wedded to a wild Seminole than the courtly wife of the master of thousands. At last, with the freedom of other days, I entreated her at least to relieve my suspense. She answered by placing in my hand a letter, to which she had just replied. It was from Grahame. I began reading it with a sneer, but as I read on I was thrilled, amazed and spell-bound by an eloquent outpouring of strong and intense feeling. It clearly revealed that under the influence of a real passion, the writer had found his better nature—*had expanded into a man*. He seemed to have lost his pride in his love, and while daring to offer the fervent devotion of his future life, to be filled with humiliation and contrition for the past. He threw himself on her mercy, dwelt on the remorse which had pursued him since their parting, alluded to the interference of his family, acknowledged that he had first loved her beauty merely, not knowing her worth, yet called Heaven to witness that he had since known no other love, and closed with an appeal to her womanly sympathies, so tender, wild and passionate, that I dared not dream it had been in vain.

"How did you answer?" I asked.

"*I rejected him.*"

"Thank Heaven! But why?"

She quietly placed in my hand a miniature, saying—"*This* is the only man I will ever wed."

I gazed from the picture to her in amazement. The face was new to me, and by no means a handsome one. And yet, as I looked with earnest attention, I grew to liking it exceedingly. It was one of those faces which one might fancy possessed an inner set of features, of surpassing beauty, *shining through*. A something fascinating and endearing appeared to emanate from it; the brow wore the stamp of nobility and the eye was alive with intellect.

"Why, Nell," I exclaimed, "who *can* this be?"

"Mr. Frederick Aymes, of Boston, a poor artist and *protégé* of my uncle, and soon to be my affianced husband."

"Ah, why is he not *now?*" I asked.

"Because I wished to remain free till I had con-

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sulted my early friends, as I told *him*—until I had again met James Grahame, my first love, as I told *myself*."

"Oh, ho, the mystery is out! You were weighing love against love, and the first was found wanting, eh?"

"Yes," she replied, with an emphasis so hearty as to leave me no room for doubt; "and I shall write to Fred to-morrow and send him the face he loves, on ivory;—he painted it a whole year ago."

When I awoke next morning, a delightful one in June, Nelly had risen, and was writing by the window. She wore a morning-dress, white as new-fallen snow—one sleeve unfastened at the wrist, displayed her rounded arm to the dimpled elbow; her hair was tossed carelessly back from her brow, and lightly into a crimson cushion sunk her little unslippered feet. I knew by the dewyness of her eye and the deepened glow of her cheek and lips, to whom she was writing. And then, with the beautiful impulse of a loving heart, she had gathered some half-opened roses from the bush which clambered to our window, placed one in her bosom and laid a handful on the desk by her side.

One week from this time Ellen Montgomery received two letters; one was from James Stuart Grahame, bearing his adieus—he was about revisiting Europe—and the other from Frederick Aymes, announcing his speedy coming. The first Nelly hurried through and laid aside with a sigh of pity, but the second she read and re-read with tears and smiles, kissed, and literally "laid to heart."

In order to give my reader a glimpse into Frederick's character, I will quote some passages from his letter. In alluding to the miniature she had sent, he said—"Heaven and all its good angels bless you for this faint shadow of yourself! I gazed on it long and fondly, but dared not press it to my lips. Was it not strange, dear love? You know I painted it before you took a fancy to your humble servant, and it seemed to wear a cold, calm, *stranger* look. But by-and-by a soft love-light seemed to quiver from the pictured eyes and live around the mouth, and then—and then—and then! I have placed it now where every throb of my heart kisses it! Pardon if I write wildly; I am intoxicated with happiness and dizzy with 'love's divine excess.' Am I not thine, and art thou not mine, my pride, my princess, my Peri—ay, and my Paradise! Ah, how faintly and coldly my pen translates my heart! Gladly would I search through all the languages of the East for endearing words, for rare, sweet names, all glowing with life and perfumed with the breath of love! And yet Ellen, *my own Ellen*, were sweeter, dearer, more deliciously musical than them all. That name! I have grown it in flowers in the garden of my heart; it is traced on my memory in lines of rosy light; it sounds through the chambers of my soul like the voice of an angel."

* * * * * * *

"Did you not say, Ellen," asked I, when she had read me the letter from which the above is extracted, "that Mr. Aymes was poor?"

"Yes," she replied, "he has only his profession."

"Will your uncle favor his suit?"

"No—and I can expect nothing from him."

"Then, Nell, you will have to resign fashionable society."

"No matter, I shall see the more of Fred."

"You must give up expensive dress."

"Oh, Fred admires simplicity."

"You cannot keep a carriage."

"But we can have delightful walks."

"You must take a small house and furnish it plainly."

"Yes; but, coz, elegant furniture would be out of place in a cottage."

"You will have to cover your floors with cheap, thin carpets."

"Ah, then I shall hear *his* step the sooner!"

I caught her hand, kissed it reverently, and pressed it to my heart.

BEATIFUL MOON.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

Beautiful Moon! perhaps to-night
Another eye than mine
Is turned from every earthly light
To gaze alone on thine.

Perchance the maiden of my love
Is looking up to thee;
Her blue eyes rais'd to heaven above—
Her heart away with me.

We've gazed together on thy face,
When wandering side by side;
Our hearts were softened by thy grace,
And asked no joy beside.

And now, though far away, I love
To think we both may look
Together to yon orb above,
As on some heavenly book:

To think her eyes are filled, like mine,
With this pale, silver light,
And that her soul and mine may shine
By the same lamp to-night!

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OUR ARTISTS.—NO. III.

LEUTZE.

In the summer of 1837, a young though baffled enthusiast was roaming amid the picturesque scenery of Virginia. He had gone thither from the capital, where an enterprise which seemed to offer at least the means of immediate subsistence, if not the promise of future distinction, had failed. He was the son of an honest but stern mechanic, born in a small town of southern Germany. At a very early age, the political discontent of his father induced the removal of his family to the United States, and Philadelphia became their home. The imagination of the youth was already tinged with the romantic legends of his fatherland, and he brought to the new world a dreamy habit of mind and many vague but ardent fancies, that gradually shaped themselves into longings for the unattained and visions of renown. A boyhood of comparative seclusion and desultory reading fostered these poetical tendencies, and the most common-place objects were grouped and colored in his reveries according to ideal suggestions. From this state of mind he was painfully awakened by the claims of filial duty, and the reflections which occupied the long vigils by his father's death-bed, led him to resolve upon the profession of an artist as that for which by nature and inclination he was best adapted. His early attempts were rude portraits, which succeeded only on account of their obvious resemblance to the originals, although in one instance the head of a bull-dog was considered a far better likeness than that of his master. At length, with the avidity natural to the occasion, he set about, for the first time, what he deemed worthy to be called a picture. It was based upon the memory of a colored print after Westall. Too impatient to wait for the colors to dry before giving the final touches, the young artist placed it near the fire and went out, anticipating the surprise of the friends he intended to summon when his work was completed;—on his return, it was burned to a blister. The misfortune was not, however, without its consolations, for, though obscured, it was not annihilated—indeed, the fire had produced something of the effect for which many paintings are indebted to time, and his critics found no difficulty in recognizing many obscure but undoubted evidences of rich promise: they encouraged the youth, but it was years before he ventured upon a similar experiment. On the contrary, he wisely turned his attention with zeal to the rudiments of his art, and made great progress under the instruction of a drawing-master of acknowledged merit. The result was that his next portraits, when exhibited by the Artist's Fund Society, won encomiums from competent judges, and led a publisher to engage him to paint the heads of our leading statesmen, to be engraved for a national work. It was in the prosecution of this design that he visited Washington. Our busy politicians could not at that period afford the time to give the artist the requisite sittings. His wants were pressing and his experience limited; it is not, therefore, to be wondered at that, after a few months, he abandoned the project and went into Virginia to soothe his disappointed feelings by communion with nature and reviving the dreams of his boyhood. These musings were, however, no longer wholly pleasurable. He had been brought into contact with reality, thrown suddenly upon his own resources, and obliged to compare experimentally the ideal and the actual. In addition to a bitter sense of the hard laws of necessity—a lesson that the world had taught him—he was now, in the very bosom of that nature to which he had fled as to a mother's arms, made keenly to realize how inadequate is Art, even when a mastery is obtained over her mechanical principles, to express what filled his imagination and glowed in his heart. Thus the avenues of life seemed closed to him, both in its practical and its poetical development. In an aim, directed by regard to the wants of the time and people, and having subsistence chiefly for its object, he had been quite unsuccessful; and when he sought for relief in achievements born of individual genius and enthusiasm, an almost fatal self-distrust palsied his will. To all intelligent and sensitive minds this epoch of existence is well known. To all such it must inevitably occur. It was a kind of "temptation in the desert" to our youthful painter. He desponded, but he was too heroic wholly to despair. A gentleman, whose rich domain he chanced to approach in his wayward rovings, perceived his ability, understood his unhappiness, and aroused him from inaction by a call upon his professional skill. The artist obeyed, but he could not subdue the mood which possessed him. No brilliant scene arose to his fancy, no humorous incident took form and color from his pencil, and the fair landscape around appeared to mock rather than cheer his destiny. He could not bring himself into relation with subjects thus breathing of hope and gayety, but found inspiration only in the records of human sorrow. As the royal mourner bade her companions "sit upon the ground and tell sad stories of the death of kings," the pensive artist found something analogous to his own fate in the story of Hagar and Ishmael. He painted them as having followed up a spent water-course in hopes of finding wherewith to quench their thirst, and sinking

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under the disappointment. He neither saw nor painted the angel of God who showed the fountain in the wilderness; and yet the angel was there, for now the sufferer acknowledges that early vicissitude nerved him for high endeavor, rendered his vision piercing, his patience strong and his confidence firm, and that this incidental effort to triumph over difficulties, was the first of a series which have made his subsequent career progressive and happy.

The subject of Leutze's next picture was an Indian contemplating the setting sun. It gained for him, besides general praise, the permanent friendship of one whose kind interest manifested itself until his death, and through whose influence the artist received an amount of commissions sufficient to justify his embarkation for Europe. After a trying voyage, he arrived in Amsterdam in January, 1841, and having viewed the principal pictures which adorn that city, he hastened to Dusseldorf. He had heard of its celebrated school, and went there with highly raised expectations, which were amply realized. For some months a greater confusion reigned in his mind than he had ever before known, in consequence of the vast number of fresh ideas which he then imbibed. Gradually, however, they arranged themselves into order. The newcomer from America met with a warm reception from the artists, and Lessing offered to give him lessons. He soon undertook his picture of "Columbus before the Council of Salamanca." When completed, Director V. Schadow called to see it, expressed his great satisfaction, and requested Leutze to offer it to the Art Union of Dusseldorf. It was instantly purchased by that institution, and this high compliment to the genius of the stranger, was rendered infinitely more gratifying by the universal and hearty sympathy of the artists, whose uninterrupted friendship proves their sincerity.

These circumstances sufficiently account for Leutze's partiality for the German school, independent of that affinity which may be supposed incident to his birth. He is not, however, without reasons for this preference. "For a beginner in the arts," he observes, in a recent letter, "Dusseldorf is probably one of the very best schools now in existence, and has educated an uncommon number of distinguished men. The brotherly feeling which exists among the artists is quite cheering, and only disturbed by their speculative dissensions. Two parties divide the school—the one actuated by a severe and almost bigoted Catholic tendency, at the head of which stands the Director of the Academy; and the other by a free and essentially Protestant spirit, of which Lessing is the chief representative. The consistency and severity in the mechanical portion of the art taught at this school are carried into the theory, and have led by order and arrangement to a classification of the subjects, which is of essential service, and soon confirmed me in the conviction that a thorough poetical treatment of a picture required that the *anecdote* should not be so much the subject as the means of conveying some one clear idea, which is to be the inspiration of the picture. But the artist, as a poet, should first form the clear thought as the ground-work, and then adopt or create some anecdote from history or life, since painting can be but partially narrative and is essentially a contemplative art."

The best illustration of this view of his profession is found in the paintings of Leutze, which, instead of merely telling a story, have a moral significance—conveying some great idea of chivalry, as in the Northmen—moral dignity, as in Columbus—loyalty to truth or faith, as in Knox and Queen Mary. In each instance, it is not so much the fidelity of the historical scene as the interest of the moral purpose which affects the spectator. We cannot forbear expressing the pleasure which the remarks of Leutze above quoted occasion, as indicating a conscious superiority of design, a lofty yet distinct aim, that confirms the high opinion we had formed of his genius as exhibited in his works.

Three years since Leutze visited Munich—in his opinion the best school of painting in the world. He reveled in the glorious productions of Kaulbach, of Cornelius, and the many ancient specimens collected by the art-loving king of the Bavarians. He felt, in studying creations like these, how much remained for him to attain. After his recent constant application, there was, too, a need of tranquillity. He knew that the mind, like the earth, is enriched by lying fallow, and determined to consecrate a few months to repose. We have already spoken of his wanderings in Virginia. The scene of his present retirement offered a rich contrast. Having finished "Columbus before the Queen," Leutze took advantage of some casual excuse to withdraw himself awhile, and plunged for refreshment into the beautiful scenery of the Suabian Alps—a region abounding in historical interest and full of remains of the architecture of the middle ages. For nearly half a year he loitered about the foot of the Hohenstaufen, where stood the castle of that great race, alike romantic in its rise and fall, from Barbarossa to the ill-fated Conradin of Naples. With the tone of mind so clearly evinced in his pictures, we can easily imagine what food for contemplation Leutze found amid these trophies of the past—memorials of the strife between church and state that agitated civilized Europe for centuries. There are the picturesque relics of the free cities, with their gray walls and frowning towers, in which a few hardy burghers bade defiance to their aristocratic oppressors, and gave the first impulse to that love of liberty which realized itself, after countless vicissitudes, in the institutions of that far western land so dear to the affections of the pilgrim of art. The progress of Freedom thus represented itself in pictures to his mind, forming a long cycle from the first dawning of free institutions in the middle ages to the Reformation—through the revolution in England, the causes of emigration, including the discovery and settlement of America; her early pro-

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tests against oppression—to the war and declaration of independence. Leutze has given us some noble illustrations of this grand series of events, which thus arrayed themselves to his fancy amid the wild scenery and feudal remains of the Hohenstaufen, into a magnificent epic uttered in forms and colors, and we earnestly hope that he will forge many other enduring and golden links of the chain, and thus make the effective in human art symbolize the glorious in human destiny! Such an enterprise accords with the spirit of the age infinitely better than the constant and tame reproduction of obsolete ideas.

Leutze visited every city between this region and the Tyrol, where such views might find nurture and expansion, and arrived in Venice to experience the delight with which that unique city fills every poetic mind—a charm, we fear, soon to be dispelled by the railroad, about to divorce the fair and venerable queen from the sea forever! Titian, Veronese and the Bellinis, he found were only to be known face to face, and never through lifeless translation. Fresh as he was from the north—to use his own expressive phrase—he warmed himself in the sunshine of their colors. At Bologna he first saw an undoubted Raphael, and experienced a strange joy as he stood before the St. Cecilia. "But my joy was much impaired," he writes, "by three or four scaffolds and easels with miserable daubs that were to be sent into the world as copies. I soon learned, however, by after experience, that scarcely any beautiful picture can be seen in Italy except through the fretwork of half-a-dozen easels." A want of sympathy with many of the subjects of art in Rome, so different from those to which he had been devoted, prevented Leutze from enjoying the Eternal City with the enthusiasm usual to artists. He could not readily separate the execution from the subject, though impressed with the genius of the former. He chiefly admired Michel Angelo, for his power and individuality, regarding him as a prophet of the future and Raphael as an exquisitely beautiful reflection of the past. Here Leutze painted the Norsemen. Through Pisa, Genoa and Milan, he went to Switzerland—his powers of observation constantly exercised—and took the Rhine at Strasburg. Absorbing as the scenes of his pilgrimage had proved, they had not cast into the shade a beloved image, which made him greet the neighborhood of Dusseldorf with emotion—and one who was there dear to him soon became the partner of his life.

Few pictures at the last exhibition of the National Academy, attracted such notice as "The Landing of the Northmen." It gave, perhaps, unqualified pleasure to no one, but interested all who possessed any adequate sense of what is intrinsically meritorious in art. This arose naturally from its freedom from that tameness of design which is so refreshing to the eye weary with exploring the complacent mediocrities that occupy so large a space in most annual exhibitions. Pausing before this picture, we might, at all events, congratulate ourselves upon having a reality to look at. "Here, at least," we could say, "is no timid draughtsman, no flat and superficial attempt: the man who did this was no shuffler; he was not afraid to call his soul his own; he had something decided to say with his colors and drawing, and he has said it very emphatically, and we are much obliged to him for speaking out like a man instead of mumbling. We like the bold style of his address, and we feel at once that whatever may be his deficiencies in artistic skill, he has that primal and absolute claim upon our respect and affection which consists in *manhood*—a quality not co-existent by necessity with any degree of talent or species of profession." "The Landing of the Northmen" is doubtless a very extravagant composition; there is something almost too melo-dramatic about it. The position of the leader, the rushing ardor of the debarkation, the almost supernatural air of the figures, strikes us at first as incongruous. Some faults of execution, too, are easily discerned. Yet in spite of these objections, the picture is conceived in a fine spirit. We must enter into the artist's idea to enjoy it. Let us imagine, then, the long and anxious voyage that preceded this arrival, the chivalric character of that race so well suggested by the Norse songs of Motherwell and the "Skeleton in Armor" of Longfellow; imagine them, after great suspense and deprivation, coming in sight of the promised land, about to exchange the dreary ocean for the safe and fertile precincts of a tropical isle! As the boat's keel grazed the beach, who with a spark of enthusiasm cannot sympathize with the leader bearing aloft in his huge arms the bride who had braved the deep with him, arrayed in her queenly attire, her fair hair floating on the land-breeze and her blue eyes dilated with triumph? Is there not a beautiful hint of the "heart of courtesy" in the woman's foot pressed upon the mariner's knee, and the care bestowed upon the old mother in the stern? Is it not very natural that the sea-worn boy should clutch at the overhanging grapes? May not the quietude in the expression of the principal female figure be the calm of unutterable joy? There is a noble greeting in the outstretched arm of the chieftain; his air is full of victorious happiness, as if, while realizing his daring hopes,

> "Toward the shore he spread his arms
> As if the expanded soul diffused itself,
> And carried to all spirits with the act
> Its affluent inspiration."

In the picture of Cromwell and his daughter, we find a similar incongruity in the detail and power of general effect. The countenances of the two are assuredly full of moral expression—the masculine energy of the Puritan woman and the subdued determination of her father, tell their own story with dramatic vividness; but then the female's arm is that of a washerwoman—an anatomical absurdity. "Columbus in Chains," we believe, first

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gained Leutze a wide renown on this side of the water. It is too well known and justly appreciated to require any description. When sent to the great exhibition at Brussels, it received from the King of the Belgians the medal à Vermeil, as a "Recompense Nationale." Perhaps the picture most characteristic at once of his genius and artistic skill, is that representing John Knox in his celebrated interview with Queen Mary. The artist could scarcely have chosen a subject more happily adapted to his powers. The varied passions enlisted on that remarkable occasion are admirably portrayed. The work is sufficient to stamp Leutze as a master of expression. That of the queen and great reformer are given with singular fidelity, and equal what the imagination anticipated. The painter has greatly heightened the dramatic effect of the whole by the introduction of two female attendants, one French and the other Scotch—the one, of course, astonished at the heresy and perhaps disgusted at the assurance of Knox, and the other full of admiring sympathy. This excellent work is in the possession of a gentleman of Philadelphia. We confess, however, to no little partiality for another picture by Leutze belonging to a truly patriotic lover of the arts, whose small but most admirable collection nobly vindicates the claims of our own artists to generous patronage.* It is "Columbus before the Queen." We have heard the figure of the latter complained of as wanting grace, but to us there is something exceedingly true to nature in the contrast between her bearing and that of Ferdinand. He does not forget himself, but listens with royal self-possession; yet is cunning suffered to betray itself in the expression of his motionless features. But in Isabella the woman supersedes the queen. There is a fine abandonment in her very attempt at self-control, and the manner in which the hand presses the temples is part of the natural language of subdued feeling. The figure of Columbus is noble and impressive. The felicity with which so many forms are grouped, the emotion or its absence in the different faces, the fine harmony of coloring and variety of costume, make the picture a delightful and satisfactory study.

There is a spirit in the world born of earnest natures, which gives rise to what may be called the poetry of action. It aims to embody heroic dreams and prompts men to nourish great designs in secret, to leap from the crowd of passive lookers-on and become pioneers, discoverers and martyrs. It gives the primary impulse to reform, lends sublime patience to scientific research, cheers the vigil and nerves the arm of him who keeps watch or wages battle for humanity. It is the spirit of Adventure. The navigators of the age of Elizabeth and the religious innovators of a later day, knew its inspiration; and in all times the knight, the apostle, the crusader and the emigrant, have illustrated its power. All the momentous epochs of life and history are alive with its presence, and it glows alike in the wars of Spanish invasion, the protests of Luther, the voyages of Raleigh, the revolt of Masaniello, the experiment of Fulton, and in the heart of many a volunteer who is, at this moment, encamped beyond the Rio Grande. Leutze delights in repesenting Adventure. He ardently sympathizes with chivalric action and spirit-stirring events; not the abstractly beautiful or the simply true, but the heroic, the progressive, the individual and earnest phases of life warm his fancy and attract his pencil. His forte is the dramatic. Events awaken his interest far more than still-life, however charming, and the scenes he aspires to portray, instead of being calm reflections of nature, must be alive with some destiny, suggestive of a great epoch in human affairs, or palpitate with the concentrated life of one of those moments in an individual's career when the thoughts of years converge to a focus or shape themselves into victorious achievement. This sense of the adventurous and vivid sympathy with what is impressive in character and memorable in history, seems to us the marked characteristic of Leutze's genius. It is manifest in all his successful efforts, and distinguishes him from that large class of artists who are quite content with the mere beauty of a scene and the familiar in life. If Leutze were not a painter, he certainly would join some expedition to the Rocky Mountains, thrust himself into a fiery political controversy, or seek to wrest a new truth from the arcana of science. He is a living evidence of one of Emerson's aphorisms—"there is hope in extravagance, there is none in routine." We remember hearing a brother artist describe him in his studio at Rome, engaged for hours upon a picture, deftly shifting pallette, segar and maulstick from hand to hand, as occasion required; absorbed, rapid, intent, and then suddenly breaking from his quiet task to vent his constrained spirits in a jovial song or a romp with his great dog, whose vociferous barking he thoroughly enjoyed; and often abandoning his quiet studies for some wild, elaborate frolic, as if a row was essential to his happiness. His very jokes partook of this bold heartiness of disposition. He scorned all ultra-refinement, and found his impulse to art not so much in delicate perception as in vivid sensation. There was ever a reaction from the meditative. His temperament is Teutonic—hardy, cordial and brave. Such men hold the conventional in little reverence, and their natures gush, like mountain streams, with wild freedom and unchastened enthusiasm. Leutze resembles Carlyle. There must be great affinity in their minds—both impress and win us through a kind of manly sincerity and courageous bearing. The paintings of the one, like the writings of the other, often violate good taste and offend us by exaggeration in details; but we readily forgive such defects, because of the earnest and adventurous spirit, the exhilarating strength of will, the genuine individuality they exhibit. Both, too, eloquently teach Hero-Worship, and enlist our

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sympathies in behalf of those who bravely endure or calmly dare for the sake of "an idea dearer than self." Leutze has given evidence that he can illustrate some of the highest tendencies of the age. We recognize in him a prophetic rather than a retrospective genius. If true to himself, he will convey higher and more effective lessons than modern art has usually aspired to. We have painters enough who can ably depict the actual in external nature and the ideal of beauty in the abstract, but very few who have the energy and comprehensiveness to seize upon heroic attitudes and make clear to the senses, as well as to the soul, that "the angel of martyrdom is brother to the angel of victory." Leutze has a heart that beats in unison with the echoes of the mountains, that swells at the thought of great deeds and exalted suffering, and can appreciate the majestic loveliness that plays, like a divine halo, around those who have deemed freedom and truth dearer than life, and vindicated their faith by deeds. We hope to see more of the great events of our own history made the subject of his labors, for we are confident that no living painter is better fitted to enter into the spirit which makes glorious our country's annals, than Emmanuel Leutze.

LONGFELLOW THE POET.

In brilliant fancy and elegant diction our American poet Longfellow will bear comparison with any who write at present in the English language. He has the additional merit, and that is not a small one, of having kept himself perfectly free from the nasal whine of the transcendental school, which is so much in vogue at the present day, and which is destined to be universally regarded with a feeling of nausea at no very distant future day. The peculiar twang of the transcendental poets is conventional and counterfeit. Longfellow's verses are classical—masculine. They have the clear, silver ring of the true coin.

We copy a short piece from the recent edition of Longfellow's poems, published by the Harpers, which we have already noticed. It is entitled—

IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY.

The sun is bright—the air is clear—
The darting swallows soar and sing—
And from the stately elms I hear
The bluebird prophesying spring.

So blue yon winding river flows,
It seems an outlet from the sky,
Where, waiting till the west wind blows,
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

All things are new; the buds, the leaves
That gild the elm-tree's nodding crest,
And even the nest beneath the eaves;—
There are no birds in last year's nest.

All things rejoice in youth and love,
The fullness of their first delight!
And learn from the soft heavens above
The melting tenderness of night.

Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme,
Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay;
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
For, oh, it is not always May!

Enjoy the spring of love and youth,
To some good angel leave the rest;
For time will teach thee soon the truth,
There are no birds in last year's nest!

THE FORSAKEN.

BY EDWIN HERIOT.

Hark! *footsteps* are advancing,
While earth is wrapped in sleep—
Around her dark eye glancing,
One sits alone to weep;
Long since the evening's leading star
Twilight had ushered in,
Those eyes had gazed in silence far,
The lonely cot within.

Hark! footsteps are advancing,
While earth is wrapped in sleep,
Around her dark eye glancing,
She sits alone to weep;
'Tis vain—the hunter's echoing horn
Proclaims all hope is past;
The strangers pass—the poor forlorn,
One look around her cast,

Then silently her steps she bends
Back to her troubled rest;
Each rustling leaf a thrill now sends
To her distracted breast.
'Tis vain—he revels far away,
Nor heeds the anguish deep
Pervading that fair dwelling where
She sits alone to weep.

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SUTHERLAND HALL.

BY J .F. OTIS.

CHAPTER I.

LATE in one of the days of autumn in the year 1787, a young English gentleman sat alone in a gloomy, scantily furnished room, near the top of a Parisian hotel, absorbed in deep contemplation of past events and vague though melancholy anticipations of the future. The second son of the Earl of Sutherland, brought up in all the luxury and splendor of a highly aristocratic family, a slight glance round him brought the contrast of situation full on his mind; and though that situation and its consequent seclusion were voluntary and every privation self-imposed—for he might have sat at the table of his elder brother, who was still unmarried, and have ranged at will through the magnificent halls of his ancestors, for no diminution of affection had ever taken place between the brothers—yet the contrast did press heavily on his heart, not unmingled with deeper regrets and softer feelings than those of mere external circumstances.

At a very early age, when impressions on the heart are the most vivid, the honorable Mr. Bertie had engaged himself to a lady five years his junior, a distant relation bearing the same family name, whose fortune, like his own, was small, and with whom a marriage at that time would have been highly imprudent, though the fair object of his sole affections was possessed of prudence and habits of self-control beyond her years. They had, therefore, agreed to separate for a term of years, and by the strictest economy improve the pittance usually allotted to the younger branches of noble families, softening the pangs of absence by a steady devotion, and dreaming, as youth will dream, of happier days in store for them. Five years had passed, yet, in Mr. Bertie's view, their united income would not suffice for an honorable or even decent establishment in his own country; nor could he ask her to leave her friends, to whose comfort she was absolutely necessary, the more especially as the mutterings of that tempest began to be heard in the distance that was soon destined to overwhelm *la belle France* in its darkest horrors.

Mr. Bertie thought of all the hours that had passed, painful and lonely, of all that might yet come, uncheered by the presence of one beloved being or enlivened by a single ray of cheerfulness, the victim of a system to which he had so strictly bound himself that even the visits of his English friends to Paris broke but little on the monotony of his strict seclusion. For the society usually found in the first cities of Europe he had no taste, and to Parisian gayety an absolute aversion. The spectacle and the coterie alike sickened him. For general literature, though accounted an elegant classical scholar, he felt little enthusiasm, and the growing differences in political opinions presented a formidable barrier to social intercourse. His sole amusement was in pacing the long avenues of the Tuileries or in exploring the more distant and retired gardens of the city; but these walks, though they contributed much toward forming a habit useful to him in after life, gave but little relief to the sombre cast of his reveries. The long, straight alleys, the formal parterres and artificial *jets d'eau*, looked pitiful to one accustomed to the wild magnificence of his paternal domain, where even the ornamented grounds bore somewhat of the stamp of primeval grandeur. The wild and bushy dells, the swelling lawns of great extent, their green knolls crowned with groups of the largest forest trees, the broad river and the fierce cataract were fixed in his memory, though almost unconsciously to himself, for he was not an ardent admirer of the picturesque in nature; and he still more frequently contrasted the minute, if not meretricious ornaments of the *salons* with the family mansion of his ancestors, vast in its proportions, solid in its architecture, and almost regally splendid in decoration.

There are some minds so happily constituted that they will extract sweets even from the most unpromising circumstances of life, but Mr. Bertie's was not of this stamp; he was doomed to be the victim of a master passion which discolored his present feelings and eventually swallowed up all others. It might be difficult to say how far that passion was advanced at the moment when, seated in his gloomy apartment, he seemed to be thinking only of an open letter he held in his hand, but circumstances totally unforeseen and unexpected fixed it—and that forever.

His hopeless views of a future establishment had insensibly communicated a tone to his now unfrequent letters to Lady Anne Bertie. The letter on which he seemed to ponder, though in truth his mind was far away, was her last, breathing the tenderness of an affectionate heart regulated by the purest feelings of feminine propriety, and some natural aspirations to a world where the sickening pangs of disappointment will not enter. It was just that hour of twilight when the stuccoed walls and floor received more strongly the flickering beams of brands on the hearth, that an unaccustomed footstep slowly ascended the staircase, and after some hesitation a soft rap indicated a wish for admittance. It was seldom that Mr. Bertie had a visitor, and he was somewhat startled; still more

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so when he heard the voice and discovered the outline of a figure familiar to him. It was his brother's confidential servant, whose situation as gentleman out of livery gave him at all times free access to the heads of the family. There was now something very unusual in his manner. He hesitated, faltered, and was not able to utter a distinct word till Mr. Bertie spoke.

"How now, Jones—what brings you hither?"

"My lord!" exclaimed the man, and stopped, unable to go on.

Oh, how much was crowded into that little word! Mr. Bertie saw that it was addressed to him, and felt his heart throb with overpowering mingled emotions. It was some moments before either spoke, when Jones, in a broken voice, said—"I am come, my lord, with very heavy tidings!"

Who shall tell what is in the heart of man till the electric touch of apparent accident operates upon it? Mr. Bertie had been an affectionate brother, and he had received from this his sole remaining near relative more testimonies of real attachment than is often found between brothers of a noble house, whose revenues have been diminished either by want of care or more culpable extravagance. Yet who can declare or describe what were the predominant feelings when it was disclosed that title, estate, and all that now belonged to that noble house, had fallen to one brother by the death, sudden, untimely death of the other?

A short time sufficed to hear all that it was necessary for Jones to say at the present moment, and for the indulgence of the grief natural on such an occasion. Instant preparations were made for quitting Paris, and as a preliminary step, moneys were drawn from the banker's hands, placed there under very different circumstances. A few days since these would have seemed large sums, now they were comparatively small.

While on the way to England, Lord Sutherland had much to hear relative to the present state of the property he inherited. Rumours of a very painful nature had reached Paris, but now more astounding truths were to wound the ears and heart of the new-made heir. Five years had consummated a ruin, the extent of which exceeded credibility. Of great recklessness and habits of dissipation the sorrowing brother was prepared to hear, but when he found that a spirit of gaming was superadded to days and nights of excessive intemperance, plunged into to shut out the chance of intruding reflection, he was overwhelmed with a variety of conflicting feelings, each one contending for mastery in turn.

Jones described the dilapidation into which the house and offices were fallen, as well as the racked and murmuring state of the tenants; but there were other things on which he touched lightly, only hinting at the depredations of foreign mistresses and the exactions of titled sharpers, afraid to tell the whole truth at once, and it was not till they reached the verge of the domain that Lord Sutherland was aware of the frightful devastation caused by the injudicious havoc among the timber, once the finest in the country. It was when a turn in the road brought them in sight of the porter's lodge that he found a noble grove of aged oaks gone—not a tree remaining to shelter or adorn the entrance to the park, not a sapling left or planted to supply their place. Tears of bitter anguish fell slowly from his eyes. Throughout what had been called the pleasure grounds, the same dreary aspect struck on his heart; wherever the hand of the spoiler had touched, all was waste and desolation.

Lord Sutherland now dreaded to see the house; he wished to retain the memory of it as he had often seen it in his dreams, but the horses hurried on and he was compelled to behold its shattered windows, crumbling walls, the fallen roofs of many of the offices, mocked, as it seemed to him, by a streaming sunbeam from a heavy autumnal sky, touching and tinting the massive projections with a garish brilliancy, while the retiring parts were left in gloomy shade, heavy as that gathering round its master's heart and imagination.

This superb mansion was of a date somewhat earlier than that called the Elizabethan. Its front was castelated, and stretched in antique magnificence over a lawn once ornamented by groups of tall trees, which, by partially hiding the open corridors that connected the main building with the offices, gave an appearance of length to the whole pile perfectly compatible with the solemn grandeur of its proportions. A few trees were left, but it was only those whose age rendered them useless; and now it seemed to Lord Sutherland as if these centenarians with their hollow trunks and withered branches mocked rather than adorned the edifice. Each of the former Earls of Sutherland had endeavored to keep up the principal *façade* in unbroken unity, all repairs being made with the utmost care to suit the color and style of architecture. Other aspects of the building had been Italianized after the designs of Palladio or Sansovino. Airy halls, with lofty porticos, pediments and entablatures of sculpture, were more suited to the equal climate and sunny skies of southern Europe than to the damp, gloomy atmosphere of variable England.

CHAPTER II.

In one of the largest drawing-rooms of his ruined house the body of the late Lord Sutherland lay in state. Jones stood at a respectful distance while the mourning brother bent over the bier, but he could see the changes of his countenance, and marked, though he could not understand, the strong emotions that worked every muscle of his face. Sorrow gradually disappeared, and a stern expression of resolution usurped its place. He seemed, by the throwing up of his right hand, to be making a vow, which he called the dead to witness by firmly pressing it on the coronet that

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stood on the lid of the coffin, the pall being thrown back half way that the gorgeous plate might be seen bearing the age and titles of the man cut off by his own follies at the age of thirty. He then left the room, but instead of passing to that prepared for his reception, desired Jones to attend him in that one expressly set apart for the transaction of business. Here, before he had taken the refreshment necessary after a journey, he went into the minutest details of his brother's affairs, as far as could be ascertained in the absence of the steward.

It appeared that no will had ever been made by the last lord; thus every dependent was left to the care of the heir, whose feelings received no slight shock on learning that a young and beautiful French mistress lay in all the abandonment of grief in a distant part of the house. But the next day was appointed for the funeral, and he suffered no expression to pass his lips, except desiring to see the person on whom the management of this pageant was to devolve. Jones delivered up the key of the closet where the plate and jewels had always been kept, and left Lord Sutherland to his own bitter reflections.

Very early on the morning destined to convey the body to the family mausoleum, the undertaker was closeted a full hour with the present head of the house. As this man passed afterwards through the hall he was observed to shake his head, and with folded hands, muttered, "The glory of Sutherland Hall is departed!" The household augured from this significant speech much alteration in the mode of conducting the ceremony, but no observance that should grace the bier of a British nobleman was wanting. Contrary to the usual custom, all the expenses attending it were immediately paid after a very careful inspection of the different items. The manager, much pleased with this unexpected promptness, was more jocular than before, and laying his finger to the side of his nose, nodded to the liveried train with much significance, and said, in an under tone—"A right tight one, I'll warrant him!"

The morning after the interment the young French woman was removed, with funds for a journey to her own country, and a sum for support till she could find some mode of subsistence; every servant was then dismissed with a gratuity, proportioned to the length of their stay in the family. The steward, after such an investigation of his accounts as he little expected, shared the fate of the others, but not without a hint that the deeply mortgaged estate must have been sadly mismanaged. Only one middle-aged female and a boy of fifteen supplied the place of a large number of domestics; and a tenant, a shrewd, intelligent man, was engaged to assist in out-door management whenever he might be needed. It was from the hints of this man, who could not help glorying in the great change about to take place, that much was gathered of the internal and external economy of Sutherland Hall and estate; and the whole neighborhood were thrown into a state of consternation when they found Lord Sutherland was neither going back to Paris, nor had any immediate intention of quitting his melancholy residence.

Jones offered in the most respectful manner to stay even without a salary to assist in any way in which he could be made useful, but Lord Sutherland kindly bade him seek a richer master, offering him all his interest in that way, or the first farm on the estate that should become vacant with every facility for entering on it. The housekeeper was selected on his recommendation, as one who had left her situation in the household rather than witness the lax doings there, and retiring to one of the cottages, had worked very hard for a bare living. This person, who, from her primitive manners, had obtained the *sobriquet of* Dame Alice, though her real name was Mary Green, Lord Sutherland well remembered, and felt the value of the acquisition.

When all these painful duties were performed, Lord Sutherland set himself seriously to the regulation of his small establishment and future plans of life. Nothing but the economy of his Parisian life could have enabled him to enter into the petty details he now felt himself imperiously called on to commence; and, such is the force of habit, he did it with a cheerfulness surprising to himself, when he remembered the luxury and splendor of his early days.

In the last few preceding years it had become a habit, when any of the rooms wanted repair, to remove the most valuable part of the furniture, close the shutters and lock up the door. Into each one of these desolate apartments the sorrowing master passed, without an eye to witness the strong emotions he knew many well-remembered objects must call up. He had traversed many a saloon and gallery in which want of air had hastened decay, and cast his eye over many a pile of superb paintings nearly dropping from their frames; and though he well knew their inestimable value, yet as they would not avail to redeem the mortgaged acres—for pride forbade their sale—he passed them over as uninteresting relics of former grandeur.

All the windows and roofs were carefully repaired throughout the whole pile of buildings, and most of the rooms, save the library, one long gallery for exercise in unfavorable weather, a hall of entrance and one for the transaction of business, were destined once more to be shut up, and who could divine when they were to be reopened?

It was now that the full value of Dame Alice was to be appreciated. She had from her very infancy been a domestic in some rich or noble family, and had tact enough to distinguish what was really valuable in furniture or decoration. She crowded all that was possible into the gallery where she imagined Lord Sutherland would frequently walk, as the windows opened into a lofty portico looking over the once beautiful park; covered its velvet hangings with the most valuable

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of the pictures, gems of the Italian school; and where it was possible to place a statue or a bust, ranged them so close that a less abstracted man than Lord Sutherland might have smiled to see Socrates close by the side of a Circe, or Demosthenes in amicable vicinity to Cleopatra. She was truly grieved with the denuded state of the library and sad condition of the books that were left, but encouraged by finding odd volumes in different places, and many packed up in boxes ready apparently to be conveyed away, she searched the whole house, and the shelves began to put on a different appearance, though many valuable works were missing as well as many an ornament of price or virtù. A few rich damask curtains, disposed with housewifely care, served at once to hide the empty shelves and keep the drapery from suffering by damp, a circumstance of much importance in her eyes. All, indeed, that would suffer from neglect, she contrived to get together in a few rooms where there might be an occasional airing by fire. Many suites of apartments were left quite empty and consigned to utter neglect, but it had been so in former times, when it was the fashion to have haunted wings or towers which no authority could induce the ignorant to enter: whole ranges of these, without remorse, had long been left solely to the owls and bats.

In the selection of rooms for his own use, Lord Sutherland had made no reference to visitors of ceremony—for these he did not fear. Before it could be expected he would receive any one, the neighboring families would be occupied by the Christmas festivals, and immediately afterwards by preparations for the season in London. A few denials might show that he did not intend to see company, and the astonishment as well as the different conjectures on the strangeness of his proceedings would be transferred to some newer and, consequently, more interesting object.

The next important movement was to visit and become personally acquainted with all the tenants, to listen to their grievances and to redress them, if it could be done well for both parties, intimating at the same time that he intended to be his own steward; and though afterwards no coercion was used or even hinted at, the farmers dreaded his stern silence more than the loquacious threats of any hireling, and were seldom if ever in arrear. Every part of the estate was critically inspected, and all things put in the best possible train for the redemption of the heavy mortgages. To accomplish this darling object no exertion was too great, no privation too severe. Lord Sutherland toiled by day and planned by night, and though he did not, as many gentlemen have unwisely done, take any of his farms into his own hands, yet he not only curtailed the park of its fair proportions, but he exchanged the large herds of deer, with the exception of a small number, for more profitable sheep, which were allowed to graze up to the porch of entrance.

One revolving year saw a large sum collected to free some of the acres from the disgrace of incumbrance, and Lord Sutherland began to breathe more freely when he took, as was his custom in Paris, his long and lonely walks. Before the final closing up of the empty rooms, he had discovered a neglected portrait of his mother. With his own hands he cleaned it from the dust and mildew, and displaced a splendid Titian that it might hang over the chimney-piece in the library, to be always in his sight. The sweet but mournful countenance seemed to smile on him, such a smile as he remembered she wore when grief and sickness were hurrying her to the grave; and this inanimate canvas was his only friend—his sole companion.

Another year was stealing away, and where was Lady Anne Bertie? She was still in his heart—but could he, a landless lord, think of marriage? And what might arise before his estate was clear? Still it was necessary to write, and a letter coldly detailed his heavy burdens and still heavier feelings. Even this letter, mockery as it was, never reached its destination. There was no post-bag at Sutherland Hall; the few epistles that left its doors were committed to the care of Richard the boy, who, like others of his age, had something very important to occupy his attention at that precise moment, and kept it some days from the distant post-office;—when safely deposited there, a blunder was committed by the negligent post-master, who put it into a way of going north when it should have gone south; and after many migrations, it fell into a dead-letter office, so covered with postmarks and writing that the original name could not be deciphered.

Lord Sutherland had not asked for an answer—perhaps he did not wish for one. Weeks and months rolled away, and he felt piqued by apparent neglect. He wrote again, almost angrily, ironically glancing at his poverty as well as the hopeless future, and saying more expressly, "it would be unjust in him to expect a lady to waste the best years of her life in waiting the slow redemption of property he was determined to accomplish before he took any other step in life." This letter unfortunately reached Lady Anne; and however he might look for an answer, none came.

CHAPTER III.

Month after month rolled away, the absorbing passion of accumulation weakening if not overpowering the puerile dreams of affection. Lord Sutherland fancied a change had come over the portrait of his mother; to his now unfrequent glance it no longer seemed to smile. It is certain that he seldom saw it by daylight, and by the flickering of an evening fire or dim, solitary lamp, the countenance wore a mournful expression. This imagination helped to awaken him, after a lapse of six years, from the dreams of sordid avarice to the

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reflection that he was redeeming and improving a vast estate to which there was a moral possibility no heir of his own might succeed.

"Poor Lady Anne!" said he: "I have done very wrong; she had every reason to expect a visit instead of a letter. But it is not too late to repair all this. I will write again, and then throw myself at her feet. I know she will forgive me, though in truth she had more reason to be angry than I had."

The letter was written, detailing the reasons which in his own mind were unanswerable for his apparent neglect of her and total seclusion from the world, concluding with protestations of unalterable affection and expressing hopes that the prosperous state of his circumstances would now allow him to indulge.

As nearly as he could calculate, Lord Sutherland proposed to reach the residence of Lady Anne the day after his letter; and as he was still a remarkably handsome man, not very much out of the prevailing mode either in dress or address, the first being from Paris and the latter no way lowered from contact with vulgar society, he had few fears of his reception being otherwise than cordial. Vanity seldom sleeps in the human bosom, and his lordship's had been unconsciously fostered by the romantic circumstance of having frequently caught a glimpse of a lady closely veiled, who in the first year after his return from France was much in the paths immediately round the house, but who always hastily retreated from his sight. She might have loved his deceased brother, and was lingering from sentiment in the paths of departed happiness; but she might also be looking on him and striving to awaken his attention. This phantom, however, soon vanished, and with it all such imaginings. In strict justice, it must be stated that of other females than Lady Anne he had never once cherished an idea.

Eleven years before—a fearful lapse in the life of a young woman—Lady Anne Bertie was living in a small but elegant cottage with an elderly lady, an intimate friend, who, like herself, possessing but a small income, was happy to enjoy the liberty of a simple home, unfettered by the habits of high society, yet mixing with a few unostentatious families of rank and refined manners. When Lord Sutherland reflected on the number of years that had flown unheeded by him in his absorbing cares, he hastened, with Richard for his attendant, to this interesting residence. As he approached, he observed it was enlarged, a room or two having been recently added, and in the avenue he saw a nursery maid, with an infant in her arms, leading a lovely boy of two years or more by the hand. "Oh," thought he, "my fair cousin, like myself, has improved her property and can now afford to receive visitors. Women can never live alone. They are not philosophers. Well, perhaps it is better that it should be so; but I trust she will hereafter find my society sufficient, for I never will open my doors to a gaping crowd, who will lounge through my rooms, criticising and suggesting; take up my time, drink my wine, and at the next house they visit make me a subject of ridicule for the amusement of others. Oh, how much have I seen of this in my younger days!"

To the servant at the entrance Lord Sutherland declined giving his name, only desiring Lady Anne might be told an old friend wished to pay his respects to her. He was shown into a simply-furnished room, and after a few minutes he heard light footsteps approaching. It was now that emotion shook him, and when she entered his hurried expression showed the state of his mind. Years had made strange alterations in her person, but she was composed, though very pale, and he thought she trembled; still there was in her manner the elegant and benevolent courtesy with which she would have greeted any relation after a long absence. If she had lost in beauty she had certainly acquired dignity, and so utterly was Lord Sutherland confounded by this unlooked-for equanimity, that he could with difficulty stammer out the question, "had she received his last letter?"

She calmly answered that she had to acknowledge one letter some four years since;—no other communication from his lordship had reached her since he had left Paris. How this smote on his heart now that this inestimable woman stood before him in conscious superiority! He was about to speak, to explain, when she stopped him by quickly proceeding—"And perhaps you do not know that I was married to Mr. Morley, the son of my kind old friend, six months after the receipt of that letter?"

"Oh, Anne, and have you been so cruelly rash?"

"Do you call it rashness, my lord, to reward a disinterested attachment of ten years duration, silently endured without hope, till your neglect became so apparent and the virtual renunciation of your engagement was so plainly conveyed in that letter?"

"You must have judged by your own heart that I could change, or you would not have availed yourself of one solitary expression escaping from an oppressed heart."

"You were changed long before, sadly changed. I have not given credence to report, nor did I resent your silence, bitterly as I felt it. Nothing but actual certainty could have made me think that another and a stronger passion had taken possession of your whole soul."

"You have been deceived by the arts of the man who has supplanted me—grossly deceived. But he shall yet account to me for this!"

"No, my lord; I would trust no eye, no ear but my own. I have seen you when you knew it not. You must pardon me this. So deep was my infatuation, nothing less would serve to convince me that you were absolutely absorbed by a master passion, in opposition to which all others are as straw. You will carry it to your grave. May it not meet you beyond the grave!"

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Lord Sutherland was awed and silent; he began to discover the true meaning of her words, and she went on.

"I watched most narrowly, and truly was it with anxiety, to see if any barrier was opposed to this mighty power, but there was none. In your library no book was opened even for amusement; your large collection of paintings never caught a glance of your eye. Your days and nights were consumed in planning and calculating. You differ, it is true, widely from your brother. Pray, forgive me; I have done. I would not wound your feelings, but I must ask you, what affinity could there be between you and me? We must have thwarted each other at every step."

There was a pause, a dead silence. Lady Anne felt the awkwardness of her position, and rose to ring the bell. Her voice faltered as she said—"Will you permit me to introduce you to—to my family?"

Lord Sutherland started. "Spare me, Anne, I entreat you. I leave you with a very sad heart. I thought—I dreamt—but it is all over, and I must leave you—forever!" and he rushed from the house in a state of excitement such as belonged to other years before he had felt the temptation belonging especially to the possession of great wealth.

Lady Anne looked after him as he galloped away, with deep, deep sorrow. There was the same noble, graceful figure; but how changed was the heart, and even the countenance! It was no longer that which she had loved. She wiped away the tears which flowed in spite of herself, and then composedly returned to her important duties of a wife and a mother.

There are mixed feelings in the human mind that we may sometimes attempt to analyze in vain. Lord Sutherland rode hard to rid himself of the pangs of mortified disappointment, and yet withal he felt relieved—for he was released. No compunctious visitings of conscience on that score would rise to stay or goad him again. Yet a severe sense of real pain pressed on his heart, and compelled him for several days to confine himself to the house. He was not ill, and yet he could not be well, for, very different to his usual custom, he sat abstractedly gazing on the fire, remembering only that six years had passed since the chills of autumn had found him first seated by that fire in his own house, and truly he now felt that house to be a desolate one.

Turf had usurped the place of gravel on the road leading up to the entrance porch. No sound of the approach of a carriage had been heard, when the library door was thrown wide open and a tall figure entered, dressed in a very rich but antiquated style. Lord Sutherland was much startled, for he had numbered that face with the dead, and there was a stern expression in the very pale countenance that might have belonged to an angry visitant from another world. It was a female above the ordinary stature of her sex, with a degree of beauty that had escaped the ravages of time, for the high mental expression of those exquisite features no years could destroy. Above the petty control of fashion, this lady in her dress might have seemed remarkable to those who could look at aught but her strongly intellectual face. Lord Sutherland was not one of those; and while she leaned on a tall, ivory-headed cane with which she supported her steps, he looked into those still brilliant eyes, certain that he read there only deep, sorrowful displeasure.

"You are surprised to see me, William Bertie—for so I must still call you—and perhaps you had rather that I had stayed away?"

"Lady Westerton," exclaimed Lord Sutherland, "can I be otherwise than rejoiced to see the dearest friend of my ever-lamented mother?"

Her countenance softened as she glanced toward the picture.

"Yes, I was her friend, her true friend, for I was the only one bold enough to reason with her on the only weak point in her character."

"I did not know that my mother had any weakness," said Lord Sutherland, drawing himself up to his full height. "I have ever considered her as the most faultless of human beings."

"That you have done so, and that you hang her portrait where you may constantly see it, are redeeming points in your character; but I was sensible of her weakness and could foretell its effects. Of those sad effects you are now the only living memento."

Again Lord Sutherland showed symptoms of offended pride, and his face flushed deeply; but the lady went on without heeding him.

"It was more than weakness—it was sin; and woeful have been its consequences. She had many lovely children; all but two were taken from her by death, and of those two—she made idols! No one was allowed to contradict them; the wealth of the house was poured out before them; they saw that all her hopes were centered in them, and it generated a self-importance ruinous to the infant mind. She saw her error before she died, and would then have given worlds to have counteracted the evil, but it was too late—that, as well as grief for your father, sunk her to an early grave. What has been the consequence of this one error to your brother and to yourself?"

"To my unhappy brother, I acknowledge, madam——"

"And not to yourself, William? How is it that you are living alone in this splendid house, whose halls ought to echo with cheerful footsteps and voices? How is it that no horse neighs at your approach or dog presses to your side to receive your caresses or share your wanderings? No cottage door uncloses with joy at your touch—no inmate of any mansion calls you friend! The old do not bless you—the young shun your sight. You do not plant a tree, with the idea of any one sitting under its shade or even that it may ornament your domain. You do not look at the lovely landscape but with a view as to what it may produce, or at

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the heavens above you but as they may influence your rents. Sordid calculations alone occupy your mind. There was one being who might have drawn you back from this frightful abyss, who would have raised your mind and fostered your tastes, but you have been like the base 'Judean who threw away a pearl richer than all his tribe.' I have been away from England watching the varying health of a beloved granddaughter, or I would have striven to avert this misfortune. But, perhaps, for her at least it is better. She has married one of similar tastes and habits with herself—a good man, though not what is called a great one. Their united fortunes—small, indeed, in comparison with yours—more than suffice for comfort;—they impart the superfluity to others. All within their reach share their care and assistance. They enjoy the real blessing of virtuous, refined society, and their children will receive the benefit of precept and example."

Lady Westerton paused, for she saw that her auditor was more moved than she had supposed possible. She took his hand, and in a softer voice, said—"Dear William, it is not too late to retrace your steps. Find some good woman, and fulfil all your duties to society. A man of your vast income should not live solely for himself."

"I assure you, my dear madam, I will follow your kind advice. It seems as if my mother spoke to me from the grave. The next year will clear my estate from every incumbrance; I can then do it without imprudence."

"Do not wait for next year; begin directly to look around you that you may not choose hastily. You will not easily replace Lady Anne."

Lord Sutherland acknowledged this with a sigh, and suffered Lady Westerton to depart with extreme reluctance; but he could not press her stay as he had no accommodation for such a visitor.

"I may never see you again," said she, from her carriage window, "but I hope before I die to hear that you are happy."

CHAPTER IV.

At the parish church to which Lord Sutherland sometimes went—to set his tenants a good example—he regularly met a gentleman with his daughter, a singularly lovely girl, whose dancing eyes bespoke good humor and light-heartedness, somewhat at variance with a very steady manner, which, when her mother was present, an occurrence not very frequent, amounted to absolute demureness. On inquiry, he learned that this was a neighboring family, some years retired from mercantile pursuits, and reputed to be very rich. Mr. Horton was descended from a noble but impoverished house, whose members had thought it right to lay down the title when they engaged in trade. Sensible and unambitious men, when their success was more than equal to their expectations, they found they could live without an appellation under which they might have starved; and as the patrimonial estate was sold, those to whom the empty honors would have descended still contented themselves with the habits, manners and rank of citizens. Not so Mr. Horton, who, if he had been the heir, would have resumed all the appanages of nobility without delay; and people were not long in discovering that Miss Horton, with all his wealth, was destined for some peer, that at least his grandchildren might have the rank he could never hope to enjoy in his own person.

Here, then, Lord Sutherland might have wealth, birth but little stained, youth, beauty, and, apparently, a sweetness of disposition that would easily bend to accommodation with the habits unavoidable to a man who has lived alone to the sober age of thirty-four. An acquaintance was easily formed. Country gentlemen have many interesting subjects in common—agriculture, improvements, magisterial affairs, and united efforts to prevent poaching. Calls naturally follow, and visits may be exchanged, in which the ladies may be seen without the necessity of attending balls or parties.

Miss Horton was a pattern for young women. It would have seemed that she must have blushed at her own motion had it been one of unrestrained freedom, so sober was her air, so perfectly in their places hands, elbows and feet. As her form was symmetry itself, no want of grace was discoverable in this automaton-like precision, to which her eyes and expression of countenance were a perpetual contradiction. There could be little danger of evil if Lord Sutherland should be once more in love. There was no opposition on the part of the parents, and a young lady for once made not the least objection to a match on which she had never been consulted. Four happier people are rarely found than those looking forward to this marriage when it was finally arranged. The lover would no longer be condemned to silence and solitude; the father might in due time have the satisfaction of holding a child in his arms—a descendant of his own—who would be called "my lord!"—the mother would be the actual mother of a countess, and the young lady would be her own mistress.

A short winter wore pleasantly away, and the marriage was to take place in the spring. Lord Sutherland frequently saw his destined bride, but it was always in the presence of her parents, and in the intervals he had much business to transact with his lawyers, as well as to reside in London during a short session of Parliament, when he made all necessary purchases for the expected change in his establishment. When he returned he had to give his undivided attention to the reopening of the rooms, to direct about the placing the furniture he had selected, and to long consultations with Dame Alice on various subjects relative to the forming a suitable household. It was now the full value of this faithful woman's character shone forth. She understood to the minutest point all the regulations of a noble house, the different

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gradations of rank among the domestics as well as their several duties; what each one would expect and what they were bound to perform; how the different suites of rooms should be disposed; what were proper for guests and what exclusively sacred to the lord and lady of the mansion. To no other person would Lord Sutherland have conceded so much as he did to her, for he thought a young lady brought up in the country would not exact all the conventional privileges of a woman of fashion, and he was convinced that when Dame Alice pleaded for this extra footman or that room for ceremony, she had the honor of the house at heart, and suffered her to arrange matters her own way.

In the midst of all these active duties, she hastened to him one day as he was busily writing, and with a face full of agitation, told him she had found a concealed door behind the arras hangings of a secondary bed-room; in rubbing these with a cloth she had felt it shake, and had satisfied herself that it was a veritable door.

Lord Sutherland well knew that in houses built as that was, in troublous times, concealed doors, rooms or passages, were no unusual circumstance. In the days of Mary the First, those who entertained the slightest objection to any one of the tenets of Rome were either compelled to secrete themselves or to go abroad, in which latter case they were frequently far from safe. Houses were built with every facility for such concealments, and the secret of entrance being necessarily known to few, was sometimes lost by the death of the parties till accident again brought it to light after the lapse of many years. He expected to find a few articles of old furniture—if there should be a room—a table, chair, and probably a bed, but he was amazed when the arras was lifted and the door easily opened, to discover a confused mass of different articles crowded into a small space, the first glance at which showed them to be of no small value.

"Who slept in this room last?" said Lord Sutherland, turning back to the bed-room, which was small, and no way distinguished by its furniture.

"Old Robert, my lord, the superannuated butler, who begged as a favor to be allowed to have this room, as he said it was away from the rest of the servants and very quiet."

"And did he die here?—for I remember they wrote to me that he was dead a short time before I left Paris."

"No, my lord; he died suddenly as he was sitting in the hall."

Lord Sutherland wore an abstracted air as he looked over the visible contents of this secret receptacle. There were many boxes, corded, and on them stood porcelain vases, bronze busts, rare cabinets, tables composed of jasper, porphyry and verde antique, most of which he had on his return home missed from their accustomed places. A splendid silver inkstand stood beside some loose papers on one of the tables. On a card he read his own address in Paris, and a letter was begun, headed—"Honored sir."

"These papers are certainly in old Robert's handwriting," said he. "Can this be addressed to me?"

After the commonplace preamble with which uneducated persons think it necessary to begin a letter, it ran thus:—

"Oh, that I could but see you once more at home to put a stop to some of the ruin that is going on. I will do what I can, but that is very little. I can only waylay a few of the valuables as they are leaving the hall, that I may keep them for the rightful owners. For this purpose I am obliged to watch like a cat—to bribe and threaten, too—and many a package do I search even after it gets into the carrier's wagon on its way to London. One foreign madam—a signora, they called her—would have packed up the hall itself if she could have taken it to pieces and sold it afterwards; and an English miss, who ought to have known better, had heaps of cousins, as she called them, coming and taking away all they could lay their hands on. In one case I was obliged to turn thief, too, for I found the books going so fast that I thought it high time for me to take a turn, so I have packed up all the most valuable in boxes—all that my old master had written in, and all that my dear lady valued most. If anything should happen to me before you return from France, my honored young master—and I am very old and near broken-hearted with what I see—you will find all these things in a secret chamber leading out of the tapestry bed-room. The door is in the corner opposite the window. Lift up the hanging where there is a man in full armor, and you will find it. No one knows this but myself. I dare not trust my lord with it, for he would let the women take all the things again. He misses nothing. Perhaps he might see the empty book-shelves, but he never goes into the library. You will also find in one of the cabinets all that I have saved from my youth up. The most of it has been gained in your family, and of right belongs to you, for I have no relations that want it."

Dame Alice lifted up her clasped hands, as Lord Sutherland read this unfinished letter aloud, in thankfulness that so many valuables had been saved from absolute wreck. It was evident that death had prevented the faithful writer from completing and dispatching it to Paris. After expressing his desire that all this should be kept a secret, his lordship assisted the rejoicing housekeeper to remove everything into the bed-room, from whence she could take them at her leisure to their proper places. Many medals and valuable curiosities were found in the drawers of the different cabinets, and the bequest of honest Robert, which was all in gold. This, Alice was still more delighted to hear, was to be appropriated entirely to the comfort of the sick and the aged on the estate, and that she should have the task of seeing where it would be best bestowed.

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As they removed the last tall cabinet, another door was disclosed not so easily opened as the outer one, for its bolts were rusted as if they had not been withdrawn for many years. It led to a narrow passage impenetrably dark.

"I must see whither this leads," said Lord Sutherland; "but it would not be wise to proceed without a lamp, as the day is now closing and there may be more than one turning."

While Alice was absent he took a survey of the room in which he stood;—it was long and narrow, being evidently constructed between the walls of the house, and lighted by a small window in the roof. It might have been used for concealment or for the simple purpose of a passage to some other part of the building, for when the lamp was brought it showed a flight of steps leading to a lower room nearly of the same dimensions and lighted in the same manner. Several very narrow passages, not entirely destitute of light or air, seemed to wind round the building, ending in one like the flight of steps, perfectly dark and very damp; this ended in a door slightly secured, which, when opened, admitted a stream of air that extinguished the lamp and left him in total darkness, without the remotest idea of the precise spot on which he stood.

Lord Sutherland stood for a few minutes perfectly still; he felt a fresher air and heard external noises: it seemed the rushing of the evening breeze. He was soon sensible of a ray of light, but putting out his hand he found himself opposed by what seemed a solid wall a few inches from the opened door. There was just room for him with some difficulty to get sideways past this, which proved to be the lofty tomb of one of his ancestors, and in the next moment he found himself in the deserted and ruined chapel.

A beam of light still lingered in the west strong enough to show him the pavement roughly laid down over the last lord, no stone to mark his resting-place, and the frowning statues towering on their pedestals, kneeling before low altars under richly-sculptured arches, or lying with joined fingers and crossed feet to signify they had been crusaders. A few tattered banners waved in the sweeping blast, and a gray owl, disturbed by the unwonted footsteps, flew screaming from some ivy that was intruding through the stone mullions of a broken window.

It was an awful moment for a man to find himself thus suddenly and unexpectedly in the midst of all his race who had gone down to the silent grave before him—the sole survivor of the house, and with whom there was a possibility of its extinction. He could not help feeling that he had misapplied his time, for he knew enough of the family annals to be certain that many who laid there had done something more for society than accumulate wealth; and as he stood, one remarkable figure, in the dress that dignifies so many of Vandyke's splendid portraits, seemed to regard him with peculiar severity. He remembered that this man, in the distresses arising from the civil wars, had distributed the hoarded wealth of other days, without regard to the name of Roundhead or Cavalier, to aid the widow, the fatherless or the exile. There, too, was his beautiful and tender mother, her statue not yet dimmed by time, looking like an angel of mercy in the midst of desolation; and to touch him still more, her outstretched finger seemed to point to his brother's unhonored grave. Unable to bear his awakened feelings, Lord Sutherland sprung through an open window and reached the principal entrance of the house by crossing the lawn; but he suffered not sleep to visit his eyes till he had made every arrangement for the complete repair of the chapel, the erection of a suitable monument for his brother, a memorial of respect for the faithful Robert, and taken the first steps towards procuring a chaplain who would be able to reside constantly at the hall.

We may sometimes exclaim—

"Spirits are not finely touched
But to fine issues!"

(To be continued.)

SONNET.

TO A FRIEND DEPARTING FOR ENGLAND.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

The bark is ready for your carriage hence,
Dear friend, and o'er the waters soon your eye
The shores of glorious Albion shall descry,
Whose merry cheer shall more than recompense
The pangs of every parting. It may be
You shall forget, in dear ones at your home,
The friends that here you leave beyond the sea—
For such is still the wont with those who roam;
But if it chance that you should think of me,
Think of me only as of one denied,
Who fain would go upon a pilgrimage,
Seeking his absent friends; and would assuage
His sorrow by beholding them in pride,
Stately, in reverent halls, where virtue grows with age.

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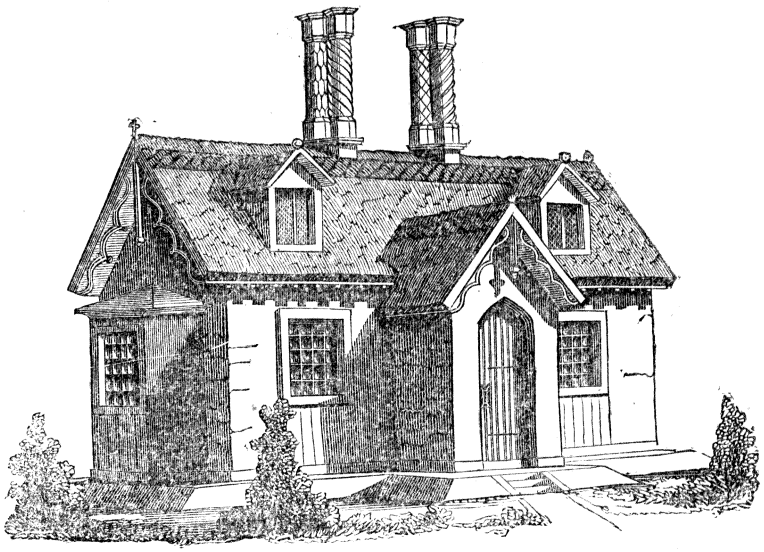
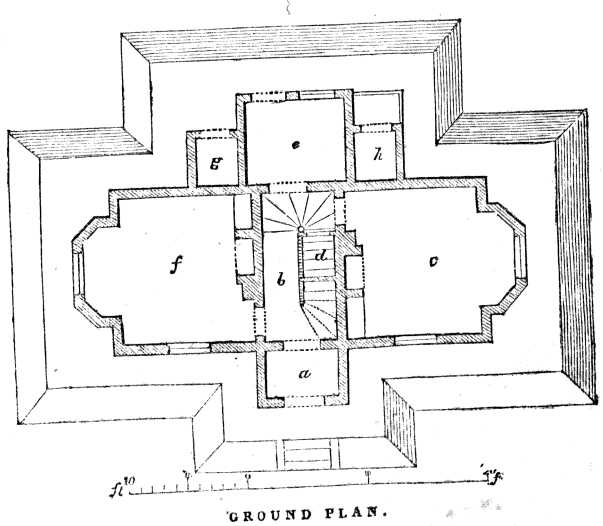
MODEL COTTAGES.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

We continue our series of cottages with *a dwelling for a farmer with a number of children.*

Accommodation.—The ground plan exhibits a porch, *a*; staircase and passage, *b*; kitchen, *c*; closet under the stairs, *d*; back kitchen, *e*; sitting room, with small closet, *f*; privy, *g*; and wood house, *h*.



GROUND PLAN.

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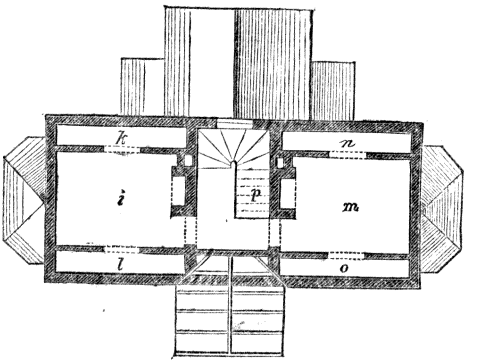
The chamber floor contains a bed-room, *i*; closet, *k*; another closet, *l*; a bed-room, *m*; two closets, *n* and *o*; and the staircase and landing, *p*. The defect in the accommodation here is the want of a proper pantry; but this might be easily obtained by enlarging *h*, turning its present door into a window, and opening a door to it from the kitchen. A substitute for *h* may be provided adjoining *g*.



CHAMBER FLOOR.

Construction.—"This cottage," its designer observes, "may be built of brick studwork, plastered outside, the roof to be thatched with reeds or straw. The entrance is to have a ledged door, and the windows are to be filled in with lattice-work, having oak mullions, or mullions of other timber, painted in imitation of stone. The rabbet heads of the windows (*Fig.* 1, *q*) to be back filled, (to project beyond the wall in the manner of architraves, but without mouldings, as at *r*)." The chimney stacks to be formed of or ornamented with Roman cement. The barge boards and the pendants to be finished as in the working drawing, *Fig.* 2, made to a scale of half an inch to a foot, in which *s*, *s* are the barge boards, and *t* the pendant.

Fig. 1.

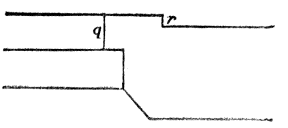


Fig. 2.

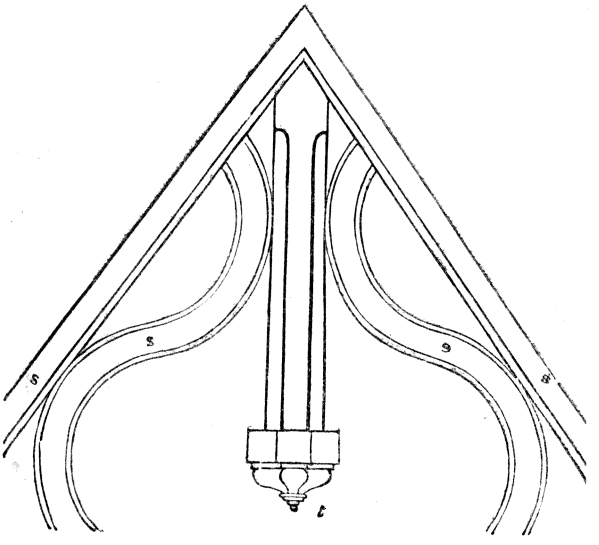


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Fig. 3 shows a section of a suitable cornice for the dining-rooms; and *Fig.* 4 one in the same style for the bed-rooms. Both these sections are on a scale of two inches and a half to a foot.

Fig. 3.

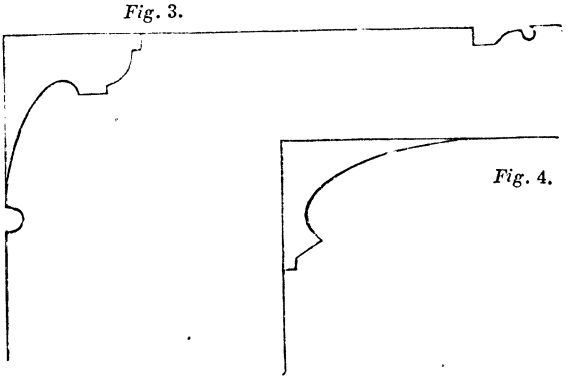

Fig. 4.

The expression is evidently that of an old English cottage. We should have preferred the chamber windows in the ends, which would have been less picturesque in effect, but cheaper to execute, and much easier to keep in repair. We should also prefer the ground-floor windows to have six large panes in each frame rather than to have them filled in with lattice work. This done, and a parapet on the platform and pinnacles over the pendants are all that are wanting to render this design very much to our taste.

Estimated cost, $1700.

A DAY AT LOWELL.

BY THEO. LEDYARD CUYLER.

HAPPENING to be in England at the time that Dickens' most unfortunate book on America appeared I was very much amused with the great *incrèdulity* with which his account of Lowell was received. To the majority of his readers it was the most improbable chapter in the book. That every one in America should smoke in a railway car, or that all our members of Congress should chew tobacco and carry bowie knives, seemed probable enough, but that the factory operatives in any country should be able to read and write, to conduct a magazine or play on the piano, was as hard to be believed as the account of the sea serpent or "Captain Riley's Narrative." Where it was believed, it gave a higher idea of the progress of American *civilization* than anything that had appeared for a long time.

One of the most puzzling questions to the political economists of Great Britain is—how to manage the operatives of the manufactories and the collieries; and just about the time of which I speak, the operatives had undertaken to *manage* things for themselves by striking for higher wages and closing violently all the establishments. Manchester, Preston, Bolton, &c., were all in a state of insurrection; starving, haggard multitudes were parading the streets clamoring for bread; the troops of the line were called out to shoot down men like deer—and even a young sprig of the royal blood had begun to swagger about, "fleshing his maiden sword" among his own Saxon peasantry! So numerous and so violent had these outbreaks become, and so degraded was the condition of the manufacturing classes, that it is no wonder that a description such as Mr. Dickens' should have been received with much interest and some incredulity. I even felt, myself, a new desire to see those wonders, and took the earliest opportunity I have had since my return to visit Lowell; and I know that the readers of the "Lady's Book" will feel sufficient interest in the progress of their countrywomen to be glad to hear anything concerning it.

Lowell is now so easy of access that there is no longer any excuse for Americans to remain in ignorance of it. The railroad from Boston is the very best that I have yet found in this country, and reminds me, by its completeness and the perfection of its management, of an English road. For a short distance we *flew* at the rate of a mile in one minute and thirty-eight seconds! On the Great Western railway, (London to Bath,) they frequently reach a mile per minute! On landing from the cars, the contrast between Lowell and the British manufacturing towns is very striking. You are saluted by no cries of distress or haunted by no spectral objects begging for a breakfast at noonday. You see no pale, sorrowful children in the streets, who are starved on three pennyworth of oat-meal and blue milk per day!—and the first view of the stately rows of factory buildings, instead of calling up the idea of vast prison-houses, in which the cries of sorrow are drowned by the

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roar of wheels and spindles, only fills the mind with pride at the triumphs of American enterprise and American civilization.

The wages of the operatives are sufficient to support them comfortably. The males receive four dollars per week and the females one dollar and seventy-five cents. From this they are enabled by economy and Yankee tact to lay up a snug sum in the Bank for Savings, which, by the time they "graduate" from the factories, is enough generally to furnish their cottages with everything which a Yankee housewife considers indispensable.

Not long since, a tidy female came back again to her place at the loom, at which she had spun for *nineteen years*, to enlist again for a new term of years—and during that time she had saved from her earnings two thousand dollars! and at the same time found her health constantly better than when engaged in any other occupation. In the Bank of Savings there is now stored away the handsome sum of one hundred thousand dollars, the property of about nine hundred of the female operatives! By and by the traveler through New England will see the fruits of that industry in some white-washed cottage, with a morning-glory about the door and a clump of dahlias beside the white paling, and a tidy matron in the threshold with two or three "*offerings*" sitting on her knee or trudging off with their cotton sun-bonnets to school.

Lowell is a remarkable specimen of Yankee precocity. It is only twenty-five years old, and contains already 25,000 inhabitants. Of these, nine thousand are factory girls. The town looks as if it had all been built yesterday. Every house is as white as its neighbor, and as the trees, which are few and small, have had but little time to grow, there is a plentiful lack of shade, and the reflection from the unbroken mass of white objects is very unpleasant. Within the narrow limits of this city, so lately a pasture field, there are already twenty-seven manufacturing establishments, and *ten millions* of capital invested. Two hundred thousand spindles are constantly whirling and buzzing; wheels are turning and writhing in every direction about you, and as you stand by the river bank in the midst of the immense establishments, the very earth seems to shake beneath the ceaseless ongoings of so much roaring labor and turmoil.

To those who are provided with cards of admission, the mills are open for inspection, and I clambered from one noisy apartment up to another till my knees ached and my ears were stunned. In one of the mills I met whole troops of damsels on their way to dinner; some were making their toilets beside great troughs of water, and by the aid of mirrors as large as a pane of glass nailed up to the walls of the room. They plied the comb and brush as diligently, and twirled their long tresses about their fingers as coolly as if there were no spectators present; and when they had conformed themselves to the spirit of Yankee neatness, they put on their shawls and bonnets, which hung on long rows of pegs, and marched off to their boarding-houses with a better zest no doubt than many a titled lady sits down to her patès and jellies. It would be hardly fair to judge of their beauty in such a costume, but now and then a sunshiny face went by which would have commanded a premium at Almacks or in Windsor itself.

They are not required to do so much work but that they have abundant time for mental improvement; and I observed as I passed through the rooms, that a large part of them, *women-like*, were all the time talking, although only to themselves! Perhaps solving an arithmetical problem or inditing a love-letter, or, mayhap, concocting an article for the "Lowell Offering." The editress of this remarkable literary phenomenon has long been employed in the mills, and I felt some curiosity to see her, but after inquiring for her repeatedly, and being told as often that she "did not work *on that corporation*," I found that she had left the loom and was devoting herself entirely to her increasing editorial duties. There was something exceedingly ludicrous in the idea of seeking for an *editress* among the spindles of a cotton factory and amid such associations, but from the character of her editorial productions, I am well persuaded that she does more honor to "the craft" than many whose pretensions are more lofty. She is a plain and modest young woman, and bears the "blushing honors" of her present literary *lionage* with considerable address and dignity.

The *morals* of Lowell are far above what might be reasonably expected. Among the regulations posted on the doors of one of the establishments, I was pleased to observe that "no person would be kept in the employ of the company who would not attend divine worship, or whose character was not strictly moral." There are twenty-four churches and religious societies in Lowell; the Sabbath schools are highly flourishing, and there is less intemperance and crime, I am credibly informed, than in any other town of its size and population.

All honor to the factory girls of Lowell! Their praise has gone forth into all lands. They lead lives of happy industry, and eat the bread of honest independence. In the midst of their hard labors they solace themselves with the pure thoughts which are the reward of virtuous lives, and with the cherished gleanings of knowledge which they have gathered in the intervals of rest. They lay up for themselves a decent competence, which raises them above the sorrows of dependence and the temptations of crime. They become the thrifty wives of our yeomanry, and make their own hearthstones the abode of cheerful contentment. They rear up children for the church and the commonwealth with the same lessons of industry and mental activity which they learned themselves, and with the reasonable hope that they may one day see them in the halls of legislation or in the chairs of our universities. Like the virtuous woman of Solomon, they "lay their hands to the spindle, and their hands hold the distaff; and their own works shall praise them in the gates."

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LADIES' WORK DEPARTMENT.

ORNAMENTAL NEEDLEWORK.

A Greek Cap in Crotchet Silk.

Commence at the top with a chain of fourteen stitches, unite the ends and crotchet one plain row. On the next row make a raised or dividing line on every other stitch, as for the bottoms of bags. The increasing must be continued until the diameter of the circle is about six inches and a half. Work plain rows round this until the cap is sufficiently deep;—occasional increasing stitches may be made if it be not large enough.

The cap is to be finished with a double gold braid, which meets the points of the increasing lines, with a gold band round the bottom, and a handsome tassel at the top; or silk trimmings may be substituted. They require to be very neatly made up in the inside.

A Greek Cap in Coarse Chenille.

Commence at the top with a chain of six or eight stitches; unite the ends, and work in rows round and round, increasing a sufficient number of stitches in each row to keep the work flat, until it be about eight inches in diameter. The sides may be worked in open crotchet, introducing a few plain lines of black and gold between each two rows of the open crotchet.

The best colors for a cap in chenille are black and gold—dark blue, black and gold—and claret, black and gold.

A Pen-wiper in Plain Crotchet.

Commence with a chain of about six stitches of plain green netting silk, and crotchet both ends together; work three plain rows of green, and then one row of alternate stitches of drab and green.

The drab silk will now form the ground on which the star pattern of green is to be worked. Crotchet a row with two stitches of green and two of drab alternately; in the next row, two of drab and three of green. This is to be continued one row after another, increasing one stitch in the green pattern every time that color is repeated in each row, until it counts eight stitches in each division, taking care to keep the two drab stitches of the ground exactly over each other.

The pattern is now to be decreased by working four stitches of drab and five of green; in the next row, seven of drab and three of green; and in the next, eleven of drab and one of green.

Work two plain rows of drab, increasing a sufficient number of stitches to keep the work flat, and finish with a kind of fringe formed by two rows of open crotchet in green.

A Crotchet Neck Chain.

The chain is made by commencing with five plain stitches, then putting the needle through the back of the second stitch and making one plain stitch. It will be found, by twisting the chain after every stitch, that one stitch appears to go across, which is the stitch that is always to be taken and crotcheted.

A Plain Purse in Crotchet.

Plain crotchet purses are exceedingly strong, and may be made very prettily with a moderate-sized netting silk. Those worked in rows of the length of the purse are the most easily made.

Make a chain in scarlet netting silk of one hundred and forty stitches, on which crotchet three plain rows in the same color. Then five plain rows in shade of green or stone colors. These two stripes are to be repeated until the purse is of a sufficient width. When completed, it is to be neatly sown up, or joined by crotcheting the two sides together. The ends are then to be drawn up and the purse trimmed.

A Plain Crotchet Purse with Square and Round Ends.

Commence with a chain of fourteen stitches, and joining both ends together, crotchet one plain row all round. In the next row every alternate stitch is to be made a dividing or seam-stitch, which is done by passing the needle under both the corresponding loops in the first row, and making two stitches in the same place. This dividing stitch is to be repeated in the same place on each row until ten rows are worked, when a sufficient number of plain rows are to be crotcheted according to the length of the purse, until the side opening commences.

The opening of the purse is made by crotcheting plain rows alternately from right to left and from left to right. When a sufficient number of these are done, the plain rows are again to be worked to correspond with the former part, but instead of the round end it is to be left square and sewed up with a tassel at either corner.

A Plain Open Crotchet Purse.

Make a chain of one hundred and sixty or one hundred and seventy stitches; to the last stitch of this crotchet five stitches, which again crotchet to the fifth stitch of the chain. Repeat this the whole length of the foundation, and return the row in the same way by attaching every fifth stitch to the centre stitch of each loop of the last row. The whole of the purse is to be continued in the same way, but it may be varied, according to taste, by using two or more colors. When the purse is worked to the size desired, cut a piece of stiff card-board and sew the purse firmly to it, the wrong side outwards: damp it with a little water, allowing it to remain until it is dry. This will stretch the purse and bring all the stitches into their proper places and tighten them. Then having sewn or crotched up the sides, draw in the ends and put on the trimmings.

A Sprigged Purse in Open and Plain Crotchet.

Commence with one row of open crotchet, in gold-colored silk; work a row of plain crotchet with blue and gold color alternately every two stitches, and then one row of plain blue.

The next or fourth row is formed alternately of two stitches of scarlet and five of blue. The fifth row—four stitches of blue and five of white alternately. The sixth row—four stitches of blue and four of stone color. The seventh row—five stitches of blue and two of pink. The eighth row—plain blue. The ninth row—blue and gold color alternately, as in the third row. The tenth, eleventh and twelfth rows—in open crotchet, in gold color

Repeat the above, commencing as at second row.

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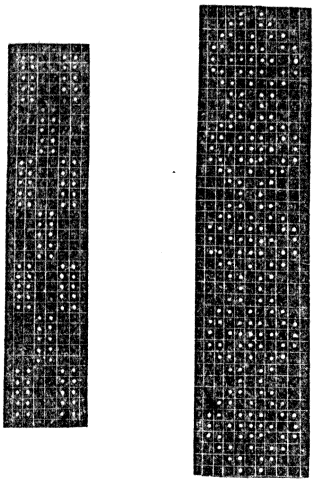
A Short Crotchet Purse.

Commence at the bottom with a chain of fourteen stitches, unite both ends, and work round and round, increasing by means of dividing lines until a flat circle of about two inches in diameter be formed. On this, work plain rows until the purse be about three inches in length. It must then be exactly divided, and each side worked backwards and forwards for about eight rows, or whatever is sufficient for the depth of the snap. The pine pattern and the usual *vandyke* are suitable for short purses. About one hundred and twenty stitches will form a good-sized purse.

A Purse with Beads, in Plain and Open Crotchet.

Make a star bottom with steel beads (as directed, page 139), of fine netting silk of a dark emerald green. Work three rows of open crotchet in a light green, then either of the annexed patterns on the dark green ground, as follows:—



The pattern in steel beads. The ground of the pattern itself—ponceau.

Work two rows of open crotchet in light green. Repeat the pattern, with two more rows of open crotchet. This completes the end of the purse.

The centre is to be in plain crotchet.

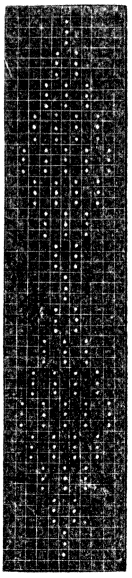
Open Crotchet Stitch.

The stitch of *open crotchet* is worked (as nearly as we can describe) as follows:—Make a chain of the length required; work one plain stitch at the beginning. Bring the silk round the needle, and pass the needle through the first loop of the chain; through this bring the silk, which makes three stitches on the needle; draw the silk through the two first stitches, which leaves two on the needle; then draw the silk through these two, which leaves one on the needle; through this one make one plain stitch. Put the silk over the needle and bring it through the fourth loop of the chain: the three stitches, as before, will now be found on the needle; draw the silk through the two first, which leaves two on the needle; draw the silk through these two, which finishes the stitch and leaves one upon the needle as before. The plain stitch that is then made between the two double stitches allows for the stitch which was passed in the chain, and leaves an open space.

This open crotchet stitch is varied by making the two long stitches together—which is done by omitting the single stitch, and passing the needle through the next loop of the chain, instead of missing one stitch—thus producing two stitches together and then an open space. This is called *double open crotchet.*

It may also be varied by making three stitches successively, without making any plain stitch, which produces alternate squares of open space and stitches. This is generally termed *treble open crotchet.* And *beads* may be introduced on it with very good effect in the following manner:—let the beads be threaded on the silk, and pass one on the middle stitch of the three double stitches, which gives a bead in the centre of each square. This stitch makes a very pretty purse.

An Elegant Crotchet Purse with Gold.



Commence with one row of open crotchet, the length of the purse, in fine white netting silk. Then one row of plain crotchet, in alternate stitches, of white and full blue, or white and ponceau.

Work the above pattern in gold, on the blue or ponceau ground.

Three rows of open crotchet in white.

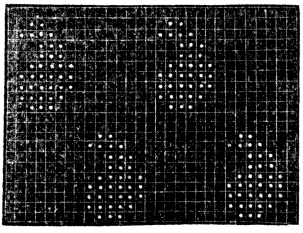
Repeat the pattern and open crotchet alternately.

When the purse is finished, it will be found that there are only two rows of open crotchet where it is joined—but this cannot be avoided.

The same pattern may also be worked in gold or steel beads, but it will then be advisable to omit the pattern in the centre of the purse. An additional color may be introduced, with very good effect, on the ground between the beads. In a moderate-sized purse, the pattern will be repeated seven times in the length. A few plain stitches at the top and bottom of the purse will be desirable.

Plain Double Stitch Crotchet Purse, Pine Pattern.

Commence with a chain of six stitches in ponceau, unite the ends, and crotchet round one plain row. Work sixteen plain rows, increasing on each row as usual. There should be ninety-one stitches on the last row. Form a *vandyke* by working—first row, three stitches ponceau, one drab. Second row—one stitch ponceau, three drab. Crotchet two plain rows of drab; then commence with the following pattern in ponceau, on the drab ground, working three pines in height, and seven in each row—eight plain stitches between each pine.



The opening of the purse is worked as usual, backwards and forwards, with a pattern formed by working eleven stitches on each side of the opening in ponceau in every two alternate rows.

Finish the other end of the purse as above, reversing the pattern.

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EDITORS' TABLE.

"THE bells of time are ringing changes fast.
Grant, Lord, that each fresh peal may usher in
An era of advancement, that each change
Prove an effectual, lasting, happy gain."

Changes! Why, in our land, the only thing constant is change! The bells never cease. Everywhere the bustle of business is growing louder; the advancement going on with accelerated speed, as though the locomotive was striving to overtake the telegraph, while the "cry of the human" is "faster! faster!" Most earnestly do we respond to the prayer of the poet—"may each change prove a gain."

Boston, the good old city of the Puritans, the cradle of Liberty, *that* could never change much—so we thought. The "tri-mountain" site was small, and all comfortably settled.

New York was always like a Brobdignagian brick-kiln and carpenter's shop—the approach to the old residences blocked up by materials for the new, while the streets seemed waiting for a second deluge, or the broom of the old woman who went up to "sweep the cobwebs from the sky." But then the island was fifteen miles long, and, besides, an explosion or bonfire was usually made of some of the streets and squares every season, just to show the world how soon these could be rebuilt. There was no hope, then, of finishing that city.

Philadelphia appeared in a more settled state. It could not go beyond the rivers on the east and west. Its body was circumscribed between Vine and Pine streets; but then it had the privilege of stretching, like a heron, its wings along the banks of the rivers. Already one spreads beyond the Shackamaxon treaty ground, while the other is over Moyamensing, and both are still unfolding.

Boston, then, was the only city that could be finished in our time. It seemed a few years ago nearly done. The watery barrier all around was darkened by the shadows of buildings; the streets could not well be made more narrow or crooked; so there seemed no opportunity of enlargements or for new buildings.

The steam king blew his whistle, and all these visions are overthrown.

"Tramp! tramp! along the land he goes—
Splash! splash! along the sea."

And, greater wonder still, turning the sea into dry land, hard, stone pavement beneath his iron tread.

Boston is moving out of town in every direction. The whole city is in uproar and confusion, like the "first of May" in New York—as though every man's lease was out. One can hardly guess where the old streets were, so much are these altered, straightened, widened and rebuilt—or rather, all these processes are now going on together, so that even Spurzheim's organ of *locality* would be puzzled.

But what beautiful material this native granite is for building! It looks as though it would last as long as the world. Brick decays, marble tarnishes, but granite, like truth, brightens under the storm, and grows firmer from the touch of time. It is just the material for New England architecture.

Go to the top of the State House if you would see Boston to advantage. There she sits, the mother of Commerce—the dome in which we stand, her helmet; the Common in her lap; her hands palm downwards; the thumb of the right hand is the "Neck," reaching to Roxbury; the four fingers are the avenues and bridges on the south and west;—the left thumb rests on South Boston, while the palm shadows the harbor and the fingers clutch East Boston, Chelsea, Charlestown—the aim of this mighty mother of ships and steam power seeming to be, that of drawing all the wealth of the regions round about her into her own bosom.

But what a glorious sight it is, this panorama of land and water, with the city at your feet, buildings of every style and fashion seemingly growing up as you gaze, the sister cities around you, and in the distance the soft beauty of rural life, the villages and cultivated grounds that seem to meet and mingle with the hills in the blue distance!

The most noticeable among the new buildings is the Museum, heaving up its enormous roof, like a gigantic cranium, above the mob of roofs beneath you. The *benevolence* and *self-esteem* of this noble structure are largely developed, but we thought there seemed a decided want of *reverence*—judging from the roof, we mean.

One unpleasant thought occurred as we gazed, the recollection of the "Ancient Mariner's" complaint—

"Water, water all around,
And not a drop (fit to) drink!"

But this will soon be remedied. When Long Pond pours its wealth of sweet waters into Boston, what a jubilee will be held! How the fountains will sparkle in the sunbeams, the liquid diamonds overtopping the Old Elm, and baptizing that patriarch tree with the hopes of a greener life!

The Rev. Dr. Durbin, in his "Travels in the East," remarks that nothing perplexed him so much as to reconcile the ideas Scripture and history had given him of the number and population of the ancient cities with the limited space of ground he saw these must have occupied. Perhaps Boston, and the cities around it—Charlestown, Cambridge, Roxbury—may help to solve the difficulty. Here are already four cities in a compass smaller than many a southern plantation. Should the prosperity of New England increase as it has done for the last seven years, there will be probably several other cities—Dorchester, Dedham, Brookline, Watertown, are already cityfied villages—in the immediate vicinity of Boston. Salem is now but thirty-five minutes distant, and Lowell one hour.

We must mark distances by time, not miles. What an era of improved civilization here opens before us! All these cities are rising together, like a band of brothers, through and by the arts of Peace. All the inhabitants are of one speech and one faith, governed by the same laws, and equal heirs of the rich hopes for the future which Freedom bestows on her sons.

The cities of Greece and Asia Minor, rich and mighty as they were, lacked this great privilege of peace with each other. "So they fell all,"

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The American cities have a new era as well as a new land, and here is to be shown forth the new principle that

"Peace hath more strength than war."

"THE UPPER TEN THOUSAND."—The late census of Boston has developed some curious facts. There is no "upper ten thousand" in that city—not if to keep servants be necessary to the distinction. Only *three hundred and forty families* in Boston keep more than *two* domestics. And but *four thousand four hundred and one* families keep help at all; while *fifteen thousand, seven hundred and seventy-four* families live in household independence, doing their own work entirely!

Yet every child in the city has the privilege of attending the "free schools," and every family in town attends the Lowell Lectures. In the late effort to raise $75,000 for the new Athenæum, shares were offered and the whole amount obtained with *ease*—the people, who wait on themselves, having abundant time to read the books and visit the gallery of paintings and statuary.

Of the $125,124 received the past year by the "American Home Missionary Society," $41,498, or nearly one-third, was from Massachusetts—the most of it given by Boston people. They have lately given nearly $20,000 to the Nantucket sufferers. So there is money enough for every purpose of improvement and charity, while in true republican simplicity the city is a model for imitation. Very few private carriages are kept. To work, walk, or "ride in an omnibus," are not accounted indications of poverty or vulgarity; but not to be able to read, write, and give a little for benevolent purposes, would be poor and low indeed.

Wealth, then, when united with general intelligence and equal laws, is not a corrupter of public morals. The city of Boston is the richest in the Union, and there will be found the least show and ostentation. Their women are better educated than any other in the world. Does learning disqualify them for domestic managers? Let the census and the general prosperity answer.

Free schools, and free churches, and free institutions, are the true Christian civilization. Would that the two first were established over our whole land.

CHRISTENING OF A PRINCESS.—From the republican simplicity of Boston, just turn a glance of steam power over the Atlantic. There, on the evening of the day we stood in the dome of the State House on Beacon Hill, was a grand display of the magnificence of the Old Countrie—the land of our ancestors. An infant daughter of the queen was to be christened. The rich chapel in Buckingham Palace was prepared for the ceremony. The noblest among the noble were in attendance. Foreign ministers came as to a *levée*. Thus the scene is described.

"The whole of the costumes both of ladies and gentlemen were very elegant and magnificent—those of the former were uniformly white, of valuable lace and the richest satins or silks. The gentlemen were either in uniform or full court dress.

"The queen's dress was of rich white satin, of Spitalfields manufacture, striped with silver tissue, and richly trimmed with Honiton point lace. Her Majesty wore a wreath of white roses, studded with diamonds, in her hair. Her Majesty also wore the ribbon of the Order of the Garter, and a splendid diamond George.

"The Princess Royal and the Princess Alice had white net dresses, trimmed with Nottingham lace, over white satin.

"The Prince of Wales wore a white Cashmere pelouse, bordered with silver.

"Her Majesty, Prince Albert and the royal family stood on one side, the royal sponsors opposite, the archbishop having advanced from the altar to the font.

"The infant princess, in the arms of the head nurse, attended by the Dowager Lady Lyttelton, and conducted by the Lord Chamberlain and the Groom of the Stole to Prince Albert, was stationed in the chapel close to the font, above the sponsors and opposite the queen.

"The primate immediately commenced the service. The Bishop of London, the Bishop of Norwich, and the two attendant clergymen, remained at the altar.

"On demanding the name of the princess from the sponsors, the Duchess of Cambridge named her 'Helena Augusta Victoria,' and the venerable prelate performed the sacred rite in a most impressive manner. The first name is pronounced 'Hélena,' with the accent on the first syllable.

"After the baptism the Princess Helena was returned to the arms of her nurse.

"At the conclusion of the baptism, and at the commencement of the Lord's Prayer, Her Majesty knelt down. The Prince of Wales looked doubtfully in the queen's face, but at a sign from his august parent he knelt reverently down—he and his sister, the Princess Royal, on either side of the chair, in front of which Her Majesty was kneeling, and joined their little hands in prayer."

Queen Victoria is a very exemplary woman—probably few sovereigns were ever more careful in the performance of all duties. We hope her children will repay her care, and prove a better royal stock than did those of her grandfather, George the Third. But the poor, toiling millions of her *subjects*—what cause of hope or happiness have they?

From the royal christening, let us pass to

THE FAIRY'S GRAVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HERMANN V. GLASENAPP.

The fairies are gathering on sweet St. John's night,
And the greenwood is lit with a wondrous light.

The king from his throne on a lily bends down—
How diamond-like glitters his dewy crown!

"But where is sweet Wella, the fairy girl
Of our elfin train—the loveliest pearl?"

She comes! her fairy foot draws nigh;
But grief fills her heart and tears dim her eye.

"Oh, king! my true love is pure and good,
But his veins are filled with human blood.

"Oh, let me now be my true knight's wife,
And change for a mortal's my fairy life!"

The king speaks again—"But knowest thou well
The law of the fairies, the elfin spell?

"If mortal man break his faith to thee,
Death is thy doom and the grave thou shalt see.

"No longer immortal, the debt must be paid—
Thou know'st it? Go hence, thou false fairy maid."

Again they are met on sweet St. John's night,
And the greenwood is lit with a wondrous light;

Though it is no feast—but a funeral throng,
For the glow-worms are bringing their torches along.

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Ten elves are bearing fair Wella's clay—
Ten elves are bearing fair Wella away.

The train draws near the old oak tree,
When, lo! the trunk opens, and, strange to see,

A fragrant breath perfumes the air,
For within there blossoms a rose tree fair.

And pillowed soft on the sweetest rose,
Fair Wella is laid for her long repose,

And the rose it changes its glowing hue,
Grows white as the form it is shrouding from view;

It gently closes its fragrant door
And becomes a bud as it was before.

The fairies in silence and sorrow depart,
And the oak closes up on the broken heart.

OUR DEAD LETTER OFFICE.

We have only room for two or three of these specimens rescued from oblivion. This first one, dated five years ago, we give in hopes that some dweller near the mineral spring named, will inform us if the prophecy of the writer has proved true.

NASHVILLE, *August*, 1841.

MY DEAR SIR—I believe I have never given you any description of this city, famous as being the capital of Tennessee and the residence of "Old Hickory" Well, as I find it impracticable to collect your bills, and have nothing new to write respecting business or the banks, what if I give you a touch of my descriptive powers!

Dr. Spurzheim expressed himself disappointed on reaching New England, to find the cities and villages already wearing the impress of age; he looked in vain for that appearance of "newness and freshness" he had expected them to wear. I wish he had lived to visit the West. Here he would have found what he expected—a new world. Nearly every building in Nashville looks new, and the manners, customs and habits of the people are charming in their warmth and freshness. It is the spirit of youth.

But do not suppose from this that the city is a collection of log cabins, and the dwellers therein a set of Johnny Raws. The evidences of wealth, refinement and taste are about you here as profusely as in most of the older cities of the Union. Indeed, Nashville surpasses many of them in the elegance of its buildings, the splendor of its equipages, and the number and variety of its fancy stores, warehouses, &c.

There are several handsome churches here, a number of manufactories, and an excellent market—at least for *early rises*. Ladies of the first standing—to their credit be it recorded—are to be seen at this market, attended by a servant, before the rising of the sun, selecting their provisions for the day. Are the fair ladies of your city more zealous in their housekeeping duties? And I assure you, the ladies here can also vie with their sisters of the east in the accomplishments and graces which adorn society, as well as in the household virtues which make life comfortable and pleasant at home.

But I promised you a description of the city, not the ladies; and it would never do to introduce them on the last page of a letter—it would require a series of volumes numerous as those of the Lady's Book to do them justice.

The last "lion" I shall introduce is the "Sulphur Spring," which, a few years hence, will be a great and fashionable resort for invalids. It is situated just beyond the city bounds, and already in high repute in the neighborhood. Were there such a spring in the vicinity of any of the eastern cities, what a mine of wealth it would prove to the proprietors! Here the waters are free to all, and you help yourself out of a tin tumbler some benevolent hand has placed there for the general benefit.

I have agreed to visit the spring this morning with a friend, and will drink a tumbler of the water to your health and my own safe return.

Yours, truly,
C. CLERK.

The gentleman who wrote this was in earnest, we doubt not. If he has not yet found his Queen of Beauty, the publication may aid his quest.

NEW YORK, *June 11th*, 1845.

MY DEAR H.—I have your letter of the first, and accept with pleasure your invitation to pass a month in Philadelphia. I am only waiting to set out till my new teeth are fitted. To tell you the truth, I wish to look my best, as I have at length determined to take that step to which my friends have been so long urging me. I have determined to marry and settle in a house of my own. As Mrs. H. has a large acquaintance, I may perhaps see at your house a woman calculated to make me happy.

I am a great admirer of beauty, therefore she must be pretty. Elegance of manner and good temper are of course indispensable. I would not for the world marry a learned lady, yet I would like her to know enough to follow any conversation I might wish to lead—that is, to know enough to appreciate and respect my acquirements. *Science* I absolutely prohibit, though I should blush if, like Tom Burns' smiling idiot of a wife, she were to ask in a company, "what became of all the old moons?"

You know I have been a great deal in the gay world, so much that I am sick of it. Public places are my aversion; I wish, then, to marry a young lady who must be so much attached to me that she will wish never to pass an evening out. Our own fireside must be our Paradise, for I would give nothing for a wife whose happiness would be found away from her husband. I expect exclusive devotion, a brow ever serene, and a heart full of love always. Money, of course, is desirable, but I would be satisfied with a small portion from a woman very beautiful and very much in love with me.

The soul of romantic passion I require is seldom found but in fresh, unsophisticated hearts; it is a *sine qua non*, therefore, that she be under twenty. You may at first call this a disparity, but I assure you I shall not be fifty until my next birthday: then I am as young as ever in my feelings, and you have not seen me in my new wig, which really takes ten years from my appearance. If I can find an intelligent, amiable, beautiful, graceful young creature, who will give me her whole heart, and yield a sweet, unwavering compliance to all my moods, all my wishes, I think we will enjoy a domestic bliss to be envied by all the gay and fashionable.

Remember me cordially to Mrs. H., and believe me
Most truly yours,
CŒLEBS MUPSUM.

OUR "BOOK."—From all quarters we are cheered with commendations. The August number, put forth without *names*, has been much praised. This shows the critics *read* what they approve. An inferior article may be the production of a popular author. *Names* are not merit, though some writers seem to think so. We spare no pains or cost to make our Lady's Book the queen of periodical literature in this country. We intend our friends shall say, without disappointment, as did the student—

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"I will read the 'Book' in the hope of learning somewhat from it." Yet they must remember—

"A rose is not all flower, but hath much
Which is of lower beauty, yet like needful."

We have the best possible proof that the course we pursue is right—namely its signal success.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—We have not been able to attend to all favors received during the summer We shall now have cooler weather and longer evenings, and the MSS. that have looked so formidable will *fall* naturally, like the forest leaves. Here are a few we have *preserved* for the Lady's Book—"The Name that we Love," "My Brother's Grave," "Envy not the Poet's Lot," and "Only a Street Singer."

"Some Changes" will be published soon. Our compliments to the author.

The following are *leaves* scattered and blown away—"Lines to an Old Friend," "God speed thee, Brother," "Hope is not Mockery," "To Caroline," "The Toilette," "Lines," "The Lover's First Grief," "Death of a Student," and "Caroline Walton."

EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

Messrs. Carey & Hart have published a new volume of their invaluable series of the Modern British Essayists, containing the "*Miscellaneous Works of Sir James Mackintosh.*" This comprises some of the most eloquent and carefully written of all the author's works, and forms a most valuable addition to the series, which, it will be recollected, comprises the miscellaneous works of Macaulay, Jeffrey, Alison, Walter Scott, Carlyle, Wilson, &c., and forms a complete body of modern criticism, and a choice collection of the most elegant papers which have been written in the present century in the department of belles lettres.

The same publishers have issued a new number of their American humorous works, entitled "*Aunt Patty's Scrap Book,*" by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, a beautifully written work, embellished with engravings from designs by Darley. Mrs. Hentz is one of our own favorite contributors, and as such is known to our readers as one of the most elegant and fascinating writers of the age.

Messrs. Lea & Blanchard continue their series of "Small Books on Great Subjects" with "*Man's Power over himself to prevent Insanity,*" "*Practical Organic Chemistry,*" and "*A Brief View of Greek Philosophy up to the Age of Pericles.*"

Messrs. Greely & McElrath, New York, have published "*Incentives to the Cultivation of the Science of Geology—designed for the use of the young,*" by S. S. Rundall, Deputy Superintendent of Common Schools of the State of New York, Editor of Common School Journal, &c. It is a neat 12mo., giving the general principles of geology, the geological features of the United States and the State of New York, and the practical results of geological science. It is illustrated with handsome engravings, and admirably suited for schools and school libraries.

Mr. George S. Appleton, of Philadelphia, and Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., New York, have published "*The American Guide Book, being a hand-book for Tourists and Travelers through every part of the United States—illustrated with Views of the principal Cities and Maps of the States and the various routes. Part I—Northern and Eastern States.*" This is a very beautiful and useful book, furnishing what is universally found in traveling in Europe, and has never been so thoroughly accomplished before in this country. It will become the standard "Traveler's Guide Book" for the United States.

The same publishers have issued, "*Life of Major-General Zachary Taylor, with an account of his recent brilliant achievements on the Rio Grande and elsewhere, including the Defence of Fort Harrison and the Battle of Okee-cho-bee,*" by C. Frank Powell. This book is illustrated with a portrait of General Taylor, and is sold for twenty-five cents. Of course, it is having an immense run.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have published "*The Expedition to Borneo of H. M. S. Dido for the Suppression of Piracy, with extracts from the Journal of James Brooke, Esq., of Sarawak—now agent for the British Government in Borneo,*" by Captain the Hon. Henry Keppel, R. N. This is the most interesting book of travels that has appeared for a long time, as it relates to a new region, is full of fresh matter, and develops the extraordinary means by which the British have effected a lodgment in the extensive and important island of Borneo.

Messrs. Lea & Blanchard have issued a new and cheaper edition of Graham's invaluable "*Colonial History of the United States.*" It is edited by President Quincy, of Harvard University, and is considered one of the most valuable historical works of the present century.

Messrs. G. B. Zieber & Co. have issued No. 1 of "*Chambers' Information for the People—a Popular Encyclopædia. First American edition—with numerous additions and more than five hundred engravings.*" This is an extremely important and well-timed publication, comprising popular treatises on the most important branches of science, physical, mathematical and moral, natural history, political history, geography and general literature—a complete library in itself, comprising all which, if studied and received into the mind, would make an individual in the common walks of life a well-informed man. It will be comprised in eighteen numbers at twenty-five cents each.

Messrs. James Munroe & Co., of Boston, have published "*A Retrospect, and other Poems,*" in a neatly printed 12mo. volume. The poetry is what the Edinburgh Review calls "good staple poetry," and we see no reason why the author's name should be withheld.

Messrs. Wiley & Putnam, after a very long interval, have sent us two numbers of their "Library of Choice Reading," by which we learn that the series has reached No. 68. The new book is entitled "*Hochelaga; or, England in the New World,*" edited by Eliot Warburton, Esq., author of the "Crescent and the Cross." In two parts. Part I.—Canada. Part II.—United States. It is a lively, well-written book of travels; the descriptions are graphic, and the scenes visited are such as will interest the general reader.

The same house has also published "*Italy, Spain and Portugal, with an Excursion to Alcobaca and Batalha,*" by William Beckford, forming two numbers of the "Library of Choice Reading"—*Books which are books.* This work of the elegant author of "Vathek" has

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long been celebrated for its spirit and eloquence, and richly deserves a place among the really standard books of the series to which it belongs. It is for sale, as well as all the other publications of Messrs. Wiley & Putnam, at the bookstore of Mr. J. W. Moore, Chestnut street below Fifth.

Messrs. Theodore Bliss & Co. have published "*The Book of Nursery Rhymes, complete from the creation of the world to the present time.*" This is by far the best book of its class which we have ever seen, and gives the completest collection of those poems which are first impressed in the child's memory and last forgotten. The style of getting up is elegant and quite unusual for a book of this kind. The engravings are very beautiful in design and execution.

Messrs. Saxton & Kelt, Boston, and Saxton & Miles, New York, have published "*The Poetical Writings of Elizabeth Oakes Smith.*" It is unnecessary to inform the readers of the Lady's Book that the fair author of this volume is one of the most talented of our American poets. The volume is in the pocket form, very elegantly got up.

The same publishers have issued "*The True Child*" and "*The Dandelion,*" two beautiful little juvenile books by the same author, written with a just view of the real condition, tastes and wants of children, and without any visionary ideas of over-educating them. The volumes are well illustrated with engravings on wood.

"*The Morals of Manners,*" by Miss C. E. Sedgwick, is in the best vein of this celebrated author, long recognized as one of the leading spirits of our American literature. It is published by the same firm, and may be found at the same place as the Travels by the author of "Vathek" above mentioned.

Messrs. Thomas Cowperthwaite & Co. have published "*Beauties of the French Drama,*" or the most remarkable dramatic productions of the best French poets, comprising "Athalie," a tragedy of J. Racine; "Le Cid," a tragedy of P. Corneille; "Mérope," a tragedy of Voltaire; "Le Misanthrope," a comedy of Molière—followed by the most approved extracts from the other masterpieces of the same authors, as well as those of the most eminent dramatic writers of modern time—with notes and explanations; prepared expressly for American schools by *Charles Picot*, Principal of an Academy for Young Ladies, (established in 1823,) in which the branches of a liberal education are taught through English and French. This volume forms the seventh number of Mr. Picot's series of school books, of which we have already had occasion to speak in highly favorable terms. Its utility as a class-book for students in the French language must be sufficiently obvious to all who have the slightest tincture of French literature. Such a volume has long been a desideratum in schools, academies and colleges, and its appearance will be hailed with pleasure by teachers and pupils. The course of French literature commenced two years since by Mr. Picot is now, we believe, complete. These seven volumes will do more to render French popular in our country than has ever been done by any set of school books before. It effectually clears away a mass of difficulties and obstructions which had previously been the subject of general complaint, and renders the task of both teacher and scholar comparatively easy and delightful.

Mr. George S. Appleton, of this city, and Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., New York, have published "*George's Journey to the Land of Happiness,*" with sixteen colored plates—a delightful story, translated from the French and illustrated with exquisite engravings by Devereux. The moral of the story is very palpable, and will produce a marked effect on the juvenile reader, whose imagination is captivated by the singularly original and bold scenes which are delineated by the ingenious and fanciful author.

The same publishers have issued "*The Child's Favorite,*" by a lady, an annual, with colored plates from designs of Croome, executed by first rate engravers. The stories and poems in this book have unusual merit, Mr. Appleton being very particular in attending to the practical moral tendency of all his publications for the young.

Another book which merits the same praise has just issued from the same press, entitled "*Adventures of Bob the Squirrel.*" This is written by one of the eminent authors of the day, who has nobly dedicated a portion of his elegant talents to the instruction and entertainment of youth. The story is such as Mrs. Barbauld or Jane Taylor might have written; and it is very beautifully and tastefully embellished with colored plates representing the perilous adventures and hair-breadth 'scapes of Bob the Squirrel. We heartily commend this book to our juvenile friends.

Messrs. E. Ferrett & Co. have published the fourth number of Montholon's invaluable "*Napoleon at St. Helena;*" also, "*The Wilfulness of Woman,*" a lively, readable novel, in the cheap pamphlet form.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have published "*Questions on the First Epistle to the Corinthians,*" designed for Bible classes and Sunday schools, adapted to the author's Notes on that Epistle, by Albert Barnes—a very useful book, by an author of first rate reputation among the theologians of our country.

The same publishers have issued "*A Text Book of Chemistry, for the use of Schools and Colleges,*" by John Wm. Draper, M. D.—with nearly three hundred illustrations. This is an elegant compend of this popular and useful science by an author of the highest reputation. It is admirably suited for practical use in the laboratory, where chemistry should always be studied.

Messrs. Wm. Taylor & Co. have published "*American Phreno-Mnemotechny, Theoretical and Practical,*" by Pliny Miles. This is a large volume, comprising a complete system of artificial memory, with practical examples, and has evidently been prepared with great labor and care by a practical man.

Messrs. Lewis Colby & Co., New York, have published "*Pastor's Hand Book, comprising selections of Scripture arranged for various occasions of official duty, together with select formulas for marriage, &c., and rules of order for churches, ecclesiastical and other assemblies,*" by W. W. Everts, Pastor of Laight street Church, New York. The title of this work is sufficient to commend it to the favorable notice of the clergy.

The same publishers have sent us "*The Bible Manual; comprising selections of Scripture, arranged for occasions of private and public worship, both special and ordinary, together with Scripture expressions of prayer arranged from Matthew Henry, with an Appendix,*" by the same author—a work of obvious utility, very beautifully printed and richly furnished with Scripture quotations.

The indefatigable J. G Osbourn has sent us the following pieces of music, got up in his usual style of excellence—"*My Home is in the West,*" by H. Avery "*General Taylor's Gallop,*" by A. J. R. Conner; second volume of the "*Flutist's Monthly Bijou,*" a collection of popular operatic airs for the flute or violin; "*Washington, Star of the West,*" composed and sung by R. Loomis; "*I've been upon the Briny Deep,*" a song dedicated to the West Philadelphia Musical Club, by C. E. Catterall; "*The Boston Melodeon,*" a collection of secular melodies, consisting of songs, glees, rounds, catches, &c.; and "*The Piano Forte Primer,*" by J. P. Burrows, calculated for private tuition, &c. This latter work we consider very useful to the beginner and of considerable advantage

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to the more advanced pianist. At Osbourn's may be found all the popular music of the day.

Burgess & Stringer have sent us the last number of that admirable medical work, "*The London Lancet.*" The price of this work is only five dollars per annum.

"*Dolores,*" a novel, by Harro Harring, in four numbers, complete. Colon & Adriance, of the Arcade, Nos. 28, 29, 30 and 31, have sent us this work, that has made so much noise in the literary world and litigation in lawyer*dom*. It is a singular book, well written, and more than sufficiently political to suit the general reader. Still no one can read it through without pronouncing the author a most powerful writer, and with a little variation from his present work a most pleasing one.

The same publishers have also sent us No. 1 to 5 of "*The Monthly Flora,*" by John B. Newman, M. D., each number containing five plates very prettily colored. Success will attend this latter work, as the ladies will patronize it, and to them we commend it.

H. Long & Brother, 32 Ann street, New York, have sent us "*The Life of Zachary Taylor, to which is added Sketches of the officers who have fallen in the late contests.*" This is the most complete work we have yet received on the same subject. In addition to a faithful account of the late contests, anecdotes of General Taylor, &c., it contains a portrait of the general, very Napoleonish in its appearance; a fac-simile of General T.'s answer to a letter from Mayor Mickle, of New York, and a diagram of the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma

Since our last No. we have received the two works published by Messrs. Lindsay and Blakiston, "*Scenes in the Lives of the Angels,*" and "*The Illuminated Gems of Sacred Poetry,*" and can only add to our former notice that they by far excel any other work published in this or any other country. We ought to compliment the typography by Mr. C. Sherman;—it is beautiful, and does him much credit.

We are happy to find that our model cottage plan has succeeded so well. We have to acknowledge the receipt of over one hundred subscribers from this feature alone. Our increase to the already enormous list from other causes is immense. The public will perceive in every succeeding number something new. We are now preparing the engravings for a series of articles on artificial-flower making, and a distinguished medical gentleman is preparing for us some papers on family medicine.

It would please us very much if our subscribers were permitted to have a longer possession of their books after their receipt than is usually allowed them, but their fair friends are so anxious to see what is the latest pattern of crotchet working or the latest fashion for a bonnet, that they are forced to make their complaints to us, and we thus chronicle them to the world.

Our last number gave great satisfaction. The fashion plate is pronounced the most perfect work of art, independent of its truthfulness, ever presented to the periodical reading community. It was a singular coincidence that Mr. Graham and ourselves should both have selected the same plate for publication—Mount Holyoke—but it only proves that the plate must have been worthy of our separate works—hence its publication. It is the best view ever published of this celebrated mountain.

The leading plate in this number is a masterpiece of the art of engraving, and will so be pronounced by all who are conversant with the art. As a proof of its merits, it has been selected by two publishers as an illustration for two separate religious annuals. We consider ours as the best, as it is more beautifully engraved, and the expression of the countenances wonderfully retained, which can only be done in line and stipple, mezzotints not being so effective in such small figures. The illustrations in this number far exceed those in any other magazine published; and it will also be noticed that in every No. OUR FASHION PLATES ARE COLORED, WHICH IS NOT THE CASE WITH ANY OTHER MAGAZINE.

Many ladies have expressed to us their pleasure in seeing that our dresses are always those that a modest woman might wear. Such will always be our rule—therefore our title of "Paris Fashions Americanized."

While upon this subject we annex the following:—

"The N. York Mirror insists upon it, that Mr. Godey Americanizes the Paris fashions in his magazine. So he should. There is no one distinct fashion in Paris. The idea is a diaphanous humbug, and the sooner our would-be-fashionables see through it the better it will be for good taste and honest opinions."

We copy the above from the Spirit of the Times, the editor of which and the writer of the above article has just returned from Paris. Our subscribers will see that we have been correct in our plan of Americanizing the Paris fashions. The above extract was not published until the article that precedes this was written.

Among our other brethren of the press, we, too, welcome the return of Mr. Du Solle to our city—the able editor and the accomplished gentleman.

The public will again welcome, as we do, Miss E. Leslie to our columns. One of her life-like sketches adorns this number. Grace Greenwood is also here with one of her truthful and sunny articles.

We return our thanks to our brethren of the press and to others for their kindly notice of us, and they may rest assured that our endeavor will always be to merit their approbation.

The request of an old subscriber in New York touching cost of model cottages he will perceive has been attended to.

Some queer things may be found in our newspapers occasionally. Take the following instructions to subtreasurers. Article 17 is as follows—"Rooms to be had where there are none." The person who is to procure said rooms would be invaluable during the height of the Cape May season.

Another runs thus—"*To Feed-men*—About two thousand bushels chip stuff or bran, a part of superior quality, afloat and for sale low, by ——." Now, our brethren in Ireland refuse to be fed on hoe-cake and corn-bread. What would they think of chip stuff or bran to feed men?

Look also at the following—"General Taylor has issued an order, not against the present deluge of cold water at all, for he is too much of a Father-Matthew man for that. The order is one prohibiting spirituous liquors from entering the mouth of the river." It strikes us that it would be more to the purpose if the order was to prevent its entering the mouths of the men.

A COMPLIMENT, THOUGH NOT INTENDED.—"How do you like the Lady's Book?" inquired a mother of her young daughter.

"Very much, indeed, mother; but I should like it more if there was not so much of it taken from the newspapers."

So it is—our articles are often copied into the local papers even before our subscribers receive their Book.

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PARTING OF WASHINGTON.

Engraved expressly for Godey's Ladies Book by J. Cross

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GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1846.

THE PRESCRIPTION; OR, THE BENEFICENCE OF WASHINGTON.

Lieutenant S——, who distinguished himself in several battles that were fought near the close of the Revolutionary war, had the happiness to win the heart of Caroline N——, the daughter of one of Virginia's proudest aristocrats, but not the good fortune to meet the approval of her family. In fact, his advances were repulsed, and he left the alternative of endeavoring to induce Caroline to leave all for him, or to abandon his suit. He was not of a temperament to choose the latter course, and Miss N—— loved him too truly to hesitate long in her choice of the two courses left for her adoption. They were married privately, and without the knowledge or consent of Mr. N——. When the latter received information of what had been done, he obeyed the dictates of wounded pride, and refused to be reconciled to his daughter.

Shortly after the marriage of Lieutenant S——, he was ordered to the western frontier. Caroline accompanied him, and bore the change in her lot with the sweet patience of a loving wife. Three years after this removal to a far western post, during which time the young wife had not once heard from home, although she had written often in the hope that some one would relent, the health of Lieutenant S—— began to decline so rapidly that it became necessary for him to seek a life of less exposure than the one he was leading. As he had no income beyond his pay as an officer, if he retired from the army he must enter into some business or pursuit for a livelihoood. He was a good engineer, but an engineer was liable to as severe exposure as an officer. Finally, after considering the matter carefully, he determined to write on to the head of the War Department, to whom he was well known, and solicit the first office that might become vacant. He also addressed a letter to General Washington, then President of the United States, who had once or twice honorably noticed him during the Revolutionary campaign, stating his case and asking him to second his application to the Secretary of War.

This application was successful. Lieutenant S—— received an early appointment at a salary of twelve hundred dollars a year, and immediately removed with his wife and one child to Washington city. Instead, however, of finding that improvement in his health which he had anticipated, the change from active service in the open air to a passive life in a small room, with its confined atmosphere, was detrimental rather than beneficial. He grew paler and thinner daily, and his strength gradually failed. To counteract this, he used as much exercise as the intervals of freedom from the duties of his office would permit. This was salutary, and prolonged his life for several years. But the destroyer was at work, and his victim at last yielded to his steady inroads.

On the death of Lieutenant S——, he left his grief-stricken widow with scarcely a hundred dollars. And this was all she possessed in the world. What she was to do when this was gone was more than she could tell. She knew of no possible means of subsistence for herself and child, and sunk down in grief and helpless despondency. She had made a few friends since her residence in Washington, and these felt deeply for her situation. One of these friends, who had occupied the same office with Lieut. S——, represented the destitute condition of the widow to the head of the department, and obtained for her the copying of various documents, by which means she was able to earn just about enough to procure the necessaries of life. This continued for some months, during which time Mrs. S—— worked diligently, but in sorrow and despondency. Several times she wrote home, and represented her condition in the most earnest and touching manner, but no replies came to her

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letters, each of which was stained and blotted by her tears that she strove in vain to repress.

Never having been used to such close application to any bodily employment as was now required of her, Mrs. S—— often became weary and faint over her task. One day she felt so unwell that she could hardly continue her employment. Her head ached with a throbbing, blinding pain, and every now and then a faint sickness would pass over her. At length she rose suddenly from the table at which she was writing, and staggering towards the bed, had just time to throw herself upon it, when she sunk into insensibility. She had fainted. She was alone with her little girl, about nine years old, when this occurred. The frightened child, when she saw her mother's deathly face, ran from the house and almost flew to the office of the physician who had been in the habit of attending the family. But he was not in.

"Where shall I go?" she asked, wringing her hands in agony. "My mother will die!"

Being directed to another physician some distance away, she ran to his office, but he, too, was out. Almost wild with alarm, the poor child now turned her steps homeward. She was but a short distance off, when she met a venerable-looking man dressed in black, whose countenance was the very index of benevolence. Taking him for a physician, she took hold of him eagerly, exclaiming—"Oh, doctor, my mother is dying! Come, quick!"

"Where do you live, my child?" said the individual addressed, evidently touched by the child's tone and manner.

"Come, and I will show you. We are almost there," she said, moving away a step or two, and pulling the stranger's garment that she still grasped tightly.

He followed, and in a few minutes entered the humble dwelling of the widow of Lieut. S——.

Shortly after her child had left the house, Mrs. S—— recovered from the fainting fit into which she had suddenly fallen, and half-conjecturing the cause of little Flora's absence, was waiting with some anxiety for her return. When she entered with the individual she supposed to be a physician, Mrs. S. was half-reclining on the pillows of her bed. The child sprung to her, and clasping her eagerly around the neck, buried her face in her bosom and sobbed violently. The stranger approached the bedside, regarding Mrs. S—— with earnest attention as he did so. After inquiring her name, he asked the cause of her sickness, and very soon understood that nature had been overtasked.

"I must prescribe something for you," he said, after sitting thoughtfully for a few moments; and taking out his pencil he wrote upon a small piece of paper, folded it carefully, and said, as he handed it to Mrs. S——: "Send for this; I think it will do you good. To-morrow I will either see you again myself, or send to know how you are."

The stranger spoke in a calm, earnest voice, while a benignant expression pervaded his fine face. His tones and looks were all familiar to Mrs. S——, but in the bewilderment of the moment she could not for her life tell who he was.

As soon as he had retired, she unfolded the paper. She was not long in doubt. It was a check for one hundred dollars, and the signature was that of GEORGE WASHINGTON!

On the next day a clerk from one of the Departments visited Mrs. S—— and made the most minute inquiries of her in regard to her family. She did not conceal anything, for the visitor was one of her husband's best friends.

Not many weeks after this, while Mrs. S—— sat writing at her table, for she had felt it to be her duty to resume her task of copying for the Department, although she did not work so incessantly, some one suddenly opened the door and entered. She looked up quickly—a wild cry of joy followed—in a moment after she was on her father's bosom, clinging to him as eagerly as a drowning man clings to whatever comes within his grasp. The old man threw his arms around his child, and wept with her. His proud heart was broken down. For years he had striven to forget that Caroline lived, but in dreams she would come to him, and plead for his forgiveness so earnestly that in his waking hours he still saw her tearful eyes lifted to his and heard her tender appeals. But pride was strong, and still resisted all the promptings of nature. He was in this state of mind when he received a letter from the Capitol. It was signed by General Washington, and briefly but earnestly represented to him the condition of his child, and begged him not to forget that he was still a father.

This was enough. Selfish pride all gave way, and he hurried to the city to seek his long-banished, and much suffering child, who was soon restored to the bosom of her family. The "loan," as Mr. N—— delicately called it, was returned to General Washington shortly afterwards.

The moment when the Father of his Country was engaged in writing the prescription for Mrs. S——, has been seized upon by the artist, who has succeeded in making a very attractive picture, to which the reader's attention is referred. It commemorates an incident in real life, the knowledge of which will give pleasure to all.

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THE BATSON COTTAGE.

BY MISS LESLIE.

We present our readers with some extracts from the diary of Miss Clementine Chelbourne, a young lady of sixteen, who with her mother had been spending a summer month at the principal hotel in a large and pleasant village, celebrated for the salubrity of the air, and the beauty and fertility of its surrounding country. The diary is addressed to a young friend in a distant place; the writer faithfully fulfilling her promise of noting down everything as it occurred.

It is true, my dearest Lucinda, that we have excellent accommodations at this hotel, and very good society. Many genteel people from different places are spending the summer at Laureltown, which its inhabitants have not yet begun to designate as a city. Mamma is very happy here, and thinks of remaining till it is time for us to go to New York, and meet papa on his return from Europe, and settle down in our Philadelphia home till next summer. For my part, I have nothing to complain of at Laureltown but the entire absence of rurality. Hitherto all our summer excursions have been to fashionable watering-places and handsome villas; so I have seen nothing of rustic life, and am really pining to find myself the inmate of a cottage—not a *cottage ornée* with parlors, and dining-rooms and breakfast-rooms, and boudoirs and conservatories, (such as we read of in English novels), but a genuine *chaumière à la paysan*. You know how I delight in the perusal of rural tales and rural poetry, (even to the oldest pastorals,) and how convinced I am that cottages are the places where "all the virtues most do congregate." Only think, I am sixteen years of age, and have never yet passed an hour under a thatched roof. Mamma says I have very little chance of ever doing so in America. Well, I will not be too particular about the roof; and a shingled one would suffice, if it was tolerably mossy, and a little broken, so as to be picturesque. I have been trying for a week past to persuade mamma to let us take boarding in some "sheltered nook" somewhere in the most sequestered part of the adjacent country; and she has almost promised to gratify me. Remembering always that she once was young herself, and (as my aunts tell me) rather imaginative, with quite as much fancy as judgment, my dearest mamma is a pattern of indulgence to the follies (if indeed they are so) of her only and affectionate daughter. I am perfectly certain that she is right; for I should not be half so affectionate if she was always checking and chiding, and contradicting and disappointing me, and regarding every little *étourderie* as if it was to have awful consequences, and give a coloring to my whole future character. Now, I have lived long enough in the world to know (in spite of all the moral and instructive tales prepared for young people as true pictures of real life) that there are thousands of happenings without any consequences at all, and that every little thing *does not* lead to some great thing; and that our daily history is *not* like a complicated machine, all wheel within wheel. You see, dear Lucinda, how I can philosophize. Some day I may come out a genius. And that will prove the truth of my new theory that there is no judging of the end from the beginning. But I am called off—mamma has just sent for me.

* * * * * * * *

Joy, joy, dearest Lucinda! My kindest of mothers (who never forgets that she was once a foolish girl herself) has commissioned our worthy host to inquire among the country people that supply marketing if we can obtain boarding in some small, quiet, rural "mansion of peace" within a few miles of Laureltown. And Mr. Kindman (good, disinterested person) has just come up to say that he has found us a place. In a retired spot quite off the high road, there lives a widow with a grown-up niece, a daughter that is a little girl, and a son who is in his twentieth year. When her husband was living they occupied a good-sized stone house; but after his death, as her son was then a little boy, she concluded to rent the farm, and live upon the rent, till the youth was old enough to take charge of it. And they removed to a small house in the neighborhood of the farm, a mere cottage with only one acre of ground. I wonder how large an acre looks when you see it.

This negotiation has been going on for two days, without my knowledge; by way of giving me an agreeable surprise if it succeeded, and preventing my disappointment if it did not. And yesterday afternoon when I was out angling with the Wilfords, mamma took a ride with Mr. Kindman to the place, and saw it; and this morning the bargain was concluded, and the cottagers apprised that they might expect us to-morrow.

There was some difficulty about the terms, which Mr. Kindman told mamma were quite too high. Pity that the vile dross called money should always be mixed into all our pleasures. How charming it would be could we go there as friends; they receiving us at once into their hearts, with open arms, and welcoming us beneath their hospitable roof. And then in return (for we like to be generous) we might present them with a silver vase (such as

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they could use for a tea-pot) with a complimentary inscription, which I should delight in writing myself.

I inquired about the young people who are now to be my companions. Mamma had only seen the orphan niece whose name I find is Mary. I am glad it is nothing worse. I could never have reconciled myself to Rachel or Hannah. Common as Mary is, it seems to be approved by the poets. I am sorry to understand that the people of our country (at least the white people) have no pastoral names among them, such as Phillis, Chloe, Damon and Colin. Alas! we have no shepherds in America. None, at least, that pass their lives on verdant banks, beneath the shade of spreading trees, twining their crooks and their hair with garlands of flowers. Papa says there are no such shepherds anywhere. He has told us of the first shepherd he saw in England, a clumsy, red-faced old man dressed in a coarse brown jacket, a dirty gray waistcoat, corduroy knee-breeches, leather gaiters, and hob-nailed shoes; and that he was knitting blue yarn stockings instead of wreathing roses; and he had no crook at all, but only a thick club of a stick, and an ugly big dog.

Well, we will give up shepherds. I do not suppose any of our American countrymen could be contented to sit all day and watch sheep. There must be some other way for *our* sheep-keeping. To be sure, if Yankees would be shepherds, they might whittle sticks all the time.

I feel pre-disposed to love this youthful Mary. I have questioned mamma about her, but she is not very communicative; wishing, as usual, to give me an agreeable surprise. I learn, however, that Mary is a blonde. I wish I was one. I have always regretted my dark hair and eyes. Still it is customary in novels and pictures for two fair friends or two loving sisters to be of opposite complexions. One of them is dark-haired and energetic; the other light-haired and mild. And yet, Lucinda, do you not recollect that Ella Roseby, the worst imp in school, had flaxen locks and sky-blue eyes.

I like to imagine this cottage-Mary as one of those lovely things with fawn-like steps; and hearts welling-up in fountains of sweetness; and rosy smiles; and ringing laughs and peach-bloom cheeks; and golden hair gushing down their swan-like necks; and dewy, violet eyes, or else large strange ones. Well—well—I shall know her to-morrow.

I must lay down my pen, and commence the direful task of packing for removal. Oh, this "worky-day world."

* * * * * * *

I was up this morning two hours before the first bell, to accustom myself to rising with the earliest blush of dawn, as soon as I commence life in a cottage. I looked out of my window, and saw the Jumperville stage start from the door of the hotel; and the grocer's boy opposite, opening the shop-windows. Then the shoemaker opened his, and then the tailor. Why must there be shoemakers? Why tailors? I know they are necessary evils. But then their trades are so unpicturesque. They spoil the beauties of the rising day. Finding nothing to do when up (my packing having been finished last evening) I went to bed again. But as I was too much excited to sleep, I re-rose; and early as it was, commenced what are truly called the labors of the toilet. Fortunately in the cottage the simplest costume will suffice. "Robes loosely flowing, hair as free."

* * * * * * *

We went to breakfast; and sat down (the last time I hope till next summer) to a long long table set out with tea and coffee, and steaks and sausages, and oysters and omelets, and hot rolls. To-morrow morning I expect to banquet on honey and fruit and cream, (the cream-bowl decked with flowers,) and little delicious cakes of some sort, white as if made of snow.

* * * * * * *

We have arrived at the cottage—the cottage of the Batson family. I am now sitting in my own room, and as the weather is too warm to do anything else, I will take the interval between this and dinner-time to proceed with my journal. You will like to know my first impressions; but I flatter myself that first impressions are often deceptive. *Nous verrons.*

The cottage is very small. But so a *real* cottage ought to be. Its height is one story and a half. Its tint is of a quiet dark-brown diversified with blackish streaks. The boards of which it is constructed have never been disguised by gaudy paint. I stipulated with mamma that we were not to have a white cottage—a glaring thing with green door and green shutters. The roof is very sloping; and continues to slope till it becomes also a roof for the front porch. I did not see much moss about it; but a blanket was sunning upon it; and a bolster and pillow lay out of the garret window. The porch roof is supported by four pillars (commonly called posts) with a hop-vine running over them. I would rather it was an eglantine, or a woodbine, or a jessamine. Hops are doubtless useful; but the leaves are so tattery, and dusty-looking, and the blossoms so remind one of beer. The windows of the cottage are few and far between, and differ very much in size and shape. This is rather an advantage, for if regular, they might look too stiff. I wish, however, they were lattices with diamond-shaped panes, like the cottages in drawing-books and satin-pieces. But I fear such windows are not to be expected in America, any more than straw-roofs. A strange thing protruded out from one side of the house (the side at which was the kitchen chimney). It looked like the small domes in the panorama of Jerusalem. I found it to be a clay oven. I must tell you that the front of the cottage is shaded by a large mulberry tree (think of Shakspeare), and that a stream runs behind it. The garden is at one side, and the rest of the domain is a weedy yard with a chicken coop and a pump. I wish the pump was a well; or still rather a

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spring gushing from a rock. I had promised myself the delight of drawing water from the spring; but there is no pleasure in pumping.

As we approached the cottage, we saw glimpses of several persons gliding about; but when we stopped at the door there was not a human being to be seen. We alighted from the carriage. Our driver deposited our baggage in the porch, mamma paid him, and he drove off. We then entered the dwelling of rural felicity. I had read of cottages where "green rushes were strewed on the floor," but here we found that species of domestic carpet vulgarly called a rag-rug. There were not even rush-chairs; but six tall narrow red-painted wooden ones. The window was not curtained with roses, but with green and yellow wall-paper. Near it hung a colored print representing a man in a black cap, and a blue coat with red cuffs, galloping violently on a reddish horse, over a verdigris ground. The inscription beneath was "Jersey Blue."

Presently there came and took her seat in a hard, high, painful-looking, entire-wooden rocking-chair, a thin, sun-parched little girl, about nine or ten years old, dressed in a tight, narrow, brown silk frock (I fear it was made out of an old skirt) trimmed with a scanty flounce. This dress made her look very hot, for it was high in the neck, and had long tight sleeves. Beneath it appeared pantalets of large-cross-barred white muslin, frilled with the same, very much blued, and starched stiff. Round her neck was pinned a dingy many-colored plaid silk handkerchief. Her yellow hair was platted very hard and strong, and tied about with a faded blue gauze ribbon. Stretching out both hands so as to rest them on the arms of the chair, she commenced rocking with all her might; steadfastly gazing at us in silence. She had really very large eyes, but I could not decide on their expression.

"What is your name, my dear?"—said I.

You know, dear Lucinda, I am generally amiable to children.

"Sally Ann Batson"—was the reply.

"Will you be my little friend?"—said I, approaching her.

"Yes, if you'll give me three levies and a fip"—replied the child.

"Why that sum, exactly?"—inquired mamma, with a smile.

"Because, it will buy me some artificials for my bonnet, just like Susan Brown's."

"Would not fresh-blooming flowers"—said I——"be more becoming to rural innocence?"

"Is it me you call a ruly innocent?"—said Miss Sally Ann Batson. "That's talking as if I was a baby."

"Would you not prefer beautiful real flowers?"—said I.

"No—not if you mean righty-dighty flowers. I wouldn't be seen with such things in my bonnet. No, no—artificials is all the go. And three levies and a fip will buy me just such a bunch as Susan Brown's. They have them down at the store."

I immediately took out my purse, and gave her a half-dollar. Instead of flying to me wild with gratitude, and devouring my hand with kisses, she reached out for the money without leaving her seat.

"I see you've plenty more in your purse"—said she—"I'd like you to give me a quarter-dollar besides, to buy a finger-ring. They have beautiful ones at the store, all shiny like goold, with a sort of bright big diamonds in them as red as fire."

"Will a quarter-dollar really make you very happy?"—said I, giving her one.

"Only middling. I cannot be *very* happy without a pair of white kid gloves, to wear when I go to church."

What a rapacious little thing! I began to be disappointed in the cottage child; and mamma made a sign to me to give her nothing more.

Just then appeared our hostess, Mrs. Batson, dressed in the ugliest mousseline de laine I ever saw, and a cap overloaded with coarse cotton lace, and red-lilac gauze ribbon. She is a tall, thin, bony woman—very faded, but perhaps more through work than age. I thought there was a peculiar expression in her eyes, but I cannot now say of what sort. I shall study her character. I think it is communicative; for she immediately told us (what we knew before) that she had been left a widow with two children (having lost seven), and that finding the farm too much for a lone woman to manage, she had rented it out to David Wheatley till her son Stephen came of age, and that its owner in the meantime was working with David Wheatley, and learning farming, so as to be ready to take his own place when he was twenty-one; as David was then going to move out west. So meanwhile she and her family lived here upon the rent; and had besides, their own garden-truck, and pigs, and chickens; and also a cow that picked up a good living along the road-side, and in the woods. With all a mother's laudable pride, Mrs. Batson then proceeded to inform us that Stephen was counted very likely, (meaning that he was considered handsome,) and that it was thought he might have his pick of all the girls in the neighborhood.

Next, Mrs. Batson informed us that she had living with her an orphan niece named Mary Brent, who being her sister's daughter, she had brought up; and that Mary was a very useful girl, helping with all the housework; so that Sally Ann, being weakly, could be spared doing anything. I felt sorry to hear that Mary helped with the housework; the idea is not agreeable. Her hands cannot possibly be white and delicate.

Mamma then proposed adjourning to our rooms, and expressed a desire to have our baggage carried up, as it still remained in the porch.

"We han't got no man or boy about the house"—said Mrs. Batson. "I forgot to tell you when we were bargaining, that I keep no help—that is, no hired help. Stephen stays mostly at Dave Wheatley's. If he was here he'd take up your

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things for you in a minute. Sally Ann, dear, won't you step over to black Jack's, and tell him to come here and carry up some trunks for these women. There's a family of free negers living just back of the lot"—she continued, in explanation—"and we can get any of them to come and do jobs whenever we are at a none-plush."

Sally Ann, after some hesitation, departed, and in a short time returned with black Jack, who carried up the baggage for us, and mamma paid him liberally. He was very thankful, pulled his front hair, scraped his foot, and said—"I give you great applause, ma'am. The ladies will please to 'member that whenever they wants anything fotched or carried, or any arrants gone, I'm the man what they're to look up to."

Mamma went to her room, and Sally Ann followed me into mine; and stood over me while I was unpacking my chief trunk; inspecting its contents, and asking me all sorts of questions about them. I had to recollect that this must be perfectly natural in an unsophisticated child, brought up in a cottage; particularly when she combed her front hair with my dressing-comb, and was proceeding to rub her teeth with my tooth-brush, which I luckily snatched from her before it was too late.

"What's the matter?"—she exclaimed, indignantly. "What harm shall I do to your tooth-brush?"

I then explained to her that a tooth-brush could only be used by one person.

"Well, if I ever heard the like!"—said she.

I began to fear that the cottage child might be too unsophisticated; and yet I have a misgiving that in some things she is very cunning.

"Oh, what a pretty fan"—said she, taking up my last new one, and flirting it open. "It looks quite scrumptious when I fan with it. I expect it's the one you carry to church. Won't you make me a present of it?"

"I think a plainer one would be more suitable to a little girl like you"—replied I.

"Oh, not a bit! I hate plain things. Let me keep this!"—and, fanning herself violently, she broke it at the important place where fans always break. "There"—said she, laying it down—"I don't want it now. Broken fans an't no use."

I was much vexed—particularly as the fan was a very elegant one, and given to me by my dear Aunt Millington, on my last birthday. I wish I had left it in town.

"Don't look so cross"—said Sally Ann. "I'll be bound you've plenty of money to buy another. Oh! what a pretty ribbon—and what a pretty bow to it. It will just do for me"—twining it round her very-perspiring neck. "You'll give it me, won't you? You know you said you wanted me to be your friend."

I gave her the ribbon, and tried to think her excusable.

After she had fingered everything she saw me unpack, and asked for several more articles that she fancied, (to which requests I made no reply,) I summoned courage to say to her—"Now, my dear Sally Ann, will you oblige me by going down stairs. I wish to be alone till dinner-time."

"La! wouldn't you rather have me to keep you company? *I* hate to be alone."

"No"—I replied—"I am going to write."

"Who are you going to write to?"

"Never mind—I really wish you to leave me."

"I'll go, if you'll promise to let me read the letter before you send it off. I've had plenty of schooling, and I can read writing very well, if it's writ plain. I always like to read people's letters, and so does *mum*ma"—(what a word for mamma or mother!)

I now began to lose all patience. "Sally Ann"—said I—"I must insist on being alone."

"So then"—said she—"you think my room's better than my company."

"Go down"—I replied, in a peremptory tone.

She then flung out of the room, and ran down stairs. As the doors were all open, I heard her say to her mother—"Mumma, one of the strange women (the *young* woman) has been aggravating me. She han't got a bit of manners. She won't let me stay in her room. And she's mean besides; for she wouldn't give me nothing but this ribbon."

Her mother's answer was in a suppressed voice, so that I couldn't distinguish the words, but I did not at all like the tone; and warm as my room is, I went and shut the door.

I must lay down my pen, for I hear Mrs. Batson calling from the foot of the stairs—"Come down to dinner, will you?"

* * * * * * *

Entre nous, Lucinda, the dinner was anything but inviting, and not at all like the cottage fare I had read of. There was a dish of fried salt pork floating in fat, and another of what our hostess called "frizzled beef." These viands were too much alike, and neither of them looked tempting. There were some tough ill-drained greenish beans; and some very purple beets.

"Our potaters isn't fit to dig yet"—said Mrs. Batson. "They were planted late; and it's a great waste to take them up small. So we mostly does without potaters in summer time, when we've plenty of other truck."

The dinner introduced us to her niece Mary. Now Mary is really a very mild, gentle-looking girl with a white skin and auburn hair. I looked at her hands, and found them truly large and red—poor thing. Lucinda, let us in future be skeptical as to the lily hands of cottage girls. She partly sat at table, and partly waited on it; wiping the knives and forks when they were to be changed; and when it was wanted, cutting thin slices of bread from off a loaf that was brown to be sure, but rather sour than sweet.

"I never has my dinner-bread cut aforehand"—said Mrs. Batson—"because all that's cut mightn't be ate; and that would be a waste; and

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it's wicked to waste bread—or to take more of anything than we can eat."

Tumblers seemed scarce, and Sally Ann and her mother drank out of the same, replenished from a brown pitcher that stood on the table. After the meat was dispatched, Mary brought in a dish of old yellow boiled corn, at the sight of which Sally Ann testified much joy; and Mrs. Batson was greatly surprised when mamma and I declined eating any.

"Not eat corn?"—she exclaimed. "Well, if ever I heard the like! Why where could you have been raised? I had a great lot of it boiled, thinking you'd make the chief of your dinner off it."

"Never mind, mumma"—said Sally Ann—"there'll be the more for them that likes it."

The corn was smoking hot, so as to burn fingers and mouths. Each of the family took an ear, and after a slight buttering began to blow it, to make it a little cooler. And Sally Ann seized two more ears in advance, and plunged them into the pitcher of water, addressing them with—"There now, do *you* stay there and get cool by the time I'm ready for you."

Of course, we drank no more water. I never saw anything eaten with such apparent enjoyment as this unwholesome corn. Even the quiet Mary opened her lips and said—"I love corn."

"As for me"—said Sally Ann—"I could munch it from morning till night. I always have the biggest heap of cobs on *my* plate by the time dinner is over."

The repast finished with a very sour apple-pie baked in a very tough crust, and a small pitcher of very blue milk to eat with it.

"I have always heard"—said Mrs. Batson—"that townspeople think a great deal of pie and milk when they get into the country."

Lucinda, I have not described my room to you. The ceiling of course is "villanous low." It is a very small apartment, with only one window; the sash propped up with an old hearth-brush that must have belonged to the parlor, for there are no chimneys in the chambers. This window is shaded (or rather *un*shaded) by a muslin curtain, so thin that it does no manner of good. To be sure the bed is not of straw. On the contrary it is of feathers, and looks distressingly soft for a summer couch. And there is a heavy patchwork quilt that I shall certainly remove before I seek the sweet oblivion of repose. I intend to sit up very late to make the night shorter, for I mistrust its agreeability. There is no closet or press; so after partially unpacking, I had to put my things into an ill-made bureau, whose drawers will neither open nor shut—at least not without Herculean exertion. I think I shall have to hire black Jack to stay here and attend this bureau.

Mamma's room is no better than mine. She makes not the smallest comment on any of these *désagrémens*. I suppose for fear of discouraging me.

* * * * * * *

We were summoned to tea. I know not whether the tea was black or green, for it had neither taste nor color. There was no "cream bowl duly set." The cream was in a little jug that held about a gill, and Mrs. Batson doled it out in drops, as if she was dropping medicine. There were some tough short cakes baked white, a plate of white cheese, and a saucer of black things that I afterwards found were quartered quinces. Mamma and I tried to pretend to eat and drink, but found it severe work. Towards the close of the repast, Mrs. Batson said to us—"And now, good folks, if you've done with your sassers, just hand them to me, and I'll wash them off in the slop bowl and give you some presarves on them. Mary, get me a cloth to wipe with."

Mary rose, and produced a towel; the saucers were washed and wiped, and two bits of quince were served out on each. The "presarves" were so hard as to be scarcely eatable or indeed biteable, and very sour beside.

When tea was over, we went out, and walked round the domain, and sat in the porch. I picked up some of the mulberries that strewed the ground beneath the great tree; looking as they did, like short red worms. But I did not admire their taste more than their looks. Now that I have had experience in mulberries, I wish Shakspeare had planted a better sort of tree.

I tried to enter into conversation with Mary, but could get nothing out of her. It may be timidity, and perhaps will wear off. I will hope for the best.

It was scarcely twilight when Mrs. Batson informed us that it was time for all good people to be in bed; and that in summer evenings she never lighted no candle down stairs, as it brought in the musquitoes.

"Mary"—said she—"I suppose these women are pretty tired, and I am sure all the rest of us is. Sally Ann's been asleep in the rocking-chair this half-hour. So get a candle to light them to bed. The mother can use the candle first, and the daughter can wait till *she* has done with it, and then take it in her own room; and she'll please to set it out at her door before she gets into bed, and then *you* can have it."

A small thin, yellowish candle standing loosely in the large socket of a tall iron candlestick was to do all this duty. I looked imploringly at mamma, so that she said—"Mrs. Batson, I will thank you to let us have a second candle. My daughter must at once have a light to herself."

"Well—if ever!"—exclaimed Mrs. Batson. "It's terrible to see how girls is indulged now. Go, Mary—if it must be so, get another candle for *the young lady*. I suppose a small bit will do."

By that bit of candle I am writing to my dear Lucinda. It is now sinking and flickering in the socket. But the moon has risen, and by her silver light, that shines directly in at my window, I can see to prepare for bed. There is after all

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something sweet and mild in going to bed by moonlight.

* * * * * * *

It is now morning, and gladly have I welcomed the first beams of dawn light, for I slept but little. I took off the patchwork quilt. I detest all patchwork, even that which is called ornamental and covers fashionable chairs. I found my apprehensions of the feather bed being too soft, were not realized. For the feathers were so few, that as soon as compressed by my lying down, the bed sank flat into little more than a sewed-up ticking, through which I felt the sacking-bottom and the cords and wooden pins. The bolster and pillow also sunk flat in the same manner.

* * * * * * *

We have been at breakfast. Alas! for the anticipated cream, and fruit, and honey. We had a drab-colored liquid miscalled coffee, sweetened with grayish-brown sugar, a salt mackerel, (which was untouched except by the family,) a plate of green cucumber pickles that we willingly left to Sally Ann and Mary, and a violently salt and smoky Indian cake; with the remains of the brownish loaf to be cut as it was wanted.

I never supposed, Lucinda, that I should become fastidious about my food; or is it that I have never before experienced the annoyance of being expected to eat things that were uninviting and unpalatable? It is evident that people who are "to the manner born" have no perception of ill-tasted victuals—at least in their own houses.

* * * * * * *

Three days have now dragged slowly on, and I candidly acknowledge to my dear Lucinda that I have grown quite tired of life in a cottage—at least in the Batson cottage. Sally Ann follows me about everywhere, and teazes me for all manner of things. There is no offence in Mary; the ever-silent Mary. But mild and gentle as she looks, I saw her yesterday chasing a fowl all about the yard, till she had fairly run it down; and when she caught it, she brought it to the back door, laid its head on the stone that serves for a step, and Sally Ann brought her a knife and stood by laughing while Mary cut off the head of the poor squawking, fluttering bird. I covered my eyes with my hands, but I *know* she cut it off. Though it was the only fowl that had been on the table since we came here, I could not touch it at dinner.

Stephen I did not see till yesterday evening, when he came home to make a short visit. He has rather a handsome face, but is very awkward, and has a sort of clownish conceit about him that is unprepossessing. Mary and he sat a long time together on the bench at the far end of the porch. To my utter surprise I found that the quiet Mary, when Stephen was with her, could talk fast enough. But oh! so foolishly!

It is true that when I am in company with Stanford Lenox I always find myself more loquacious than usual; but then I take care to talk my very best. Poor Mary—the best she can say, is rather worse than nothing. Yet Stephen seems to like it. I prophesy a match. I have no desire, however, to stay here to see.

* * * * * * *

Joy! joy! my darling Lucinda. Mamma has just been into my room to ask me if I have had quite enough of the present specimen of cottage life. "Quite"—was my reply; and I gladly assured her that I was perfectly willing (nay, very anxious) to return to our hotel at Laureltown. Anticipating this, she had already sent for a conveyance thither; and I shall immediately proceed to packing up as fast as possible.

* * * * * * *

Dear Lucinda, we are again at Mr. Kindman's delightful establishment. Next week we go to meet papa. When the carriage set us down at the door, I ran up the steps as if treading on air. How charming to find ourselves again in handsome rooms, with plenty of servants in attendance, and everything *comme il faut*.

"I hope you have had a pleasant time here"—said Mrs. Batson, after mamma had paid her for a full week, and at a price that would have been extravagant in a genteel and comfortable house. "I did not know it was such a nice thing to take city people to board. Now I've begun, I shall stick to it. So if any of your friends should be coming this way, of course you'll give them a recommend to my house. Are you soon going back to town?"

"Next week"—replied mamma.

"Well then—I am going to town myself before the winter sets in, to take Sally Ann. So I guess we'll come and see you; and maybe while we stay, we'll make our home with you. What's your direction?"

"We expect to remove to a new house, after papa comes home"—said I.

"Never mind"—said Sally Ann—"I guess we'll find you out wherever you be. Won't we, mumma?"

Is there never to be an end of the Batson cottage?

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Painted by M.W. Sharp. Engraved by A.L. Dick.

SATURDAY EVENING.

Engraved for Godey's Lady's Book

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SATURDAY EVENING.

BY THE PEN AND INK SKETCHER.

What glorious Saturdays were those
When, longing for my Sunday clothes,
I took my much accustomed dose,
Life's trouble scorning;
Lay down, and if I dreamt of bliss,
Thought of life's "hit," but not its "miss,"
Knowing I'd have my mother's kiss
On Sabbath morning.

But now the scene is rather changed:
My mother's dead—old friends estranged—
This sick heart, like a mind deranged,
Strange visions cross
Of *something* vagrant to my mind.
There's vague in heart, and hope, and mind,
A ceaseless sense of undefined,
Retrieveless loss.

But why lament? Go back—go back,
Wild heart, on life's half blasted track:
Think of young days when nought was black;
Think of the scrub
Just when the day began to fail;
Ponder o'er soap, and brush, and pail,
And *swiftly* tell, like Swift, a tale—
"Tale of a Tub."

The iron handle of the pump
(Seen in the picture) makes me jump:
My heart beats to my mother's thump
When, from the street,
She quietly enticed me in,
Then tucked a cloth beneath my chin,
And soaped me till she vowed my skin
Was clean and sweet.

But who can paint those early woes,
Which every grown up baby knows?
The feeble knocks which *then* seemed blows—
(Excuse the trope);
The rubs which made my eyes so sore;
The towel rough which made me roar,
And left me wishing for no more
Soft words or soap.

The bird above my washing-place
Looks down with impudent grimace,
As if he said—"My birdie race,
Clean feathered elves,
Need none to wash *our* dirt away;
We have no washing bills to pay
From Saturday till Saturday—
We wash ourselves."

Well, I remember now with pride
How mother drew me to her side—
The scrubbing o'er—(let none deride
With foolish airs)—
How I was nestled on her breast—
Earth's dearest, holiest place of rest!—
And on that sanctuary blest
Said childish prayers.

Oh, what would I not give to hear
Those mother-tones, so soft, so dear?
Years fly—to *her* I'm drawing near:
And, life's work done,
Heaven will be Heaven indeed to me,
When mother—mother mine—I see,
And hear her say, "I welcome thee,
My son—my son!"

But wherefore should I pine and sigh?
Pleasures but pall, and flash and die!
Up, muse, thy wings outspread and fly;
Leave manhood's troubles.
Go back to early days again;
Walk o'er green fields untouched by pain;
Use soap and water—and again
Blow *bursting bubbles.*

When pleasures pall, and hopes decay
In the "black vesper" of our day,
And, like a pageant passed away,
Earth's heart looks chill,
Think on the time when hope was young,
When its fine harp was yet unstrung—
Think of your washerwoman's tongue,
And pay her bill!

Remember *her* who made your face
Twist into many a queer grimace—
Remember cleanliness is grace.
It may sound oddly
To ears polite, but there's no doubt—
And they who've sense will find it out—
He who's a clean face is about
The next to godly.

Last, but not least, remember *this*—
Thy mother's care, thy mother's kiss,
Her prayers for thee and for thy bliss;
And often trace,
Through after life, the heart which bled,
The eyes which living lustre shed
On yours—the hand, cloth-covered,
Which wiped your face.

J. Ross Dix.

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LANGUAGE.

THERE is a universal language. Power and means of communication are providentially distributed throughout the vast range of animated creation. There is no insect so trifling, no emmet so insignificant as not to possess facilities for the impartation of the emotions that agitate its tiny frame to its sympathetic fellows. The continuous hum of that pattern of thrifty industry, the bee; the solitary chirping of the cricket of the hearth; the sonorous drumming of the forest pheasant; the lonely tap of the timid woodpecker; the nightly howl of the faithful watch dog; the shrill scream of the Alpine eagle; the terrific roar of the African forest king, are all but so many vehicles of conversation. And is it only the revel of a poet's dream that ascribes an unwritten and inaudible, and yet a most impressive eloquence to the material world? Hath the gentle spire, meekly springing from the bosom of the parent earth, no tongue to tell of its humble rejoicings? Is the contemplatist deaf to the whisperings of a most musical voice, while gazing rapturously on the golden harvest as it rolls and fluctuates in wavy undulations, responsive to the bland salutations of the wooing breeze? Is there no appeal to the great deep of man's heart in the rustle of the decadent foliage, seeking its lowly destiny in obedience to the bidding of the autumnal blast? Is the mind unconscious of a trembling awe, when the storm-demon rideth on gusty surges along the deserted avenue, and in maniacal glee hurleth his icy missiles through the shattered casements? The iron lungs of the tempest discourse fearful rhetoric when they summon the spirits from the vasty deep, and old ocean echoeth to the invocation. Deep—in the glorious words of inspiration—calls unto deep at the noise of thy water-spouts; and amidst the solemn music of the rolling thunder, the vivid glare of the sheeted lightning, there ariseth a very strange, a very terrible, and yet a most magnificent chorus, which, sweeping along the skyey vault, seems to sue in importunate grandeur for admission into that celestial sphere, where neither strife of element nor man is ever heard.

But of all the agencies that tend to swell the choral symphony of general creation, that contributed by man is pre-eminent. There is no music like unto that of the human voice; there are no strains so wealthy in the profusion of ineffable melody as those which escape from the lips of the Creator's image. The lute, the harp and the organ sway with a most imperious control the passions of the heart while vocalizing the mightiest conceptions of genius in the productions of Handel, Haydn, Mozart. There is magic, too, in the love-breathing tones of the soft guitar, a spirit-stirring eloquence in the martial effusions of the trumpet and the drum; but whether in the hour of joy or sorrow, mirth or melancholy, weal or wo—whether amidst the elegancies of worldly prosperity or the sad reverses of fortune's frown—whether in the pulpit, the forum or the senate hall—whether we wish for an echo to the irrepressible outbursts of exultant hope, or a kindly response to the grief-fraught moan, there is no sound so cheering, so soothing, so commanding, as that of the human voice. It adds the richest foam to the mantling cup of terrestrial joys, and, amidst the desolations wrought by calamity, it falls upon the pained and wearied spirit like showers of rose leaves on an arid soil.

Nor is it only when addressed to the ear that language displays its power and priceless desert. Blessed be the memory of him whose ingenuity relieved the tongue of an incalculable amount of service, and made the eye available in gathering aliment for the insatiable mind. Oral tradition has been expelled from the abodes of civilization and sought refuge in savage haunts. Dr. Faustus has introduced a universal cotemporaneousness! Time has become a perpetual *now*. We have but to pass from the parlor to the library, and if, as the axiom runs, mind makes the man, we are conversant and co-existent with Pericles and Plato, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. It is true, the breathing, corporeal entities are not before us, and we are the better off for their absence—otherwise we should be uncomfortably crowded, and our political economists would have additional trouble in adjusting a tariff to provide bread for the multitude!

While communing with the mighty intellects of old, if our vanity is occasionally depressed by a contemplation of their splendid creations, unrivaled by the loftiest developments of our own era, ample amends are made by the discovery that the very same thoughts of which we imagined ourselves the originators, were considered worthy of tenantry in the immortal minds of extremest yore. And then what a life-like feeling of actual translation to the vales of Arcady, the cool recesses of Tempe, and the philosophic shades of Academus and the Grove, comes over us while bathed with the inspiration of Grecian poetry, wisdom and eloquence. We seem to inhale the soft atmosphere of that bland and sunny clime which imparted of its own warmth and richness to the imagination of Sappho, of Sophocles and Pindar. "Of the earth earthy," indeed, must that mortal be, who, entering the domain of ancient literature, remains innocent of

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reverential emotion while surveying the colossal proportions of genius shadowed forth in the harmonious periods of a tongue which for three thousand years has survived—an unscathed edifice of majestic symmetry and gorgeous beauty—a pyramidal monument of antique glory. Cold, indeed, must be the devotion of him who remains unmoved by the resplendency of thought which bursts forth and glows with a steady fervor in the pages of the sightless bard of Ionia and the sagacious orator of Rome, with a vigor and intensity so powerful that the lifeless types themselves seem to stand out vivid and lustrous like sentient gems, sparkling emanations, burning with radiance communicated by the brilliant conceptions which they represent, flashing forth a sentiment in every word, an axiom in every line, a corollary in every paragraph. There is an inborn, inexpressible satisfaction to the mind well attuned in the appreciation of the beauty and the strength, the essence and the vitality of those inimitable and indestructible passages of the Athenian orator, which colored with the ruddy blush of shame the pallid cheek of craven cowardice, stirred the elements of honor and patriotism to enthusiastic agitation, and excited the irrepressible shout "To battle!" There is a chaste delight in perusing the cutting satire, the splendid objurgations, the brilliant invectives of that eloquence which startled the world victor from his unsteady throne, and in the authoritative accents of unquailing freedom, compelled the submission of arms to the toga.

Imperishable be the structure of his fame who has taught mind to defy the corroding ravages of time and to disdain circumscription by geographical limits, who has given to the wand of the poet a universal prerogative, and to the empire of the sage an interminable duration. The song of the minstrel awaketh with the morning in the clime of the orient, and the musical sighings of his strain linger in the evening twilight of the western sphere. The thunder of the indignant declamation of the apostles of liberty against usurpation and wrong the wide world over, bursts through the portals of Columbia's fair Capitol, and its dying reverberations chase repose from the couch of antipodal despots. The tide of Christian benevolence in its resistless progress sweeps away the barriers of superstitious idolatry, and bears upon its broad bosom to the homes of the dwellers in spiritual darkness in heathen wilds and fastnesses, the inspired certificate of man's salvation — the Holy Bible. And here we pause to gaze with solemn rapture upon the blessed volume lying at our side. How delightedly—and yet, it may not be, weariedly—does the pale student turn from the glowing pages of the Grecian, no, not Grecian, but the—bard of the universe, where every character seems the representative of a genius as grand as man might well possess and live, to the yet more awfully-enrapturing and soul-absorbing revelations of the sacred oracles, announcing the existence and the unimaginable excellences of that august Being, of whom to think without awe is an aggravated crime, and to speak without reverence is a great transgression. After banqueting on the incomparable disquisitions of the philosopher and sage, around whose lips clustered the golden-winged bees to sip the fragrancy which embalms the melody of truth, and whose wonderful teachings only failed to elevate man to the station to which supernatural agency alone was to exalt him, the aspiring soul, unsatisfied with the meagre ministrations of humanity, reverts eagerly to the instructions of Him who spake as man never spake, dwells with holy rapture on the accents of the Redeemer in the very dialect in which they fell from his guileless lips, and shudders at the contemplation of the presumptuous sentence of an earth-born worm which consigned to an excruciating death upon the ignominious cross the incarnate *I AM*. Entranced in amazement and sunk in adoration, the undying spirit discovers that the path to perennial bliss, which human pride and ostentation would fain have had to traverse lofty eminences constructed by lordly and arrogant reason, glittering with sapphire and gemmed with rubies, to be trodden alone by the silvered sandal of pomp, winds its way unobtrusively through the vale of humility, encompassed with thorns and saturated with the blood of many a suffering pilgrim, yet abundantly fragrant with the rose of Sharon and refreshed with the waters of the river of Life. In the pregnant tomes of Pagan lore we read that the chief end of living is to be satisfied at its termination, and this is the *ultima thule* of mortal adventures in the sphere of morals. We cast our eyes on the priceless testament bequeathed by a benign Redeemer to a wicked and desperate world, and in it and by it we are taught not only so to live as to deprive life's casualties of their cunning to torment, its asperities of their property to harass—we are instructed not only how to "shuffle off the mortal coil" with the triumphant exultation that should ever attend the liberation of the immortal spirit from its cumbrous prison-house of clay, to mansions not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, but the truth of the precepts is sanctioned and ratified in the victorious deaths of a thousand martyrs and the sublime and glorious exit of a God. *Gloria in excelsis.*

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THE SWISS EMIGRANT ON THE WESTERN PRAIRIES

BY J. M'LELLAN, JR.

O! DREAR the path, and bleak the day,
A cheerless toil, a weary way!
Long, long extends the painful route—
Long, long the endless miles stretch out.
They tell me that this prairie-plain,
Far-stretching as the rolling main,
Will smile, when Spring-time shall return,
To scatter from her lavish urn
Her prismy light, her rosy hues,
Her genial showers and precious dews;
These bleak and naked woods will feel
A quickening influence o'er them steal;
On twig and branch the living bloom
Its vernal beauty will resume;
Soft buds along each verdurous spray
Will burst, and leaves their palms display;
The ivy round each trunk will fling
Its rings, and glossy woodbines cling;
And the bright festoons of the grape
With garlands the old woods will drape;
Bees through the golden air will float,
And flitting birds unite their notes;
And the wide prairies, dead and sere,
Will blossom with the opening year.

The way is long! the way is cold!
Storms threaten from the cloud's black fold;
And blinding snows, and sleety hail,
Like evil spirits float the gale.
An universal frost hath bound,
In icy chains, the solid ground:
Mute lie the river and the streams,
The water-wheel with blue ice gleams,
And shrilly through the bending grass
The biting northern whirlwinds pass,
And scarce the panting team can toil
Through the thick snows that heap the soil.
As onward wearily I roam,
My soul will still wing back to home!
Though plains and mountains intervene,
And ocean rolls its tides between,
Still like a freed bird fast it flies
To early haunts and native skies:
As fancy waves her golden wand
Bright scenes, forgotten scenes, expand,
Soft images of happier days
Gleam out through memory's swimming haze,
And the poor exile's heart forgets
In pleasing dreams her vain regrets.

Home of my childhood! bright appears
Thy humble roof, all gray with years;
The sunshine o'er thy mossy eaves
Glances, and twinkle the bright leaves
Of woodbine and the swinging vine
That o'er thy modest porch entwine:

Along the borders roses bloom,
And pinks commingle their perfume;
The green grass, stretch'd before the door,
Untrod by dancing footsteps more,
Glimmers in light, or sleeps in shade,
And peaceful sleeps the woodland glade.

The winding brook with laughter gay
Still runs rejoicing on its way;
Now rippling by the bending sedge,
Now bubbling past its willowy hedge;
Its marge as green, as bright its bed,
As when our truant steps it led.
My mother and my aged sire
Beside their glowing winter fire
I see, or in the mellow air
Of eve, stretch'd on the rustic chair;
I hear their voices, catch their smile
Beam on our happy group the while,
As each would tell some tale of old,
Or the sage stores of age unfold.
I hear them yet! though sadly waves
The rank grass o'er their lowly graves,
And the gray tablet's dusty face
Recites that they have ceased their race.

Hills of my noble fatherland!
I see your lofty peaks expand;
Above the soaring clouds they rise,
Amid the blue fields of the skies;
High o'er Chamouni's valley soar
Thy peaks, Mount Blanc! thy summits hoar;
Thy regal brow in grandeur glows
With its brave diadem of snows;
The Eigher and the Aar-horn flash
The arrowy sunbeams, and the dash
Of torrents from each airy peak
In tones of volleyed thunder speak.

Thro' the clear air the Switzer's horn
In liquid music-peals is borne;
The chiming of the vesper bell,
To call the old monks from the cell:
I seem to hear the herdsman's reed
As home their tinkling herds they lead—
The hunter's cheer, or the clear call
Of the unceasing waterfall.

Dear scenes! sweet sounds! how closely cling
These memories of life's soft spring;
Years cannot dim, nor leagues efface
Upon the heart their lasting trace.
Though distant realms and rolling years,
Sorrow and hardship, grief and tears,
Conspire the vivid tint to stain,
Still will the precious bloom remain.

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SUTHERLAND HALL.

BY J. F. OTIS.

[Concluded from page 180.]

CHAPTER V.

THE ominous month of May saw the celebration of Lord Sutherland's nuptials. No one thought of fate amid so much rejoicing. The hall was thrown open, all the tenants regaled, the poor had large donations, and the popularity of the house of Sutherland was fast regaining its original height. Diamonds and pearls were showered on the fair bride as if she were the heroine of a fairy tale. Wealth, honor, high station were hers, and she was the theme of all tongues and the envy of many hearts. After the usual excursion of a few days, the happy pair returned with two bridemaids and two young gentlemen to aid in the reception of company.

In those few days little could be disclosed of character on either side. The lady saw in her husband one of the handsomest men of the day, and she had not the slightest doubt of his being perfect in all the qualifications she valued. Lord Sutherland found his fair partner was very lively, and that she could dance to admiration. It appeared to him so certain that every young woman went through a systematic course of tuition, that he could not know, and he would not have believed, that Mrs. Horton's sole idea of training an immortal being consisted in making her hold up the head, turning out the toes, keeping the elbows close to the side, and placing the hands in a graceful position. All the rest was left to a governess, a woman of extreme elegance, who taught bad French, worse Italian, a little music and a great deal of dancing. The heart and mind were left totally uncultured, and principles were left to take their own bias. The moment she could escape from the strict inquisition of her mother, this hopeful pupil was accustomed to express herself by dancing steps. She entered the school-room with a *contretemps*, vulgarly called a hop, step and jump; she assented by a *rigadoon*, and negatived by a *pirouette*. If a taste for music made any part in her composition, it was because music was essential to dancing; and dress was an accompaniment of the very first necessity. Thus prepared to act her part in life's great and important drama, did Lady Sutherland take possession of all her privileges and immunities as mistress of one of the noblest houses in the kingdom.

"To dress, to dance, to troll the tongue and roll the wanton eye,"

was with her the business of her existence, as it had been with the degenerate daughters of Israel.

Of the two bridemaids, one was an indolent girl, with large black eyes, who seemed almost Italian —for with her the *dolce far niente* was the chief charm of life. The other was a very different character, the prominent traits of which time alone gradually disclosed. The gentlemen were without any peculiarities, and served admirably for companions in the walk or partners for the dance.

It may readily be supposed that Lord Sutherland felt some anxiety in the first days of his marriage respecting the manners and character of his young wife. He who had seen something of Parisian society could not but be aware what trials await one just entering on the world. He saw that Lady Sutherland had no decided passion for admiration; that when she walked, played, dance or sung, she did it to please herself, without the smallest reference as to who might be looking on or listening; and he thought that he ought to be satisfied.

The time set apart for receiving and paying the visits of ceremony was over, and a grand dinner was to be given, followed by a ball.

"But where are we to dance?" cried Lady Sutherland.

"The gallery in which I have traced so many lonely steps may now echo to the dancer's heel," answered Lord Sutherland, gayly.

"Oh, but the impossibility of lighting those pale green hangings! You can never light green walls."

"I do not love much light," drawled Miss Vernon, half-closing her large eyes as if to shut out the idea.

"Light is the very essence of a ball," interrupted Miss Chetwynd.

"Well, ladies, you must do as well as you can in that particular, for there is no other large room unappropriated."

"There is the very large drawing-room," said Lady Sutherland, with something very like a pouting expression.

"You would not surely dance there?" cried Lord Sutherland, with a start, for he painfully remembered, she well knew, that was the room in which his brother had laid in state, and that it was subsequently set apart as sacred; but he saw by a little confusion in Miss Chetwynd's manner that this had been of her prompting. Turning kindly to his lady, he begged she would have all the light that could be crowded into the gallery that evening, and it was possible some better room might be found for another occasion.

Another and still more painful attack was to be

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sustained, springing from the same mischief-working source, which began in open ridicule of the old-fashioned housekeeper, and ended with a request that one better acquainted with the present modes might be set over her. The superior generalship of Lord Sutherland was not to be so easily overcome; he answered that one better acquainted with the general usages of a great establishment was not to be found; but if Lady Sutherland wished for a change, Dame Alice, or, as she was now called, Mrs. Green, should be promoted to the situation of almoner, and have apartments exclusively to herself. This was not to be borne; she had already deeply offended by hinting what care her late lady had taken of the poor, and how frequently she visited them at their own cottages. To give her the power of alms at her own discretion was worse than to be taxed on the subject. She was, therefore, allowed to remain in her present situation.

One more attempt was made by the ingenious Miss Chetwynd to induce a general quiz on the flowing wigs and stiff brocades of the family portraits; but the first time a laughing eye was turned on his mother's picture, the awful frown that gathered on Lord Sutherland's brow warned the insidious mischief-makers to beware.

The great dinner passed like most other great dinners—more state than comfort, more bustle than hilarity; but when the hour for dancing came, the noble host begged leave to make an innovation on general rules, and giving his arm to his own lady, requested the other gentlemen to lead their respective partners to the gallery. Their way lay through the great hall, in which was burning only one feeble lamp. This seemed to be an accident, and his lordship called aloud for more light. At this moment, folding-doors on the right hand flew open, and disclosed a large, long room, brilliantly lighted, with a raised orchestra at the lower end, filled with musicians. The whole band poured forth one rich burst of joyous melody, and Lady Sutherland flew forward with a scream of unrestrained delight. But it was not the beauty of the gayly-chalked floor or the splendor of the well-chosen decorations that struck her with surprise or gratification—it was merely the lights and the music.

Lord Sutherland led her gallantly down the dance, but, in the first pause, he strove to discover whether she appreciated the fine proportions of the room, or the taste with which the additional ornaments had been bestowed, so as to adorn without crowding its walls. Tall pillars of rare and highly polished marble supported lateral arches on each side of the room, from which sprung intersecting ribs of burnished gold, with pendent ornaments similar to those of Henry the Seventh's Chapel in Westminster Abbey; from each of these hung a lamp, lustrous with glass drops, throwing around the magic of prismatic rays. Between the pillars stood some of the finest antique statues. At the top of the room were rich tables of inlaid gems; at the lower end cabinets of tortoise shell and mother-of-pearl. One large picture placed over each statue prevented an appearance of coldness which the light walls might otherwise have exhibited. There was no other mode of drawing forth an opinion but by a direct question—"Did she approve of the *tout ensemble* of this new dancing gallery?"

"Yes," was uttered coldly and with some hesitation.

"Is there any part of it displeases you?"

"Those dingy, dark pictures, and the dirty statues. How much prettier are those three white ones in the anteroom of the saloon!"

Lord Sutherland's classical taste received a severe shock. The marbles alluded to were the work of a young sculptor, a *protégé* of the family, and only suffered to remain from a fear of wounding his feelings by their removal. He tried to explain how utterly worthless that group was, while these were of inestimable value.

"Well, now, what can be the worth of that hideous old man, with his great forehead bound round by a narrow bandage?"

"Do you not know that is Homer?"

Her ladyship's face very plainly expressed that she had never even heard of him; but he pointed to an exquisite nymph, with flying drapery held on the shoulders by one hand, and said, with impressive gallantry—"You must admire that, for it is your very prototype while you are flying down the dance!" And he led her out again, for he found that was better than to pursue a subject which had evidently formed no part of her studies. He soon resigned her hand to one more accustomed to the exercise, and spending the rest of the evening in walking up and down the room, or seated on one of the sofas that filled up the corners, tried to amuse himself by looking on the dancers. It was impossible not to admire the vivacity and elastic grace with which a youthful and beautiful woman threaded the mazes of the artfully involved figure of a country dance. Quadrilles were not yet in fashion. But a man of Lord Sutherland's sober habits could not be pleased to see his wife throwing her whole soul into such a display, especially while her mind was so little cultivated; and he asked himself whether it could be possible to repair the sad neglect on the part of her parents, and bring her to a more rational mode of spending her time. He was determined to make the trial, and in the course of the evening gave orders that the breakfast should the next day be laid in the library instead of the dining-room.

The hours seemed interminably long, for as none had been invited but those who would dance, there was no chance for conversation. Lord Sutherland would with pleasure have walked thirty miles in the open air, but to pace a crowded room, stunned by noise as well as dazzled by light and motion, was most irksome. It was with real satisfaction he saw the last group retire, and then sought the silence and solitude of his own apartment.

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There was ample time to arrange all his plans, and to place a few elegant books as if by accident on the breakfast table, before the party assembled; and he began by calling their attention to the superior cheerfulness of this room, lighted by one large Gothic window, the upper mullions filled with stained glass, and opening on a landscape rich in the luxuriance of advancing spring. It was, he said, considered almost sacred to himself, but he was delighted to have sweet society at some part of the day. From this it was easy to glide very gracefully into literary subjects of a light order, but he soon found himself talking alone. The gentlemen could not or would not support him; Miss Vernon opened her eyes in stupid wonder; Lady Sutherland yawned audibly and grew pettish, while Miss Chetwynd attempted a species of *badinage*, in which the words "going to school again" seemed to come very naturally. Lord Sutherland gave up the attempt in disgust, and from that moment dress, visiting and dancing, seemed to be the sole business of existence.

Under plea of business it was easy to avoid the dissipation of the morning, but Lord Sutherland found himself compelled to attend the evening parties, which, as they extended to every respectable family within visiting distance, became highly distasteful to him—not only from his inability to find amusement, but from the necessity of mixing with many persons who never had found admittance to the hall before. It was not long before he experienced the ill effects of so sudden a change in his mode of life. Late hours, and the compulsion of playing the hospitable host while chagrin was secretly preying on his heart, brought on illness. He was, for the first time since childhood, obliged to have recourse to medical assistance. Perfect quiet and strict seclusion were ordered under the penalty of certain danger, and his lordship was confined to his dressing-room, where he flattered himself common humanity would compel Lady Sutherland to give him her society. No such thing. She had not married to become a nurse, any more than to go to school again; and by the obstreperous mirth that burst forth whenever a door of one of the lower rooms opened, it would seem as if his absence relieved some of the party from restraint. A formal visit was daily paid by the three ladies after breakfast before they drove out, and after a few cold inquiries, they eagerly hastened away.

Day after day passed away, bringing to the invalid no relief; on the contrary, profound silence and unbroken solitude were unfavorable to his mental disease, and the body sympathized. One day, as the fair, cold visitors were leaving the room, Lord Sutherland detained his wife by her slender fingers, and shutting the door on the others, said, in a tender, serious tone—"Do you love me, Julia?"

"Oh, yes," answered the lady, coldly, while she turned her wrist in different ways that she might observe the effect of the light on her bracelet—"certainly I do. You know I never loved any one else. But do look at my beautiful bracelet! Did you ever see different-colored gold so well arranged?"

"Do you buy new bracelets when you have so many in diamonds and pearls?"

"Oh! diamonds are only for full dress and pearls for *demi-toilette*. I must have ornaments for the morning. I shall never forget how Miss Chetwynd looked when she saw me preparing to go out in undress with pearl bracelets!"

"I do not like Miss Chetwynd, and I shall be glad when the day of her departure comes!"

Lord Sutherland was, perhaps, surprised by his vexation out of his usual caution and politeness; but his lady hastily exclaimed—"What am I to do without Miss Chetwynd? She has spent one season in London, and knows how everything should be done."

"I think I can introduce you to some very elegant women—or cannot you trust to my judgment, Julia? Come, let us begin to consult on some very important things. I trust you will for once spend part of the day with me?"

"Oh, impossible! Look at my visiting list!" and a set of pearl and gold tablets were displayed full of engagements. "Even now I ought to be in the carriage. So adieu, my lord—adieu, till to-morrow morning!" and breaking away as he would have led her to a seat, her lively ladyship danced out of the room.

Affairs remained in this state for some time—bitter mortification consuming the day, and the repose of the night broken by the rattling of the carriages as they returned from late visitings. Miss Chetwynd had probably been by some means made acquainted with Lord Sutherland's sentiments, for she at times wore an air of hostility to which he paid no attention. All at once she appeared to grow bold from his apparent quietness, endeavored to be very playful and a little *brusque*, hinting how very conveniently this illness had come on to save expense, since a very short time could be enjoyed in London before all the fashionable world would be out of it. She was compelled to tremble at her temerity, for he turned on her with a look she had never seen him assume.

"Our seasons in London, Miss Chetwynd, will always be short. I have no house there, nor shall I have one. I did not marry to make an exhibition of my wife. If Lady Sutherland accompanies me when my parliamentary duties call me thither, it will not be for the purposes of dissipation. But as you, no doubt, have many friends there who are anxious for your agreeable society, I beg we may not detain you here."

The stress laid on the last sentence made it impossible for it to be misunderstood. Lady Sutherland looked very blank. Miss Vernon trembled, for she feared the storm was to reach her also; but Miss Chetwynd muttered a few words between her shut teeth as they withdrew, which, had they been overheard, would have fully shown the nature of the spirit thus roused.

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From this time, these two ladies were often shut up for some hours together in one of their dressing-rooms, even to the exclusion of poor Miss Vernon; and Lord Sutherland soon became aware that the weakness or good nature, as she called it, of his lady, was played on at his expense by the arts of this *friend*, and an avaricious waiting-woman, who duly inherited the dresses and ornaments changed almost every day. The very large sum given by Mr. Horton to his daughter on her wedding-day, soon disappeared under the able direction of Miss Chetwynd; and if any scruples arose in Lady Sutherland's mind about running in debt, they were silenced by the question—"Are you not a countess?" from this lady, as well as from the still more culpable mother.

Lord Sutherland's health was improving, and he one morning went without notice into his lady's dressing-room, fondly hoping it might be a pleasant surprise. The table at that early hour was covered with playing-cards, and Miss Chetwynd was covered with confusion. She stammered out, forcing a laugh—"I am telling Lady Sutherland's fortune."

Although Lord Sutherland thought little of the scene before him, a thousand past circumstances rushed into his mind, and he said, gravely—"I think I can tell Lady Sutherland's fortune better than you can, Miss Chetwynd."

The cards were huddled away, and there was a faint attempt on the part of his lady to amuse him, but it was so evidently forced, and she wore such a look of vexation and anxiety, that Lord Sutherland returned to his own room perplexed as well as melancholy.

The gentlemen had long been gone, and the ladies could no longer delay their departure. As Miss Chetwynd looked up to the lofty battlements from the chaise window, Miss Vernon was surprised to hear her say, in an exulting tone of voice—"I have laid a train to the mine that will soon level the pride of those towers." She was evidently alarmed, when she found, by inquiries from her companion, that she had been speaking aloud, and tried to laugh it off.

This departure, welcome as it was, brought no peace to Sutherland Hall. A neighboring watering-place aided the untiring spirit of dissipation that had taken such full hold of its reckless mistress, whose fading cheeks and hollow eyes began to attest the power of nature to avenge herself on all who slight her plain dictates. Lord Sutherland would with pleasure have seen the loss of beauty in his helpmate if it could have reconciled her to home and his society, but she neither heeded the diminution of her charms nor his earnest entreaties. As a last resource he thought of Lady Westerton. Remembering the power she had exercised over him, he had a hope she might awaken this thoughtless young creature at least to a sense of her own danger. She came at his respectful summons, and brought with her the darling grand-daughter whose health was still a source of constant anxiety.

Lady Sutherland had again gathered around her some of her young friends, who, if they did not possess the spirit of Miss Chetwynd, had no qualities either of the heart or understanding to make them desirable companions. When Lady Westerton arrived, not all the touching loveliness of the invalid or her own intellectual dignity could prevent these ill-bred girls from tittering at the long ruffles and close cap of the venerable visitor; nor did any one except Lord Sutherland strive to make her short sojourn a pleasant one.

With all the tact of a woman who has seen much and suffered more, Lady Westerton saw at a glance the sentiments and characters of those around her. She would not deceive the son of her most cherished friend by palliatives or a false estimate; she said to him plainly and decisively—"There is no heart, therefore there is no hope. I am sorry for you, William, but I cannot help you. I fear there is even more danger than you apprehend. But I will not forebode. Should it be so, I must leave you to the prompt energies of your own mind. You must not fail in duty to yourself."

"You do not think——" said Lord Sutherland, unable to finish the sentence.

"Do not misunderstand me. Lady Sutherland has no time for love. Her head is too full for her to know whether she has any feeling. If my surmises are just, I will contrive to warn you; but now I can do you no good, so will leave you. You will have my prayers; but, alas! like many others, you are paying the penalty of past errors."

When Lady Westerton's carriage rolled away, it seemed as if Lord Sutherland's last hope had forsaken him. He once more tried to reason mildly with his lady, but she put up her lip and turned sullenly away. Of late he had seen only anger and disquiet in her countenance, or, what was worse, a complete abandonment to boisterous mirth. "Oh, Lady Anne—Lady Anne!" cried he, pacing his dressing-room, "this would not have happened if—if I had not been a fool!" He struck his hand on his forehead, and rushing into the open air, ran as if he would have flown from his own bitter thoughts.

CHAPTER VI.

THE chapel was soon repaired and fit for use, but Lord Sutherland found it difficult to obtain a chaplain with all the requisites which, in his mind, were indispensable—one in whom the scholar, the gentleman and the divine were united. He did, however, find this rare being, and one, moreover, who had no earthly ties or church preferment to prevent his becoming an inmate of the house and taking a pastoral care of its inhabitants. Mr. Wentworth had sustained many heavy calamities, and was somewhat past the middle age; but he thought it an important part of his duty to preserve a cheerful spirit, yet so far removed from levity,

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that while the young were never frightened from his side, the aged might, at all times, find him a suitable companion. Against this good and amiable man Lady Sutherland set her face with a pertinacity hardly to be expected from one of her volatile character. She would not attend prayers when he gathered the household together in the hall, and if she went into the chapel when he officiated there, she took care to let it be seen that she did not listen to his sermons. He would not dance or make one at the card-table; he was, therefore, in her eyes of no value.

Lord Sutherland, shocked and grieved to see the openly marked contempt with which Mr. Wentworth was treated by his lady and her associates, strove to compensate for it by making him his companion in the library, and slowly resumed his walks. He reaped from this the rich reward of having all his best sympathies excited in behalf of all his dependents, and his tastes raised by a frequent reference to the higher branches of literature. He wondered how he could have slumbered so long over the rich stores of the English language; and when he heard the high poesy of his own land read in the way that only people of taste and genius can read, he found new sources of delight opening on him which might in some measure counterbalance the heavy regrets he could but suffer.

It was in vain that—as Lord Sutherland's health improved and he was able again to receive company—he resolved her ladyship's associates should be more select;—those not admitted to the hall she could meet at her father's table, where, supported by her ill-judging mother, she reigned supreme. She also boasted that, in spite of her husband's determination, she was resolved on seeing something of the fashionable world, as she had prevailed on her passive father to take a house in London for the ensuing season; and if Lord Sutherland did not choose to accompany her, he might stay and wander about the park with Mr. Wentworth, and cultivate the great taste that that gentleman was inspiring him with for the beauties of nature—a taste not then so fashionable as it has been since. "Groves and lawns and waterfalls are fine things," said the lady; "but give me 'the sweet shady side of Pall Mall,' as the old song very sensibly says."

It was true that Lord Sutherland was beginning to take great delight in these rational pleasures, and that the society of a man of real taste had opened to his mind perceptions of beauty in nature and art he had before heedlessly passed over; but from this transient dream of repose he was cruelly awakened. He received a billet, which, though it bore no signature, he judged was from Lady Westerton. It had merely these few words—"It is the duty of a man to attend his wife in her evening amusements."

It was late in the evening when this note arrived. Mrs. Horton had taken her daughter to a very large party of a mixed description. Surely she was safe with her mother? But it was his right to see, for that warning was not a light one. He dressed while a carriage was getting ready, and proceeded straight to the house where, unannounced, perhaps unknown, he entered a room where most of the company were dancing. Mrs. Horton was there, seated alone, but he could not find her he sought.

"Where," said he to the startled mother—"where is Lady Sutherland?"

"I believe she is in the card-room. I will let her know you are here."

"I will seek her myself," said he, abruptly, and hastily entered a room set apart for the card-tables, where the woman who, twelve short months before, was apparently an innocent, inexperienced girl, sat so absorbed in a game of chance that she saw not the horror-stricken face of her husband as he stood transfixed to gaze on her. No wonder her cheek had faded, her eyes grown hollow; but rouge supplied the bloom, and fierce excitement brightened the other. Hope or despair passed rapidly over that distorted countenance, which so lately might have served as a study for a cherub. Before he was noticed, Lord Sutherland withdrew from the room, and entering his carriage was driven home.

Incidents of an interesting or startling nature frequently crowd on each other. Before Lord Sutherland could arrange his perplexed thoughts or settle his plans of duty, the yearly bills were laid before him, which it had been the custom time immemorial to receive and discharge at this period of the year. He was startled by their number and amount. Notwithstanding her father's liberality and her large allowance as pin-money, Lady Sutherland's bills for dress, ornaments and other expenses, exceeded all credibility. Since the night of the fatal *éclaircissement*, of which she had been apprised by her mother, this lady had not made her appearance as usual, but confined herself to her apartments, and no one had asked why all seemed to feel as if they were on the brink of a volcano. In two more days came an additional number of acknowledgments in her own handwriting, of—debts of honor, or sums lost at the card table.

Lord Sutherland also shut himself up from every one, choosing his dressing-room that he might not even encounter Mr. Wentworth. It was four days after the scene in the card-room that he received a message requesting him to attend his lordship in the library. He there found him with Lady Sutherland, looking very pale, Mrs. Horton much affrighted, and Mr. Horton in a state of perfect bewilderment.

"I have sent for you, Mr. Wentworth," said Lord Sutherland, striving to suppress his agitation, "to witness what I fear will give you great pain; but as my spiritual director, if you see me err in the slightest degree, I know you will endeavor to set me right. Mr. Horton, I have sent for you, compelled to give you still more pain. Judge, then, what I must feel myself. These papers"—and he put a large parcel into Mr. Horton's shak-

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ing hand—"will show you that it is inconsistent with my interest and reputation to suffer my name to be so used—I should perhaps say, abused—again. Lady Sutherland and I must part!"

Mrs. Horton uttered a faint scream, but the unhappy father, glancing his eye over the bills, dropped them on the table, and putting both hands over his face, seemed to wish to shut out such a sight forever. Mr. Wentworth advanced as if to speak. This roused the scorn of the ladies, who gave unrestrained marks of contempt.

"This man," said Mrs. Horton, "is at the bottom of all this. I have seen from the beginning what his fine pretences of religion would come to. I pronounce it to be all his fault!"

Mr. Wentworth looked on the agitated woman with great compassion, but Lord Sutherland calmly said—"Pardon me, Mrs. Horton; the fault is yours. Had your daughter received a proper education or even better advice, this could not have happened."

"My lord," said Mr. Wentworth, with much solemnity, "do you remember the sacred pledge you gave at the altar, to love and cherish this woman till death?"

"Woman, indeed!" cried the ignorant mother.

"I do, Mr. Wentworth, and have endeavored to fulfil my promise in its most extensive sense. Ask Lady Sutherland if I have neglected it in any way? Ask her, also, what she engaged to do? And even now, if she will repent—and return——"

"Repent and return!" exclaimed the lady, with strong marks of indignation; but Mr. Wentworth gently asked her if she had not promised before the same altar, to love, to honor and to obey. She could not answer, and he went on—"Is there not every requisite here to command love, honor and obedience? Think, Lady Sutherland, how you are blessed above many of your sex, and do not throw these favors of heaven from you? Let me entreat you, pause before you decide."

There was no answer.

"You can but love; you must honor, and will you refuse obedience?"

Lady Sutherland coldly said "she did not expect to be restrained or thwarted in any way when she married. Lord Sutherland had made his decision, and it was well—she was willing to abide by it."

It was as Lady Westerton had said—there was no heart, and therefore no hope.

Nothing remained now but to arrange the articles of separation. Lord Sutherland renounced all title to any part of Mr. Horton's property, and desired that Lady Sutherland would take everything from the hall that had been called her own, except the family jewels, which, being heir-looms, he had no power to bestow. Her ladyship blushed, turned pale, and was near fainting. At length it came out, though with much reluctance, that she had made presents of many of these costly articles. She should have said that when Miss Chetwynd had initiated her into the mysteries of gaming, these had been stakes invariably won by that scientific lady. Mr. Horton pledged himself for their restitution. This broken-hearted father did not long survive this blow to all his dearest hopes, and though his daughter was allowed the interest of his fortune during her life, the principal was to go at her death to the heir of his family, on the express condition of the resumption of the title. Mrs. Horton consoled herself that in spite of all these untoward incidents, her daughter was still—a countess!

There was no reduction of Lord Sutherland's establishment, excepting the haughty, avaricious waiting-woman, who took away more trunks than her lady did. An open, generous hospitality was kept up, but it was observed that great caution was used as to the moral and intellectual character of the visitors. The meek Christianity of Mr. Wentworth won many to his opinion, which led to the imitation of his example, and Lord Sutherland found that the peace of the righteous man is the best kind of wealth.

A letter was dispatched addressed to Mr. Morley, but equally intended for the eye of Lady Anna. The concluding paragraph was as follows:—

"I have widely erred, and I have paid the severe penalty. Nothing remains but for me to remember that your eldest son is my heir-at-law to the title as well as to the estates. I comfort myself that he will have a rational education and the benefit of a wise example. A certain sum will be appropriated for his use every year, that he may not too suddenly come into great wealth. Let him marry as early as is consistent with prudence, and I will take care he shall have a suitable establishment."

ABSENCE.

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

Call thou me home!—from thee apart
Faintly and low my pulses beat,
As if the life-blood of my heart
Within thine own heart holds its seat,
And floweth only where thou art:
Oh, call me home.

Call thou me home!—the bird exiled,
Too long exiled to foreign skies,
By stranger fountains unbeguiled,
Foldeth its wing at length and dies,
Faint and athirst in some drear wild:
Oh, call me home.

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OUR ARTISTS.—NO. IV.

MORSE.

When Allston was painting his "Dead man restored to Life," in London, he first modeled the figure in clay, and explained to Morse, who was then his pupil, the advantages resulting from a plan so frequently adopted by the old masters. His young countryman was at this time meditating his first composition—a dying Hercules—and proceeded at once to act upon this suggestion. Having prepared a model that exhibited the upper part of the body—which alone would be visible in the picture—he submitted it to Allston, who recognized so much truth in the anatomy and expression, that he urgently advised its completion. After six weeks, by careful labor, the statue was finished, and sent to West for inspection. That venerable artist, upon entering the room, put on his spectacles, and as he walked around the model, carefully examining its details and general effect, a look of genuine satisfaction beamed from his face. He rang for an attendant and bade him call his son. "Look here, Raphael," he exclaimed, as the latter appeared; "did I not always tell you that every painter could be a sculptor?" We may imagine the delight of the student at such commendation. The same day one of his fellow-pupils called his attention to a notice issued by the Adelphi Society of Arts, offering a prize for the best single figure to be modeled and sent to the rooms of the association within a certain period. The time fixed would expire in three days. Morse profited by the occasion, and placed his dying Hercules with the thirteen other specimens already entered. He was consequently invited to the meeting of the society on the evening when the decision was to be announced; and received from the hands of the Duke of Norfolk, the presiding officer, and in the presence of the foreign ambassadors, the gold medal. Perhaps no American ever started in the career of an artist under more flattering auspices; and we cannot wonder that a beginning so successful encouraged the young painter to devote himself assiduously to study, with a view of returning to his own country fully prepared to illustrate the historical department of the art.

An illustrious aspirant had been assured, but a few years previous, when he announced a similar purpose to the President of the Royal Academy, that he had come a great way to learn how to starve. Indeed, so limited was the number of individuals who at that period felt any true interest in the fine arts on this side of the Atlantic, and so completely were the energies of our young nation absorbed in trade and politics, that an enterprise like that which unfolded itself to the sanguine hopes of Morse, might well be deemed chimerical. But he was then breathing an atmosphere of sympathy; he enjoyed the friendship and instruction of men distinguished for their knowledge and ability, and who had reached in England the eminence at which he aimed. His application was not, therefore, chilled by any painful doubts of future success, might he but live to prove himself worthy of the high service to which he thus earnestly dedicated his life.

A striking evidence of the waywardness of destiny is afforded by the experience of this artist, if we pass at once from this early and hopeful moment to a very recent incident. He then aimed at renown through devotion to the beautiful, but it would seem as if the genius of his country, in spite of himself, led him to this object, by the less flowery path of utility. He desired to identify his name with art, but it has become far more widely associated with science. A series of bitter disappointments obliged him to "coin his mind for bread"—for a long period, by exclusive attention to portrait painting—although, at rare intervals, he accomplished something more satisfactory. More than twelve years since, on a voyage from Europe, in a conversation with his fellow-passengers, the theme of discourse happened to be the electro-magnet; and one gentleman present related some experiments he had lately witnessed at Paris, which proved the almost incalculable rapidity of movement with which electricity was disseminated. The idea suggested itself to the active mind of the artist that this wonderful and but partially explored agent might be rendered subservient to that system of intercommunication which had become so essential a principle of modern civilization. He brooded over the subject as he walked the deck or lay wakeful in his berth, and by the time he arrived at New York, had so far matured his invention as to have decided upon a telegraph of signs which is essentially that now in use. After having sufficiently demonstrated his discovery to the scientific, a long period of toil, anxiety and suspense intervened before he obtained the requisite facilities for the establishment of the magnetic telegraph. It is now in daily operation in the United States, and its superiority over all similar inventions abroad, has just been confirmed by the testimony of Arago and the appropriation made for its erection by the French government. By one of those coincidences which would be thought appropriate for romance, but which are more common, in fact, than the unobservant are disposed to confess, these two most brilliant events in the painter's life—his first successful work of art and the triumph of his scientific discovery—were brought to-

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gether, as it were, in a manner singularly fitted to impress the imagination. Six copies of his dying Hercules had been made in London, and the mould was then destroyed. Four of these were distributed by the artist to academies, one he retained, and the last was given to Mr. Bulfinch, the architect of the Capitol—who was engaged at the time upon that building. After the lapse of many years, an accident ruined Morse's own copy, and a similar fate had overtaken the others—at least in America. After vain endeavors to regain one of these trophies of his youthful career, he at length despaired of seeing again what could not fail to be endeared to his memory by the most interesting associations. One day—not many months since—he was superintending the preparations for the first establishment of his telegraph, in the room assigned at the Capitol. His perseverance and self-denying labor had at length met its just reward, and he was taking the first active step to obtain a substantial benefit from his invention. It became necessary in locating the wires, to descend into a vault beneath the apartment, which had not been opened for a long period. A man preceded the artist with a lamp. As they passed along the subterranean chamber, the latter's attention was excited by something white glimmering through the darkness. In approaching the object, what was his surprise to find himself gazing upon his long-lost Hercules, which he had not seen for twenty years! A little reflection explained the apparent miracle. This was undoubtedly the copy given to his deceased friend, the architect, and deposited in the vault for safety.

Those who are fond of localities attractive from having been the abodes of men whose names are enrolled on the scroll of human benefactors, should not pass with indifference No. 8 Buckingham Place, Fitzroy square. It has been the residence of successive American painters for thirty years, and not long since the landlady preserved on the walls, the portraits of Leslie and Morse. The friendship of these two painters is interesting, and helps to brighten the golden link which associates the name of the latter with the first dawn of Art in this republic—a period which we trust will one day have an importance in critical history from the glory we are confident our nation will yet shed upon this sphere of culture. Morse went abroad under the care of Allston, and was the pupil of West and Copley. Hence he is naturally regarded by a later generation as the connecting bond that unites the present and the past in the brief annals of our nobler history. But his claim to such a recognition does not lie altogether in the fact that he was a pioneer; it has been worthily evidenced by his constant devotion to the great cause itself. Younger artists speak of him with affection and respect, because he has ever been zealous in the promotion of a taste for and a study of the fine arts. Having entered the field at too early a period to realize the promise of his youth, and driven by circumstances from the high aims he cherished, misanthropy was never suffered to grow out of personal disappointment. He gazed reverently upon the goal it was not permitted him to reach; and ardently encouraged the spirit which he felt was only to be developed, when wealth and leisure had given his counrtymen opportunities to cultivate those tastes upon the prevalence of which the advancement of his favorite pursuit depends. When, after the failure of one of his elaborate projects, he resolved to establish himself in New York, he was grieved to find that many petty dissensions kept the artists from each other. He made it his business to heal these wounds and reconcile the animosities that thus retarded the progress of their common object. He sought out and won the confidence of his isolated brothers, and one evening invited them all to his room, ostensibly to eat strawberries and cream, but really to beguile them into something like agreeable intercourse. He had experienced the good effect of a drawing club at Charleston, where many of the members were amateurs; and on the occasion referred to, covered his table with prints, and scattered inviting casts around the apartment. A very pleasant evening was the result; a mutual understanding was established, and weekly meetings unanimously agreed upon. This auspicious gathering was the germ of the National Academy of Design, of which Morse became the first president, and before which he delivered the first course of lectures on the Fine Arts ever given in this country. The question as to the comparative utility of associations of patrons and artists, has been discussed and tested by experiment sufficiently to satisfy every reasonable mind of the vast superiority of institutions managed by those best informed and most interested in any great public object. The prejudice and selfish motives which were brought to bear upon the new society failed in the end, as they deservedly should. It would be an useless and ungrateful task to repeat the details of the controversy. Morse was in a great measure sacrificed by the prominent part he took in these transactions; but the Academy has flourished and is yet achieving its work bravely, while the artists look upon their champion with pride and sympathy. This was clearly exhibited by their voluntary and fraternal attempt to console him for the marked neglect of his claims, when the original selection was made of painters to fill the vacant panels of the rotunda at Washington. Together with other friends, they formed an association and gave Morse a commission to execute the painting. Owing to the non-payment of a portion of the instalments, and to the injudicious plan of the artist to carry out his design on too grand and expensive a scale, and his consequent pecuniary embarrassment, he was obliged to abandon the attempt. By a course of rigid and patient economy, highly creditable to his integrity, he gradually refunded to each subscriber the sum advanced, with appropriate expressions of gratitude for the liberal intention; and was thus eminently true to himself,

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in resolutely and at great personal sacrifice, emancipating himself from the degrading consciousness of pecuniary obligation.

After four years of study in Europe, Morse had returned to the United States from lack of means to carry on his education abroad. Although he then deemed himself by no means a proficient, he hoped, while pursuing the course of improvement so auspiciously commenced, to obtain, at home, such employment in the higher branches of his profession as would give some adequate scope to his powers. In Boston, however, although he was flattered enough by social consideration, he received no orders, and was obliged, from sheer necessity, to travel through New England and execute portraits at fifteen dollars each, and finally to set up his easel at Charleston, S. C., where he continued this employment for several years—emulating, however, the more artistic styles of portraiture with ample success and honor. To keep up his practice in composition, he often carried his heads to the north, where he passed every summer with his family, and there transferred them to larger canvas—introducing rich costume or tasteful accessories into his full lengths, so that many of them did justice to his general ability as a painter. Stuart happened to see one of these, representing a young girl standing amid the ruins of an abbey beside a fawn. The conception and execution delighted him, and his praise spread its reputation so widely that Morse was obliged to furnish several copies.

There is a Convent of Capuchins at Rome which is visited by strangers on account of a very old fresco representing Christ walking on the waves, and an excellent Mosaic copy of Guido's Michael triumphing over Satan, that adorn the walls. Those who have a taste for horrors, also view the cemetery beneath fantastically ornamented with the bones of deceased friars. But to the artist the church is memorable for the fine arrangement of light and the simple yet effective perspective. On this account the interior is often sketched and painted, and when a few bearded monks of the order are judiciously placed about the altar and in the aisles, the scene becomes quite impressive and the ocular illusion very pleasing. A French artist exhibited such a representation of this convent in the United States, and it attracted an extraordinary degree of attention. Morse had painted, when abroad, a similar picture of the Louvre, including the principal works of art in that famous gallery—in miniature but faithful copies—and it was one of his most successful and interesting works. The idea naturally suggested itself to take advantage of the evident taste recently manifested for this species of painting. He had laid by sufficient to enable him to give the necessary time to the experiment, and selected for his subject the interior of the House of Representatives of the United States. It might have been reasonably anticipated that so national a theme, if treated with any success, would be popular. The picture cost nearly two years' severe labor, and was attended with considerable expense. When exhibited, however—from what cause does not appear—it brought little profit to the artist, and he soon rolled up the huge canvas in disgust. When sent to England, several political characters and men of taste among the nobility expressed great admiration of the work, and were much interested in the portraits introduced, which were very cleverly arranged and perfectly authentic. After this signal disappointment, Morse determined to visit Mexico as an *attaché* to the American Legation; and it might prove a curious speculation to imagine what destiny his active disposition would have achieved in that fertile and unhappy country, had the design been carried into execution; but after having made all needful preparations, taken leave of his family, and even embarked his stores, the minister was suddenly recalled almost ere his journey had began, and the artist returned home and eventually abandoned the plan. In 1822-3, Morse was greatly encouraged in his pursuits by the friendly exertions of the poet Hillhouse, and received a public commission to paint a portrait of Lafayette, then on a visit to this country. Few pictures have ever been executed under more painful circumstances. He was called away from his delightful task to attend the death-beds of his wife and parent and watch over the illness of his children. But through bereavement and "hope deferred," Morse has struggled manfully onward, loyal to his own convictions and the claims of his profession. He never believed that anything really great or desirable could be attained save through obstacles. Courage and patience have been his watchwords; and although the snows of time have bleached his hair, the same intelligent and enterprising spirit, the same urbane disposition that endeared him to the friends of his youth, still cause all who know him to rejoice in the prospect of an honorable independence which the recent invention has secured to his age.

FREEMAN.

It is generally conceded that Raphael sought the triumph of his art in expression, Correggio in the effects of light and shade, and Titian in color—not that these were the exclusive objects of each or constitute their only title to fame, but that they severally pursued truth with peculiar relish and success through these different means. If we admit these distinctions, it is easy to account for the superior rank claimed for Raphael, since there can be no question that to produce the greatest effects in art chiefly by means of expression, is to achieve the highest victory. There is more or less of illusion in every other process, and a reliance upon ingenuity rather than genius. The same is true in literature, whose most enduring monuments owe their vitality to the richness of the thought or image, and not to the perfection of the style.

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Racine's dramas boast a more sustained unity and elegance than Shakspeare's, and yet have no hold upon the permanent interest of men. Expression is the very soul of Art. It consists in seizing upon the most subtle of nature's phases and fixing it in marble or upon canvas — even as the great dramatist has stamped certain parts of humanity upon his page forever. The sentiment of devotion as it beams in the upturned face of St. Cecilia, or the holiness of maternity as it rests on the lips and in the eyes of the Madonna della Sedula, are in like manner represented with an integrity that endears them to all the world. It is, therefore, an evidence of loftier intelligence in an artist to aim principally at expression. Unfortunately, many artists lack self-knowledge as to their appropriate sphere of expression. This was a great fault in West. He habitually selected the grandest and most sacred themes, and brought to their illustration skill in drapery, grouping and mechanical detail, without any commensurate reach of mind and sympathy in the subject. It is no small part of wisdom to understand one's province of action. The example of the old masters is too much followed in the choice of subjects. Perhaps the rarest of all adaptation is that for religious art, and not a few failures are to be ascribed to a want of courage in following out individual tendencies. It is equally meritorious in the abstract to make a good picture of a peasant as of a saint, the important point being intrinsic excellence. An artist's subject should spring from his natural powers, and not from external dictation. He certainly cannot deal successfully with expression unless at home with the idea or feeling to be expressed; and this depends more upon character than imitation.

Among those of our artists who have decided genius for expression is Freeman. At a very early age he was brought by his parents from Nova Scotia to Otsego. Through many difficulties and hardships he made his way to New York to gain instruction in the art he loved, entered as a student the National Academy, and soon gained the honor of membership. Inman, whose appreciation of dawning merit was as quick as his expression of it was frank and ardent, was among the first to acknowledge the youth's promise. He was attracted by the head of an old revolutionary soldier whom Freeman had hired as a model, and declared he should be proud to have painted it. In Cooper's novel of the Pioneers, there is a graphic description of the family mansion of the author's progenitors, in the western part of this state. Freeman occupied as a studio the identical building for more than one winter. He, however, has resided for some years past in Italy, and there studied his profession with a devotion and independence rarely equaled. Of this, adequate proof may be drawn from his conversation. He may have prejudices, but he also has arrived by observation and thought to the dignity of opinions. Perhaps his tastes are too exclusive to be generally followed, but they are based upon no temporary arguments or limited experience. His standard is exacting and his philosophy just. The principles upon which he views art and endeavors to win her laurels, are of a character to obtain the respect of those who regard the subject from an intelligent point of view. None of our young artists are better informed as to the essential grounds of their profession, and few of them have such authority for their pursuit. We can say of Freeman with perfect confidence—what cannot by any means be declared of the majority who paint and model—that he is an artist both from education and native endowments. With this conviction we parted from him, on his recent departure for Rome, with sincere regret, and a renewed belief that what is called success both in art and literature in this country, has little necessary connection with merit. A shrewd copyist or mechanical draughtsman, who knows how to

> "Crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
> That thrift may follow fawning;"

who can stoop to court the wealthy and ignorant visitors of the "city of the soul," may obtain commissions to his heart's content; but the man of genius, whose very nature unfits him for resorting to any extraneous measures to secure patronage, who relies simply on his art and the appreciation of his countrymen;—waiting, as it becomes him, to be recognized, and scorning the appliances of the charlatan, is likely to starve by neglect. His fame is apt to be altogether posthumous; late honors are yielded in the place of that living sympathy for which he pined; and, instead of the gratifying spectacle of his actual and conscious prosperity, we are too often directed to his monument, and obliged to confess that he asked for bread and received a stone.

Before Freeman went abroad he painted an Indian girl of rare beauty. The picture was greatly admired, and is highly prized by its owner. There is something in the manner and execution of the portrait quite unique. It is the best representation of an aboriginal female we have ever seen. To a European collector it would be invaluable, and no one with a particle of imagination can look upon it without interest. The peculiar complexion and a certain blending of tenderness and fire in the countenance—to say nothing of the flowing hair—convey at once a romantic impression. The rich arterial blood seems to glow through the olive skin with a truthful vitality, and the dark eyes and expressive lips whisper some hidden and winsome revelation. Nor is the surmise erroneous. The girl was a celebrated beauty, and a story of no ordinary romance belongs to her name. It is very seldom that a portrait combines so many associations, and though among the earliest of the artist's productions, it is one at which he evidently wrought with earnestness and consequent success.

The picture by which Freeman is best known is "The Beggars." It was the gem of the ex-

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hibition a few years since. The composition is simple but remarkably felicitous, consisting of one erect and one sleeping figure; but the attitudes, the atmosphere, the execution, the finish, and, above all, the expression are in the highest degree artistic and suggestive. We doubt if any one who has never visited the south of Europe could thoroughly estimate the work as a delineation of nature. To such as are familiar with those regions, it is singularly eloquent. The pleading, *datemi qualchecosa* look of the standing boy is more significant than the rags in which he is clothed and the bare extended arm. The face of the sleeper is calm—a beggar in attire, but a happy child in reality—happy in the noonday repose of that soft clime, the eager lines of importunity and want softened by the careless spirit, as ....

"Folded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As if a rose should shut and be a bud again."

This picture is an epitome of Italy, of her poverty and her clime—her balmy nature and her degraded humanity—her urbane spirit and narrow destiny. It carries one at once to the Piazza d'Espagna steps and the Coliseum. Its elaborate, highly-finished and thorough execution is worthy of a master. There is a fine relievo and effect in the countenances that make them seem palpable. In this, as in other of Freeman's works, we are struck with the amount of study they will bear. There is nothing evasive or tame, but all is well thought and worked out. We feel that they were made to last and to contemplate, to impart ideas, waken the fancy, and yield permanent satisfaction. This artist paints like a man who has breathed a calmer air than our own, and grown familiar with labors that cost years of toil. There are few marks of haste, of that compromising spirit so fatal to the enduring value of a work of art, which renders abortive some of the best conceptions of our artists. Freeman has never ceased to be a student. There is an intensity in his aims and habits; he has more vigor than delicacy. He appears to understand clearly his object and to pursue it without diversion. Every one of his pictures we have seen remains in our memory—a distinct creation. They satisfy instead of perplexing us. Two executed during the last winter displayed the same characteristics. One was a child, whose natural sunburnt face and elfin locks furnished an excellent basis for a rural witch. But Freeman portrayed her with such a look of weird intelligence and laughing wickedness, that it was the very personification of a gipsy. The expression was so keen, vivid and real, that it haunted one—so that the accessories of a ruined tomb, poisonous herbs and mouldering bones were unnecessary though appropriate. Of quite a different expression was "The Bad Shoe"—a little fellow seated in a barn window, amid a wintry landscape, and holding his frost-nipt foot pitifully in his hand, his chubby face full of that pathos born of early suffering—which Dickens has so effectively described. Both of these are genuine touches of nature, caught by the eye and transfixed by the hand of the artist—in no careless or accidental manner, but with just and effective labor. "The Crusader's Return" is a cabinet picture, of the coldest hue, representing a knight with pallid brow and auburn beard, kneeling in prayer over the marble effigy of his betrothed. The armor is finely executed, and all the parts highly finished. It is evidently one of those experiments to which genius is prone, and intimates no ordinary skill were ample scope afforded for its deliberate unfolding. Freeman's drawings from models and sketches from nature evidence long and various study, and manifest how much the genuine love of art and patient investigation of its principles have occupied his thoughts and feelings.

PARTING LINES

TO MRS. JOHN H. LIKENS, MARTINSBURGH, VA.

BY THE REV. WM. LOVE.

The world we now live in is often abused,
As the blessings of Heaven are often misused;
And though pleasure with sorrow we frequently meet,
We cherish with fondness our pilgrim-retreat.

The day in its glory—the night in its gems—
The air in its music—the ocean and streams—
The summer—the winter—the autumn and spring
Have all their endearments to which we would cling.

Though our sighings are many, our smilings outweigh,
As the sunshine of summer the clouds of a day;
And there's pleasure in loving a world such as this,
Where the shades that are passing but heighten our bliss.

As the heavy spring-showers, so gloomy to see,
Give life, love and beauty to blossom and tree,
So the tear-drops that flow from the friends that must part,
Are the life-streams that water the flow'rs of the heart.

Then ever remember when shadows arise,
There is sunshine beyond them that brightens the skies,
Which only a moment of cloud has concealed,
That brighter and fairer it may be revealed.

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THE CASK OF AMONTILLADO.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

THE thousand injuries of Fortunato I had borne as I best could, but when he ventured upon insult I vowed revenge. You, who so well know the nature of my soul, will not suppose, however, that I gave utterance to a threat. *At length* I would be avenged; this was a point definitively settled—but the very definitiveness with which it was resolved precluded the idea of risk. I must not only punish but punish with impunity. A wrong is unredressed when retribution overtakes its redresser. It is equally unredressed when the avenger fails to make himself felt as such to him who has done the wrong.

It must be understood that neither by word nor deed had I given Fortunato cause to doubt my good will. I continued, as was my wont, to smile in his face, and he did not perceive that my smile *now* was at the thought of his immolation.

He had a weak point—this Fortunato—although in other regards he was a man to be respected and even feared. He prided himself upon his connoisseurship in wine. Few Italians have the true virtuoso spirit. For the most part their enthusiasm is adopted to suit the time and opportunity, to practice imposture upon the British and Austrian *millionaires*. In painting and gemmary, Fortunato, like his countrymen, was a quack, but in the matter of old wines he was sincere. In this respect I did not differ from him materially;—I was skilful in the Italian vintages myself, and bought largely whenever I could.

It was about dusk, one evening during the supreme madness of the carnival season, that I encountered my friend. He accosted me with excessive warmth, for he had been drinking much. The man wore motley. He had on a tight-fitting parti-striped dress, and his head was surmounted by the conical cap and bells. I was so pleased to see him that I thought I should never have done wringing his hand.

I said to him—"My dear Fortunato, you are luckily met. How remarkably well you are looking to-day. But I have received a pipe of what passes for Amontillado, and I have my doubts."

"How?" said he. "Amontillado? A pipe? Impossible! And in the middle of the carnival!"

"I have my doubts," I replied; "and I was silly enough to pay the full Amontillado price without consulting you in the matter. You were not to be found, and I was fearful of losing a bargain."

"Amontillado!"

"I have my doubts."

"Amontillado!"

"And I must satisfy them."

"Amontillado!"

"As you are engaged, I am on my way to Luchresi. If any one has a critical turn it is he. He will tell me——"

"Luchresi cannot tell Amontillado from Sherry."

"And yet some fools will have it that his taste is a match for your own."

"Come, let us go."

"Whither?"

"To your vaults."

"My friend, no; I will not impose upon your good nature. I perceive you have an engagement. Luchresi——"

"I have no engagement;—come."

"My friend, no. It is not the engagement, but the severe cold with which I perceive you are afflicted. The vaults are insufferably damp. They are encrusted with nitre."

"Let us go, nevertheless. The cold is merely nothing. Amontillado! You have been imposed upon. And as for Luchresi, he cannot distinguish Sherry from Amontillado."

Thus speaking, Fortunato possessed himself of my arm; and putting on a mask of black silk and drawing a *roquelaire* closely about my person, I suffered him to hurry me to my palazzo.

There were no attendants at home; they had absconded to make merry in honour of the time. I had told them that I should not return until the morning, and had given them explicit orders not to stir from the house. These orders were sufficient, I well knew, to insure their immediate disappearance, one and all, as soon as my back was turned.

I took from their sconces two flambeaux, and giving one to Fortunato, bowed him through several suites of rooms to the archway that led into the vaults. I passed down a long and winding staircase, requesting him to be cautious as he followed. We came at length to the foot of the descent, and stood together upon the damp ground of the catacombs of the Montresors.

The gait of my friend was unsteady, and the bells upon his cap jingled as he strode.

"The pipe," said he.

"It is farther on," said I; "but observe the white web-work which gleams from these cavern walls."

He turned towards me, and looked into my eyes with two filmy orbs that distilled the rheum of intoxication.

"Nitre?" he asked, at length.

"Nitre," I replied. "How long have you had that cough?"

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"Ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!"

My poor friend found it impossible to reply for many minutes.

"It is nothing," he said, at last.

"Come," I said, with decision, "we will go back; your health is precious. You are rich, respected, admired, beloved; you are happy, as once I was. You are a man to be missed. For me it is no matter. We will go back; you will be ill, and I cannot be responsible. Besides, there is Luchresi——"

"Enough," he said; "the cough is a mere nothing; it will not kill me. I shall not die of a cough."

"True—true," I replied; "and, indeed, I had no intention of alarming you unnecessarily—but you should use all proper caution. A draught of this Medoc will defend us from the damps."

Here I knocked off the neck of a bottle which I drew from a long row of its fellows that lay upon the mould.

"Drink," I said, presenting him the wine.

He raised it to his lips with a leer. He paused and nodded to me familiarly, while his bells jingled.

"I drink," he said, "to the buried that repose around us."

"And I to your long life."

He again took my arm, and we proceeded.

"These vaults," he said, "are extensive."

"The Montresors," I replied, "were a great and numerous family."

"I forget your arms."

"A huge human foot d'or, in a field azure; the foot crushes a serpent rampant whose fangs are imbedded in the heel."

"And the motto?"

"*Nemo me impune lacessit.*"

"Good!" he said.

The wine sparkled in his eyes and the bells jingled. My own fancy grew warm with the Medoc. We had passed through long walls of piled skeletons, with casks and puncheons intermingling, into the inmost recesses of the catacombs. I paused again, and this time I made bold to seize Fortunato by an arm above the elbow.

"The nitre!" I said; "see, it increases. It hangs like moss upon the vaults. We are below the river's bed. The drops of moisture trickle among the bones. Come, we will go back ere it is too late. Your cough——"

"It is nothing," he said; "let us go on. But first, another draught of the Medoc."

I broke and reached him a flaçon of De Grâve. He emptied it at a breath. His eyes flashed with a fierce light. He laughed and threw the bottle upwards with a gesticulation I did not understand.

I looked at him in surprise. He repeated the movement—a grotesque one.

"You do not comprehend?" he said.

"Not I," I replied.

"Then you are not of the brotherhood."

"How?"

"You are not of the masons."

"Yes, yes," I said; "yes, yes."

"You? Impossible! A mason?"

"A mason," I replied.

"A sign," he said, "a sign."

"It is this," I answered, producing from beneath the folds of my *roquelaire* a trowel.

"You jest," he exclaimed, recoiling a few paces. "But let us proceed to the Amontillado."

"Be it so," I said, replacing the tool beneath the cloak and again offering him my arm. He leaned upon it heavily. We continued our rout in search of the Amontillado. We passed through a range of low arches, descended, passed on, and descending again, arrived at a deep crypt, in which the foulness of the air caused our flambeaux rather to glow than flame.

At the most remote end of the crypt there appeared another less spacious. Its walls had been lined with human remains, piled to the vault overhead, in the fashion of the great catacombs of Paris. Three sides of this interior crypt were still ornamented in this manner. From the fourth side the bones had been thrown down, and lay promiscuously upon the earth, forming at one point a mound of some size. Within the wall thus exposed by the displacing of the bones, we perceived a still interior crypt or recess, in depth about four feet, in width three, in height six or seven. It seemed to have been constructed for no especial use within itself, but formed merely the interval between two of the colossal supports of the roof of the catacombs, and was backed by one of their circumscribing walls of solid granite.

It was in vain that Fortunato, uplifting his dull torch, endeavoured to pry into the depth of the recess. Its termination the feeble light did not enable us to see.

"Proceed," I said; "herein is the Amontillado. As for Luchresi——"

"He is an ignoramus," interrupted my friend, as he stepped unsteadily forward, while I followed immediately at his heels. In an instant he had reached the extremity of the niche, and finding his progress arrested by the rock, stood stupidly bewildered. A moment more and I had fettered him to the granite. In its surface were two iron staples, distant from each other about two feet, horizontally. From one of these depended a short chain, from the other a padlock. Throwing the links about his waist, it was but the work of a few seconds to secure it. He was too much astounded to resist. Withdrawing the key I stepped back from the recess.

"Pass your hand," I said, "over the wall; you cannot help feeling the nitre. Indeed, it is *very* damp. Once more let me *implore* you to return. No? Then I must positively leave you. But I will first render you all the little attentions in my power."

"The Amontillado!" ejaculated my friend, not yet recovered from his astonishment.

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"True," I replied; "the Amontillado."

As I said these words I busied myself among the pile of bones of which I have before spoken. Throwing them aside, I soon uncovered a quantity of building stone and mortar. With these materials and with the aid of my trowel, I began vigorously to wall up the entrance of the niche.

I had scarcely laid the first tier of the masonry when I discovered that the intoxication of Fortunato had in great measure worn off. The earliest indication I had of this was a low moaning cry from the depth of the recess. It was *not* the cry of a drunken man. There was then a long and obstinate silence. I laid the second tier, and the third, and the fourth; and then I heard the furious vibration of the chain. The noise lasted for several minutes, during which, that I might hearken to it with the more satisfaction, I ceased my labours and sat down upon the bones. When at last the clanking subsided, I resumed the trowel, and finished without interruption the fifth, the sixth, and the seventh tier. The wall was now nearly upon a level with my breast. I again paused, and holding the flambeaux over the mason-work, threw a few feeble rays upon the figure within.

A succession of loud and shrill screams, bursting suddenly from the throat of the chained form, seemed to thrust me violently back. For a brief moment I hesitated, I trembled. Unsheathing my rapier, I began to grope with it about the recess; but the thought of an instant reassured me. I placed my hand upon the solid fabric of the catacombs, and felt satisfied. I reapproached the wall. I replied to the yells of him who clamoured. I reechoed, I aided, I surpassed them in volume and in strength. I did this, and the clamourer grew still.

It was now midnight, and my task was drawing to a close. I had completed the eighth, the ninth and the tenth tier. I had finished a portion of the last and the eleventh; there remained but a single stone to be fitted and plastered in. I struggled with its weight; I placed it partially in its destined position. But now there came from out the niche a low laugh that erected the hairs upon my head. It was succeeded by a sad voice, which I had difficulty in recognizing as that of the noble Fortunato. The voice said—

"Ha! ha! ha!—he! he! he!—a very good joke, indeed—an excellent jest. We will have many a rich laugh about it at the palazzo—he! he! he!—over our wine—he! he! he!"

"The Amontillado!" I said.

"He! he! he!—he! he! he!—yes, the Amontillado. But is it not getting late? Will not they be awaiting us at the palazzo—the Lady Fortunato and the rest? Let us be gone."

"Yes," I said, "let us be gone."

"*For the love of God, Montresor!*"

"Yes," I said, "for the love of God!"

But to these words I hearkened in vain for a reply. I grew impatient. I called aloud—

"Fortunato!"

No answer. I called again—

"Fortunato!"

No answer still. I thrust a torch through the remaining aperture and let it fall within. There came forth in return only a jingling of the bells. My heart grew sick; it was the dampness of the catacombs that made it so. I hastened to make an end of my labour. I forced the last stone into its position; I plastered it up. Against the new masonry I re-erected the old rampart of bones. For the half of a century no mortal has disturbed them. *In pace requiescat!*

GENTLE INFLUENCES.

BY MRS. C. H. ESLING.

How sweet, when eve her dusky mantle throws
O'er the pale violet and the dewy rose,
To wander forth beneath the moonlit skies,
While stars shine on us like fond loving eyes—

To look up to that blue o'erarching heaven,
And fancy some sweet soul—its sins forgiven—
Is thus permitted, through the silent night,
To watch o'er those it loved with holy light!

What gentle feelings steal into the breast—
What melody of music, unexpress'd,
Fills the wrapt soul, when, humbly kneeling there,
The heart bursts forth in low, impulsive prayer.

Or by some tranquil stream, that all day long
Sang to the wood and vale a pleasant song,
To linger—while the memories of old days
Rekindle in our breasts their earlier rays—

To see in retrospection's misty gleam,
The eyes that sought our own with kindly beam,
To note the smile that never could depart,
Because it came *from loving heart, to heart*—

To hear once more the voices in our ear,
That now swell anthems in God's holy sphere,
Those unforgotten tones, whose breath of love
Links us of earth with those who dwell above.

These are the peaceful thoughts that fill my breast,
When evening curtains out the glowing west;
When bird and bee have folded up their wings,
I hold sweet communing with holy things.

Such gentle influences, like summer dew,
The withering blossoms of sweet hope renew;
Beguile the weary heart of half its care,
And point to blessings that we all may share.

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A PEEP AT PARIS.

NO. IV. OF "SKETCHES ABROAD."

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS MAGAZINE BY A CELEBRATED AMERICAN LITERARY LADY NOW TRAVELING IN EUROPE.

ONLY a peep?

Would it be discreet to offer anything additional? Would the modesty of such an attempt be considered even, at this late day, equivocal?

We are but a feeble limner—and what picture could we sketch of Paris, however grotesque, that would not seem at least a tiresome imitation? What choice views could we suggest that have not been already, if we may say so, sun-struck into a shadowy existence by mental daguerreotypists, or tickled into such unwonted beauty by artists in the intellectual oil and color line, that the originals themselves could not possibly recognize them without a very particular introduction?

How then—to drop the undertaking altogether?

Ah, "*vous avez raison*," as our Gallic friends would say; *mais*, that moral eruption which afflicts all habitual torturers of the English alphabet, is as destitute of a thorough remedy as its cutaneous counterpart; or, as the respectable Mr. Goggin amusingly insinuates, in one of Mr. Lever's romances, "whenever the itch of literature comes over a man, nothing can cure it but the scratching of a pen."

As the women are always included in the generic expression "man," whenever the latter is found at least in any category of evils, *la voilà* our apology, ready-manufactured.

And, if we prefer a mere peep, or a passing glance at the lively peculiarities of what somebody has called this "Paradise of pretty women and Purgatory of cooks;" if we choose the piquant outlines of a sunny sketch, before the cold details of a crowded and elaborate painting, are we so very singular? A panorama is pleasanter to most people than a history.

Now, if we were plainly asked what does Paris look like in the eyes of a stranger, and that stranger from the United States, we should be puzzled for an answer. We could more readily say what it *don't* resemble; but then negative portraits are so very unsatisfactory!

Certainly, we have heard it said that Paris, in certain physical or social features, bears a species of family likeness to New York or New Orleans. Perhaps it does, though we never could discern it. There are people, however, who have a rare faculty of discovering extraordinary resemblances between very dissimilar objects. Thus, it has been determined, we forget how, that Adam and Eve spoke Irish on the banks of the Euphrates; thus a highly estimable old lady of our acquaintance flatters herself that she has detected a physiognomical relationship between a cat and a cream-jug, though we verily believe that the aforesaid relationship has simply been imagined from the known affection subsisting between the palate of the one and the contents of the other.

But what a superb view of Paris one might enjoy from a balloon! If such a means of observation were as practicable in its employment as it would be interesting, of what a magnificent *coup d'œil* a tranquil flight over this ostentatious city would put us in possession! London would be nothing to it, and for the best of reasons—Peter Pindar had London in all her noon-day glory in his eye when, disparaging Nature's comeliness, he wrote—

> "Look now, for Heaven's sake, at her skies!"
> "What are they? Smoke!——"

But the atmosphere of Paris is as clear as that of Philadelphia; it is as clear as the notes of the nightingale, whose love-song, curiously enough, may be heard here in every direction of a summer evening, making the sultry air in the public promenades and royal gardens amorously musical.

Balloons are not as common yet as cabs and omnibuses. We grant it. Perhaps they are not yet quite as safe. However, steam-engines were once just as rare and just as perilous. Somebody has predicted that, ere the lapse of the present century, a gentleman will send for his family balloon just as at present he sends for his family carriage when he designs to visit a rather too-distant-for-a-walk acquaintance. There would probably be, also, this difference: instead of calling upon Mr. Smith, of Spring Garden, with as much haste as a due respect for the surveillance of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will allow, in order that he may enlighten with his countenance the household of Mr. Jenkins of Kensington the same evening, he will purpose to dine with the First Russian Republican Consul at five, tea in Canton with his Celestial Omnipotence, (on the occasion, perhaps, of his conversion to Christianity, or of his public abjuration, through a "Vermillion edict," of any disposition to coquet titularly in future with any part of the General Solar System,) and return before eleven to a quiet sleep in his own fashionable domicil in Chestnut street, West End, just beyond the new marble bridge over the river Schuylkill! Of course, this is making an imaginative allowance for the natural progress of the sci-

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ence of ærostatics and the natural increase of Philadelphia.

Sans farther digression, now, suppose we fancy ourselves "poised i' the mid air" over Paris, and speculating at leisure upon the scene of apparent enchantment that presents itself. What singular streets! What grotesque houses! What a motley mass of moving and gesticulating humanity! What splendor! What filth! What show! What neglect! What an odd combination of all that is refined and all that is indelicate!—of all that is pleasant and all that is disgusting! What an air theatrical invests the whole *tableau vivant!* Behold the gorgeous mirrors flashing upon the eye at every turn! The Grecian statues warming in the sun! The marble fountains cooling with their gushing breath the summer's noon! The lofty monuments! The sumptuous palaces! The countless theatres! The gay bazaars! The dazzling stores! The crowded gardens! The pillars; the towers; the music-haunting cathedrals; the squares; the promenades; the baths; the bridges! Look at them all! Are they not surpassingly picturesque? And could you see them in the melting sunlight, when the expiring day bathes them in a sea of glittering crimson, they would seem doubly beautiful.

And yet, mark all these things attentively. Do they not seem at the first glance all unreal? Could you not conceive the whole a sort of visual romance? Does it not really appear as if you could put forth your hand and touch the painted canvas? As if you could, by an approach, dissolve all this glare and show into flimsy gilding and fantastic chalks? Wouldn't it seem, in fact, as if the broad daylight would laugh at the possible conversion of such capricious shadows into sober and substantial plaster, stone and brick?

Yet, it is so. Paris wears the countenance of a painted thing, and all her features have the characteristics of the stage. See her ancient and narrow *rues!* Their very crookedness strikes one as a distortion of shape occasioned by agony at the darkness and dirt they have endured for ages! Yet even they, in their bold contrast to the sprightly elegance of the more modern streets, seem but thrown into the general picture for effect! There are the gloomy *impasses*, too, with their tall, frowning abodes of sin and toil, in which guilt festers and poverty groans. How these dingy monuments of filth stand out in their blackness beside the very thoroughfares of pomp and affluence! Yet they seem but the natural shadow of the latter's brightness; and the emaciated forms that every now and then slip stealthily aside from the rushing tide of happy faces that murmur along the glowing avenues of enjoyment, and plunge like guilty spirits into these profound recesses—how we forget, as we gaze upon them, that they are something besides a mere relief, artistically thrown into the sunshine of this dazzling whirl of existence!

Do you think the buildings pretty? Cast your eye along those broad and handsomely-paved resorts of fashion, where the superb and the costly allure and alarm in turn the appetite. What noble dwellings! Some are of brick and some are of stone; all, however, you perceive, are plastered and painted of that delicate cream color which fits so well the columns, pillars, niches, statuettes, and all the other thousand-and-one architectural embellishments of the prevailing style—a style that bestows upon whole streets an aristocratic air that we plain republicans are apt to fancy peculiar only to royal habitations, and which we, at home, only get an occasional half-dollar glimpse of in the mimic world of the so-called "legitimate drama."

What novel-shaped slate roofs are here about us! What a legion of projecting sheet-iron monstrosities as substitutes for respectable chimney-pots! The latter resemble exaggerated tobacco pipes; and although it is by no means a mystery to the shivering stranger of a frosty morning, that every chamber and every chimney in Paris are as addicted as a Dutchman to smoking, we conceive this to be one of the most ungraceful modes of thrusting the unpleasant fact before the eyes of a disposed-to-be-forgetful people.

We say it with becoming gravity, these chimney representatives are a nuisance! They afflict even the palaces with their anti-picturesque disorder. For instance, yonder massive pile of varied and imposing architecture is the Tuileries; but in vain have the builders elaborately disguised the usual orifices in the roof by playfully converting them into apparent embellishments—the blackamoor emblems of smoke-pipedom stand grimly beside them, and with their turned-up noses towards the sky, always seem to be rejoicing at their homeliness and sneering at the pretty artifices by means of which a better taste has fruitlessly endeavored to do without them!

Yes, we must admit that there is much of dignity about the tall, heavily-built, floridly-ornamented, yet reserved-looking structures, that call themselves human habitations, in the finer streets of Paris. They have an air of haughty elegance. Regard them well. Their very exterior is striking; and as you gaze at them, a peculiar sort of feeling insensibly oozes through your mind and saturates it with indistinct impressions of the importance of their inhabitants. Is it not so?

A few minutes acquaintance with the interior of one of them, however, is fatal to all such dreamy idealities. That vast, arched gateway leading into the pebbled court-yard, *par exemple*, is an inconvenient entrance for a private family. The gate itself, like that of some ancient feudal castle, admirably adapted either to *include* or *exclude* a rebellious congregation, is sufficient to alarm a nervously constituted individual; and the little rivulet of greasy, opaque water, that meanders sluggishly adown the centre of the grand entrance, depositing, like the Nile, a fertile alluvion in its course, is anything but an ornament of the most appropriate character to a cleanly residence.

But let us look a little closer. The great door

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opening into the huge entry is the modern substitute for the old gateway; in other respects the houses are all pretty much alike. There is, in the centre, the monstrous stairway, uncoiling itself like an enormous snake from the cellar to the roof. At its foot, as you enter, is a niche in the wall sufficiently comprehensive to furnish sitting-down arrangements for two respectable-sized dogs, or perhaps three small ones. Over the aforesaid niche, in plethoric black letters upon a yellow ground, you may read "*Parlez au Concierge*," addressed emphatically to all visitors, and within the same niche, which is politely christened a *loge*, you will probably encounter the Argus of the mansion in the shape of, *peut-être*, an old gentleman in the leather and medicine line—*i. e.*, who

> "Sometimes heels a pair of shoes,
> And sometimes heals a wound;"

besides his wife, who reads verses about "Love and Liberty," his son who writes them, and his daughter who recites them at every convenient opportunity. In a more aristocratic faubourg—in that of Saint-Germain, for instance—the *concierge*, who is called a *portier* in humbler domicils, becomes an individual of sublimer importance. You must speak very courteously to him and his interesting family, unless you visit in your own carriage. In that case he becomes a smile incarnate from head to foot; his very boots seem possessed of cachinatory muscles that resolve themselves into a state of amiable semi-repose, and you can speak as briefly as you please without any apprehension of encountering the freezing politeness that he keeps in reserve for iciculating the familiarity of pedestrians.

A Parisian house is an effective thing to look at, undoubtedly. It is a very nice thing for an engraving. But let us continue our search into its contents. Each floor is a little world of itself. There is the *marchande des modes*, perhaps, upon the ground floor; some branch of nobility, with considerably less cash than consequence, upon what they call the first and we at home denominate the second story; something else not quite so flourishing occupies the third; the half-dozen families of half-a-dozen still less important integers in society are in the fourth; and then come the countless cyphers that exist in the fifth, are heard of in the sixth, or are supposed to be interred somewhere in the dusty labyrinths of the seventh stories —to say nothing of those who, in some streets, inhabit a place upon the roof, and have at all times an admirable opportunity of forgetting the far-distant world below, and enveloping themselves in all the comforts of a penniless house and a contemplative spirit!

What an universe of nice gradations in life we have in all this! From the harassed by petty wants below to the hungry victims of real want above—what a step! From the lady in the *boutique* who mourns her truant admirer, to the mother in the *mansarde*—she who has just sent her graceless son "*aux îles pour manger de la vache enragée*," (as the vulgar say in Paris when speaking of sending a boy to sea,) and weeps as she mentally beholds him "*comptant ses chemises*," (sea-sick,) if we may make use of the same expressive vocabulary—from the *beau garçon* who is in agony lest the last *pâté de foie gras* should render his stays uncomfortable, to the *désœuvré* who patiently wonders from what source a benevolent Providence will furnish him with his next meal of bread and watercresses—the last franc that he is tossing so carelessly in his fingers being already pledged to carry him to the *bal masqué* in the *rue Montesquieu*, and provide not only a cigar for himself but a *petit verre* of anisette for his gay Stephanie or his *belle* Pauline.

To us who associate with the word "home" so many tender and endearing recollections of domestic privacy, this species of gregarious domiciliation is anything but inviting; and even the Parisian, infected by example, is becoming sensible of its deficiencies. His "encyclopædical organization," as Eugene Sue calls it, can accommodate itself to almost any state of human existence; but when we hear one rapturously allude to a *table d'hôte* as the "*chez soi, sans chien, sans chat, sans voisin, sans portier, sans faux amis*,"* &c., it needs no prophet to divine his opinion of a home, in any mental picture of which dogs, cats, servants and disagreeable neighbors occupy so unpleasant a place in the memory and affections!

After these "homes," of which we have given as bold a glimpse as we dare without becoming impertinent, the *cafés* and *restaurants* are among the most striking peculiarities of Paris. Together with hotels, epiciers, the little shops of the *marchands de vin*, and the big ones of the *marchands de nouveautés*, the "emporium of fashion" seems, at a hasty glance, almost composed of them. Hotels are, in sooth, nearly as abundant as homely women. *Epiciers* are as abundant as "Intelligence Offices" in New York, though, if common report be credited, intelligence composes but a very small portion of the stock in trade of either of them. "As ignorant as a grocer" would be a rather astounding expression in the United States; but "*étranger comme un épicier, aux beaux arts et à la littérature*," is a common observation in Paris, as if a truism beyond contradiction.

As to the wine shops, they are literally beyond computation. We have read of a savant who calculated the precise number of rats in Paris—we believe he expended five years in the laborious undertaking—but the age has not yet produced one sufficiently hardy to attempt the statistics of public wine-bibbing within the same municipal limits. To all appearance, these shops, however, are quiet enough and decorous. Indeed, the "good old Mâcon" is, half the time, we are told, a very recent importation from the Indies, "*sous la forme peu liquide et point du tout alcoholique, du bûches de bois rougeâtre*," and dye-wood is not likely to

* Derville.

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intoxicate. At any rate, these wine-shops, though thick as locusts were in Egypt upon a certain occasion, certainly do not present to a passer-by the offensive appearance of the "gin palaces" of London, the dazzling display of mirrors and paint about which, is in sickening contrast to the squalid remnants of humanity that lounge about their massive doors, or gloat with rheumy eyes over "Booth's Stark Naked," or some other equally elegant appellation of the popular drink, emblazoned in golden letters upon the front of the edifice. In fact, intoxication is a thing to be heard of, but not seen, in the streets of Paris.

But what shall we say of the *cafés* and *restaurants?* Do you see them? Those magnificent establishments here, there and everywhere, that catch your eye at every corner, and assail your nostrils with such "odors of Araby!" Somebody has said that the "*memoire de l'epigastre est la plus ingrate,*" but we do not remember hearing the most indifferent traveler speak of Paris without a choice word for its cuisinary preparations!

Who can look upon these gorgeous temples of *gourmandi e* without admitting that there is here a distinct and acknowledged relationship between the cuisine and the court? That there exists an intimate intellectual association between the head and stomach of the national individual? The science of eating is here reduced to something of a more practical character than metaphysics, and the gentlest of the "gentler sex" is not ashamed to exhibit her devotion before its tutelary deities. A traveled friend of ours goes still farther, and insists that the very language of Paris is kitchen-wise, and adduces in point the popular expression that "all is *fricaseed,*"* or is said to be, when it has gone "to the bow-wows," whether it be one's soul or one's latest speculation! This, it will be observed, is our friend's atrocity, and not our own.

The *table d'hôte* is now becoming so general in its use, that the *restaurants* may, perhaps, be said to have reached their perihelion; still they are very elegant and very popular places of resort. They are visited by all ranks as well as both sexes, and are fitted up with a degree of splendor that would be ridiculed as warm nonsense in a barely faithful description.

In the less fashionable streets the *restaurants* are just as plentiful, though a shade less ostentatious than we find them in more distinguished localities. None are without ornaments. A Parisian would hardly eat in a *salon* that was not calculated to gratify his sight while it ministered to his more vulgar appetite. Mirrors there must be, of course, and in abundance; statues in every variety of scanty drapery, and a host of other evidences of what is here considered a good taste. The paint will probably be less obtrusive, the glasses less costly, the metals not exactly silver, the napkins of a duskier whiteness, and plaster of Paris may be adroitly substituted for marble; the luxury will be, as a witty one describes it, "*le luxe d'apparence qui brille mais ne se consomme pas*"—in short, the general diminution of show will be in a tolerably exact ratio to the expected diminution of its prices and position.

Heaven knows! there is little excuse for starvation here, excepting on the part of the completely destitute. Here are handsome places where the most obliging men in the world offer to provide the most vigorous appetite with a sufficiency for—if you may believe them—almost the pleasure of seeing their compositions become popular. Four dishes and a dessert, a bottle of wine, and bread "at discretion," for ten sous, is not much, it is evident; and we fear that, if the viands be good, the retailer of them at such a price must be one of the purest species of modern philanthropists! It has been well said that if we cannot live long on such remarkable diet, at least we are bound to be surprised "*que l'on puisse s'empoisonner à si bon marché*"—that we can cleverly poison ourselves at so little expense. There are many, again, not quite so benevolent, who demand what would be considered at home an extraordinary sum for a very ordinary repast; and there are others of a still greater calibre who tempt the epicure with only dishes of the most dainty and expensive character, and with combinations, the very titles of which the tongue requires considerable education to syllable with facility.

And here let us insinuate a word into your private ear, gentle reader. The veal, in Paris, is said to be particularly delicious! Of course we cannot pretend to account for any mysterious metamorphosis which the meat may be coerced to undergo in order to render it so palatable—but donkeys never die about Paris, poor things! They are always killed. And, an uncharitable public has been whispering for some days to us that some curious analogy exists between this singular fact and the peculiarity of the dish in question! We trust that no American will fancy for a moment that some of the ancient sausage-manufacturers of the United States have immigrated hither, and enlarging the sphere of their affections, have turned their attentions from the canine race and endeavored to render the patient donkey still more useful to humanity!

The *cafés* and *restaurants* of the Palais Royal, those that line the beautiful streets of the Boulevards, and those that occupy other similarly select situations, are really superb. They vie with each other in the showiness and costliness of their appointments. Everything is admirable and *recherché*. One can hardly imagine how such an inordinate display can be maintained; though strangers (and Paris is at all times deluged with a flood of temporary visitors from all quarters of the globe) are made involuntarily to contribute largely to that end, and by means of a thousand little artifices that, practised anywhere else, or with less consummate grace, would be recognized by anything but the most complimentary appellations.

* *Tout est fricassé—i. e.* all is lost.

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This eating and drinking in public, this devouring of one's meals gregariously instead of at home amid the family circle, although it might answer occasionally, would, as a general practice, be a rather melancholy affair with us. In both England and the United States, the casual occupants of the same table ordinarily envelop themselves in the sombre mantle of their own individual importance, and that unruly member, the tongue, is permitted to perform no *rôle* in the solemn drama, excepting that of a mere supernumerary in the process of mastication. Each operator feels himself bound to look "*triste comme un bonnet de nuit*"—as triste as a night-cap—for fear one of his neighbors should shock him by making an advance or two towards a conversation. But here quite a different scene presents itself. The tongue exercises its more legitimate functions as a social and sympathetic organ.

Listen! Is all silent in yonder grand hall blazing with light, and its crowd of figures multiplied by the reflections from its mirrored walls, and its ceiling glittering with the embellishments which art, taste and genius have exhausted themselves in working into the most attractive combinations? Is there anything sad or solemn in that unique assembly? Is not, on the contrary, every countenance radiant and animated? Is not every voice musically eloquent? And why? Oh, because "*c'est, sans doute, un usage de Paris!*" The formal introduction required amongst us to authorize a conversation between two strangers, is here considered a relic of ancient barbarism; and the simple circumstance that two polite individuals happen to be placed within vocal reach of each other, is esteemed a sufficient reason for indulging in mutual observations.

Here, too, the rare prerogative of freedom enjoyed especially by our own sex in Paris, a freedom pushed to the very verge of an objectionable license, characteristically exhibits itself, whilst the presence of ladies adds considerably to the gayety of the scene, and softens into a courteous amenity the general tone of the company. If the lady were to enter with us such a place of popular resort without male attendance, what a consternation would be the consequence! In Paris *c'est tout à fait contraire.* A lady enters alone, or with a female friend. Without the slightest embarrassment at discovering herself the subject of remark on the part of a multitude of the other sex, she walks to one of the huge mirrors, and carefully disencumbering herself of her bonnet, (if she wear one,) hangs it upon an adjacent peg. Returning to the mirror, she fastidiously arranges her hair and dress, walks backward and forward to convince herself that her apperrance is *comme il faut;* and then, without caring to notice, or perhaps secretly gratified at the fact that she is "the observed of all observers," she gracefully seats herself at one of the polished marble tables, casts her eye over the *carte* of the day, calls the *garçon,* and indicates with which *potage* she will commence her dinner.

As—however little we may have of the article—the smallest dose at a time is usually sufficient of philosophy, we will not stop here to discuss the moral effect of this species of liberty upon the habits and sentiments of the women of Paris. Mischievous or otherwise, it is common. Nor will the lady we have described be offended if familiarly addressed by any gentleman who may chance to be contiguous. She will reply with the greatest suavity. If a little vain of an ability to converse fluently, she will even become voluble, witty, piquant with her acquaintance of the moment, and will feel a double gratification should her expressions attract others to the same table to mingle in the conversation. Finishing her repast, she will drop the accustomed gratuity into the hand of the waiter, and then revisiting the mirror, rearrange her bonnet, shawl, &c., and bidding good day to the company, with a courtesy withdraw. At the *tables d'hôte* of many hotels, a table at the head of which the hostess usually presides—one of those martyrs who are pleasantly said "*se suicider à nourrir le public*"—the same scene presents itself with some necessary modifications.

But a truce to our own sex at present. Cast we our eyes down amid that glorious throng of shining palaces and fountains. What is it that glistens so amongst them all, in every public square and before every public building? It is the bayonet of the military substitute for our civil functionaries of local government, the police. Hark! if it were night, you might hear the "*qui vive*" from the Carroussal and the Tuileries—for the palace of the king is little more than a studiously guarded military *dépôt,* and even the little boys are driven after dusk by the sentinels from the gilt-headed iron railing that surrounds the residence of majesty! At almost every corner a soldier presents himself whose eye is upon your every movement. Nor is this all. Every house has its official spy, disguised or otherwise, and all your acts are carefully transmitted and recorded! Happy people! Between this system of espionage and the passport system, by means of which every man, woman or child in France is nicely labeled and ticketed for government inspection, there is not one who, however skeptical upon other points, must not feel that he is carefully watched o'er "from the cradle to the grave," if not by Providence, at least by its self-constituted substitute; and that, however it may be about "a single hair," to a certainty not a single "word" is here permitted to fall without the particular knowledge of the same particularly protecting influence! Should any doubt it, yonder age-darkened building in the Seine, with the tower like a candle-extinguisher by its side, possesses, they say, some very felicitous arguments to convince the most obdurate.

We admit that the tinsel trappings of the soldier, his martial bearing, the clang of his iron instrument of death as he drops it for a moment upon the square stones of the *trottoir,* add materially to the striking effect of the picture as we

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contemplate it. And even when the deep green foliage of the royal gardens embosoms in shade the bizarre statues and the holiday-dressed people that throng them; when the silvery-toned voices of children at play ring out like a merry song upon the wanton winds and murmuring waters; even then, the figure of the weary sentinel before the enormous gate, lends a sort of witching romance to a spectacle that already approaches as little as possible to the usually rude outlines of reality. Yes, it is all very pretty. It is "*peut-être fort poétique, mais ce n'est pas bon; le bon d'abord, le beau ensuite;*" and with the shrewd Frenchman we also say, "the good first, the beautiful afterwards."

The streets of Paris, though, contain something besides soldiers. The latter are numerous enough, and have a famishing look that somehow always brings to our mind, when we see them, the old song—

"When hungry I'll give you fresh rolls on my drum."

To be sure, our memory contrives to alter it to "French *rolls*," because the latter are uncommonly palatable: but let that pass. The streets of Paris are always full and always interesting. Those with the narrow pavements, and in which so many men and women not yet fully accustomed to pavements at all, seem to agree with the ancient Hibernicism that "the middle of the road is the best side of the way," and promenade there accordingly, are not by any means to be considered as beyond the pale of either fashion or popularity. When the ill-weather has not clothed them with an unctuous mass that cheers the heart of the *cocher de cabriolet*, and sets all pedestrianism at defiance, rendering a lady not thoroughly intimate with European *refinements* frightfully nervous about either her dress or her ankles, it is quite a piece of skillful streetmanship to steer a tolerably direct course without damaging your own or somebody else's dress or disposition.

In fact, the streets are filled with many an obstacle to facile locomotion. You may miss tumbling over the *marchand de marrons*, as the lame vender of roasted chestnuts at the corner elegantly styles himself; but you may chance the next moment to find yourself deeply immersed in newspaper literature by walking into that pile of *Le Temps*, *Journal des Debats*, &c., that the woman with the shrill voice is endeavoring to dispose of to the ceaseless passengers—the aforesaid shrill voice being engaged at the same time in fluently descanting upon the merits of each sheet—the *feuilleton* by Jules Janin, perhaps, or the new tale by Eugene Sue.

Presuming you to have avoided by exquisite management both Scylla and Charybdis, do not fancy yourself yet in perfect security. If the flower-markets or the dog-markets have not attractions enough to arrest your steps; if you have but little of the Parisian taste for *violettes*, and less of the same taste for canine indulgences, at least you must pause as Punch with his theatre, his cat and his Gresilda, stands before you, or as some "learned monkey" challenges, "by special permission of Monsieur Le Préfet," your wit and curiosity. In vain you cross the street to avoid the annoyance. An omnibus, a tricycle, a fiacre, or some other abominably-named public vehicle is sure to be passing at the moment, the silver-laced coat of the driver glistening in the sunbeams. Anon, splash comes with a whisk of the street-cleaner's broom, just enough dirt to ruin forever your light satin dress, only a few hours from the dainty hands of the fashionable mantua-maker! You turn to vent your indignation upon the ungallant fellow, and behold—the street-sweeper is a woman! Shocked at such a degradation of the sex, you proceed, without deigning to cast a glance at the little house on the curb-stone with "*Bureau de Surveillant*" upon it, and towards which the adjacent cabmen cast such looks of constant trepidation—without heeding the *regratteur* who, scraping the kennel for old nails, is about to treat himself to a glass of something for having just found a stray horseshoe—without noticing the wonderful acuteness with which the *chiffonier* detects and brings to light the merest fragment of paper that may lie *perdu* amid the profound mud-abysses of the street.

Nor are these all. If it were evening, the *marchand de contre-marques* would insist in your ear upon your purchasing an illicit admittance to the theatre; and if you were anywhere in the vicinity of the *Pont Neuf* or the *Quai de la Grève* a thousand other *industriels en petit* would delay your footsteps. There would be the shoe-black at every few yards' distance, with his footstool and polish; the dealers in *allumettes*, thrusting their matches into your hand and protesting that they are possessed of every imaginable excellence; the venders of *épingles dorées* vowing that their gilt pins are "as good as gold, only more so;" the statuary, with small copies in plaster of everything you can mention, and some that you would not like to; the *sucre d'orge* or barley-sugar man, with his juvenile luxury; the book-speculators, with volumes on all subjects to loan temporarily or eternally; the other *marchand* with his gilt-tin fountain of nauseous liquorice-mixture, and his cry of "*coco à la glace;*" the *cuisinière ambulante* or peripatetic cook-shop, with its atmosphere of frying sausages and other *appétissantes friandises*—to say nothing of the ubiquitous *commissionaire* of the district, who is that difficult-to-please old gentleman Mr. Everybody's particular domestic, and holds himself in readiness to depart to the "naughty place" itself on an errand, for a "con-si-de-ration." And "last, though not least," (as the wandering menagerie bills usually say either of the elephant or monkey,) there is the *écrivain*, in the tiny frame building at every other snug locality—he who indites *billets-doux* for disconsolate and illiterate lovers, and who will give you four sous' worth of capital French orthography in five minutes, and who will prepare you on the spot a *chanson* or a

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melo-drama of approved quality, upon almost any terms you may think proper to dictate.

The streets of Paris, like streets elsewhere, are by no means deficient in women. The women generally, however, are not handsome. They are dressed becomingly, it must be admitted, and many with an exceeding degree of taste and neatness. Their hair is prettily arranged at all times, for the meanest expends considerable time and much judgment upon this portion of the toilet; while all who can afford it have the assistance of a *coiffeur* every morning. Their dress, just now, is cut very high and close in the neck, and fitted, if even of coarse material, very prettily to the figure. The nice little white collar is an embellishment of the poorest; and then the odd little black or white cap, with its saucy air, that is so universally worn, completes a *tout ensemble* of a highly pleasing character.

Very few bonnets are to be met with in the streets, even among the middling classes. They are quite rare; and when you see one, depend upon it the wearer is a stranger—if not, she is either a lady of some consequence or else a female attached to the other extreme of society, and of no consequence whatever in a reputable sense. And, in sooth, however odd it would seem at home for respectable persons to appear abroad *sans* bonnets, we really think (perhaps because our eyes are so accustomed to the novelty) that the Parisian women, with their vivacious faces, bright eyes, restless lips and tasty *coiffure*, look much better without them.

The streets of Paris are destitute of one thing, too common in almost every other city—we mean those painful evidences of want and disease that, by the public exhibition of their distress or deformity, extort a living from the hands of sympathy. Paris is almost exempt at present from this nuisance. The very poor are provided for without the assistance even of almshouses, and the hospitals are open to all the afflicted without the slightest regard to ability or condition. There must be some beggary—there must also be rags—in Paris; but the former, somehow, manages to keep pretty well out of sight, and the latter, by some mysterious or magic process, assume some other shape the moment you attempt to search for them.

You may possibly meet now and then a melancholy gentleman with a very shabby hat—and, let us add that a shabby hat often accompanies here a handsome address and a suit of clothes in other respects *bien comme il faut*. Perhaps you may encounter such an individual some dull morning wending his way silently towards the Seine, his fingers projecting themselves as if for air through his gloves, and, to use Mr. Dickens' phraseology, "the soles of his feet at an inconvenient distance from the upper leather of his boots." Do not suppose for a moment that it is his poverty that inclines him towards the river! Question him. In all probability he will tell you that he is the "*victime d'une sex perfide.*" The absence of "frogs and mushrooms," to which, according to Dean Swift, the French nation is entirely indebted for its levity, has nothing to do with *his* sorrows; and the obduracy, or more likely the infidelity of some loved one, a circumstance which in our country would drive him to *rum*, is here driving him to the water. If we may believe in the philosophy of Monsieur Balzac, the susceptible fellow, by the way, must be a sensible creature to purpose suicide under the circumstances: "*les femmes aiment les fats, parceque les fats sont les seuls hommes qui eussent soin d'eux-mêmes,*"* a dictum by no means complimentary to the taste or discernment of Frenchwomen.

Women are said by ill-natured people to be at the foundation of every evil. It is a calumny. In Paris, however, the remark might bear more of the aspect of truth, because the sex is permitted to associate itself with everything—business, politics and intrigue included—without a proper sense of the degradation. Only gaze at the splendid shops of Paris! What thousands crowd the streets, the passages, and every out-of-the-way-corner that can be dazzled into attractiveness! How very beautifully they are fitted up! Walls, ceilings, windows, all are frequently a mass of mirrors, reflecting a flood of light upon every article, and quadrupling to the passing eye the space and contents of the oftentimes *petit* establishment! The windows alone are sometimes a wonder in the way of exquisite arrangement. They are patterns of elegant and judicious display, carefully adapted to woo and win the attention of the most indifferent. And here, too, are the fair laborers themselves, busily engaged, or apparently engaged at something behind the little counter the moment they perceive that they are the subject of observation. All of them, if not pretty, are decidedly interesting. It is painful to think that their private character will not always bear commendation.

But stop! Do you perceive the lady at the desk, with the pen between her fingers, and the air of business abstraction that clouds her smiling face as she leans over the volume of "figurative reflections" in front of her? It is the mistress of the place. Her smile, to be sure, is mechanical; it is one of those smiles which we are gravely told Lavater overlooked completely—"*le sourire en public, des princes, des limonadières des marchandes de nouveautés, et des maîtresses de table d'hôte.*" No matter. Her husband is Heaven only knows where! enjoying himself; her enjoyment is to conduct his business, to keep his accounts, and manage all the details of his trading transactions. And she does it, too, far better than he could, were it even possible for him to abandon his out-door amusements. There she is! Not a wrinkle upon her dress, not a hair out of place, attentive at once to her good looks and her good appearance. Perhaps that tall gentleman with the moustache, which he is so playfully and affectionately twirling all the time in his fingers—the one with the "Sampson heart-breakers" curling all over his features, with

* *i. e.*—Women love fools or coxcombs because they are the only men who take care of themselves.

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the white teeth that he smiles so much to exhibit, and the tiny cane that he is continually tapping his boot with for want of better employment—perhaps that gentleman calls too often. But let that pass.

Her children! Oh, yes; she has children, and seems to love them considerably. Parisian families seldom comprise more than one child; occasionally two—three may be considered a novelty! Her infant is out at nurse—mothers never nurse their own offspring here if they can avoid it; it is so injurious to the figure! Her elder child, if she have one, is at boarding-school. It is not the custom, she will tell you, to be troubled with the presence of one's children until they are sufficiently advanced in years to become, in some sort, indoor companions!

It is not for us to speak of the reported licentiousness of Paris, or of the mischievous effect the conventional liberty of our sex must exert in maintaining it. We must say, though, that most of the habits and manners of the Parisians have a similar tendency; and the woman who, educated amid such perilous influences, preserves the purity of her mind, merits far more than we are apt to think, our especial admiration.

The sex is thrust, in a multitude of instances, entirely out of its legitimate sphere of action. It is not only beset by temptations to yield to error, but those errors are publicly pronounced venial transgressions of passion, and examples are constantly beheld of their tacit encouragement. Until a young girl is wedded, her life is here one of the most distressing bondage. She is constantly under surveillance. Her society is actually avoided by the other sex. She hears of and beholds a thousand enjoyments, withheld from her until she shall become a wife, and necessarily prepares to submit to any conditions calculated to change her irksome position. Her feelings, she knows, will not be consulted in the choice of a husband. Matrimony in Paris is indeed a "matter of money." The parents arrange all. The young lady's dowry is openly announced, and when a corresponding pecuniary ability is encountered, the union takes place, with but seldom a regard to the harmony of tastes, habits or inclinations of the parties most interested. If one or both of those parties subsequently follow the baser manners of the age and plead their mutual unfitness as an apology for the circumstance, need we wonder? Alas, no!

The gentlemen of Paris appear, as a mass, to have very little to do, and to do it vigorously! Do not hope to find one at home. It is the last place you should endeavor to seek for him. You may find him at the *café* or the *restaurant*. Perchance you may catch his light gloves at the theatre. If not, you will see him strolling the sandy avenues of the Palais Royal, or perusing a newspaper beside one of the nude statues in the Jardin des Tuileries; or walking the nicely bees-waxed floor of the Louvre, pointing out to a provincial acquaintance the monstrosities of David; or gazing at the Nereides in the great fountain-basins of the *Place de la Concorde;* or breathing vows of eternal fidelity (warranted to keep for twenty-four hours) into some lady's ear upon the joyous *Champs Elysées;* or talking to himself amid the beautiful lime-trees of the Boulevards—for Sterne must have had a Parisian in his mind's eye when he said—"There are those who, like the Pharisees, still think they shall he heard for *much* speaking!"

In short, as we said before, you may find him anywhere but where he should be, beside his wife and his business. The latter he leaves to his wife, and his wife he usually leaves to his friends, who kindly return the compliment by leaving their own to be diverted in her solitude by his attentions.

Just observe two of these illustrations of human self-satisfaction meet in the public street. They are intimate friends. What courtesies and grimaces! The hat is raised entirely from the head. The vocabulary is plundered of its fulsomest adjectives, to express the affection they appear to entertain for each other. Nay, they even address each other in the second person singular, that their feelings may not be suspected of common-place intensity! They do not kiss when they embrace each other, as was customary some years ago. "*C'est mieux; c'est infiniment mieux; le pas fait est immense; il y a traces dès lors de civilization.*" Thank Heaven, the abominable custom grows obsolete. It is absurd enough, and somewhat hypocritical, to see two ladies thus fondling; but when two breaths, redolent of tobacco meet, and lips press that have probably but a moment before pressed some equally filthy combination, the scene is nauseous!

Shaking hands, *à l'Anglaise*, is now becoming the general mode of salutation; and we actually beheld a Parisian the other day walking in the Luxembourg with a lady's arm passed through his own, also *à l'Anglaise*. These are amazing English innovations upon French manners! But such is the contagious influence of communication. The English pour into Paris by thousands, and spend their millions. They carry home with them French fashions for English wear, and leave behind them English habits for the accommodation of their Gallic neighbors.

And much as they really despise everything English, excepting English gold, the French are daily compelled to borrow from a language and a people so much more affluent than their own. Visit a French railroad; most of the workmen, the officers, the managers are either British or American, and the very terms employed are chiefly abstracted from the same quarter. Even the *cuisine* has not escaped the general fate; for, in spite of Cobbett's famous declaration that any nation which fed upon potatoes must degenerate, the potatoe is now denominated in Paris a glorious "*importation Anglaise;*" and the beefsteak is not only enthusiastically called the "*plus importante de nos conquêtes sur l'industrie Britannique*," but it is now a more common dish by far than that of "frogs," however Monsieur Crapeau may be ridiculed by those

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who do not know how rare and how expensive a luxury the latter is in this capital of *gourmandise*.

But we grow ascetic, and it is time that we should close this "peep" at the frailties of our fellows.

As to our own sex, Paris is worshiped as the birth-place of true gallantry. Never was there a falser impression foisted upon a credulous world!

Here woman is apparently everything—in reality she is nothing. The homage paid to the sex in the United States is at least sincere and respectful, however limited—*here*, although profuse and unbounded, it is hollow and artificial when not really insulting.

At home, where the language even of gallantry does not pretend to place us but "a little lower than the angels," woman assumes her proper station in society, and is maintained neither as a doll to be gazed at and amused with, nor as a brute to be devoted to the severest exertions while her husband reposes in indolence. *Here*, on the contrary, where the sex in general is exalted, in the common phraseology of the day, to the heaven of heavens, and women are held to be *in theory* superior existences; *here* they are, with few exceptions, either treated as toys or subjected to the most degrading bondage; they are dressed up and seated behind the marble counter of a *café*, with an enormous nosegay in one hand and an enormous Persian cat toying with the other, just as a Venus de Medici or some other choice production of art would be exhibited in the same place and with the same object, viz., to attract gentlemen. If not, you may find them toiling in the fields at the plough! as laborers upon the common roads! as scavengers in the public streets! or engaged in some other employment equally humiliating and unendurable!

Certainly, a woman *here* enjoys a peculiar species of liberty. Once wedded, she is free! She is privileged to go where she likes and with whom she likes—excepting perhaps her husband! But this promiscuous freedom engenders a confidence fatal to that mental purity which constitutes in our opinion the greatest charm in the sex. "The bloom of delicacy on a woman's mind" has been admirably likened by a graceful writer to "the impalpable down on a butterfly's wing, which, once rudely brushed off, never returns."

So much for the women of Paris. As to the men, we fear there are few of them that would be improved in the opinion of the reader by our picture of them. "*Les hommes, en general*," says a shrewd Frenchman, "*ne sont bons à voir qu' une fois. Leur caractère est comme l'eau de Seltz; le premier goût en est excellent!*"* And so ends our Peep at Paris.

SIBYL SYLVESTER.

Paris, 1846.

* *i. e.*—Men, in general, are agreeable to meet with but once. Like Seltzer water, it is only the first acquaintance with them that is pleasurable.

THE VESPER CHIME.

BY MISS MARY GARDINER.

She dwelt within a convent wall
Beside the "blue Moselle;"
And pure and simple was her life
As is the tale I tell.

She never shrank from penance rude,
And was so young and fair,
It was a holy, holy thing
To see her at her prayer.

Her step was like the low south wind
Upon an August day,
And on her clear and placid brow
A deepening shadow lay.

You've sometimes seen, at sunset's hour,
A vista in the sky,
Through which you seemed to look to heaven—
And that was like her eye.

Her cheek was very thin and pale;
You would have turned in fear,
If 'twere not for the hectic spot
That glowed so soft and clear.

And always as the vesper chime
With measured cadence fell,
When prayers were o'er, she sought alone
A little garden dell.

And when she came to us again,
She moved with lighter air;
We used to think God's angels bent
To commune with her there.

One eve I followed on her way,
And asked her of her life;
She paused at first, as though to quell
Some wild and inward strife.

And when she spoke, her voice was like
The murmurs of a rill;
Now in its accents deep and strong,
And then so very still.

The flowers bent down as if to catch
The words so soft and low;
I thought the violets raised their heads
That slept our feet below.

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I know not if they heard the tale,
But ever after there,
The flowers and grass and waving trees
A sadness seemed to wear:

"I mark not if mine eye be dim,
Or if my cheek be pale,
But daily now I feel within
Life's threads are waxing frail.

"There is a flower that hears afar
The coming tempest knell,
And folds its tiny leaves in fear—
The scarlet pimpernel.

"And thus my listening spirit heard
The rush of Death's cold wing,
And its mimosa folded close
In childhood's early spring.

"I never knew a parent's care,
A sister's gentle love;
They early left this world of ours
For better lands above.

"And so I loved not earthly joys,
The merry dance and play;
But sought to commune with the stars,
And learn the wild wind's lay.

"The pure and gentle flowers became
As sisters fair to me;
I needed no interpreter
To read their language free.

"And 'neath the proud and grand old trees
That seemed to kiss the sky,
We prayed alike with lowly heads,
The violets and I.

"And in the blue and glorious sky
I read of truths sublime—
Of sorrow and long suffering,
The heritage of Time;

"And felt within my throbbing heart
An inborn strength to bear,
And such a fearful depth of love,
I dared not sound it there.

"And years rolled on, and brought to me
But woman's lot below;
Intensest hours of happiness—
Intensest hours of wo.

"For one there was whose word and smile
Had power to thrill my heart;
One eve the summons came for him
To battle to depart.

"And when again the setting sun
In crimson robed the west,
They bore him to his childhood's home,
The life-blood on his breast.

"And, ere the morrow's parting light
Had faded from the sky,
Death's angel hushed the beating heart,
And glazed the closing eye.

Shelter Island.

"Another day, at vesper chime,
They laid him down to sleep;
And always at that fated hour,
I love to pray and weep.

"'Tis said the radiant stars of night,
When viewed through different air,
Appear not all in golden robes,
But different colors wear.*

"And through another atmosphere
My spirit seemed to gaze;
For never more wore life to me
The hues of other days.

"Once to my soul unbidden came
A strange and fiery guest,
That soon assumed an empire there,
And never is at rest.

"It binds the cords with arm of might,
And strikes with impulse strong;
I know not whence the visitant,
But mortals call it *Song*.

"It never pants for earthly fame,
But chants a mournful wail
Forever o'er the loved and dead,
Like wind-harps in a gale.

"My heart, with a discordant thrill,
Presages coming storm;
And on the cloud, with prescient eye,
Beholds the weird-like form.

"I will not fear!—the smile of God
Has stamped the earth and sky,
Broke through the cloud, and lit the bow—
It will not pass me by."

Next eve I saw her kneel again
Upon that peaceful spot,
With such a glory on her brow,
'Twill never be forgot!

And when at nine for prayers we met,
We missed her from her place,
And found her sleeping with the flowers—
But death was on her face.

We buried her, as she had asked,
Just at the vesper chime;
The sunshine seemed to stay its flight,
So holy was the time.

'Tis thought that when the rainbow wanes
So peacefully on high,
It leaves, where smiled the radiant arch,
A fragrance in the sky.

It may be fantasy, I know,
But round that bed of death,
I always found an aroma
On every zephyr's breath.

And this is why the twilight hour
Is holier far to me
Than gorgeous burst of morning light,
Or moonbeams on the sea.

* In Syria, where the atmosphere is less humid than ours, the whole heavens sparkle at night as with various-colored gems.

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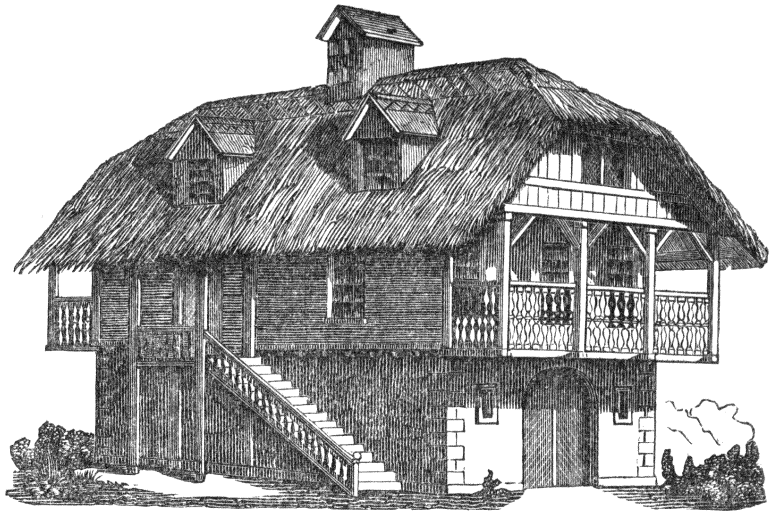
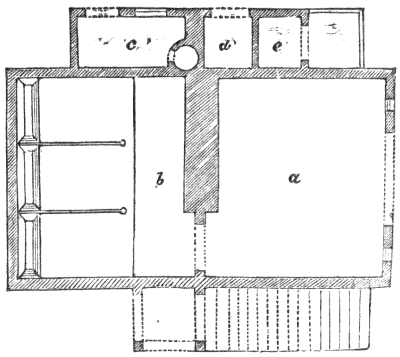
MODEL COTTAGES.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

A Cottage Dwelling, in the German Swiss style, for a man and his family, with accommodation for two horses and a cow.

Accommodation.—This description of dwelling is common in the northern parts of the continent of Europe, and also in Switzerland. To economize heat, no less than to save expense in the first erection, the apartments for the domestic animals, and the places for carts, ploughs, and other country machines and implements, are all contained under the same roof. The occupier of such a dwelling is commonly a very small farmer, who joins to this occupation some description of trade or commerce, such as a carrier, coach-driver, jobber in cattle, fisherman, hunter, &c. There is a great objection to having cattle and horses under the same roof with living rooms for human beings, on account of the smells and insects generated by the former; but it must be recollected that in the warm season the cattle are seldom in the house, and that during winter in the north of Europe the great difficulty in human dwellings is to maintain heat. We have lodged in various dwellings of this description, from Stockholm to Naples, both in summer and winter, and cannot recollect that we ever felt much inconvenience from smells, but certainly some from insects. We do not, however, recommend this design, where the expense of erecting the offices apart from the dwellings is not an object. In the ground plan of this building, we have a place for a cart, wagon, or other carriage, and for ploughs and other implements of agriculture or trade, *a;* a three-stalled stable for two horses and a cow, *b;* a back kitchen, *c;* a privy, *d;* and a pig-sty, *e.* On



GROUND PLAN.

the principal floor we have an entrance under a porch, ascended to by an exterior stair, *f;* a sitting-room, *g;* pantry, *h;* light closet, *i;* kitchen, *k;*

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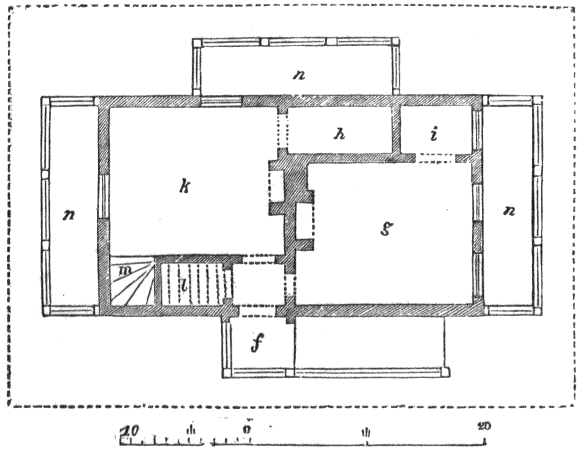
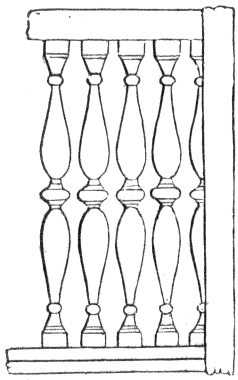
closet under the stairs, *l;* bed-room stairs, *m;* and three balconies, *n, n, n.* The chamber floor consists of two bed-rooms and two bed-closets.

Construction.—The foundations and the first story as high as the floor of the living-rooms, are supposed to be built of stone, or brick with rusticated



PRINCIPAL FLOOR.

stone corners; the upper part of the building is entirely of timber. The roof is shown as covered with thatch and without gutters. In Switzerland, where timber is abundant and labor not high, the railing for the stairs and balconies of such a building is commonly massive and very curiously carved. We here give a specimen on a scale of half an inch to a foot of a suitable railing to such a balcony.



Situation.—Were such a building to be erected in this country, it could only be for the sake of its character, and therefore the proper situation for it would be in a romantic, woody vale, glen or dingle, like those of the south of Germany, and especially the valley of Kinzigthal, from a cottage in which, engraved and published, the idea of the present design is taken. There are many situations in New England, and some in the western country, where the appearance of such a cottage would raise up interesting associations in the mind of a European traveler, and would fill the stationary inhabitants with surprise, and by exciting inquiry, might lead to the improvement of their taste. We are naturally indifferent about what we do not understand; but the moment we begin to have a knowledge of any subject, we take an interest in it, which incites us to further inquiry, and ultimately brings us to an acquaintance with what is right or wrong, beautiful or deformed. To teach men to think is the grand object of every effort for promoting human improvement.

Criticism.—The effect of the walls of the ground story, being of stone, is good, by giving the idea of great solidity in itself, and of stability and security in the superstructure. The three balconies are calculated to be very useful. The outside stair, by artificially increasing the distance between the living rooms and the stable, must in some measure diminish the quantity of effluvia from the cattle, conveyed thither by the clothes of those who attend on them. The eaves ought to have the addition of an ample gutter; and for our own taste, we should have preferred having two windows in each gable end and none in the roof, dividing the garrets lengthways. We should not have truncated the gable, and we should have made a better preparation for the chimney stack, raising it higher and in a bolder style.

Estimated expense, $1750.

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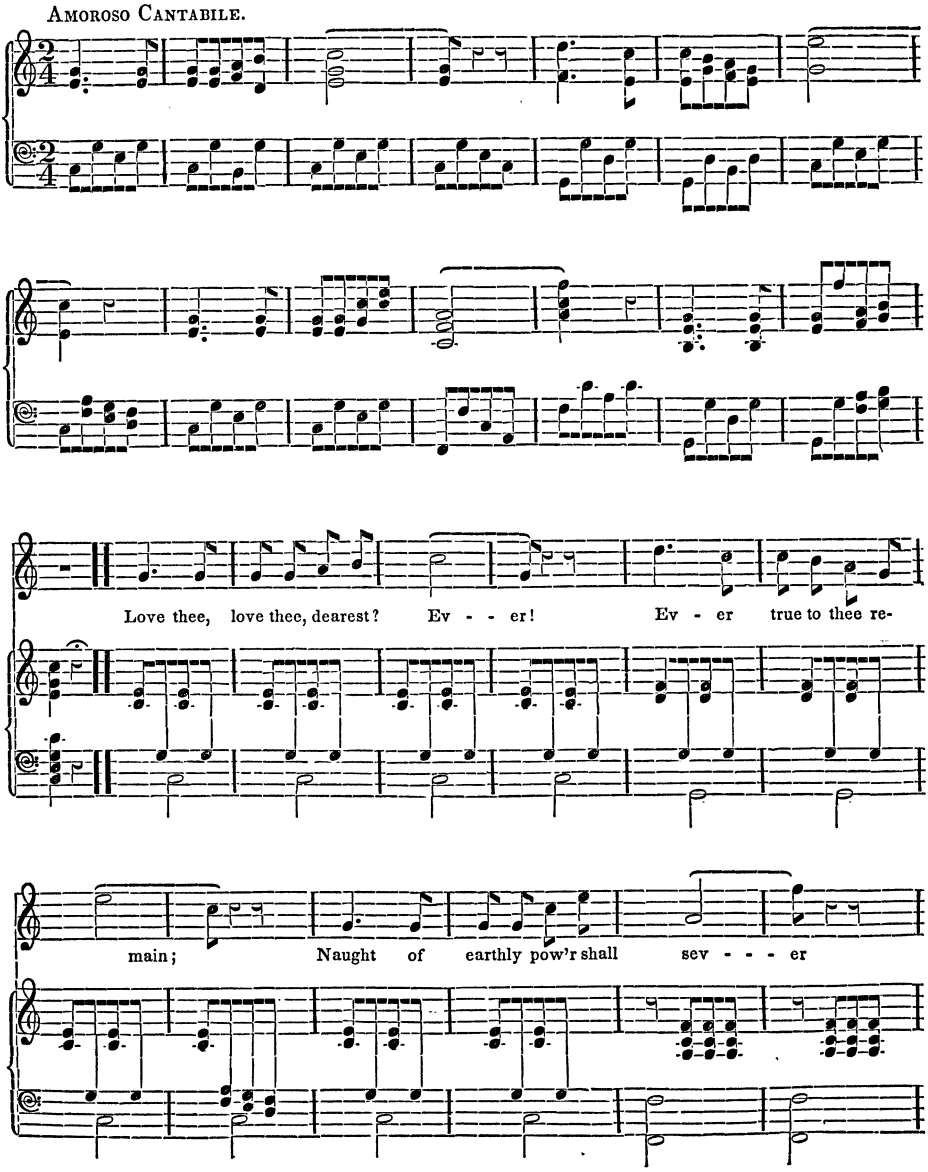
"LOVE THEE, DEAREST? EVER!"

SERENADE.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, AND DEDICATED TO

JULIA E. WINNER AND MARY J. DENNING.

BY ALFRED H. COON.



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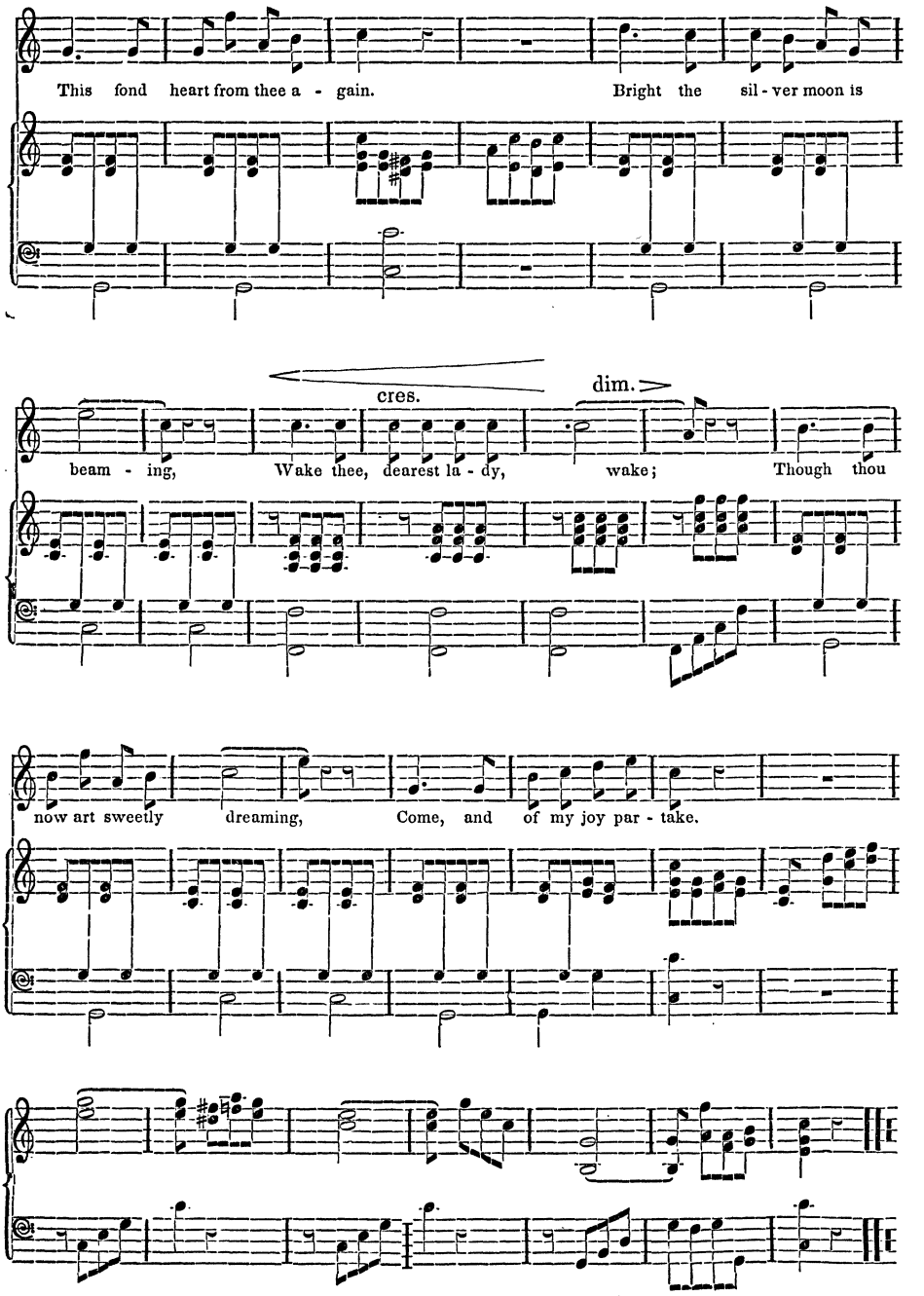

2. From the jewel'd vault of heaven
See, the stars look gently down;
And the cooling breeze of even
Sweetly murmurs "Day is flown."
Bright the silver moon, &c.

3. Dearest lady, I adore thee;
May I call thee "mine alone?"
Angels bright shall hover o'er thee,
And thy path with flowers be strown.
Bright the silver moon, &c.

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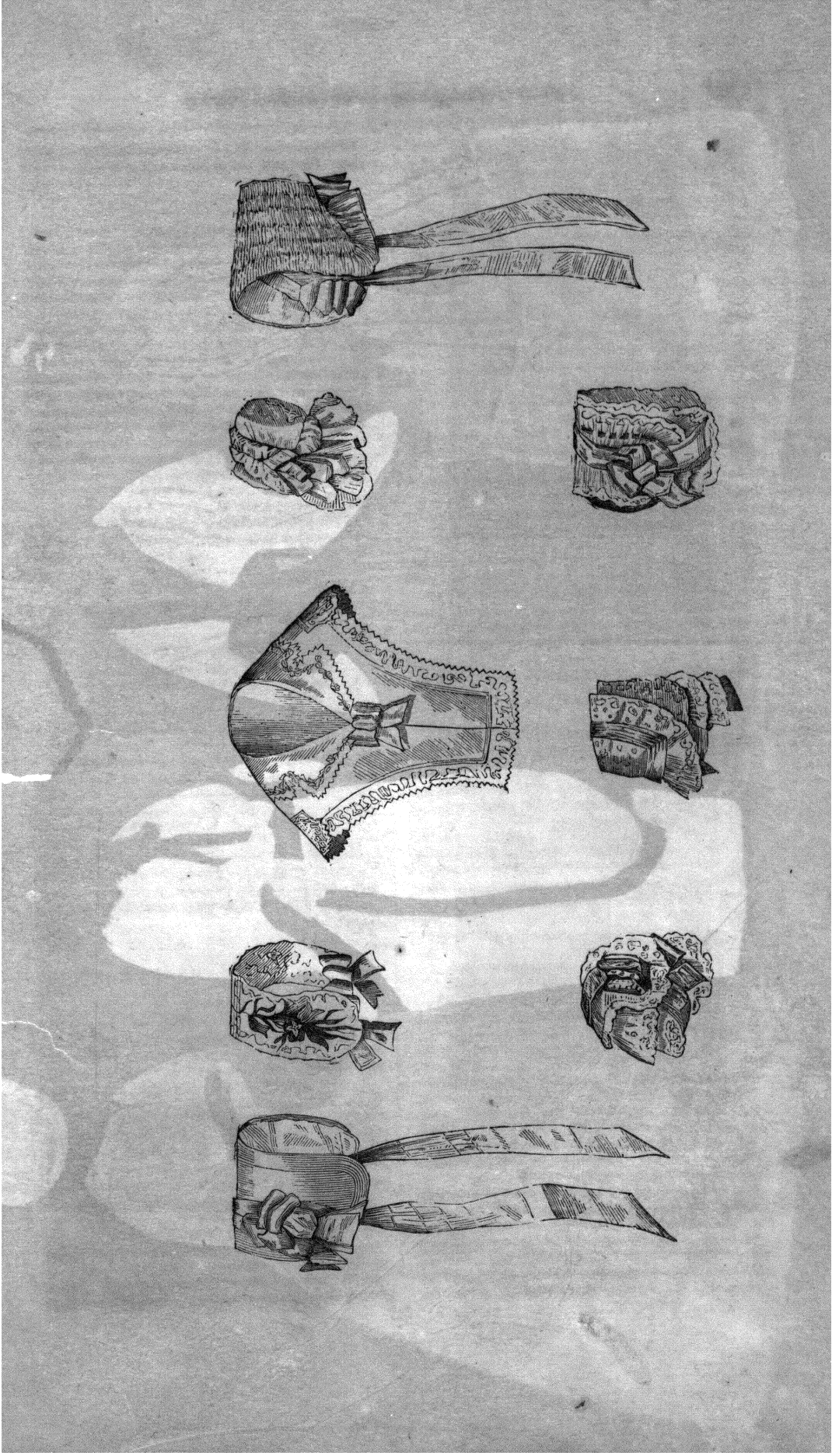

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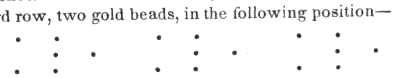
LADIES' WORK DEPARTMENT.

ORNAMENTAL NEEDLEWORK.

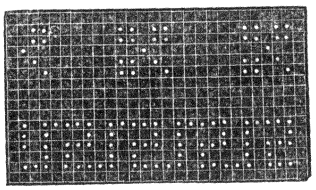
Plain and Open Crotchet Purse.

Commence with one row of open crotchet in fine green netting silk; then work five plain rows in shades of scarlet, from black to ponceau. On the second row, work two stitches with gold beads between every six stitches. On the second row, two steel beads; on the third row, two gold beads, in the following position—



It will take five skeins of ponceau silk, one of black and two of green, to form a purse about nine inches in length.

Another Plain and Open Crotchet Purse.

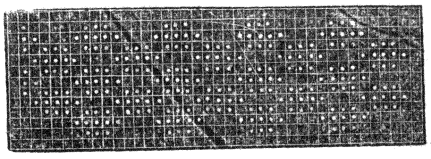


Commence with two rows of open crotchet, in fine netting silk of a dead gold color; then six rows of plain crotchet in three distinct shades of blue, on which the above sprig pattern may be worked in beads, the three first rows in gold beads, the two last in steel beads, commencing in the second row of the blue. Then three rows of open crotchet in the gold color. Seven rows of black, with the Grecian border in ponceau, to form a stripe. Repeat the three rows of open crotchet in gold color, and commence again with the blue stripe as before.

The purse should be about nine inches in length. It will take three skeins of blue silk, two of gold color, one of black, and one of ponceau. The silk should be fine.

A Bridal Purse.

Work one row the length of the purse in treble open crotchet with fine white netting silk. Then one row in plain crotchet, of three alternate stitches of ponceau and gold.

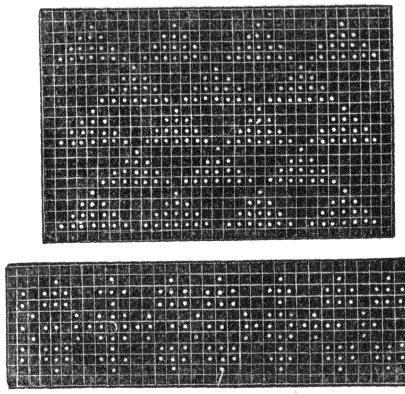


Crotchet eleven rows in white, with the above pattern in gold passing. Repeat the row of ponceau and gold; then one row of treble open crotchet in white, and one row of treble open crotchet in ponceau, and again in white.

Repeat the pattern, etc., and when the purse is of a sufficient width, finish with one row of treble open crotchet in white. Crotchet up the two sides with ponceau to the opening, round which work one plain row in ponceau to strengthen the purse and give uniformity.

If intended for ordinary use, black or claret silk may be substituted for the white.

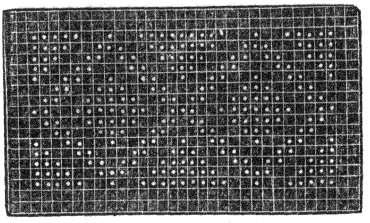
A Short Purse or Bag, in Plain Stitch Double Crotchet.



The above patterns are adapted for short purses or bags in any bright-colored silk, with gold cord or passing; the bottoms may be square, with a fringe of gold beads as a finish. The border pattern is to be placed at the bottom, with the vandyke pattern above over the whole of the other part.

If worked for a purse, the silk must be fine; if for a bag, coarse netting silk; the gold cord or passing being of an equal size.

A Baby's Cradle Cover, or a Carriage Wrapper.



In blue and white six-thread fleecy, with a large ivory needle. Make a chain of the required length, and crotchet two plain rows of white ground. In the next row commence the above pattern, to form the border in blue on the white ground. This border is so designed that the pattern can be made perfect at the corners by simply continuing it at the sides, each row of the side border being worked at the same time with that of the centre. The centre is composed of the annexed pattern.

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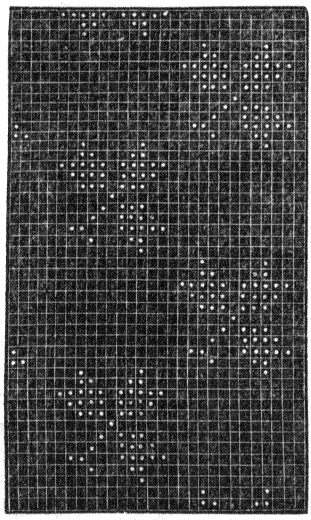
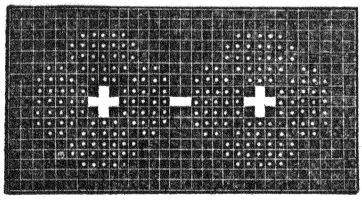
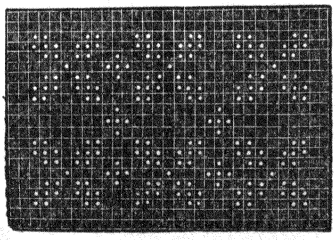


This covering can be worked either square or in a long square. It will be exceedingly warm and useful as an open carriage wrapper, when scarlet and drab, or blue and claret fleecy may be used. For either of these purposes, the crotcheting should be done lightly and loosely with a very large needle. When worked for mats or rugs, eight-thread fleecy is preferable, and the crotcheting should be done as tightly as convenient.

Another Square Pattern with a Border.





These patterns may be worked very prettily—the first for the border, the other for the centre—the ground of both being drab. Every other star in the border is gold color, the alternate stars being blue and crimson, those parts marked white in the engraving being black. In the centre, the small stars are all gold color, the larger figures alternately crimson and blue.

In working, the gold-colored wool, both in the border and centre is to be carried through the whole piece, but the blue and crimson stars may be introduced in short lengths, the ends of which must be run in at the back of the work, or it may be lined with silk.

Two rows of open crotchet in black are to be worked round the whole square when finished.

The stars may be crotcheted in one shade of each color; but it will be prettier, and quite as easy, to work them in various shades.

A Round D'Oyley or Mat.

Commence with a chain of six stitches, in black eight-thread fleecy. Unite both ends. Crotchet all round, increasing in every stitch for the first row.

The pattern may be formed in three shades of scarlet on a blue ground of three shades; the darkest shade of the scarlet being on the lightest shade of the blue.

Second row is one stitch of dark scarlet and two stitches of light blue alternately, forming the commencement of a star of six points. Third row—three stitches of the dark scarlet and two of the blue. Fourth row—five stitches of a lighter shade of scarlet and two of the blue. Fifth row—five stitches of the lighter scarlet and three of the second shade of blue. Sixth row—three stitches of the lightest scarlet and six of the second blue. Eighth row—one stitch of the lightest scarlet and eight of the darkest blue. Ninth row—one plain row of the darkest blue. Three plain rows of black finish the D'Oyley.

In every row, increasing stitches are to be made in the blue, and also in the plain rows of black.

Traveling Bags.

Traveling bags worked in eight-thread fleecy are very strong. They may be mounted in the same manner as the usual carpet bags. Any of the patterns we have given will be suitable.

Explanation of Terms used in Crotchet.

Plain crotchet—where one loop only is made in each stitch. It is used for the commoner kind of purses.

Plain double crotchet—where two loops are kept on the needle before the stitch is finished. This is the crotchet stitch generally practiced, and that used for working table-covers, etc.

Double stitch crotchet.—In this, both meshes of the chain are taken. It is principally employed for the soles of shoes, and where extra thickness is required, but it is not suitable for working patterns.

Plain stitch elastic crotchet—is worked alternately in rows backwards and forwards, first taking the upper, then the under mesh of the chain.

Plain stitch open crotchet—as described at page 185. It is used for purses.

Open crotchet—as described at page 186. It is suitable for purses, bags, etc.

Double open crotchet—suitable for bags, purses, etc. See page 186.

Treble open crotchet—as described at page 186.

To make a stitch—at the commencement and end of a row, is to make one stitch of a chain before the first stitch, and after the last, which in the next row are to be crotcheted.

A dividing, or seam stitch—called also a *raised* stitch, is made by putting the needle through both meshes of the chain, and working two stitches in the same hole. These stitches must always be made exactly over each other. In crotcheting circles, they form a kind of star pattern, and serve the purpose of increasing stitches. They should not be employed when working with *chenille.*

To increase a stitch—to make two stitches in the same mesh.

To decrease—to take two stitches together or to miss one stitch. Decreasing is always done in the same ratio as increasing.

True, or perfect stitch—when working in different colors, the keeping the stitches directly over each other,

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without any appearance of the half-stitch. This requires care, but it greatly adds to the beauty of the work, and makes the pattern more distinct.

To fasten off—to draw the wool through the last stitch.

To fasten on—lay the ends of the wool contrariwise, and crotchet a few stitches with both, or work in the second wool, and run the end in with a needle at the back of the work.

To run the ends—to pass them down a few stitches with a needle. This is the neatest and strongest plan; but they may be tied and cut off.

A dividing line—generally formed of two stitches alternately up and down, into the grounds of the stripes on either side.

Hints on Crotchet.

A steel crotchet needle is generally advisable;—with expert workers it makes the most even stitches, but an ivory needle is easier to work with.

The second sized netting silk is prettiest for purses.

The coarsest or crotchet silk is best adapted for bags, with steel or gold beads.

Where many colors are required in a pattern, and the same do not very frequently occur, it is advisable to introduce them in short lengths instead of carrying on each thread. This should always be attended to when working with chenille.

When beads are used they are to be strung on the silk with a needle.

The average number of stitches for the length of a purse, in fine silk, is one hundred and sixty. In coarse silk, one hundred and ten.

From ninety to one hundred stitches form the circle of a purse in fine silk.

One hundred and thirty stitches may be taken for the round of a bag in crotchet silk.

A table-cover in six-thread fleecy is generally computed at about four hundred stitches in length.

Borders of flowers may be worked in crotchet, but it would be impossible to convey a complete idea even to the most experienced worker, unless accompanied with colored patterns, which the nature of our illustrations precludes us from offering. But the expert needlewoman will soon perceive the best method of copying any pattern of this description she may desire.

EDITORS' TABLE.

"PROGRESSION! It is the key to the great mystery of the universe—it is the word that solves the problem of destiny—the universal law which all things, animate and inaminate, mortal and immortal, must obey."

What a high privilege we of this nineteenth century enjoy! We see and feel this progression. That which the wisest among the ancients could only hope would come to pass in the far future, we enjoy as our daily food. The ages of preparation are passed. The time of action is now; we have only to sow the fields—the harvest is sure. The greatest triumph of this progression is redeeming woman from her inferior position and placing her where the Creator designed she should stand—side by side with man, a *help-meet* for him in *all* his pursuits and improvements.

We have been greatly cheered by the appearance of a work lately issued, containing the "Addresses of Miss Beecher." Our readers need not be told of her excellences, and her unwearied efforts in the cause of female education. They all know, love and honor her. But this "plan of sending female teachers to the south and west," as developed in her admirable addresses, will awaken a new interest in every benevolent heart. Read the work, we say to all. And we are happy to believe that all the readers of our "Lady's Book" will be prepared to appreciate the objects of Miss Beecher, because these harmonize with the spirit of those principles we have constantly endeavored to inculcate.

This plan of progression has been for years our favorite thought and hope. To awaken an interest on the subject was the favorite object we proposed when first assuming our editorial duties. Then the work had scarcely been attempted. The way was untrodden. We ventured on alone and almost unaided for a time. It is, therefore, very cheering to see what laborers are now in the field. It is delightful to work when success is certain. But we cannot forbear showing to those who have been the steady supporters of the periodicals under our care, that as they have been long engaged in this exertion, so now they should go on with increasing energy and hope. We give an extract from an article we wrote in 1829 for the Ladies' Magazine, *then under our* care.

"No person of reflection, who really feels solicitous for the happiness and honor of woman, would wish to place her in the lecture room of the physician, in the forum, the pulpit, or the halls of legislation. The attempt to inspire women with the ambition to appear like men is too absurd to merit discussion. Would any lady consider herself competent to direct the management of a ship in a storm, or a fire engine at a conflagration? The storms of the political ocean and the fires of party spirit would as little accord with her moral delicacy of strength. Still she was not formed to be a trifler on earth. She has mental powers which, if not equal to those of her 'lord,' are yet too precious to be wasted.

"Women have a vast influence on society which nothing can prevent. This influence will be beneficial or not, in proportion to the reasonable manner in which it is exerted. To secure it on the side of virtue and intelligence should be the aim of every person who wishes to promote, not only individual and social happiness, but our national prosperity and glory.

* * * * * * *

"Our people must be educated. Not made learned in ancient lore merely, or even instructed in modern sciences, but trained to the love of excellence and habituated to the control of the passions. The heart and the understanding must alike be cultivated, and this never can be effected without the co-operation of women. Neither is their influence in the nursery, important as it is, the only manner in which they can assist in educating the young. Females might be extensively employed

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in school-keeping. Why should not a department so peculiarly fitted to their powers and station be more generally appropriated to them? In New England, it is true, this has been partially done; and to that more than any other cause may be traced the general diffusion of intelligence among all classes of our people. Had none but men been suffered to teach in the common (or free) schools, the expense would have prevented these from being continued in our thinly-settled towns, except for a small part of each year.

"Then it is a fact, which none at all acquainted with the philosophy of mind will deny, that children imbibe instruction more readily from female teachers than those of the other sex. Woman is the true heaven-appointed instructor of the young.

* * * * * * *

"Another and very important consideration is the effect this employment has had on those females engaged in it. Their own minds have been disciplined and strengthened. When married, they have carried into their own homes those habits of attention to intellectual improvement which qualified them to direct the studies and judiciously encourage the efforts of their own children. Thus their influence on society is continually active in promoting the *fashion* of learning, that peculiar mode of thinking which, even among our poorest class, attaches infamy to ignorance, and incites the dullest of laborers to consider himself disgraced if his children cannot read and write.

"Here, then, is the field to which we would direct the talents and energies of our own countrywomen. It is wide enough for the display of all their genius, and there are laurels sufficient to gratify the most ambitious mind. There is no method by which a woman can, with safety and credit to herself, so surely acquire that very necessary knowledge for a popular writer—the knowledge of the human heart—as by becoming an *instructress of the young.*

* * * * * * *

"Our nation has need of all the talents and industry of its citizens, exerted in the most beneficial manner, to keep pace with the spirit of the age. Why refuse the assistance of female intellect, when it might be so usefully and appropriately employed? Of the several thousand schoolmasters in the state of New York, one-half might undoubtedly be engaged in business more profitable and pleasant to themselves, and their duties as teachers *better* as well as *more cheaply* performed by intelligent women. There is no branch of learning taught in our free schools which females would not be capable of teaching. They ought to be employed as assistants, at least, in every large school or seminary.

* * * * * * *

"The influence of a sensible, intelligent and pious woman has an irresistible effect in softening and controlling the turbulent dispositions of boys. Her influence is like the dew and sunshine on the flower, nourishing and beautifying all the sweet and delicate tendencies and characteristics of the soul. Remember the culture of the *heart* as well as *head* is essential to make men good citizens of a republic. A strong argument in favor of employing women as instructors of children may be found in their purity of conduct and of principles. A female advocating infidelity or endeavoring to weaken the bonds of moral and social order, is a phenomenon. Can the same be, with truth, said of man?"

Thus we wrote and hoped years ago, and now some of the objects we then advocated are in successful operation, and others in rapid progress towards accomplishment.

While in Boston the past summer, we found that one "Ladies' Society for the Promotion of Education at the West" was already formed and in successful operation. *Seven female teachers* had been sent out and were established. Since our return to this city we have received a letter from one of the ladies of this society, from which we will give an extract.

"Our society is in its infancy, but prospers greatly, finding grace and favor with all classes, east and west. Specific applications from responsible persons residing at the west arrive almost daily, requesting teachers of different grades. Candidates, many of superior qualifications, offer themselves to the society, furnishing ample testimonials. The executive committee have little to do but to assign stations and pay the traveling expenses of such as are destitute of means. *A home and suitable compensation are pledged in every application.*

"Those young ladies who went out for us in the spring occupy very important situations, and are highly appreciated by the western people, and are accomplishing a vast amount of good."

* * * * * * *

What has our Lady's Book done? It has been the pioneer of all these improvements in female education, and the steady advocate for this enlarged sphere of female talent and influence. Very few females were employed as teachers in the schools in Boston, even, when we first began to advocate the plan; now they are employed, not only there but throughout the state, during winter as well as summer, in the proportion of nearly two female teachers to one of the other sex. And Mr. Mann, the intelligent secretary of the Mass. Board of Education, says, "accomplished and highly gifted young women are the best school teachers in the world." In all New England and New York this beneficial change is in progress, and we feel more than glad, we are thankful that we have been able to aid in directing public sentiment on this subject of woman's appropriate sphere.

And in this plan of sending female teachers to the West, we feel rejoiced that the "Lady's Book" has prepared so many minds to look favorably on the plan. We think we have been able to do more to promote these improvements than though our periodical had been entirely devoted to the subject of education. The work would then only have been taken and read by those who were already converts to the cause. But the "Lady's Book" came as a pleasant friend to amuse as well as instruct. Some take it for the sake of the plates, some to read the stories, others because a friend writes for it, and all these, as well as the large number whom we trust approve it for its moral and literary excellence, have become familiar, through its steady teachings, with the important truth Miss Beecher has so well set forth—namely, that "*the educating of children, that* is the true and noble profession of a woman—*that* is what is worthy of the noblest powers and affections of the noblest minds."

* * * * * * *

What more can the Lady's Book do? All that is required by taste and fancy, truth and good sense. We seek to make ours emphatically *the Lady's Book.* No other periodical does or can compare with it in appropriateness for our own sex. In the next volume will be introduced new features of literary excellence and artistic beauty, still keeping the moral tone onward and upward in its ennobling and purifying influence. We only want a wider sphere, a broader field, to enable us to carry out all these plans of perfection. We wish to commence the New-Year with *fifty thousand subscribers.* Will not every lady who takes the "Book" use her good offices in its behalf, and send us the *name of one friend?* We should then feel sure that the "progression" of our

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own sex in this country was rapidly advancing—because those who love and join in this progress would thus generously sustain us.

"Oh, could we plant the future as we would,
And make it flourish!"

We give here a delicate morceau of French poetry, translated by a young lady of this city, from whom we have also an original poem. We like to encourage these efforts of genius and self-improvement in our young ladies.

LA FEUILLE.

Cette allégorie de la *feuille* desséchée est un chef-d'œuvre de grâce et de naïveté, renferment une haute pensée sous la forme la plus délicate et la plus heureuse. C'est une allusion à la destinée du fils de Napoleon.

De ta tige detachée,
Pauvre feuille desséchée,
Ou va tu? Je n'en sais rien;
L'orage a brisé la chêne
Qui seul etait mon soutien.
De son inconstant haliene,
Le zephyre, ou l'aiguillon,
Depuis ce jour me promène
De la faît a la plaine,
De la montagne au vallon.
Je vais où le vent me mène,
Sans me plaindre ou m'affrayer;
Je vais où va toute chose;
Ou va la feuille de rose
Et la feuille de laurier.

ARNAULT.

THE LEAF.

AN ALLEGORY ON THE FATE OF NAPOLEON'S SON.

Translated from the French of Arnault.

From thy stem now rudely blown,
Say, poor withered leaf, alone
Where goest thou? I cannot tell:
Low beneath the tempest fell
The oak that bore me on its bough;
And ever from that day till now,
With inconstant breath, each gale,
As it listed, hath me blown
From the plain to forest lone,
From the mountain to the vale.
Where the wind wills am I thrown.
I go, without complaint or grief,
Borne upon its rapid wing,
There where goeth everything—
Where go the rose and laurel leaf.

"A good name is better than riches."—Young Oscar Lafayette, the son of George, was elected to the chamber of deputies by virtue of his glorious name. Six members of the Lafayette connections have now seats in the chamber. Mothers, impress this lesson on the minds of your young sons.

In Europe *woman* is everywhere longer lived than *man*. Is this owing to a better organization, or to her purer and better life?

"There is not a morbid line in all the writings of Shakspeare. He has never (except perhaps in Timon) cast one shadow on the human spirit." What a rebuke to sentimental selfishness!

THE BRIDGE AND WATERFALL. (*See last month.*)—"It is hard to judge of stars in the presence of the sun," was the happy reply of the foreign ambassador to England's stately Queen Elizabeth, when she asked him how he liked her ladies.

We have the same feeling as regards the small rivers in Connecticut, when compared with *the queenly river* which gives the state its name. We never think of any other as worth mentioning. It was this kind of reverence which guided our pen while writing the illustration of the "Bridge and Waterfall," &c., last month. We never supposed one reader could have understood us as conveying the idea that Norwich was on the Connecticut. It has not that privilege, though it is a very flourishing, pleasant city.

The scene of the engraving is taken from a view on the Yantic, a branch of the Thames—it is on this last river that Norwich is situated—the other branch is the Shetucket river. The two branches unite in the city, at a place called "Chelsea Landing." It is about a mile above this junction to the "Waterfall" on the Yantic.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted—"Leaves from my Portfolio," "Love and Time," "My old Preceptor," "There's a Nameless Grave on Erie's Shore," "The Forest Land," and "*A Story*" without a name—the writer will understand.

Articles not wanted—"The Last Days of Autumn," "Abon Hasseim," "The Victim," "Love and Sorrow," "The Marvelous," "The Old Maid," and "Going Abroad."

"The Exclusives—a Sketch from Life," and "The Disputed Composition," are declined.

EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

Messrs. G. B. Zieber & Co. have issued No. 2 of "*Chambers' Information for the People—a Popular Encyclopædia*," embracing all the branches of general knowledge necessary to constitute a well-informed man. This is certainly one of the most important and useful publications of the day, and it will undoubtedly find its way into many thousand family and school libraries. Among the subjects treated in No. 2 are the whale and whale fishery, conveyances, roads, canals, railways, natural philosophy, mechanics, machinery, hydrostatics, hydraulics, pneumatics, optics, light, acoustics, chemistry, &c. All these subjects are illustrated with good engravings, and the number containing all this information for the people sells for twenty-five cents. The whole encyclopædia will be completed in eighteen numbers. For sale by Zieber.

The same firm has commenced the publication of a set of elegant toy books for children, illustrated with Darley's designs, engraved by Brightly, Waitt and Downes. They are splendidly got up. The first one is entitled "*Mother Goose.*"

Messrs. Wiley & Putnam have issued Nos. 19 and 20

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of their Library of American Books, comprising "*Papers on Literature and Art*," by S. Margaret Fuller, one of the most remarkable and able writers of the present day. The learning, ability and taste displayed in these papers would suffice to make the literary fortune of a dozen male writers of our acquaintance, who are vainly striving to accomplish with painful labor what this extraordinary woman executes without any apparent effort.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. and G. S. Appleton have published "*Laneton Parsonage*," edited by Rev. W. Sewell. This work, which is understood to be by the author of "Amy Herbert," will of course find a ready acceptance with the lovers of moral excellence as displayed in works of fiction.

The same publishers have issued volume second of "*Guizot's General History of Civilization in Europe from the Fall of the Roman Empire to the French Revolution*," with a third edition of the first volume, so well and favorably known to American readers The second volume, like the first, is marked with a clear and profoundly philosophical spirit, an exceedingly elegant and fascinating style, graphic in the narrative of facts and incidents, and always lucid in discussion. These characteristics, together with the author's perfect knowledge of his subject and his wonderful felicity of illustration, render his history of civilization one of the most delightful books which the general reader can take up.

The same publishers have issued a dozen large colored juvenile books, of the particular class called by the booksellers colored toys, which are destined to diffuse joy and happiness among the children of this happy country like the flowers of spring. The common title of the whole series is "*Grandmamma Easy's New Pictorial Toy Books*." The stories are all newly written in verse, very cleverly done, too, and full of fancy and fun, but perfectly unexceptionable in their tendency. That story of the "Queen of Hearts and the Stolen Tarts" is richly worth the price of the whole dozen. "Molly Goosey" and the "Alderman's Feast," however, are the chief favorites at our fireside, where the young urchins have dramatized and performed them, very much to the disturbance of our literary lucubrations.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have published "*Life of the Hon. George Canning*," by Robert Bell, an able and well-written biography of one of the most distinguished statesmen of England. They have also published "*Captain O'Sullivan*," a novel, by W. H. Maxwell, in the cheap pamphlet form. Also, Nos. 5 and 6 of "*Morse's Cerographic Maps*." They have also published "*French Domestic Cookery, containing 1200 Receipts*." We are happy to see that cookery books abound, new ones being published at the rate of about one a month. We hope they will be the blessed means of reforming American cookery, which at present is decidedly the single thing in which we do not beat the universal world.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have published "*The Eclogues and Georgics of Virgil, with English notes, critical and explanatory, and a Metrical Index*," by Charles Anthon, LL.D. In this admirable edition of the great Roman poet's poetical works, Dr. Anthon has well sustained his high character for sagacity as a critic, experience as an instructor, and unrivaled scholarship in perhaps the most difficult walk of learning. Within late years the value of classical education in the estimation of the American public has greatly increased—a happy improvement, and one which is to be chiefly attributed to the labors of Dr. Anthon. We gladly hail the present addition to "Anthon's Classical series," as a valuable acquisition to the young student's library, satisfied that in the copious and satisfactory commentaries of the editor he will find the necessity of resorting to translations vanish, and at the same time form correct tastes and modes of thinking.

The same publishers have issued "*The Trees of America, Native and Foreign, Pictorially and Botanically delineated, and Scientifically and Popularly described*," by D. J. Browne, author of the "Sylva Americana" This great work will be considered as having given its author a claim to the gratitude of his country as one of its most distinguished scientific benefactors. The value of this work, not only to botanists, but to farmers, gardeners and proprietors of woodlands, as well as mechanics who have occasion to test the comparative strength, elasticity and beauty of various kinds of woods for manufacturing and building purposes, is incalculable. The book will be eagerly sought by all our industrial classes on account of its economical purposes, and it will be consulted and read by scientific persons on account of its value and its authoritative character.

The same publishers have issued additional numbers of the "*Pictorial History of England*," the "*Pictorial Shakspeare*," and the illustrated edition of the "*Wandering Jew*."

Mr. George S. Appleton, of this city, and Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., New York, have published a splendid edition of Lord Byron's "*Childe Harold*," with eight plates very beautifully engraved. The volume is one of the best got up books we have seen for a long time, the pages surrounded by a neat rule, and the copious notes judiciously thrown to the end of the volume so as not to disfigure the page. The price is very low for a Christmas book.

Messrs. Appletons have published "*The Rose for 1847*," an extremely popular little annual, with gems of steel plates, and the most delightful collection of stories we have read for an age.

The Messrs. Appletons have also published "*Two Lives, or to Seem and to Be*," by Maria J. McIntosh, author of "Conquest and Self-Conquest," "Praise and Principle," "Woman an Enigma," &c. &c. It is an excellent story, replete with instruction useful in the conduct of life. The author is well and favorably known to the public by her previous books and by her able contributions to Neal's Saturday Gazette. Everything from her pen will command the attention of the reading public.

The same publishers have issued Ollendorff's "*New Method of Learning to read, write and speak the Italian language*," edited by Professor Foresti, of the New York University. Our readers have already been made acquainted with the merits of Ollendorff's new method by our notices of his manuals for learning German and French. This is on the same plan, and will be eagerly sought by teachers, there being at present a decided want of good elementary books for studying Italian.

The same publishers have issued "*First Greek Lessons*," by Thomas Kerchever Arnold, M. A., edited by Rev. T. A. Spencer, A. M. This is a very well executed system of primary instruction in Greek, being calculated to make thorough work and insure an exact and critical knowledge of the elements of the language. The author is already favorably known to the American public by his elementary Latin books, which have been published by Messrs. Appletons.

The same publishers have issued a very excellent family devotional commentary, entitled "*Light in the Dwelling, or a Harmony of the four Gospels, with very short and simple remarks, adapted to reading at Family Prayers, and arranged in 365 sections for every day in the year*," by the author of "The Peep of Day," "Line upon Line," &c. The utility of such a book is apparent upon mere reading of the title page. As to the execution of the plan we have assurance of its fidelity in the

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character of the author, whose previous works are well known and approved by the Christian community.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have published "*Altowan; or, Incidents of Life and Adventure in the Rocky Mountains*," by an amateur Traveler, edited by J. Watson Webb. This book is full of interest, abounding in thrilling incidents, lively narrative and graphic description. We commend it to our readers as an extremely entertaining book for the coming long evenings of autumn and winter. The last remark will apply to another publication of the same firm, "*Leontine, or the Court of Louis XV.*,"—for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston and Zieber & Co.

The same publishers have published No. 4 of the "Statesmen of the Commonwealth of England," which comprises the "*Life of Oliver Cromwell*," the best written biography of the illustrious Protector which has ever been written.

The same publishers have issued "*Lectures on Anatomy and Physiology for Women*," by Mrs. Gore, a work which cannot be too earnestly commended to the attention of the mothers of America

The same publishers have also issued No. 3 of the "*Statesmen of the Commonwealth of England*," by John Forster, of which we have already spoken so favorably after a careful perusal and study of the work. This number contains the lives of John Hampden, Sir Henry Vane the younger, and Henry Marten, with a fine characteristic portrait of Hampden engraved on steel. The number fills 144 closely-printed double column pages, and is sold at twenty-five cents. This work, and the other serial publications of Messrs. Harpers are for sale by Messrs. Grigg & Elliot and Messrs. G. B. Zieber & Co.

Mr. W. H. Graham has published "*The Apocryphal New Testament*," which is for sale by Mr. T. B. Peterson, No 98 Chestnut street, where may also be obtained "*The Sicilian Vespers*," by Dennis Hannegan.

Messrs. Greely & McElrath have published Dr. Lardner's "*Lectures on Science and Art*," an extremely well-written, useful and popular work, every way worthy the high reputation of the author.

"*The Poems of N. P. Willis*"—"*The Poems of Alfred B. Street.*" These beautiful volumes are from the press of Messrs. Clark & Austin, New York. The poems of Mr. Willis need no praise to make them popular, but it certainly is a luxury to obtain such a fair edition. Mr. Street is less known as a writer: this work ushers him before the public very advantageously. We predict that both the poets and publishers will gain much repute by these fair books.

Messrs. Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, of Boston, are continually publishing religious and miscellaneous works of great merit We have now two works from their press—"*The Union of the Holy Spirit and the Church*," and "*The Extent of the Atonement*," both by that eminent divine, Thomas W. Jenkyn, D.D. These books are or will be standard works in religious families. Then we have a series of small books—"*The Marriage Ring*," by John Angell James; "*The Family Circle*," by H A. Graves, and "*Daily Bread*," by Rev. Baron Stow—all pure as truth and rich as goodness.

Also, from the same publishers, we have "*The Missionary Enterprise, a collection of Discourses on Christian Missions*," by American authors, edited by Rev. Baron Stow. The authors are among the most eminent divines of the different orthodox denominations. The book is a sterling one, and must have great influence in the good cause. And as a proof how much good can be done by missionaries, they send us the "*Memoir of Mrs. Ann H. Judson.*"

"*The Wife of Leon, and other Poems*"—"*The Indian Chamber, and other Poems.*" We have here two volumes, handsomely got up—the first in Cincinnati, the second in New York. New books are such common things, and new poems usually so much like the old, that we can hardly find a novel feature to set off a notice. But here is a new beauty: these books are jointly and severally the productions of two ladies—*Mrs. Catherine Ann Morfield* and *Mrs. Eleanor Perry Lee*, known to fame as "The Sisters of the West." No mark or signature indicates either, so we are left entirely to conjecture as to which writer is author of any poem we particularly like. Two poems in these collections we think possess great merit—"The Bird of Washington," and "Death on the Prairie." We should like to know if these were written by the same hand. There is much beauty of sentiment and description in these compositions; the writers exhibit refinement of taste and a delicate sense of the heart's many mysteries, but the abiding impression seems that of sadness. We think this arises chiefly from the circumstance that these accomplished ladies have been too much influenced by their course of reading. The melancholy of Byron and the pensive sadness of Mrs. Hemans have been in their minds. American poets should look abroad, and describe scenes and life in their own cheerful country. There would be pictures rough and dark, to be sure, but never despairing. And then, how much of new, grand and wonderful could be found. But we are glad to see this valuable contribution to American literature from the ladies of the West.

"*Marion and his Men, an historical Romance*," by the author of "Paul Jones." W. H. Graham, N. York, and T. B. Peterson, 98 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. We know the author of this work well. He is a gentleman of great abilities, and his capability of making an entertaining and instructive work is made evident by this book.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have published No. 5, completing the lives of the "*Statesmen of the Commonwealth of England*," and No. 9 of Morse's "*Cerographic Maps*," containing large and excellent maps of the states of Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Louisiana and Virginia, each of which is worth double the cost of the number.

The same publishers have issued a novel entitled "*Heidelberg*," by G. P. R. James, Esq., the most popular of the living novelists of England. The above works are for sale by G. B. Zieber & Co, and Lindsay & Blakiston.

Mr. J. D. Toy has published a "*Discourse on the Life and Character of Sir Walter Raleigh*," delivered by J. Morrison Harris before the Maryland Historical Society, May 19th, 1846, being the third annual address of that association—a very able discourse on a subject of lively interest to every patriotic American

Mr. C. J. Gillis has published No. 25 of Professor Frost's "*Pictorial History of the World*," which brings us down the history to the age of Louis XIV. The work is now nearly complete, and it will form one of the most valuable additions to the family and school libraries of the country which has appeared for a long time. In splendor of pictorial embellishments it is unsurpassed by any work of its class.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., New York, and George S. Appleton, Philadelphia, have published "*Cornelius Nepos, with Answered Questions and Imitative Exercises*," by Rev. Thomas Kerchever Arnold, revised and corrected by Professor E. A. Johnson—a most admirable edition of one of the best writers of the Augustan age.

"*Patterns for Crotchet Work, original and selected*," by a Lady Two numbers—H. L. Lipman. The above are two books sent us by Mr. L. They will be found very

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useful by our fair readers to whom our articles on this subject have given a taste for this species of needle-work.

Messrs. G. B. Zieber & Co. have published "*Sacred Sentences from the Bible, designed as Introductory Pieces for Public Worship*," selected and composed, with an accompaniment for the organ, by Albert G. Emerick. This book will at once attract the attention of the musical world by its great scientific merit, and it will speedily become diffused among the religious congregations throughout the country as the most appropriate species of introduction to Divine service. It can be sent by mail at a trifling cost to any part of the country, and should at once be ordered of G. B. Zieber by country choirs and singing societies.

It is supposed that an editor never reads a paper but merely glances at it. We—the junior editor—have one exception to the sweeping rule. We do read one paper from the "Notice to Correspondents" down to "The Chess-Player's Chronicle," every week. This paper is the *New York Spirit of the Times*, edited by William T. Porter, Esq. How did our long friend contrive to get together such a corps of correspondents, all of them good in their way—some great?

Madame Guillou, of Girard Place, in this city, has for many years conducted a boarding and day school for young ladies. We "speak by the card" when we commend it to our friends, here and elsewhere, as a school unequaled even in this our city, so renowned for its seminaries and teachers.

They have established in London stores exclusively for the sale of mourning. A gentleman lately called at one of them and inquired for a pair of dark-colored gloves. He was referred to the "Mitigated Affliction Department."

We perceive that the papers throughout the country refer their readers on the subject of fashions to "Godey's Lady's Book." This is as it ought to be, as we are the only oracle on the subject.

Our plates this month are both grave and gay. The mezzotint by Gross is equal to anything ever done by Sartain—indeed, Mr. G. was his pupil, and bids fair to outstrip his tutor. Upon the subject of mezzotints, we may remark that everything depends upon the printing. Our subscribers may remember the plate of "A View on the Delaware," published in our September number. This plate, although engraved by Mr. Sartain, was printed by Mr. John Butler, of this city; hence its great beauty. Mezzotint printing requires an eye somewhat acquainted with the lights and shades of painting. We recommend Mr. Butler for this style of printing. The present plate is also from his office.

We have several more plates by Mr. Gross in a very forward state, and we think that our subscribers will be highly pleased both with the subjects and the engraving.

The fashion plate in this No. gives the cloak fashions for this winter. We doubt very much if any of our cotemporaries will think that it is necessary to suit these fashions for the season of the year. As to their being colored, there is no magazine in this country that gives colored fashions *every month* but the "Lady's Book."

We beg leave to call attention to the following from Scott's "Weekly Paper," of this city.

"GODEY'S REPRINT.—The reader will observe in another column an advertisement by Mr. Godey, of the 'Lady's Book,' of his two new reprints of foreign magazines at the low price of one dollar a year, or one dollar and fifty cents for the two. The first number is out, and is well-stored with that peculiar kind of reading for which 'Blackwood' and the 'London World of Fashion' are celebrated. Mr. Godey is probably the most competent for the kind of publication referred to. His long acquaintance with periodical literature, his personal attention to business, and the ample means at command, all combine to render him just the man for the work he has undertaken."

"H. G. J.," of Springfield, Mass., is respectfully informed that we cannot republish any article in our "Book," especially the one he refers to—biographical notice of L. Gaylord Clark. He is referred to the September number of our magazine, which he can either buy or borrow.

We copy the following from Neal's Gazette by request of a subscriber, who wishes to preserve it in a form more easy for reference than a newspaper.

CLINGING TO EARTH.

BY FANNY FORESTER.

Oh! do not let me die! the earth is bright,
And I am earthly, so I love it well;
True, heaven is holier, all replete with light—
But I am frail, and with frail things would dwell.

I cannot die; the flowers of earthly love
Shed their rich fragrance on a kindred heart;
There may be purer, brighter ones above—
Yet with these flowers 'twould be too hard to part.

I dream of heaven, and well I love these dreams;
They scatter sunlight on my varying way;
But 'mid the clouds of earth are priceless gleams
Of brightness; and on earth, oh, let me stay!

It is not that my lot is void of gloom,
That sadness never circles round my heart;
Nor that I fear the darkness of the tomb,
That I would never from the earth depart.

'Tis that I love the world; its cares, its sorrows,
Its bounding hopes, its feelings fresh and warm,
Each cloud it wears, and every light it borrows,
Loves, wishes, fears, the sunshine and the storm—

I love them all; but closer still the loving
Twine with my being's cords and make my life;
And while within this sunlight I am moving,
I well can bide the storms of worldly strife.

Then do not let me die! for earth is bright,
And I am earthly, so I love it well;
Heaven is a land of holiness and light—
Yet I am frail, and with the frail would dwell.

CASES IN WHICH LETTERS SHOULD BE PRE-PAID.—A gentleman writing to a lady.

A lady writing to her female friend, to the care of a gentleman; (because the trouble of receiving and delivering is tax enough.)

A merchant writing to another, requesting information.

A friend writing to his friend, requesting some friendly act—such as collecting a small dividend to be remitted, &c. &c. &c., the trouble being sufficient to prove his friendship, without being taxed for so doing.

Always in writing to newspaper editors, or proprietors of newspapers.

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W. Schmidt, pinx.

A. L. Dick, sculp.

THE EXCURSION.

Engraved for Godey's Ladys Book

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GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1846.

THE EXCURSION.

(*See Plate.*)

"CONTRAST is the soul of beauty," says Montaigne. On this principle we trust our water party, with all the warm enjoyments of summer around them, will appear very beautiful at this season of closed-windows and coal-fires.

How happy they look! The cares of earth have been left on land, as they should be, and pleasure, like the swift flowing stream or the soft breathing wind, is bearing on their thoughts hopes and wishes —where? Even to the shady grove where their pic-nic dinner is to be eaten! What visions of cold chicken, ham and sandwiches rise before the straining eyes of the gentlemen! How many sweet fancies of cake and confectionery are treasured in the hearts of ladies fair! Not that they care, themselves, for these, but then it is so interesting to set out the table in the woods and have the help of the beaux in the arrangements, and enjoy freedom, for a few hours at least, from the monotonous every-day life of home. Sail on, then; but don't dip your feet too far in the water, pretty one—you may lose your hold on the sail and go deeper than you intend. The man above you would never notice though the whole party went overboard. His soul is on the sounds he is so industriously pouring forth; and as no other person attends to his music, it is proper that he should be pleased. To be self-satisfied is happiness of one kind. Let those enjoy it who cannot obtain a higher.

"Some seem to live
Whose hearts are like those unenlightened stars
Of the first darkness—lifeless, timeless, useless—
With nothing but a cold night air about them!
Not suns—not planets—darkness organized;
Orbs of a desert darkness—with no soul
To light its watch-fire in the wilderness
And civilize the solitude one moment.
There are such seemingly, but how or why
They live I know not."

Certainly none such are on board this pleasure-boat. They seem, however, to be rightly painted in this last thought of the bard—

"This to me is life—
That if life be a burden, I will join
To make it but the burden of a song."

LINES

SENT WITH A BOQUET TO A LADY WHO WAS ILL.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

It is a fancy—let me trust
Not all in vain—that healing dwells
Within the fine, transparent dust
That floats from these sweet flow'ret cells:
That, in the perfumes which they fling
Upon the air, a balm is shed
To steal from agony its sting
And softly soothe the throbbing head.

If mine were some magician's power,
In every leaf a gift should be—
A blessing in each bud and flower,
Devoted, fairest one, to thee!
With joy thy gentle heart should beat,
And from thine eyes the sense of pain
Should vanish like the summer heat
Before the fall of summer rain.

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RETIRING FROM THE CARES OF LIFE.—NO. II.

BY J. K. PAULDING, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRESIDE," "THE OLD CONTINENTAL," ETC.

As a companion piece, or rather contrast to my friend Eugenius, I shall present the reader with a sketch of the life of a very worthy man, though very different from the former, who after passing through all the serious vicissitudes of an active laborious occupation, retired from the cares of this world somewhere about the age of fifty, with a fortune amply sufficient to purchase all the happiness that can be bought with money.

Job Savory was born of honest and industrious parents, in a rather obscure street, in one of the noisiest, busiest, dirtiest cities of the New World, where a man content to live on his means, without risking all he is worth to increase them, is a phenomenon; and to be satisfied with what we have, is considered an infallible evidence of an idle disposition and a depraved taste. His father was an old-fashioned man in his appearance, habits and principles; rusty as night in his appearance, honest as day in his principles, but who had the deepest possible veneration for the one thing needful, though it must be confessed to his honor, that much as he loved gain, he never could be tempted to pawn his good name and his conscience in exchange for money. He had too much of the ancient Dutch blood in him for that. But with all this he was as industrious as a beaver, and during the whole course of their life, the only contest between him and his wife was who should save the most, by avoiding every species of extravagance. It is recorded of this worthy citizen, for such he was, that during the space of forty years, he never was out of the city but twice; once on a fishing party to what was called the Sea Bass Banks, and once, when impelled by an irresistible curiosity, he went to see a man hanged out on the common. He lived long enough to see the commencement of the golden age of paper money, steamboats, railroads and spinning jennies, which caused him sore tribulation, and is supposed to have shortened his days, for he departed from the custom of his ancestors from time immemorial, and departed this life several months before reaching his hundredth year. He never recovered from his astonishment at a proposition from the good woman, to sail up the Hudson in a steamboat, as far as Coxsackie, for the purpose of paying a visit to her mother, the survivor of at least five generations. Before his death, the old man was seized with the spirit of prophecy, or at least second sight. He foretold, that owing to these mischievous facilities for locomotion, the world would go ahead so fast, that it would peradventure tread on its own nose, and break down incontinently; that the people would spend more time and money in traveling, without any reasonable occasion, because they could do it so quick and so cheaply, than they did in the good old times, when they went on a snail's gallop, and that there would be no possibility of keeping the women at home, seeing there were such egregious temptations to gadding. What would the good man have said if he had lived to see them riding in omnibuses?

Job first saw the light—if light it could be called—in a little back room, up stairs, which had one small window that commanded a view consisting of a garden, as it was called, exactly twelve feet square, which had quite a rural aspect, by reason of a decayed apricot tree in the centre, and a border of stately sun-flowers. The houses on either side projected far in the rear of the modest tenement, cooping it up between two dingy blind brick walls; and the prospect in the only other direction, was bounded by a dark, dingy sugar refinery, six stories high, with a multiplicity of little grated windows, which gave it a mighty resemblance to the physiognomy of a jail, in those barbarous and gothic ages, before debt was considered highly creditable, and crime a misfortune. No wonder that saddened in his very infancy by the contemplation of these rural beauties, the hero of this sketch should, in after life, dream after the enjoyments of a country life, and finally seek repose in the lap of retirement.

Among all the characters of Scripture, there was not one who stood so high in the estimation of the old man, as Job, who not only patiently endured a succession of the most grievous misfortunes, but withstood even the consolations of his friends and the comfortings of his wife. He therefore called his eldest, who proved his only son, Job,—being moreover himself a patient man, and avoiding all sorts of unseemly excitements. It is useless to deny that there is much virtue in names, or to dissent from the philosophical theory of Tristram Shandy. Little Job was a proof of its correctness, for from the time he lay on his back for hours in the cradle, looking quietly up at the projecting top, until he waddled about on his little drumsticks, he was never known to be out of patience except when hungry; and once, on a special occasion, when his mother, for the first time, attempted to deck him out in a jacket and trowsers, whereupon he kicked most manfully, in despite of his name. In humble imitation of divers popular writers, who delight to deal in such deep matters, and dress up their characters with all the precision of a tailor's pattern-sheet, I would here give a full and true account of

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the fashion, color and texture of the aforesaid garments, together with the special kind of buttons, with which they were gorgeously bedecked, were it not for the apprehension of exciting a suspicion in the mind of the judicious reader, that I am impelled to be thus insufferably tedious by a vehement desire of imitating my betters, and patching the elbows of a worn out invention.

Respecting the early years of our hero, it is only requisite to state, that he discovered no symptoms of that precociousness, which, like the rapid growth of men and trees, is ominous of early weakness and decay. His capacity was rather dull, but his perseverence exemplary, and his patience unconquerable, though the multiplication table tried it sorely, and he might have exclaimed, in the words of the old distich:—

> "The Rule of Three doth puzzle me,
> And practice makes me mad."

At that time honest Thomas Dilworth was the sole oracle in spelling; Noah Webster was only in embryo, and all the short cuts through the vast wilderness of learning as yet unexplored. The magic rod for unlocking the fountain of knowledge was made, not of witch hazel, but of birch, and the only allurements as regards infant exertion, were the little picture-books with gilt covers, dispersed all over the world by the famous Mr. Newberry, of St. Paul's Churchyard, London. The march of mind was only on a snail's pace; but its progress though slow was sure, and like that laborious pains-taking little animal, it carried a house on its back instead of a peacock's feather.

When his studies were completed Job was forthwith installed in the dry goods store, or shop as it was then modestly called, of his father, where, there being neither mahogany counters, plate glass bow windows, nor any other expensive decoy ducks, the old man could afford to sell at a reasonable profit, and cheat his customers conscientiously. Here his conduct was most exemplary, and his patience proved invaluable, for he would pull down every article in the store, and wait like a martyr, till the ladies made up their minds in the important matter of purchasing a ribbon, or deciding between a dozen or two rival candidates for selection. He always disposed of everything below first cost, and was the inventor of that refinement in the trade, which consists in selling goods as damaged, and charging rather more than full price. He also introduced the luxury of sofas and stools, whereby a lady, having no other resource to kill time, could enjoy a comfortable lounge, and have a little chat with Job, who was rather handsome, and could turn a compliment as well as a penny.

In process of time the old man died, leaving behind him a good name, and what is considered of far more consequence, a good assortment of articles and lots of good customers. The son succeeded to all these, and as his means increased, expanded his business, emerged from his obscure den into a new store almost as high as the Tower of Babel; became what is called a jobber, and, not to be tedious, at the age of fifty waxed rich enough to retire from the cares of life. Whether it was that the beauties of the garden on which he had first opened his eyes, as heretofore described, that had awakened an early predilection for the attractions of the country, and the pleasures of rural life, I cannot say; but certain it is that he had from the first proposed this to himself as the final reward of all his labors, as the consummation of his earthly hopes. It was neglected to state at the time it happened, that at the age of forty he had married the daughter of a gentleman who speculated, not in physiology and metaphysics, but in fancy stocks, which at that time had superseded poetical flights of imagination, and was quoted at half a million; but being shortly afterwards "cornered," lost both his money and his reputation—if he ever had either—turned politician, and by always sticking like a burr to the skirts of the party uppermost, at last got a place in the hospital of incurables, commonly called the Custom House.

At the age of fifty Mr. Job Savory accordingly closed his business, purchased the retreat of my deceased friend Eugenius, and retired from the cares of life with a determination to be as happy as a little king, and reap the harvest of half a century of probation, which had in fact effectually disqualified him for the enjoyments of a country life. For a little while the bustle of removal, change of scene, and the force of contrasts, produced an agreeable excitement, and he every day congratulated his wife on the wise course he had taken, though, had he been a man of keen observation, he might have observed that the good lady, after a few months, gradually became more and more faint in her responses, and at length answered only with a sigh. Women, and especially American women, do not generally like a residence in the country, and only retire thither to enjoy the anticipation of a winter in town. This is more especially the case with what may be called the "half-breeds" of fashionable life, who possess neither the industrious habits of the lower, nor the mental resources of the more refined classes of society; but whose favorite recreation is a walk through some crowded street, decked in all the vulgar finery of a ball-room, and whose paradise a fashionable store and milliner's shop. Without the salutary resource of domestic occupation, and incapable of any except the most frivolous mental amusements, which neither appeal to the understanding nor the feelings, they are without resources for a country life, and, as has been suspected by some ill-natured persons, sometimes get sick, merely to have the satisfaction of visiting the city to consult some eminent physician. But enough of this. Perfection is not the lot of the human race, and if all women were perfect, what a figure we men should cut by their side!

With respect to Mr. Savory, he for a time almost realized his anticipations. He had plenty of money, and his place was susceptible of great improve-

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ment. This produced a perpetual excitement; and as he managed to be always in want of something which could not be procured in the neighborhood, he had a legitimate excuse for making frequent trips to the city. Accordingly it is computed, that during nearly eight months of the year, he passed more than half his time in the steamboats, leaving poor Mrs. Savory under the protection of a great dog of the St. Bernard breed, whose very looks was enough to frighten a woman of weak nerves, whose howl was exceedingly ominous, and whose bark, in the dead silence of night, would have almost disturbed the repose of the grave. In short, Mrs. Savory grew so nervous, that she insisted on accompanying Mr. Savory in his pilgrimages to the city, which from that time were observed to be less frequent.

Being a convert to that very questionable axiom, that exercise creates appetite, Job commenced by employing himself about the house and in the fields with such determined vigor that he quite overdid the matter, and fatigued himself so that he had no appetite for dinner, while he went to bed with such a pain in his bones that he could not sleep. Sometimes his blood would become so overheated that he fancied himself in a high fever; sometimes he got a stiff neck by working himself into a perspiration in a cold north-easter; and on one occasion became so stiff in the knees by stooping down a whole morning in his garden, that he could hardly walk for two or three days, and Mrs. Savory observed somewhat pathetically, "Ah! Job, I am afraid you begin to fail." Whereupon Job got out of patience, and swore he never felt so young since he was married. But for all this, he privately resolved, that for all time to come, he would eschew hoe, rake, pruning-knife, hatchet and spade, and let the weeds grow in his garden and welcome.

From that time he sought excitements in occupations on a greater scale. He waxed ambitious; studied agricultural chemistry, and became an adept in chemical affinities. He won a premium at the anniversary of the county agricultural society, by making wheat grow on a pane of glass; he not only adopted everything new, but actually invented several new inconveniences, commonly called labor-saving machines, and so petted and cockered his grapevines and fruit trees, that they gradually lost all their primitive hardihood, and became so weak and effeminate, that they either fell victims to some pitiful insect, or died of old age, ere they arrived at maturity. Besides these useful occupations, Job, in process of time, became sorely smitten with the gothic mania. His house was a plain, substantial and capacious brick structure of the good old fashion, with a wide hall in the centre, a wing at each end, and a little "stoop," with something in the shape of an antiquated cocked beaver above. After admiring this responsible edifice for a reasonable time, Job all at once conceived the idea of communicating to the honest old Dutch mansion a gothic physiognomy. In two hours after he was in the steamboat, puffing his way to the city in search of an architect, or rather all the architects he could find. He procured divers plans and estimates, between which he became for a time so utterly confounded, that in a fit of despair he consulted Mrs. Savory, and according to custom from time immemorial, followed his own way afterwards. The alteration cost about three times as much as the estimate, and the old house looked like a Dutch burgomaster in the costume of a French dandy. The loss of the cocked beaver was irretrievable. It was like the absence of a nose and spoiled the face entirely. Everybody laughed at it, and Job cursed his stars, but yet did not despair. He essayed another alteration; and then another; and yet another, which only successively rendered matters still worse; and when at last, like Sir John Cutler's stockings, which, as the Spectator records, had been mended till nothing remained of the original consistency, his old house had actually become extinct, he became so disgusted with the criticisms of his friends, that he incontinently pulled it down and commenced a new pile, after the model of an Italian villa, improved by an ingenious bricklayer. This being at length completed to his satisfaction, a porter's lodge, erected in the same style, all outside and nothing in; the rubbish cleared away, and everything in such complete order, that nothing more could be done; Mr. Savory sat himself down under the shade of his laurels and yawned most stupendously, for he had no more worlds to conquer.

From sheer want of something to do, he one rainy day called for his account books, and began to cipher like a member of Congress in a speech on the tariff. He added up all the expenditures of his establishment, and deducted the sum total from the amount of his means. Then he began to calculate the income of his pattern farm, and found to his astonishment that it did not bring him one per cent. for his money. To a man who all his life had made a good, that is, a profitable investment, a matter of conscience, this was a mortifying discovery. It was in his estimation paying too great a price for the pleasure of retiring from the cares of life. So he went over his calculations again, and found matters still worse than at first. His agricultural chemistry and his labor-saving machines actually turned the balance against him, and Job discovered that every production of his farm and garden cost him at least twice as much as he could buy them for in the city market. From that moment the cares of life became far heavier than when he imagined himself oppressed by the labors of his busy life. Though still wealthy, the spectre poverty began to haunt his daily thoughts and nightly dreams. He often said to himself, "The spring will surely grow dry at last, when nothing comes in and everything runs out."

In this state of mind it so happened, there came on one of those desperate, dilatory, long-winded, tiresome, sleepy, warm, lazy, relaxing south-east spells of weather which cannot be called storms, because they are neither violent nor transitory, and

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seem without beginning or end—when the sun never shines, though every now and then he seems to promise to do so—when the four-and-twenty hours are equally divided into fogs, mists and drizzlings, when the mountains wear their white nightcaps, the clover hangs its head in tears, and no faith can be placed in the crowing of the cocks or the changes of the moon. This is the time that tries men's souls in the country. Mr. Job Savory was sitting one gloomy Sabbath morning, after it had rained six Sundays in succession, and prevented him from attending church, when he was suddenly startled from a deep reverie on the subject of lawful interest at seven per cent., by the crowing of the cock, and the garden gleam of sunshine that cast a momentary radiance on the weeping face of nature. He started up and rung the bell—he ordered the carriage and proceeded to put on his Sunday coat, which he had scarcely achieved, when the servant came with a message from the coachman that it had just commenced sprinkling again. At that moment Mrs. Savory came to condole with him, but was interrupted by the husband, who exclaimed furiously, "Molly, I have a great mind to sell out here and go back to the city."

"Oh! do my dear—dear Job—for I am tired to death of the country, and should so like to be where I could every day go a shopping."

This indiscreet declaration came very near knocking the whole plan in the head. If Mrs. Savory had opposed him, or only assented doubtfully, it would have been a proof of great discretion; but to exhibit such a degree of improper zeal was, as it were, taking the project out of his mouth, thus depriving him of the credit of paternity, and was rather provoking. There is no knowing what the result might have proved, had it not been for the continuation of the rain, which lasted four days, at the end of which, Mr. Savory, with the entire approbation of his wife, sent an advertisement to the newspapers, offering his country seat, with all his improvements, his horses, Durham cows, South-down sheep, five fingered dorking fowls, and labor-saving machines, for sale a great bargain. It happened that a gentleman, whose experience I propose to make the subject of a third example of retirement from the cares of life, was at that time on the lookout for a country place, and finding Mr. Savory in a great hurry to sell, purchased that gentleman out at somewhat less than half the amount of his expenditures first and last. Whether the worthy couple escaped the cares of life by this new experiment can now never be known, for it is some years since they sought that only sure asylum, the grave.

MY BROTHER'S GRAVE.

BY C. A. FLEMING.

When, in Memory's sacred heaven,
Stars are rising, sweet and clear,
Then, to joy and sadness given,
Comes my heart to worship here.

When the forms that Darkness hideth,
Come, in spirit beauty drest,
Lovingly and foremost glideth
One that here was laid to rest.

Brother, round thy life were singing,
Glad as happy birds in May,
Hopes, whose songs to memory clinging,
Still like phantom voices stay.

How thy spirit's gleaming beauty
Lit our future with its glow!
Azure seemed the ways of duty,
Bright with all that's bright below.

Not with age or sorrow weary,
Did thy spirit break its shell—
Glad to leave a world all dreary,
With the heaven-born souls to dwell—

Bright with all thy morning's gladness,
Fresh and eager for the strife,
With a heart unworn by sadness,
Didst thou leave the field of life.

Fadeless as the stars above thee,
Dwells within our hearts thy name;
Still unchangeably we love thee:—
Say, remainest thou the same?

Here, at nightfall, often waiting,
Would we tell thee all our love,
And, our life to thee relating,
Hear thee speak of thine above.

Gentle friends, to soothe, have spoken,
"Ah! 'twas sad to lose him thus!"
But we feel the ties unbroken
Which united thee to us.

Lost thee!—no; though gone, thy presence,
Beautiful around our life,
Hovers still, and wakes a pleasance—
Cheers all hours of holy strife.

Now, the mysteries of the ages,
Thou, with eyes baptized in light,
Readest on those mystic pages,
Which are dim to mortal sight:

Thou art waiting there to greet us,
Where so early thou hast gone!
Here what thrilling voices bid us
Keep the way and travel on.

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THE FORTUNES OF EPHRAIM DOOLITTLE.

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

CHAPTER I.

MR. PETER MARSDEN, a thriving dealer in "West India goods and General Groceries" in the city of Philadelphia, thirty years ago, was standing one morning at the wharf to watch the unlading of certain merchandizes which he had been advised, per mail, were shipped to him in the schooner "Three Sisters." Now, in all human probability, the articles aforesaid would have found their way from the hold of the schooner to the pier, and thence to the store, without this personal supervision; but in those days business was business, and people could not feel quite satisfied that they had done all that was necessary in the way of oversight unless they were perfectly conscious that they had done all that was possible. Whatever effect Mr. Marsden's supervision had upon the debarkation of this particular lot of goods, we are not enabled to record; but his presence was the accident upon which turned the future life and fortunes of our hero, Master Ephraim Doolittle.

Ephraim was just at that point of time, a "curious specimen," as he delights now to remember and is not ashamed to say. His position on board the "Three Sisters" was not exactly defined, for it was his misfortune that the vessel belonged to his father. We say misfortune, because any man who has ever occupied a similar relation to the vessel he sailed in—to wit, as it is termed, "ship's cousin"—will fully admit and understand the propriety of the term. The sailors, jealous that the officers will show some extra favor to the lad who happens to be connected with the owners, take good care that he receives no decent treatment at their hands; and the officers, anxious to vindicate themselves in the eyes of the men, visit upon him all the kicks and cuffs which ought in justice to be distributed among the whole crew. It is no wonder, then, that Ephraim was pronounced a stupid dolt, fore and aft. If a lad naturally clever enough becomes a temporary fool under such discipline, it is precisely the least and the most that can be expected of him.

Mr. Marsden's consignment kept him two or three days at the wharf, for business was then done in no indecorous haste. As he had abundant opportunity to look about him, he could not help observing Ephraim, and he soon learned his name, too—for, as the by-word now runs, "he didn't hear anything else."

"You Eph!" the skipper shouted. "Ephraim!" called the mate, and "E-e-e-ph!" the second dickey. The cook cried "Ephraim!" and all the men sung the same song, until Mr. Marsden was fain to conclude, either that the skipper and all hands called "Eph!" from instinct, as a crow caws every time his mouth opens, or else that the whole ship's company were of the tribe of Ephraim, and that the name applied to either and any, like the somewhat indefinite term of "somebody." The lad who answered, or rather who tried to answer all, and of course failed to satisfy any, of these various summons, was long and lank in figure, and careworn in face—as who can wonder. His head was always in advance of his person, like the scouts before the main body of an army, and his scraggy neck protruded beyond the collar of his red flannel shirt, like the necks of certain vultures which were a crimson circlet. That his legs were not overloaded with adipose matter was evidenced by the crystaline angularity of his ankles and the almost transparence of the flesh, which seemed hardly sufficient to keep the tendons in the same sheath with the osseous formation of his limbs—the tops of his brogans and the hems of his trowsers having long before parted company. He hurried hither and thither about the vessel in a most painful condition of uncertainty, attempting everything he was told to do, and able to perfect nothing—a most unhappy instance of perpetual motion;—and Mr. Marsden, who began by laughing at him, ended in real pity.

At last the merchant asked the skipper if "that young man was bound to him by the overseers of the poor." The master of the "Three Sisters" opened his eyes in astonishment.

"What, *he?* What, that lazy good-for-nothing shack? Well, I do wish he was now, for I'd either beat something into him or turn him back on their hands a-*ma*-zing quick. That there fellow is Ephraim Doolittle, and his father owns the schooner."

It was now Mr. Marsden's turn to be surprised. While he pondered in silence, the skipper resumed—"*Would* go to sea. He thought it was fine fun, and as this here is his first voyage, I shouldn't be surprised if it was his last, too."

"Nor I," thought Mr. Marsden, who began to comprehend the inconveniences to the master of having an owner's son on board.

The skipper still ran on, till the merchant interrupted him with—"As he seems to be of so little use on board, suppose you give him a holiday tomorrow. Let him spend the day with me."

Now, Mr. Marsden had never asked even the

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skipper of the "Three Sisters" to his house—here was one reason why the boy should not go. And it would make him "uppish" and impertinent, there was another. But just as the magnanimous skipper had determined to refuse, Mr. Marsden dropped some papers. The other, on picking them up, recognized his owner's handwriting in the direction of a letter, and thought it would be hardly safe to refuse to his employer's son what he would have granted to any other boy or man on board. And—though rather ungraciously—permission was given to Ephraim to accept the invitation. The skipper did not fail to call him *Mister* Doolittle in presence of all hands, as he informed him that Mr. Marsden wanted him to go up and "clean his knives to-morrow, or something," and that he had "better wash his face for *once* in his life before he went." So Ephraim was "Mistered" for the rest of the day, much to his annoyance; but he had an indefinite hope of one day's peace, at any rate.

"Good morning, young man," said Mr. Marsden, as Ephraim presented himself at the counting room the next day; "but here's a trick upon you." As he said this, he took from his back a square foot of tarred canvas, which one of his malicious shipmates had fastened to his coat buttons. Ephraim blushed to the roots of his hair, and—in spite of himself—a tear stood in his eye.

"Never you mind," said Mr. Marsden, kindly, taking him by both hands; "I see through the whole of it. You have nothing to be ashamed of, because those malicious fellows play these tricks. Think no more of them for one day, at any rate. Here, John," calling his son; "walk about with this young man till dinner-time, and show him everything worth looking at, and then I'll see you at the house."

CHAPTER II.

Our Philadelphia merchant was a man of few words and close observation. Like all whose thoughts are more abundant than their words, he was a good judge of character; and he was not at all surprised when, upon reaching home, he found Ephraim as much at ease with his wife and daughter as if he had been born in the house, and as graceful and unconstrained in his manners as the necessary awkwardness inseparable from growing limbs and the restraint of a forecastle would admit. The voyage he had made was a long one, for the "Three Sisters" had been one of the first vessels to profit by the cessation of hostilities with England, and her owner had kept her busily at work from port to port, and island to island, making her share of the harvest which the reopening of foreign commerce offered.

Mr. Marsden, if not a Yankee, was quite shrewd enough to cross a quill, which is the commercial lance, with any man north of Long Island Sound or south of it. He drew Ephraim into conversation, and found that neither his eyes nor his ears had been idle during his maritime experience, and he suggested to him that he should leave his father's schooner and his doubtful position at once, and take a desk in his counting-room, Mr. M. himself undertaking to make all right with the parent. Ephraim was, of course, nothing averse to this arrangement. If he had been at home and his father had offered him a place in the counting-room, the result would have been different. Fear of the jokes of his companions and former playmates—nay, even of the young women, would have driven him to sea again. Few young men in New England, thirty, or even twenty yers ago, could muster courage to come under the stigma of having "killed a sailor," as deserting the sea was called. It was held hardly less dishonorable than running away from an enemy in the field.

Miss Mary Marsden, only daughter of the merchant, considered our young friend a delightful oddity. She had become tired of all who grew up in her "set," and who had, of course, planed and squared all their thoughts and actions down to the conventionalisms of the place in which they grew. Ephraim, without intending it, passed with her for an original, though he was just as wearisomely like other Boston boys as the Philadelphians were like each other. But the bit of granite beside Pennsylvania marble, though unnoticeable at home, is quite a lion among limestone. Mary protested at first sight that he was a shocking clown, but her vanity was flattered by his blushes when she spoke to him; and by the time that Ephraim had become so much accustomed to her presence as no longer to blush, she had grown so habituated to him as no more to notice what at first seemed to her disagreeable—or if she observed, to cease to dislike them. Perhaps, too, Ephraim grew more like his neighbors. Nobody possesses a better aptness of assimilation in matters of mere fashion than the Yankee. The maxim, "Do in Rome as Romans do," if it did not originate in New England, is naturalized there.

In the counting-room the shrewd merchant found his Yankee clerk all that he had counted upon. He was more than a mere clerk, for, as we have already hinted, Mr. Marsden wanted him for something more than to flourish his pen—skillful as was the penmanship of Ephraim shown to be when he shed the rough, tarry skin of his hands, like a pair of worn-out gloves, and recovered the sensitiveness of the balls of his thumb and forefinger. Mr. Marsden made skillful use of the peculiar experience which his clerk had obtained in his New England education and in his long voyage, and turned the conversation of Ephraim to very profitable account. Upon reaching his majority, which he did in a year or two after his arrival at Philadelphia, the now free man proposed a visit to his father.

"How will you go?" asked Marsden, abruptly.

"By land, I think," said Ephraim.

"You don't understand me. Shall it be as my

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clerk, as a discharged clerk with a good character, or as the company of Peter Marsden & Co.? Come, you can take your choice."

Ephraim pondered. There were five brothers at home, and of the six he was the youngest. The father had put one in each of the three professions —two were in his father's counting-house, and Ephraim was not long in deciding. In the earnestness with which he thought, he forgot attention to forms, and was the Yankee boy all over as he drawled out—"Wal, I reckon I'll come in the firm, and very much *obleeged*, indeed. I don't see —but I suppose——wal, but you know best——"

He might have stammered along half an hour, but Mr. Marsden broke in upon his half answer, half reverie, with a loud laugh. Now, Peter Marsden seldom laughed at all, and never before had Ephraim heard him laugh aloud; and he looked up surprised. He was still more astonished when Mr. Peter Marsden, that staid old gentleman in top boots, commenced a series of imitations— "You Eph! E-e-e-ph!" he shouted, and then drawled out, in provokingly amusing tones, the word "Ephraim—Ephrum—Ephraeem!" in all the varieties of nasal and non-nasal intonations, to which our hero had been but too well accustomed two years before, on board of the "Three Sisters." Ephraim still stared in undisguised amazement. He feared his employer was going mad.

"Mr. Doolittle," said Peter Marsden at length, wiping the perspiration from his brows with his bandana, and settling his collar, as his manner was, when he wished to be impressive—"Mr. Doolittle, in the two years that you have been here, I have netted twenty thousand dollars."

Now, twenty thousand dollars was considered rather more than a fair two years' work thirty years ago. But what connection this had with the vocal gymnastics of his employer, Ephraim could not tell.

Mr. Marsden proceeded—"I consider that profit as having been mainly derived from my stumbling upon so capable and clever a Yankee as you are. I have not made a companion of a clerk for nothing, for it was from sundry West India hints that you dropped that I fell into the channel which I have so successfully followed. You have taken no undue advantage of the freedom with which I have treated you, and have ever proved yourself in all respects worthy of confidence."

"Thank you, sir," said Ephraim.

"You will excuse my mimickry just now, for your manner at that moment so forcibly brought back the Yankee boy that I could not help it. Now, Mr. Doolittle, as I have derived so much advantage from you, it is no more than fair that you should share it. From this day a third of the profits shall be yours, and you are too good a business man not to work yourself in as an equal partner after a while."

Ephraim's heart was too full to answer, and Mr. Marsden too considerate to give him an opportunity. He shook him warmly by the hand and left him. The first thing Ephraim did when he found himself alone was to begin aloud—"Wal, I swan to man!"

He started at the echo of his own Yankee voice uttering Yankeeisms, and silently quoted a certain proverb, "What is bred in the bone," &c.; but he did not trust his tongue with it.

CHAPTER III.

THE next day's paper contained the partnership notice of Marsden and Doolittle; and it was a pardonable vanity in Ephraim that he took care the advertisement should be published in Boston also, with a solicitation of consignments. Nor was this notice without its effect. Marsden & Co. soon had rather more than one man's share of the Boston business, and Peter Marsden was every day better satisfied than ever that he had done a good thing in taking in his young partner. It must have been high tide in the Delaware when Ephraim stepped ashore from the "Three Sisters," for no ebb tide could thus have taken him on to fortune. The reader need not be informed that the young merchant fully justified Mr. Marsden's predictions, and while he looked out well for the firm did no less for himself, and in a year or two from the date of his entrance into the copartnership was an equal participator in the profits and equal owner in the stock. At length, indeed, Mr. Peter Marsden, who with every year that passed over him seemed to settle farther and farther down into his boots, was lost in them altogether, so far as any practical purpose was concerned. Ephraim had the whole business in his own hands, and it could not have been in better.

Changes took place in the household—where, by the way, we might have said before, Ephraim had been domesticated from the first. He would quite as soon have thought of leaving the firm as of leaving his comfortable quarters in the old mansion—now alas obliterated, to make room for twenty-five wooden houses, built like a slim carrot with abundance of longitude and no latitude at all —a plague of such innovations on old-fashioned comfort, *we* say! John, the son, was made a physician of, and carried his profession into practice by—putting a sign on the window-shutter of the breakfast-room, and nothing more. Mary grew matronly as her mother and father became infirm, and gradually assumed the whole charge of the household, in which she found it, by some unexplained and mysterious sympathy, much more natural to ask advice of Ephraim than of any body else; and he, accustomed to give counsel and direction, answered as naturally as if Mary had been his own sister. Offers of marriage Mary did not lack, for independent of her personal merits and attractions, there was her father's fortune to be considered. To all of these she turned a deaf ear, assigning as the reason that the persons were

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indifferent to her. This certainly was true, and was a good enough reason, as far as it went, and as it answered the purpose fully, she did not examine her heart or look into her motives for any other.

In process of time Mary Marsden passed entirely "out of the market," as the mercenary phrase is, and was dropped out of the list of marrying people. Occasionally a "calculating" offer was made her by some person who wished to marry as a matter of convenience, and reckoned upon the usefulness of a wife as he would upon any piece of merchandize which he thought of purchasing. Mary was too shrewd to look for a moment at suitors who require a "character" from their intended, as one asks references from a clerk or a recommendation from a new domestic. So she became what is called an old maid—that is to say, a kind-hearted, benevolent and industrious girl, content assiduously to support the tottering steps of her parents down the declivity of years, piously to minister to their comforts, and patiently to endure their natural querulousness as the eye became dim and the things which once pleased palled upon their worn-out senses.

How lovely is such a woman—lovely, indeed, in mind and in heart, strewing the paths of those around her with flowers, while the only participation in them that she asks is the delight of making others happy! Ever ready with kind offices, self-sacrificing, indefatigable, and habitually meek and uncomplaining, if her face seemed sometimes careworn, it was not with repinings for herself, but that she assumed with generous sympathy the distresses of others. If the frivolities of the hour did not interest her, the thoughtless pronounced her "*sour*." *They* did not see the heavenly smile which lighted up her face when her father or mother made some unpremeditated expression of pleasure—they did not hear the grateful voice of the soul ready to perish when it arose in benisons upon her name. Such are "old maids!" The world does not know them; if it did, nothing but the most resolute obstinacy on their part could keep the class extant.

Ephraim was not, of course, insensible to the excellent character of her who was so long an inmate of the house with him. But Ephraim was eminently conservative, and held it to be a sound principle always to "let well enough alone." Everything in the house went on like clock-work. John smoked in his den down stairs, and Mary quietly closed the doors when the smoke crept up and made her mother cough. Peter Marsden regularly droned through the advertising columns of the United States Gazette and Poulson's Daily Advertiser from the force of habit, and if the day was fine rode down for an hour to his counting-room. Ephraim came regularly home to dinner, and as regularly spent his evenings in the house, and Mary talked or listened as she detailed domestic incidents; or he brought home the news from out of doors. He had not a thought beyond the enjoyment of his present quiet and exceeding content. Perhaps Mary *had* her thoughts—but what can a woman do, you know!

One morning when Ephraim went down to his warehouse he found, as he entered, his easy, broadest chair, which had an expansion of legs which seemed sufficient to defy Archimedes to push the high back out of the perpendicular, tilted up! From one side of the seat issued one leg of a man, the foot resting upon the desk; and the wooden pegs in the sole of the other shoe were exhibited to the passers-by in the street as specimens of the best Yankee manufacture. A long and strong cigar emitted jets of villanous smoke from a head in the chair, which head seemed to have some connection with the legs aforesaid, and two long arms widely spread held up the morning paper. Upon hearing footsteps, these extensively distributed democratic limbs gathered themselves together in acknowledgment of a federal union, the chair came down with a bang, and Captain Obed Weathermainbrace, going through in his several limbs as many evolutions as the column of an army recovering from a repulse, stood up before Ephraim an unbroken pillar of humanity.

"Mr. Dewlittle, how do ye dew!"

"Hulloa—what—my old friend, Captain Obed! I haven't seen you before since I landed from the 'Three Sisters.'"

"No more havn't I. Wal, the 'Three Sisters' was landed *tew*, several years ago, spank on Cohasset rocks."

"That was unlucky."

"Kivered by insurance—total loss—to the underwriters. Well, how's your children?"

Ephraim blushed, and said he was not married.

"Now, *dew* tell! Why, we had it in Boston that you'd married old Peter Marsden's daughter long enough ago. Why, what in water *have* you been thinking of?"

Sure enough, thought Ephraim—and wondered this had never occurred to him before. He got rid of his troublesome visitor as soon as possible, for when a Yankee takes an idea it does not rest for want of turning. Mary Marsden did not talk with half so much innocent indifference to Ephraim after that evening, until a few weeks more, when the hymeneal head of the newspapers having made the whole matter public, Mary and Ephraim were on as easy and unconstrained terms as ever again. Thus were Captain Obed Weathermainbrace's two visits to Philadelphia the making of Ephraim Doolittle's fortune, whether Obed derived any particular advantage from them himself or not.

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OUR ARTISTS.—NO. V.

DEAS.

THE gardens of the desert, as one of our poets calls the prairies, constitute a peculiar feature of American scenery. To an experienced foreigner the great charm which invites a pilgrimage to this continent is the interesting spectacle afforded by primeval nature, and the juxtaposition of civilized and savage life so richly in contrast with scenes familiar in the Old World. If there be any legitimate foundation for a literature essentially American, it is doubtless referable to like sources. A man of genius, with keen powers of observation, who came over in one of the earliest steamers that crossed the Atlantic, complained to us, after a few weeks' residence in Boston, that he could discover nothing characteristic or original except the eloquence of a well-known sailor's preacher. He could scarcely realize that he was not in an English provincial town. The stranger's disappointment ceased at once when he found himself in the Far West. There life assumed a new aspect and nature presented striking phases. He received what he earnestly sought—vivid and lasting impressions. There was a moral excitement awakened quite different from the luxurious dreams he had known on the shores of the Bosphorus, the mental stimulus derived from the intellectual circles of London, and the suggestions of art and antiquity in Italy. He saw for the first time majestic rivers flowing through almost interminable woods; seas of verdure decked with bright and nameless flowers; huge cliffs covered with gorgeous autumnal drapery, and resembling the ruined castles he had beheld in northern Europe. Nor was this new experience confined to the externally picturesque. He became acquainted with the hunter and the Indian. The guest of a frontier garrison, he heard the cry of wolves while sharing the refined hospitality of the drawing-room; and often passed from the intelligent companionship of an accomplished officer to the lodge of an aboriginal chief. He witnessed the grave bearing of a forest-king and the infernal orgies of a whole intoxicated tribe. The venerable sachem, the graceful squaw, the lithe young warrior; the war chant, the council fire and the hunter's camp, furnished ample materials to his senses and imagination.

It is somewhat remarkable that a field so peculiar to our country has not been more ardently explored by native artists and authors. There is nothing in the life of our cities which may be deemed original. Their comparative youth renders them far less suggestive than those of the Old World, where a greater variety of elements and a more intense social being create ever-new sources of inspiration. We are educated under the same influences as our English progenitors. Their poets and philosophers are ours also, and have their prototypes among us. In fact, the general culture is the same, and it is in our border life alone that we can find the materials for national development as far as literature and art are concerned. Yet the greater part of what has yet been done in America in the way of writing and painting, echoes the past instead of representing a new present or foreshadowing a great future. We are not advocating originality as alone desirable; on the contrary, a good poem in the style of Pope, a fine essay in the diction of Addison, or a portrait after the manner of Sir Joshua, for us have each their intrinsic interest wherever produced. We can see no reason to complain of our artists and writers if the scenes or the sentiments they illustrate have no peculiar "native American" zest, provided they are in themselves noble and lovely. There is, indeed, no little cant prevailing on this subject, and it is absurd to expect from a mind educated in one of our northern cities any other than a Saxon development. Greater freedom of thought, a bolder reach of speculation should, indeed, distinguish men of talent in a republic; and there are a few local traits of climate and scenery which our poets should chronicle; but, as a general rule, our tastes are formed on the same models as those of the mother country, and our mental characteristics are identical with the race whence we sprung. It is with reference to the frequent complaints of the want of transatlantic appreciation that we allude to this question. It is unreasonable to expect that any great interest will be excited abroad in the fruits either of the pen or pencil here, except so far as the subjects are novel or the execution superlatively great. Tales of frontier and Indian life—philosophic views of our institutions—the adventures of the hunter and the emigrant—correct pictures of what is truly remarkable in our scenery, awaken instant attention in Europe. If our artists or authors, therefore, wish to earn trophies abroad, let them seize upon themes essentially American. The young artist named at the head of this paper has acted on this principle. Those who are accustomed to look occasionally into the rooms of the Art Union in New York, cannot fail to have seen from time to time very spirited representations of Indian or hunter life. There is a wildness and picturesque truth about many of these specimens in remarkable contrast to the more formal and hackneyed subjects around them. We remember one in particular, of an Indian maiden standing on

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a rock and gazing forth upon an immense prairie, her figure relieved against the evening sky and her whole air full of the poetry of grief. One could have surmised the tale at once. She had been abandoned by her lover, and was about to cast herself from that precipice. There she stood alone, calm and voiceless, watching the sun go down—as she had often done beside the faithless object of her devotion. Another represented a Pawnee galloping on an unshorn and unharnessed horse across the prairie. Its authenticity was self-evident, and everything about the rider and his steed in perfect keeping.

The maternal grandfather of Charles Deas was Ralph Izard, whose recently-published correspondence honorably identifies him with our Revolutionary history. His promising descendant was born in Philadelphia in 1818, and received his education from the lamented John Sanderson. His first ideas of art were derived from some good copies of the old masters belonging to his family, and from a habit, acquired very early, of diverting himself by drawing at school on a slate, and modeling little horses in beeswax at home. He possessed great sensibility to color. According to phrenologists, this depends upon organization, and facts warrant the inference. A striking difference is observable in individuals, both in regard to the correctness of their natural perceptions and the feeling they have in this regard. The remark of a blind man when asked his idea of scarlet, that it was like the sound of a trumpet, is well known, and indicates how much reality there is in such impressions. It was one of the earliest delights of Deas to note the mysteries of color and trace the manner in which the brilliancy of one is heightened by the gravity of another. To one who has the soul of a painter, the effects of light and shade are a world in which it is as pleasant for him to expatiate as for a soldier in military tactics or a bard in the intricacies of the heart. Visits to the old Pennsylvania Academy, to Sully's rooms, and loiterings on holiday afternoons before the print-shop windows in Chestnut street; drawings from casts of the antique, and experiments in portraying his playmates, were among the significant tendencies of our painter's boyhood. His views, however, from the first, were directed with enthusiasm towards a military life, and upon leaving school he went to live on the Hudson, and prepared himself to enter the military academy there situated. Meantime, however, his leisure was wholly given to exploring expeditions amid the beautiful scenery by which he was surrounded. His constitution thus became inured to fatigue, his eye practised in the observation of nature, and his dormant artistic propensities fostered into new vigor. He was a zealous sportsman, and found his purest enjoyment when wandering equipped with gun, fishing-rod and sketch-book. This independent existence alternating with periods of secluded application, was finely adapted to harmonize his character. Having failed in obtaining an appointment as a cadet, he immediately turned his whole attention to the art of painting, and sought to enlarge and deepen his scenic impressions by a tour to the head waters of the Delaware and through the magnificent scenery of the White Hills. A year or two were then given to the study of his profession under the auspices of the National Academy, and to improving fellowship with other artists. The era of manhood brought with it a revelation to the moral nature of the student, and he learned to recognize the authority of the higher sentiments. His first successful picture illustrated a frequent local scene familiar to the denizens of the Hudson. It was called the "Turkey Shoot," and was so graphically delineated as at once to hit the fancy of a genuine Knickerbocker whose ancestors were among the early colonists, who became its purchaser. The next year he exhibited a variety of cabinet pictures, drawn chiefly from familiar life, which met with more or less success. "Hudibras engaging the bear-baiters," "Walking the Chalk," "Shoeing a horse by lamplight," &c., were among the subjects.

With the tastes and habits we have described, it is not difficult to fancy the effect produced upon the mind of Deas by the sight of Catlin's Indian Gallery. Here was a result of art, not drawn merely from academic practice or the lonely vigils of a studio, but gathered amid the freedom of nature. Here were trophies as eloquent of adventure as of skill, environed with the most national associations and memorials of a race fast dwindling from the earth. With what interest would after-generations look upon these portraits, and how attractive to European eyes would be such authentic "counterfeit presentiments" of a savage people about whose history romance and tradition alike throw their spells! To visit the scenes whence Catlin drew these unique specimens of art, to study the picturesque forms, costumes, attitudes and grouping of Nature's own children; to share the grateful repast of the hunter and taste the wild excitement of frontier life, in the very heart of the noblest scenery of the land, was a prospect calculated to stir the blood of one with a true sense of the beautiful and a natural relish for woodcraft and sporting. A brother of the artist was attached to the fifth infantry, then stationed at Fort Crawford, and in the spring of 1840 he left New York for that distant port. By the Lake rout he reached Mackinaw—one of the most romantic spots in the country—and here for the first time he saw genuine sons of the wilderness, many of the Chippewa tribe being encamped on the beach. He thence proceeded to Green Bay, through the interior of Wisconsin, by Fort Winnebago and Fox Lake, to his destination at Prairie du Chien. Besides a happy meeting with his brother, he was cordially received here by his messmates. General Brooke was at that time commanding in the northwest, and through his influence and that of the gentlemen connected with the Fur companies, he was enabled to collect sketches of Indians, frontier scenery

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and subjects of agreeable reminiscence and picturesque incident, enough to afford material for a life's painting. Keopuk, the great chief and orator of the Sacs and Foxes, was at Fort Crawford holding a council with the Winnebagoes. The assemblage and their proceedings were very imposing. The Sacs were endeavoring to "cover the blood" of a young man of the other tribe who had been killed some time previously. They tendered a considerable sum of money, which was at last accepted by the opposite party. The Sacs and Foxes were living in tents allowed them from the fort, in an enclosure attached to the palisades. A relative of the deceased object of the conclave, wishing to insult Keopuk, took advantage of the absence of most of the party, to crawl up under the shelter of a fence in the rear of his tent where he was seated in state. The costume of the venerable chief was superb, a tiara of panther and raven skin adorning his head. The intruding Winnebago quietly lifted the canvas of the tent, and suddenly tearing this gear from the old man's person and scattering it over the mats, retreated as he came, before the sentry could arrest him. This insult to their leader produced many serio-comic scenes, and gave Deas a fine opportunity to observe the expression of Indian character. Keopuk maintained a dignified silence, but the gloomy light of his eye betokened how keenly he felt the mortification. His enraged spouse was by no means so calm. Her imprecations caused an outcry which called out the officer of the day, and it was long before the storm was quelled. The scene afforded striking pictures of Indian character. The new post of Fort Atkinson, fifty miles west of Crawford, was also visited. The picturesque appearance of the cabins and tents, the novel mode of life in the open air, the excellence of the grouse shooting on the rout, the success of which was enhanced by the perfect training of the pointers, rendered the trip delightful, and furnished some camp incidents for the sketch-book. After his return to the "Prairie," a command was sent to the "Painted Rock" to attend a payment of the Winnebagoes. Here the artist saw the natives to advantage in their everyday life. Every moment of the excursion was replete with interest. The party ascended the river in a Mackinaw boat. Several Indians were allowed to come on board, one of whom is quite a character, known by the sobriquet of "Two Shillings," which he obtained by his adroitness in procuring quarters of dollars from visitors at Washington while there on a deputation. The scenes witnessed at this payment would require a volume to do them justice. Sickness in all its stages was there, from the first listlessness of ague to the raging madness of high fever. All were attacked, from the mother with her first-born to the aged crone, from the venerable sachem to the young warrior. In passing from lodge to lodge, the most extraordinary incidents presented themselves; and in the stillness of the moonlit nights, the echoes of the Indian lover's flute blent with the battle chant or the maiden's shrill song.

On another occasion, Deas left the hospitable walls of Fort Crawford to accompany an expedition into the interior of Iowa, and penetrated the country as far as the east branch of the Des Moines river. While absent, besides enjoying fine sport, he enriched his portfolio, and thus ended with renewed gratification his first summer in the West. Prairie du Chien at this period was almost a French village, and the lively manners of the inhabitants, their races and other out-of-door amusements during the fine autumn weather, afforded new subjects of observation. The groups of half-breeds, Indians and voyageurs, always to be found about the trading houses and fur depots, realized all that an artist needs in the way of frontier costume and manners. In the winter of 1840–41, he visited Fort Winnebago, went down on the ice to Rock river, and returned to paint the likenesses of the prominent members of the tribe. He again visited the new post, the surgeon's room being his studio. The ensuing summer he made a tour to Fort Snelling and the upper Mississippi—painted a view of St. Anthony's Falls and several of the fine-looking Sioux in the vicinity. The latter enterprise was attended with some difficulty. The Indians, believing that the governor had sent a "medicine man" to carry away a portion of their visible bodies with a view to the utter destruction of the tribe, refused to sit. Tommah, a great conjurer, was at last induced to submit to the ordeal after much persuasion, and the others soon followed his example. Deas remained a week or two on a beautiful sloping prairie, dotted with the conical lodges of the race of Indians who make such regions their home. Here he saw some admirable specimens of the human form, and witnessed the celebrated ball-play in its perfection, each man appearing in a gala dress and painted from head to foot. There were also dog feasts, rice feasts, dances, songs and recitations by the old men of their principal exploits in war. The occasion was the ratification of a treaty, and called out all the display of which the Indians were capable. At a subsequent period, our artist joined the command under Major Wharton ordered to proceed from Fort Leavenworth to the Pawnee villages on the Platte river.

It will be seen from what has preceded what extensive opportunities he has enjoyed in the sphere which he has chosen for the exercise of his talents. If it be true, as is maintained by many advocates, that Nature is the best guide, and that the poet and the painter are most successful who throw themselves heartily into her embrace, who are jealous of the encroachments of authority, and seek mainly to reproduce what they see and feel, independent of the dictation of schools and public opinion, we may justly look for some rich and peculiar results from the youthful experience of this artist. He is now established at St. Louis, and it is gratifying to add

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from his own testimony, that he has there found all that a painter can desire in the patronage of friends and general sympathy and appreciation. Among the subjects which have recently occupied him are "Long Jake," designed to embody the character of the mountain hunter; the "Indian Guide," whose prototype was a venerable Shawnee who accompanied Major Wharton; "The Wounded Pawnee;" "The Voyageur," "The Trapper," two illustrations from the history of "Wenona;" "A Group of Sioux," and "Hunters on the Prairie." The most important epic subject which has engaged his attention is taken from the life of General Clarke, of Kentucky; it is the meeting of the council of the Shawnees at North Bend, when by his firmness he saved the frontier from the horrors of an Indian war. There is now on his easel a picture entitled "The Last Shot," founded on an incident which occurred immediately after the late battle of Rio Grande—the parties being Captain Walker and a Ranchero. Art, it will be seen, is not without its representatives in the Far-West; and diverse as is the school from those of Europe, it has its own permanent interest, and one which, we trust, will be more and more worthily recognized and illustrated.

FLAGG.

To an observant eye the metropolis of New York is an epitome of the Old World. One can there discover some hint or vestige, some emblem of all the nations of the earth. When we hear a returned traveler sigh for Europe, we lament that his organ of ideality is so small; for were it otherwise, he would find in his daily walks objects to rouse the dormant associations of his pilgrimage and transport him in fancy to the scenes he regrets. Herein have the poet and artist their advantage. In that grand fable of the division of the earth, after Jupiter had given his share to each applicant, the bard came forward, and there was no alternative but to assign him the freedom of the whole universe. If fortune was denied, all nature became tributary to his soul. Hence one of the race complacently exclaims, as it were in the very face of the world—"You cannot shut the windows of the sky!" and seems quite content that it is permitted him to look through them. We fell into this train of musing after leaving Flagg's room, one clear, warm day last month. He was just putting the finishing touches to a picture which took our eyes and heart at once, and the impression lingered very sweetly for hours after. This, by the way, is no inadequate test of the life in a work of art, though not of its abstract merit. We once heard a celebrated poet say that memory was the best crucible in which to assay verse. Whatever possessed any of the divine afflatus, he declared, knit itself into the web of his reminiscences, so that a really fine bit of rhyme became a part of his intellectual vitality, and rose and fell on the tide of reflection like a water-lily, sometimes o'ershadowed by a cloud of care or drooping in the heat of daily strife, but ever and anon raising and opening its pure and fragrant leaves to refresh his vacant mood. The subject of Flagg's picture was quite familiar to all who daily pass along Broadway, and yet to him only did it offer itself in a picturesque and suggestive light—as a thing to rescue from the crowd and embody in outline and color, and light and shade, and so enshrine as a type of the beautiful, a fragment of life the contemplation of which might touch the chords of feeling, and make audible some latent strain of melancholy sweetness. It was the "Mouse Boy," that little brown varlet who begs for pennies and shows his white mice, which he carries about in a small box strapped to his neck. A juvenile countryman of the discoverer of this continent demurely vagabondizing in its principal city, assuredly savors of the romantic, but Flagg enriched his model by deepening the eyes with Italian sensibility and casting into the attitude and over the face that winsome and beaming tranquillity — that *dolce far niente*, so southern, so infectious—the luxurious repose upon one's own sensations—to be felt rather than seen, as if the balmy sunshine of his native Genoa lay soft around the indolent urchin, and the blue Mediterranean was spreading to cradle the azure reflected from above, before his enamored gaze! There is an admirable simplicity in the design. The boy is seated upon a rock, his box upon his knee and the left elbow very naturally resting on its lid, while over the back of the outstretched hand the mouse runs playfully along. The tone of the coloring is very harmonious, the position altogether graceful and easy, and the impression of the picture at once natural and pleasing. There is a class of subjects between the high ideal and the homely true, where the simplicity of mere nature is a kind of basis for sentiment, which are admirably calculated to enlist universal sympathy. The effect of such painting upon the mind is somewhat like that of the poetry of Burns. Jeannie Deans and the heroine of the Promessi Sposi are characters which assimilate to the range of which we speak, in fiction. Murillo finely represents it in art. If we look upon one of his Madonnas—not as a Holy Family—but only as a mother and her child, their exquisite nature is enchanting, although as poetical or religious conceptions they disappoint; but there is a genuine humanity, a real natural beauty about them which excites love in the same proportion that more elevated compositions awaken veneration. This picture of Flagg's belongs essentially to the same school. It aptly combines nature with sentiment, and thus gives a true glimpse of what may be called the poetry of humble life. It is evident that this artist excels in subjects like these. We hope he will devote himself more earnestly to them. The picture which gained him the most reputation abroad was of a similar description—the "Match Girl." It was

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just the thing which the countrymen of Gainsborough could instantly appreciate. Let Flagg work at this vein faithfully, and the result cannot be otherwise than highly satisfactory. He has proved in the picture we have noticed, that he can at happy moments throw aside the dry style of color to which he was formerly addicted, and emancipate himself from the trammels of imitation. He has labored under the disadvantage of having been a prodigy, for as a boy-painter he was the pet of the Bostonians, after a surfeit of injudicious though very natural admiration at the south, where his juvenile portrait of Bishop England excited no little wonder. As was to be expected, the youth soon began to work under the influence of love of approbation too exclusively to effect anything genuine. Fortunately he soon became a pupil of his uncle, Washington Allston, and enjoyed the inestimable privilege of that master's example and affectionate instructions for two or three years. He was by his side when he painted "Spalatro and Schedoni," and used to watch him as he started back from the canvas and threw himself into the attitude of the figure he was designing—which was his constant habit, and a fine illustration of nervous sympathy—the engagement of the whole man, body and soul, in his work. At the same period he painted "Rosalie," and Flagg is a witness to the fact that the inimitable head of that sweet creation was finished, contrary altogether to Allston's usual practice, in three hours.

The designs of Flaxman first revealed to Flagg the necessity of study, and the conversation of his gifted relative gradually opened to his view the immense treasures and far-reaching agencies of his profession. He lived for several months in the family of Channing, and passed many an evening in the society of the poet Dana. He frequently accompanied Allston in his walks, and the latter availed himself of every note-worthy object and impressive incident to urge some high or touching lesson. Especially did he endeavor to bring home to the feelings of his pupil the religious tendencies of Art, and to make him realize the need of aspiration as an element of all greatness and exalted success. He stayed his inconsiderate criticisms, and on one occasion, wrote a beautiful little poem expressly to charge his nephew's memory with the result of his own experience—that mere pleasure sought for its own sake was thoroughly unsatisfactory to an elevated mind. He described to him, when the labors of the day were over, the characters of the interesting men he had met abroad, and portrayed to his imagination, as only an artist can, the beautiful women he had seen. Such was the education of Flagg, a rare and enviable one, considering its superiority to that which ordinarily attends the early life of our painters. Among the efforts of his novitiate, still remembered, are "A Boy listening to a Ghost story from the lips of a Hag," and a young Greek. At length he produced "Jacob and Rachel at the Well," which evinced such merit that Allston said, "Now you may consider yourself an artist." A full length of a boy, exhibited at New York, caused him to be elected an honorary member of the National Academy; and a cabinet portrait of Madame Pico, in the character of Cenerentola, with Venetian architecture in the back-ground, won him favorable notice during the late successful operatic season. A picture of the "Murder of the Princes," from Richard III., had before procured him the liberal support of Laman Read, through whose assistance he visited Europe, and gave three years to intercourse with artists and the study of the best works abroad. Flagg has suffered from ill health, and his efforts have been unequal and often wholly subservient to temporary necessities. In view, however, of the remarkable advantages he has enjoyed, and that maturity which only experience can bring, we cannot but look upon the happier specimens of his ability to which we have referred, as pledges of yet more consistent exertions, such as will amply vindicate the promise of his boyhood and the fame of his lineage.

THE BEAU'S STRATAGEM.

(*See Plate.*)

"My lady-love, she does not know
That day and night I watch for her;
The doors are barr'd, the page is slow—
I'll send by Cupid's messenger."

He spoke, and from his bow there flew
An arrow-missive, light and fleet;
It won the open window through,
And rested at his lady's feet.

It came like sigh upon the blast—
But her quick ear has caught the sound,
As like a humming-bird it passed,
Then settled gently on the ground.

She sees it with her half-closed eyes,
As on her aunt's dark robe it fell;
But who will gain the tender prize
Is more than Love or I can tell.

The aunt, she has a puzzled air,
And doubtless heard the arrow's flight,
And she may bend her glances where
The precious scroll may meet her sight.

But while within our "Book" they live,
The matter thus in doubt may rest,
To show that stratagems must give
A world of trouble at the best.

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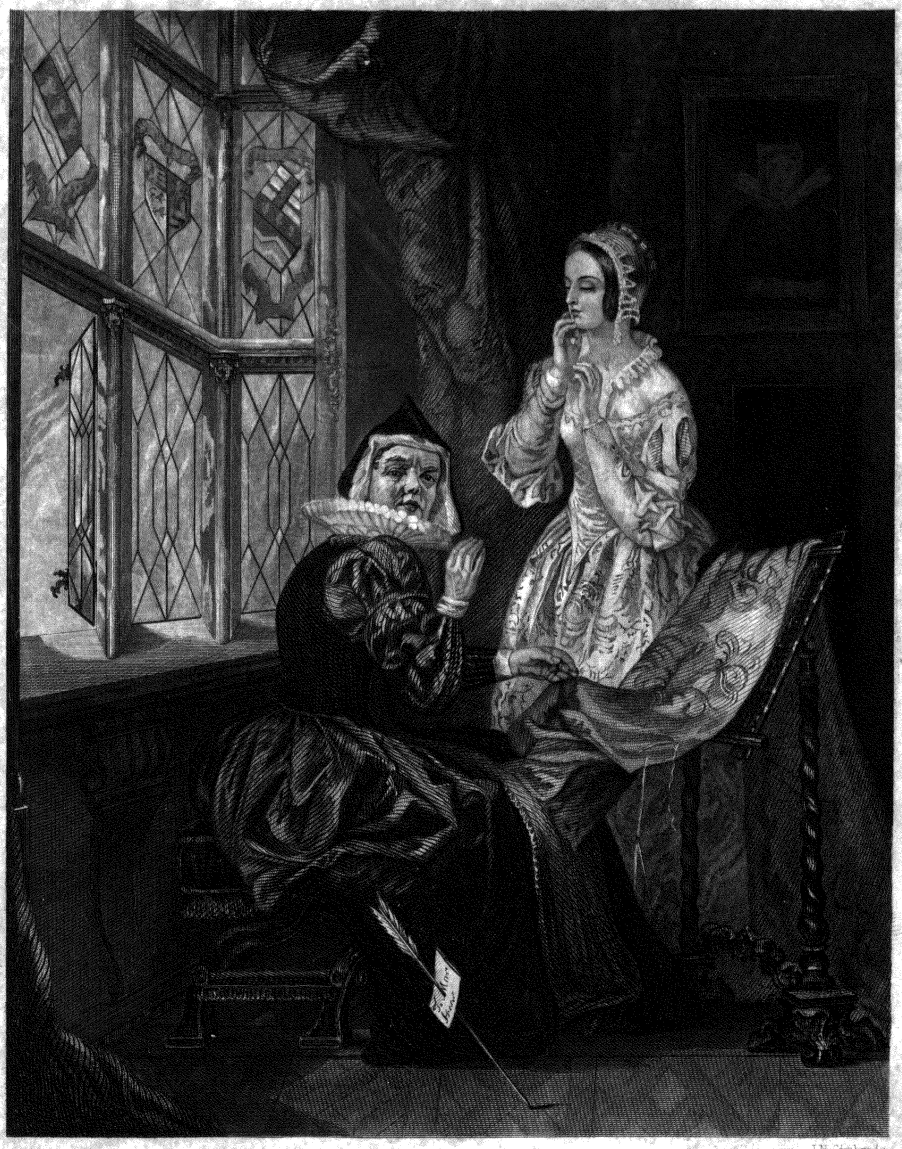

J.N. Cimbrede

The Beau's Stratagem.

Engraved for Godey's Lady's Book.

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THREE NIGHTS IN AN OLD COUNTRY HOUSE.

A GRANDMOTHER'S REMINISCENCE.

BY MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN.

ALMOST within the modern precincts of the city stands an old frame edifice, which, however familiar it may have become, must once have been an object of interest to every observant frequenter of the beautiful drive, the B—— road. Its style of construction refers its date to colonial times, while its size, and the traces, not altogether lost, of its costly finish, suggest that its original proprietors must have belonged to the highest aristocracy of their day. The front, which it presents to the road, is that of a spacious centre building, with a lofty gable and a large triple-arched window over the doorway, and two wings connected with it at the rear by narrow passages opening upon wide balconies, whose floors and ornamental railings have long disappeared. One of the wings alone is habitable, and the rude repairs by which it has been so kept, have destroyed every vestige of former elegance. The other, looking too precarious even for that purpose, with its sunken roof and shattered walls, is desecrated to serve as a cow shed, while tufts of hay and blades of fodder protruding through the unglazed windows of the main building, betray the uses to which it has fallen.

The small portion of the old domain still attached to the house, ill supporting the title of a dairy farm, is equally marked with neglect and decay. The few worn-out fields afford to the miserable stock but a scanty and unwholesome pasturage; the stone wall which surrounds what was once the garden, is broken into chasms partially filled, though not concealed, by masses of elder bushes and wild vines, and the garden ground itself is overflowed to a morass by a brook which was carried through it to supply a fish-pond. The same stream winds among the dock and plantain weeds of the untidy yard behind the house, and making a curve round the uninhabited wing, is carried by an artificial drain to a distance of fifty yards, where it empties under a sod-covered mound facing the side windows of the main building. This structure, which appears to subserve the purposes of a milk-house, is still in good preservation, having been built of materials more durable than those of the mansion itself. Its vaulted entrance is now filled by a rough wooden door, but beside it leans a large marble slab by which it once was secured. It is green with damp, and half overgrown with tangled grass, yet an inscription on it is still legible which designates it as having belonged to the family burial vault. The name it records is that of "WARRENDER."

I know not whether the place bears its original appellation, or has lost it by a change of ownership. In its better era it was called Warrenton, and by that name it became familiar to my fancy in my schooldays, long before I had had any anticipation of what afterward occurred, that of being entertained under its roof. One of my schoolmates belonged to the Warrender family, a sprightly beautiful girl, whose mother, a dashing widow, was the daughter of the head of the house, and who had spent her childhood amidst the gaieties and luxuries for which it was noted, as the seat of a family of great wealth and hospitality. Her descriptions of her old home and its festivities, and her undoubted familiarity with a style of living with which few of her young companions were acquainted, made her a person of consideration among them, even more than the cleverness that distinguished her in the school. I was two or three years her junior, but had always been regarded by her with especial favor and confidence, and when, at length, she was unexpectedly recalled by her friends, I often compared my dull school life and uninteresting associates with the pleasures of Warrenton, and with the lively, intelligent Julia Singleton.

I was about seventeen, when, several years after forming this acquaintance, I was taken to the city by my father to be left under the protection of some relatives whilst he prosecuted a journey of importance and urgency. We found on stopping that the family were absent in the country, and my father was perplexed to determine how to dispose of me, for he was unwilling to leave me in the house alone with servants and too much hurried to allow me to accompany him. In this emergency I thought of Julia Singleton and ventured my assurance of a ready welcome from her when she should be found. I had heard a short time previous, that she and her elder sister were the sole occupants of Warrenton, her mother having died in Europe a year or so before.

It was easy to find a direction to a seat so long famous as Warrenton. We drove out, and whilst the carriage waited at the gate in front of the house, I had full opportunity to take a survey of a locality of which I had imagined so much. I was disappointed, for though it was still a handsome edifice, and though the garden and shrubberies were still trimly and tastefully kept, yet there were marks of decay discernible in all, as well as a look of quiet and desertion not consistent with the condition of a large and fashionable establishment. A

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venerable-looking, gray-haired colored man took in our names, and my friend Julia stepped out upon the portico to receive us. Her salutation was cordial, and my father, after I had presented him, briefly and frankly stated his difficulty, and begged to place himself under obligations by throwing me on her hospitality.

Julia accepted the charge gracefully, saying that her sister and herself, as co-mistresses of the establishment, would do their utmost for my enjoyment of my visit, but that, as they saw little company, she feared I would find the old place less cheerful than she would desire it to be for me. Her manner was not deficient in kindliness, yet it had something of constraint and less of warmth than I had anticipated. A moment's reflection, however, reconciled me to it, as a part of the change which intercourse with the world had wrought in her deportment. She was no longer a careless and talkative girl, but a polished and dignified woman.

My father left us, and soon afterwards we were joined by Katherine Singleton, the elder sister. In her fine classic features she resembled Julia; both were brunettes, with full dark eyes and raven hair, but her figure was more majestically tall, and her countenance more thoughtful than that of my friend, while the tone of her conversation was too grave and intellectual not to cause her to be regarded with something of awe by a timid and unformed girl like myself. I did not feel at ease, though the splendor, at which I had prepared myself to be somewhat dazzled, was not presented to my view. The parlor in which we sat, and the eating-room communicating with it, were very simply furnished. Beyond these I could see nothing but closed doors and windows, and the whole house was as silent as if uninhabited. Except my companions the only living objects visible on the premises were the old black man that had admitted us, and an equally ancient dame of the same color, who with feeble step and stooping figure was gathering herbs in the garden.

Julia seemed to divine my impressions, and gradually she assumed her former frankness and gayety. Towards the close of the afternoon she conducted me through the garden and ornamented grounds, and amidst the conversation with which she sought to amuse me she said,—"You think Warrenton a very stupid old concern, don't you? —no doubt you expected to find us living in great state, with a crowd of guests around us, and a retinue of servants, as in my grandfather's time, and the few years that succeeded it. But those things are all gone by. The house was unoccupied for a long time, until our uncles gave us permission to take up our quarters in it. The rooms east of the hall, including the wing, which was formerly the library, we have left unopened, as they are altogether unfurnished. Those on the other side, with the west wing, in which are the kitchen and pantry, we find sufficient for two solitary damsels and their suite of two old domestics."

I ventured to express my surprise at the choice of her sister and herself in establishing themselves without protection in a place so destitute of neighbors.

"Oh, as to that, it was our peculiar taste, and why should we not gratify it?" said she carelessly; "Katherine has a mania for rural life and gardening, and I have one equally strong for reading novels and doing nothing. Here we can both indulge ourselves without restraint or interruption, for those who know us have always thought us odd, and oddities without much fortune are usually very little courted."

When twilight came on, the solitude and silence became almost oppressive. Miss Singleton left Julia and me to ourselves after tea, and when we had talked over our school friends and frolics, and discussed my limited experience of society, I felt ready to retire. Julia accompanied me to my chamber.

When we had ascended to the second story, I observed that the large, arched window lighted a wide lobby over the hall, into which opened chambers on either side, while narrow passages branched off, at the head of the stairway, to the wings. The apartment into which I was shown was the front one, on the west side above the parlor we had left.

"This is the most cheerful chamber in the house, and the only one we have fitted up for guests," said Julia; "I hope you will make yourself at home in it. Can I give you any assistance?—do not hesitate to ask for anything you may need, though you have no attendant but myself. As I have already told you, our domestic force is rather limited. Katherine is head gardener and housekeeper, I am chamber-maid and waiting-maid, at your service, ready to receive your commands in either capacity; and all the other offices of the household are filled by our faithful Cæsar, excepting, indeed, that of cook, for which poor old Judith's hands and eyes still serve her, after a fashion;" and wishing me pleasant dreams, she bade me good night.

The chamber was a large one, filled with handsome old-fashioned furniture, and had evidently been arranged with care for my occupancy. I soon snugly settled myself in bed, but the night was an exceedingly sultry one in the middle of June, and the air of the room was too close to allow me to sleep. I undrew the white dimity curtains of the bed and opened one of the front windows, but little to the increase of my comfort. I then thought of the side window near the head of my bed through which the western breeze might be admitted. I raised it and opened the door into the lobby, which was directly opposite to it, that a current of air might pass through the room, and returning to my bed I was soon in a sound sleep.

How long I had slept I could not have guessed, when suddenly I awoke, and as I opened my eyes I had an indistinct perception, which I believed to be part of a dream, of a shadow passing the open door, across which the moonlight was streaming

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from the large window in the lobby. Two or three minutes elapsed, and then I heard a faint, muffled sound, as of a moving object, though it seemed too soft for that of human footsteps. It was followed by the appearance of a female form facing the broad, clear light, and pacing the floor with a gliding and almost inaudible tread. She was clad in a long loose dress of white which hung over her feet, and her head was inclined forward with the chin resting upon the bosom. Thus she passed and immediately repassed the door, and I could distinguish that it was neither of the sisters, for though her height was the same as that of Miss Singleton, the hair which fell over her forehead from beneath a small close cap was quite fair. A chill crept over me at the sight of a figure so spectral, under circumstances when any one timid and imaginative as I was must have been predisposed to fear; but ashamed of a terror which was allied to superstition, I restrained an impulse I felt to scream, and a second to bury my head under the counterpane. I lay perfectly motionless, with my eyes strained upon the lobby, and a third time she presented herself, no longer seeming self-absorbed, but pausing before the doorway, and looking full towards me with deeply sunken eyes, which yet glittered with a cold, fixed lustre in the moonlight, and a face the most pallid, the most attenuated I had ever beheld. In a few seconds she moved noiselessly away, but the sickening dread I experienced in that short time I would not attempt to express. I lay almost paralyzed, momently expecting a return of the appalling vision, but happily it came no more. Every tale of ghostly visitation I had ever heard, vividly recurred to my memory, and, sooth to say, my imagination had been well pampered with that sort of lore. I dared not to leave my bed to close the door, nor even move to draw the curtains around me, and a cold sweat bedewed my face at every motion of a moth or beetle against the windows, and at every light brushing of the tree boughs against the walls. It was near morning when from the sheer exhaustion of terror I again fell asleep.

In the morning, though I could not satisfy myself that the source of my uncomfortable night was the delusion of a dream, yet I was ready to be convinced that my eyes and my fancy together had in some measure deceived me, and notwithstanding a feverish headache from my mental excitement and my loss of sleep, I strove to assume a cheerful countenance to present at the breakfast table.

"You know it is a creed with the old-fashioned gossips," said Julia, "that whatever is dreamed the first night in a strange house is to be verified. I suppose you have no objection to gratifying my curiosity by relating the experience of your slumbers?"

"Unluckily for testing the truth of the creed," I replied, "I was silly enough to allow all possibility of dreaming to be put to flight by an unsocial visit I received,—it seems to me, at an early hour of the night. Is either of you a sleep-walker?"

They both looked at me for a moment in surprise, and while the face of Julia slightly flushed, that of Katherine grew pale, and was instantly bent over her plate. I explained my reason for asking the question, and described my midnight visitant.

"Only a ghost," said Julia with a laugh, evidently forced, which was not checked by a furtive sign of reproof from her sister; "old Judith affirms that the house is haunted, but Katherine and I are both too bold and matter-of-fact ever to be troubled with a sight of apparitions."

"If we had supposed your imagination to be so active," said Miss Singleton, "Julia might easily have prevented such unpleasant consequences by sharing your chamber."

"You may count upon my company to-night," rejoined Julia; "and in the meantime rest perfectly easy that you will have no more such visitations."

There was still a want of ease and assurance in the manner of both, and I felt confident that the subject was renewed between them, for on returning to the breakfast-room for my reticule, after having been left in the parlor by Julia, they were standing at a window in low conversation, with looks expressive of deep anxiety. I certainly had received no satisfaction with regard to the source of my perplexity and alarm.

The day passed heavily to me, for though Julia, whose powers of entertainment were remarkable, did her utmost to amuse me, my headache prevented me from entering into the spirit of her conversation, and I tried both music and needle-work without relief to my depression. Once I took up a book, one of the wild romances that then commanded the popular taste, but she playfully drew it from my hand, protesting against a course of reading calculated to spoil my "sleep o' nights."

At an early hour in the evening I proposed withdrawing to my chamber, and according to her promise, Julia took possession of a small cot in a corner of the room. My loss of rest the preceding night had prepared me for sleep, and in a few minutes the lively chat of my room-mate was lost upon my ear.

Abruptly again I was awakened, and this time with a full consciousness of what had disturbed me. A loud scream was echoing among the walls, which, had I been more familiar with the expressions of bodily suffering, would have struck me as one of extreme agony. Another followed, and then another, and I called loudly to Julia. I received no answer, and springing from my bed I crossed the room to arouse her. I passed my arm over the cot and found it empty. Then came another though a feebler scream, and I grouped my way to the door. It was locked from the outside. I could hear footsteps hurrying to and fro through the house, but none near my chamber, and I was too much frightened to call. I crept back to my bed, and leaning on my elbow looked out of the window at its head. I saw a light extinguished suddenly in the stables, and heard, or fancied I heard, the roll of a rapidly driven vehi-

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cle, of which I could not be certain, for the wind made strange sounds about the large and decaying building. The moon had arisen and rendered distinctly visible the burial-vault with its white slab, which, when I first saw it by day, seemed to me revoltingly close to the abode of the living, and now the sight of it added to my feelings of apprehension and gloom. The screams had ceased, and once or twice I heard the tread of heavier feet than those seemed that had first caught my ear, and then all was silent as the grave.

At length I went to sleep, and when I awoke in the morning Julia was in the room, and dressed. She made no allusion to having left it, but her eyes were red and swollen, and delicacy prevented me from approaching the subject. She attempted to speak cheerfully, but it plainly was with effort.

"Is your sister well this morning?" I asked, at length, my sympathy getting the better of my caution.

She looked into my face with a quick, sharp glance of scrutiny, and then replied simply, "Not very well,—but I hope not seriously indisposed." No allusion was made to any disturbance in the night, and I had tact enough to busy myself with my toilette, assuming an air of indifference.

Miss Singleton was not at the breakfast table, and I saw nothing of her during the morning. The gay spirits which Julia had supported the day before seemed entirely to have deserted her. She spoke little, and when she did it was with seriousness and abstraction, and frequently absented herself from me for a considerable time, naming her domestic engagements as excuses. After we had partaken of an unsocial dinner, she observed, "The afternoon is oppressively warm, had we not better have a little sleep?—you still complain of headache, and it may be of service to you."

I did not object, though I felt no inclination to sleep, and taking from the table the volume which she had jestingly interdicted the day before, I retired to my room.

My headache grew more and more severe, and at length I determined to try one of the various remedies to be found in almost every house for such an ailment. I descended to the parlor, but found it vacant, and through the window I could perceive Katherine slowly walking with folded arms and downcast eyes in the garden. I did not wish to disturb her meditations, and returned to the upper story to look for Julia, whom I presumed to be in her own chamber. To this I had never introduced me, though I had several times seen her and her sister enter a room at the end of the passage leading to the east wing, and thither I went. I tapped at the door, and opened it on receiving no answer. Evidently it was not a sleeping apartment. It contained no bed, and a piano stood in one of the recesses by the chimney, while the other contained a workstand, and small shelves filled with books hung against the walls. I concluded it to be the private sitting-room of the sisters. I closed the door, and one beside it being ajar, I gently pushed it back. It opened into a chamber. It was scantily furnished and darkened, but I could perceive that a bed, hung with white, which stood at the further side, was occupied. I advanced to it softly, expecting to find Julia, and reluctant to arouse her should she be sleeping.

I had reached the bed and was bending over it, before I recognized, close beneath my own, by a bright streak of light streaming between the bowed shutters, the ghastly face which had so stricken me with horror on that first dreadful night of my memorable visit;—the same face, with its sharpened features and silvery hair, no longer wearing any semblance to life, but with its stony eyes set in the stare of a corpse!

I have often wondered, when I recall my feelings at that moment, that I had power left me to move from the spot, yet I had a consciousness left me of reaching my chamber and locking the door, and after that all was blank until I found myself lying across my bed with the setting sun shining in upon me. Two or three hours must have elapsed. Julia soon afterwards tried the latch of the door, and when I had admitted her, said that she had rapped once or twice, but that, as I had not answered she supposed me to be asleep. I declined going down with her, under plea of my headache; she did not insist upon it, but brought me a bowl of tea, and hoping that a good night's rest would cure me, she withdrew. She said nothing about returning to share my room, and I fastened the door after her.

I think that for the time my reason must have been unsettled by such a repetition of terror, for I took no note of how the time was passing, but sat on the side of the bed forming the most visionary conjectures as to whether the moving figure that had gazed in upon me, had been that of a spirit assuming the aspect of humanity, or was the inanimate body I had just seen endowed with volition to be the agent of some mysterious revelation; and as to whether the corpse itself might not have been an intangible apparition. I heard every stroke of the old clock on the staircase until midnight, and at that hour I believed I heard footsteps moving up and down the stairs, but my senses were too much confused to allow me any certainty of it. There had been no candles brought into the room, and the moon had not yet risen, so I was in entire darkness. All at once a reddish light flashed over the door and a portion of the wall, broken with transient shadows, and I turned hastily toward the side window through which it came. It proceeded from the interior of the burial vault! The slab had been taken away, and I could recognize the old black man standing inside with a lantern in his hand, and two men descending the steps bearing an apparently heavy object between. Both had the air and dress of gentlemen. The light flashed upon their burden, revealing it to be a coffin with a polished metallic plate upon the lid. They deposited it against the wall, and then I distinguished the two sisters, clinging to each other as they

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stood on the steps. All were motionless for a few moments, and then they came out into the darkness. The light was extinguished in the vault, and I saw no more.

Morning found me in the same state of mental bewilderment and prostration, but fortunately I was saved from betraying it. Whilst I was preparing for breakfast a carriage drove up to the gate, which proved to be that of my relatives in the city. They had returned the night before, and having learned from the servants where I had been left, they had sent at that early hour to claim their visit. The prospect of a removal from my trying position gave me instant relief, and I took leave of the sisters, thankful for their kindness towards myself, yet not knowing whether I should regard them with pity or suspicion.

Young and inexperienced as I was, I held the obligations of hospitality too sacred to make my painful experience at Warrenton a subject of discussion to others. It was many years before I ventured to speak of it, and long before then I had learned that the girls had left it immediately after my visit. I never saw either of them again, though I frequently heard of their prosperity and happiness. Katherine married a gentleman of high political station, and Julia became the wife of a distinguished officer in the navy.

The first person towards whom I ventured to drop my caution was an old lady, whose judgment I valued, and on whose discretion I could rely. She heard me with deep attention and much surprise.

"I knew those Warrenders well," she remarked, when I had finished my story; "and I may be able to throw some light upon the mysterious incidents of your visit, which to me are not less interesting, because they can be rationally explained. Colonel Warrender, the head of the family, left three children, two sons and a daughter, the mother of Katherine and Julia Singleton, who was one of the most beautiful and accomplished women of her day. Henry Warrender, the elder brother, became a man of great consideration in the commercial world, while John, the younger, rose to eminence as a lawyer. Their sister was a woman of fashion, married to a gentleman of expensive habits, whose fortune she was but too willing to assist in squandering. He died young, leaving his widow with two little girls and a heavily encumbered estate. The loss of her husband and the embarrassment of her affairs produced no change in Mrs. Singleton's mode of life. Her house remained still the favorite resort of all the elegant idlers within the scope of its attractions, and at length the remnant of her husband's wealth was gone. Her portion of her father's estate, which had not before come into her possession, now was a resource to her. It would have been a handsome competence to a prudent woman, but it was a much smaller share than those left to her brothers, a circumstance which was a source of disappointment and common complaint with her, though an unequal division of property in favor of male heirs was still sanctioned by general opinion. The business of the brothers made the city a more convenient residence for them, and Warrenton was placed at her command. Here, notwithstanding the remonstrances of her family, she contrived to maintain the state supported by her father, with a magnificence altogether incompatible with her income. As she advanced in life and her relish failed for the amusements of youth, she imbibed a taste for gaming, which then unhappily was countenanced by the most refined and influential women in the world of fashion. Sums were lost and won at her house which would have been important in the statistics of a public sink of vice. Under the infatuation of this passion she soon exhausted her fortune. Her course at length became a theme of public reprehension, and at this time an affair occurred that caused much speculation in the city. Heavy checks in the name of Henry Warrender & Co. had been cashed at the banks, which were discovered to be forged, and from whom they emanated the most vigilant measures could not determine. At last suspicions rested upon one of the clerks of the establishment, and legal proceedings were instituted against him. He was cleared, but during the investigation a clue was accidentally given by which the parties interested were enabled to trace the real offender. An attempt was instantly made to hush the matter up, but there were sharp-sighted persons as well as the Warrenders who were convinced of its being Mrs. Singleton.

"One of the partners of the firm was a Scotchman, named Macleod, a man of ungainly exterior, and stern, vindictive character, who had arisen from a low capacity to his present rank in the house. In his youth he had indulged a violent passion for the beautiful Eleanor Warrender, which she had treated with a degree of levity and scorn that had aroused the most evil impulses of his nature. When she became a widow he renewed his suit, and was repulsed with indignation as well as contempt. His time of revenge was now come. He held the forged paper in his possession, and the proof against her was at his command. No efforts could induce him to renounce his determination to follow her with the utmost rigor of the law. The Warrenders, by whom family pride was carried to excess, offered sums amounting to half their substance to purchase his silence and save their name from such a blot; but he was inexorable, and it was said that Mrs. Singleton, on her knees, begged his mercy, offering the hand he had so ardently sought, but was spurned with derision, and with an oath that to the day of his death his purpose should be unchanged. Flight alone was now left for her safety, and she disappeared. The impression was that she had gone to Europe, but this I had reason to doubt, though where she really had found refuge was known to the brothers alone. I was on terms of close intimacy with Mrs. John Warrender, and I know that the family had means

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of communication with her which such a distance would not have allowed. It was at the time of this disturbance that your friend Julia was recalled from school. Mrs. Singleton, with all her faults, had been a fond mother, and her children were devotedly attached to her. They remained under the protection of their uncles, going little into society, for they must have felt that notwithstanding their mental and personal attractions, the errors of their parent would doubtlessly have been visited upon them by neglect, or a still more painful curiosity.

"After two or three years, it was whispered among the friends of the Warrenders that Mrs. Singleton's health had failed her, and shortly after tidings were announced of her death. The family confirmed them by appearing in deep mourning. The girls, to the surprise of their circle, re-opened Warrenton, which had been vacant since their mother's occupancy. Grief for the death of their mother and love of retirement were given as reasons for their seclusion. Might it not have been that the unfortunate woman had been brought home, to spend her last hours in the arms of her children? Your story confirms the supposition.

"Another circumstance which now recurs to my memory is still farther proof. When the old place was sold to the speculators who had been patiently waiting for the growth of the city to cut it up into building lots, the family vault was emptied to fill one in the —— Cemetery. It was then remarked by the bystanders that one of the coffins bore the name of Eleanor Singleton, though it never had been communicated to the most confidential friends of the family that her remains had been brought thither for interment."

THE NAME THAT WE LOVE.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM LOVE.

LIVES there but one whom fondly you call MINE!
  Is every thought and feeling nicely twined
Around the echo of a name, which, in the shrine
  Of thy young heart—with heav'nly pureness lined—
Grows up a spirit shrub,—where hopes recline
  Living on sweets, in clusters close combined;—
And all thy cherished wishes, love-flushed, repose
Upon that shrub, as bees on honeyed rose.

Ofttimes the mere echo of that name brings,
  Streaming, in crystal gush around thine eyes,
From love's deep well those warm and pearly springs,
  When constant faith, in soft and balmy sighs,
Ruffs the soul's fountain with her zephyr wings
  And then in rapture on its bosom lies:—
O, what must be the calm unuttered bliss,
When heart meets heart to rest in love like this!

Ah, name of one beloved! how oft the sounds,—
  ——, in whispering echoes sweetly wend
Their secret, thrilling way; and round, and round,
  Through all the heart's canals, until they blend
Their sweet angelic murmurs on the mound
  Where lies the lake of tears; which heav'nward send
The absent self on burning wheels of light,
At morn, at noon, and in the prayers of night.

What's in a name?—nothing!—except to those
  Whose souls are one, though they are far apart;
Whose mutual thoughts some zephyr-spirit blows
  Around the garden-terrace of the heart,
Until, like gossamer, they find repose
  On beds of eglantine; from which they start
Their twining tendrils, that grow strong, and flower,
And for one name they weave a fragrant bower.

What's in a name?—nothing!—except to two,
  Who, like twin tulips on a sun-scorched stem,
No sooner drink the light, and morning dew,
  Than each becomes a brilliant star-like gem;
From languishing to death they live anew,—
  Fit to adorn the finest diadem;
So is the name of each to loving souls,—
It is the light, the dew, which life controls.

Alone, when wandering o'er the downy heath,
  When merry songsters with their music fill
The scented atmosphere; and near, beneath,
  Enchanting sounds arise from silver rill;
And countless autumn scenes their charms bequeath;
  And countless blossoms, dying, sweets distil;
Let but the name of one beloved arise,
For it all nature's love and beauty dies,
And on its altar all is sacrifice.

Amidst the gay and merry dancing throng,
  Where hearts beat lightly in the forms that seem
To swim on music's air; and glide along
  In one continuous, glad, angelic stream;
And eye meets eye in joy's enchantment strong;
  And all are blent—as though one radiant beam;
Then let the name we love steal o'er our heart,
And all that light in darkness will depart.

The name we love, when forced to solitude,
  Is to ourself a host, to sound it o'er and o'er;
The name we love, when with the multitude,
  Will quickly cast us on a lonely shore;
The name we love, when life's wild tempests rude
  Around us sweep, is faithful to restore
A holy calm; which, when affection shares,
That name will turn again to sighs and tears.

The name we love!—the lute-string of our thought,—
  Our hope's rich banquet-house,—our heart's deep cell,
Where it luxuriates; from which is brought
  All that is dear, all that we cherish well,—
The portrait of the soul, by spirit wrought
  Deeply on spirit, which no tongue can tell;
Yea, 'tis our life in life,—our death in death,—
Our death in life,—our life in death!

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MANAGING A BLUE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Not long since there arrived, in a certain western village, a young lady from near Boston, who, not having been thrown in the way of better employment, had spent nearly all of her time for years in reading. Circumstances had brought her into the society of intelligent classes of persons, and the conversations of these gave her mind the habit of thinking on subjects of more than ordinary interest, and induced her to read works of a philosophical character. Kant, Carlyle, Degerando, Goethe, Schiller, became her favorite authors, and she read them until she had quotations enough on her tongue's end to frighten away half the men who approached her.

Miss Phœbe Gray (that was the lady's name) was considered even at home a decided *blue*. She had early in life, so she said, been disappointed in love, and from that time had felt no more of the tender passion. Why she removed to the West was never clearly understood. Some were so malicious as to hint that marriageable young men were more plenty in that region. But this I must make bold to question, although some who knew her better seriously averred that she had no other motive for going west.

Be that as it may, the advent of Miss Gray into Floraville created a good deal of sensation. The young men were at first very attentive to her, and warm in praise of her beauty and intelligence, while the ladies looked at her askance and could not be induced to say anything in her favor.

"She talks like a book," said a young man to his friend, in speaking of Miss Gray a short time after her arrival.

"Or rather like ten books," replied the friend. "She uses me right up to nothing in no time with her Kant and Carlyle, and what does she call it—Gurtr?"

"Yes, that's it."

"And the mischief knows what all. The fact of the case is, I can't stand her."

"Nor I either. She makes me feel as small as a seed potatoe."

"Do you think she knows what good manners are?"

"I don't know. Why?"

"She made me feel as cheap as dirt last night. Before the whole company she said—'You've read Degerando, of course?' and then coolly waited for me to confess my ignorance."

"Did you do it?"

"I had never heard of Degerando. What could I say?"

"You could have pretended to be very familiar with him."

"Humph! And been made to expose my ignorance still farther, for she would have asked in the next breath if I remembered this or that passage. Has she ever served you so?"

"Not yet."

"Look out, then. I've seen her corner two or three, and worry their lives half out of them."

"Perhaps they were particularly green."

"Not more so than you or I. One was young Purdy, the lawyer, who knows a good deal about books. She exposed him cruelly. He was terribly mortified. He tried his best to appear to know all about the authors whose names and books she introduced, but she understood that it was all sham, and stripped him bare in little or no time."

This is but a specimen of the conversations that soon became current among the young men of Floraville, by whom Miss Phœbe Gray soon came to be held in fear. There were three young physicians and as many young lawyers in the village, besides a score of young men who were clerks or storekeepers. In his profession or calling, each of these had enough to think and study about, and of course had little or no leisure for reading or transcendental philosophy. In law, the lawyers were thoroughly read, and the doctors in medicine; and the storekeepers and clerks were reasonably well versed in the principles of trade, and followed diligently the calling to which they had devoted themselves. But for Kantean philosophy and Carlyleisms they had no taste, and always looked a little blank when they were introduced, as they invariably were by Miss Gray, who secretly enjoyed the annoyance she occasioned.

The effect upon the mind of Miss Gray was as might be supposed. Before she came to Floraville, she had a very good opinion of herself; this good opinion, since her residence there of a few months, had increased very considerably. She felt herself superior to the common mass around her. In fact, she looked down upon the very *élite* of Floraville.

No matter how skillfully the doctor managed a difficult and dangerous case of illness—no matter how profoundly versed in legal science the lawyer might be—no matter, in fact, how estimable in character and useful in his social sphere the individual who came in contact with Miss Gray, he was an object of contempt if not as thoroughly versed as herself in all the lore of modern authorship.

Like all whose self-estimation is based upon attainments not used for the public good, Miss Gray considered herself of ten times the consequence that really appertained to her.

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Among the dwellers in Floraville was a young physician of quiet habits and retiring manners, named Philips. He was ambitious of professional distinction, and therefore a hard student. For literary and miscellaneous reading he had neither time nor taste. He went into company only occasionally, and then kept aloof from the gayer circles. His reputation was that of a man of intelligence and a close thinker. Most of the young ladies held him in a kind of awe.

Some months from the time Miss Gray arrived in Floraville elapsed before she obtained an introduction to Doctor Philips. Frequent allusions to him were made in her presence, all tending to give her an idea that he was a personage of higher intellectual character than any with whom it had been her fortune to meet in that benighted section of the country. All this made her anxious for an opportunity to measure swords with him and show him her superiority. Such an opportunity finally came. They were thrown together one evening in a private circle, into which Dr. Philips came without suspecting the presence of Miss Gray. He was altogether unprepared for the meeting. But a few minutes were suffered to elapse after the introduction, before the young lady opened her battery with guns double-shotted in order to cope with a supposed strong antagonist.

"You have read, of course," she said, very early in the conversation, "the article on moral suasion in the last number of the Quarterly. Don't you think the writer has made his case perfectly clear?"

Now, Doctor Philips had not looked into any "Quarterly," except some medical Quarterly, for the last five years, and hardly knew the meaning of moral suasion. He was an honest, straightforward sort of a man, and could affect nothing. All that was left him was to reply, with a slight blush, that he had not read the article to which she alluded.

"Ah, indeed! Then you have lost an intellectual treat. I have not enjoyed an article so much for a long time. I have been trying to make out the author. It must be either Macaulay or Lord Brougham. The former, I should think, from the eloquent style in which it is penned. What a clear thinker and brilliant writer that Macaulay is! You remember his article on Milton?"

To this question followed a pause, and the Doctor was compelled to say that he had never read the paper to which she alluded.

"Have you not? I thought every one had read Macaulay. You, of course, have his Miscellanies?"

"No; I have not the pleasure of being at all familiar with him."

"So much the more to be regretted. You do not know what you have lost. Macaulay is the most brilliant reviewer of the day. His articles glitter in thought's jewels with the brilliancy of diamonds. He and Carlyle stand out prominently, yet each has a peculiarity distinctly his own. I need not tell you, doctor, what those peculiarities are."

Miss Gray looked smilingly at the doctor, and the doctor looked at her and smiled in return, but the smile of the latter was blended with confusion. He wished the young lady were distant a thousand miles. There were half-a-dozen persons present, and all were silent listeners of what was passing. For an hour at least did Miss Gray continue her attacks upon the doctor—they could be called nothing else—much after this fashion, completely discomfiting him every time. When he got away he was in a fever of excitement, and vowed that he would in some way "punish the ill-natured, ill-mannered girl."

"Miss Gray was too much for you last night, doctor," remarked a friend who had witnessed the whole scene, on meeting him the next day. "I hardly think she was polite."

"Polite? No; she was downright ill-mannered. If that is a specimen of eastern good-breeding, save me from it, I say. But I'll punish the huzzy, see if I don't."

"Hush, doctor; don't call hard names. That is not western good-breeding."

"It isn't, I admit; but I feel outraged. She knew very well that I was a physician, not a literary man, and that it wasn't to be supposed that I could be familiar with Brougham, Carlyle, Macaulay, and a host of others, both modern and ancient. I have something else to do. If she were dangerously ill, she would think much more highly of me were I to spend what leisure I had from my many professional engagements in reading about and studying her case instead of poring over her favorite authors."

"No doubt of that in the world. But how do you intend punishing her?"

"I can't tell yet; but I'll study out some method, depend upon it. I will neither forget nor forgive her."

As Doctor Philips, who was particularly sensitive, took this matter a good deal to heart, his friends enjoyed the thing much more than they would have done, and annoyed him by constant allusions to it. His usual answer was, that he would "return the favor one of these days with interest."

Only a few weeks elapsed before he was again thrown into company with Miss Gray. As eagerly as a spider watches a fly did the young lady watch for her victim, and pounce upon him with almost as hearty a good will. Several who had themselves been victimized, gathered around, and other members of a pretty large party swelled the circle and became eager listeners.

"There is to be more sport here," said one to his companion, as he saw the aspect of affairs. "Miss Gray has caught another victim. It is Dr. Philips. Poor fellow! I pity him. Come, let us hear what is going on."

And they moved up and helped to increase the number of listeners. The sport proved to be a

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little different from what had been expected. Dr. Philips had fully prepared himself for another attack with weapons equally as offensive as those which had been used against him. Before the lady had time to introduce any of her particular themes, the young doctor said—"Since I had the pleasure of seeing you last, I have enjoyed a rich intellectual treat."

"Indeed!" The countenance of Miss Gray brightened.

"Yes," he resumed. "In the British and Colonial Medical Review for July, is an article that has interested me deeply. It is a philosophical inquiry into the causes why a man who has had his arm or leg cut off feels his fingers and toes in the exact places where they had previously been. You are no doubt aware of this curious fact, Miss Gray?"

Miss Gray looked blank, and gave a confused and reluctant negative.

"Pardon me for having asked the question," the doctor said; "I know it is rude to ask such questions in conversation, but this fact is so commonly known that I did not dream any one could be ignorant of it."

The young lady bowed and looked still graver than before.

"You are aware, of course," resumed the doctor, "that the cause of this phenomenon is variously explained—some favoring one theory and some another. I have even heard the existence of a spiritual body within a natural body argued from this well-known fact—the advocates of this singular idea contending that all sensation was in the spiritual body, and that this remained perfectly organized and susceptible of feeling even after its material covering was removed—that, in fact, it was the spiritual hand or foot that felt after the natural hand or foot was removed. Doubtless there is truth somewhere in this region of assumed, not fairly argued, conclusions. That our natural bodies are merely the clothing of or machines by which our spiritual and really substantial bodies act in the material world, I think may be true. What is your opinion, Miss Gray? You have, doubtless, as your mind is highly philosophical, thought a good deal on this deeply interesting subject."

The young lady was cornered again, and had to own that her reading and habits of thinking had never led her to look at this subject.

"It is a highly interesting one," resumed the doctor; "none, in fact, can be more so. For ages the connection between spirit and matter has remained a problem; and this problem, as time advances, we become more and more anxious to solve. But I am wandering from what I had intended saying. I mentioned the writer in the review. You are aware, of course, that sensation has always been supposed to reside in the skin or outermost and extreme parts of the body. This, strangely enough, is denied by the writer alluded to. Feeling, he says, is in the sensorium; the perception of this in the skin. That is, when I lay my hand upon an object, it is my brain, not my hand that feels its form. My hand seems, it is true, to feel, but this he argues is only an appearance. In the brain, he says, there is an epitome of the whole man. In fact, that the man resides in the sensorium, as to the minutest particulars, and merely communicates with the external world by means of the external senses, which make no part of the man really. The type of the hand, he says, is in the brain, or rather, the man's real hand is in the brain, and this is the hand that feels when the physical appendages to the body bearing the same name come in contact with any object, and appears to feel. This is his main position, and he brings in the fact that after a man has lost his hand he still feels the hand to be in the same place, as one of its proofs."

"A very singular position, certainly," Miss Gray remarked, with an air of assumed confidence. But she was not suffered to remain at her ease long. Doctor Philips saw that his effort to punish and humble the blue was thus far completely successful, and he did not mean to stop until his revenge was complete. Gradually he went deeper, and introduced subjects appertaining to human physiology, yet managed to keep them sufficiently free from technicalities to enable any one to comprehend them, and even to join in the conversation with interest, if even a smattering of anatomy had been acquired. But Miss Gray had not even a smattering on the subject, and she was compelled to expose her ignorance at every turn.

With the most consummate tact and coolness did the young physician continue to worry his victim, for full an hour, and he did it with so much apparent good humor and unconsciousness, that she dared not show any symptoms of being offended. She understood, too, his meaning fully, and felt humbled. More especially was this the case afterwards, when sober reflection came and she saw how easy it was for any one to direct his or her mind to a particular course of reading and study, and thence be enabled to put to the blush another who had devoted an equal time to study, but in a different department of knowledge.

As for the auditors who were present during the conversation, they were delighted. Miss Gray's habit of victimizing every young man who ventured to converse with her was well known, and had been carried so far that almost every one felt outraged. The incident soon became known through the village, and Doctor Philips was congratulated on all hands. He had fought the conceited fair one with her own weapons, and completely discomfited her.

For a time, Miss Phœbe Gray was terribly mortified. But she had some good sense left, and this kept her from running away from Floraville.

Many weeks did not elapse before the doctor and Miss Gray again met, and, as on former occasions, in company. So complete had been the discomfiture of the young lady, and so marked had

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been the effect upon her, that Doctor Philips half-regretted the severity of the lesson he had felt compelled to teach her. His victory had satiated him, and he was disposed to submit to the loss of a few of the laurels he had gained, in order to let the young lady recover in some measure the self-satisfaction she had lost. But Miss Gray felt no disposition to measure swords again with so skillful an antagonist.

They met, and all waited with interest to hear the commencement of another wordy war. But all were disappointed. The young lady was reserved and polite, and so was the young physician. Neither introduced subjects, except of common interest, and on these they conversed without any effort at display. Upon the whole, Doctor Philips was pleased with the interview, and Miss Gray was no otherwise affected.

Soon afterwards they met again, and parted not only pleased with the interview, but pleased with each other. After this they met more frequently, whether by design or not cannot be said; but this much was certain, Doctor Philips read a few hours every week on subjects of general literature, and Miss Gray a few hours every day on scientific subjects, and those relating specially to animal and vegetable physiology.

It was not long before people began to look at each other knowingly, when the young lady was seen on the doctor's arm or the doctor seated by the lady's side. Certainly, they had become quite intimate in the space of a few months.

This intimacy steadily increased, until the doctor ventured to make proposals of a very serious nature. A malicious spirit whispered in the lady's ear, that now was the time to get her revenge; but love was stronger than pride—she yielded a blushing and glad assent.

Mrs. Doctor Philips, who has been a wedded wife for now about a year, is as little like the blue, Phœbe Gray, as can well be imagined. She is becoming quite a favorite with the people of Floraville, young and old—what she was not formerly, by any means. Some said the doctor was a fool for marrying her: but that, we rather think, was a mistake, and he, we are very sure, will heartily agree with us.

Among the various comments made upon the occasion of this marriage, was one that is worth a passing record. It was made by a young lady who had set her cap in vain for the doctor.

"No matter who or what a young lady is," she said, captiously, "if she hail from anywhere on the other side of the Alleghenies, and especially if from New England, she takes the pick of the beaux in spite of us. It is too bad! All acknowledge that the western girls make the best wives, and all take them when they can get no others; but let an eastern girl show her face among us, and see what profession is worth. She is snapped up in less than no time. It is too bad!"

TO A SEA SHELL.

BY JEREMY JERMAYNE.

Soft echo of ocean!—who framed the dark spell—
Who fashion'd the links of the bonds that enchain thee?
For ever within the precincts of thy shell,
What mighty magician had power to restrain thee?

Was it the prince of the dark rolling sea—
Was it the Nereid's, his azure-eyed daughters,
Who fettered thee here a memorial to be
Through all ages—all lands—of the hoarse-sounding waters?

Or has memory prison'd some fair spirit here?—
Has she thus shadow'd forth the sweet powers of remembrance,
Which, though far from all joys which in youth it held dear,
Yet can paint on the mind a clear-drawn resemblance?

Then like them is my fate. Far away from the home
And the scenes where in childhood my young thoughts would ponder,
Alone on the wide world a stranger I roam,
And in climes that I know not unheeded I wander.

Yet still does the memory turn back its eye
With a smile of regret, over visions portraying
A time when my young heart ne'er knew a sigh—
When pleasures incessant around it were playing.

Or perchance thou'rt a spirit who hast chosen to dwell
In a mansion adorned by thine own fairy fingers—
Who hast stolen the dolphin's bright hues for thy cell,
And hast caught of its beauties the last ray that lingers.

As the spirit of song heard the sounds of the wave
When its dark depths trilled forth their most wild melody,
She listen'd and tried the lov'd accents to save—
Then planted them deep in a conch that lay nigh.

And echo in ecstasy smiled on the deed,
And ordained that the notes from the shell should not sever;
And memory rejoiced—then forthwith she decreed,
That though torn from the sea they should live on for ever.

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THE WATKINSON EVENING.

BY MISS LESLIE.

MRS. MORLAND, a polished and accomplished woman, was the widow of a distinguished senator from one of the western states, of which, also, her husband had twice filled the office of governor. Her daughter having completed her education at the best boarding-school in Philadelphia, and her son being about to graduate at Princeton, the mother had planned with her children a tour to Niagara and the lakes, returning by way of Boston. On leaving Philadelphia, Mrs. Morland and the delighted Caroline stopped at Princeton to be present at the annual commencement, and had the happiness of seeing their beloved Edward receive his diploma as bachelor of arts; after hearing him deliver, with great applause, an oration on the beauties of the American character. College youths are very prone to treat on subjects that imply great experience of the world. But Edward Morland was full of kind feeling for everything and everybody; and his views of life had hitherto been tinted with a perpetual rose-color.

Mrs. Morland, not depending altogether upon the celebrity of her late husband, and wishing that her children should see specimens of the best society in the northern cities, had left home with numerous letters of introduction. But when they arrived at New York, she found to her great regret, that having unpacked and taken out her small traveling desk, during her short stay in Philadelphia, she had strangely left it behind in the closet of her room at the hotel. In this desk were deposited all her letters, except two which had been offered to her by friends in Philadelphia. The young people, impatient to see the wonders of Niagara, had entreated her to stay but a day or two in the city of New York, and thought these two letters would be quite sufficient for the present. In the meantime she wrote back to the hotel, requesting that the missing desk should be forwarded to New York as soon as possible.

On the morning after their arrival at the great commercial metropolis of America, the Morland family took a carriage to ride round through the principal parts of the city, and to deliver their two letters at the houses to which they were addressed, and which were both situated in the region that lies between the upper part of Broadway and the North River. In one of the most fashionable streets they found the elegant mansion of Mrs. St. Leonard; but on stopping at the door, were informed that its mistress was not at home. They then left the introductory letter, (which they had prepared for this mischance, by inclosing it in an envelope with a card,) and proceeding to another street considerably farther up, they arrived at the dwelling of the Watkinson family, to the mistress of which the other Philadelphia letter was directed. It was one of a large block of houses all exactly alike, and all shut up from top to bottom, according to a custom more prevalent in New York than in any other city.

Here they were also unsuccessful; the servant who came to the door telling them that the ladies were particularly engaged and could see no company. So they left their second letter and card and drove off; continuing their ride till they reached the Croton water works, which they quitted the carriage to see and admire. On returning to the hotel, with the intention after an hour or two of rest to go out again, and walk till near dinner-time, they found waiting them a note from Mrs. Watkinson, expressing her regret that she had not been able to see them when they called; and explaining that her family duties always obliged her to deny herself the pleasure of receiving morning visitors, and that her servants had general orders to that effect. But she requested their company for that evening, (naming nine o'clock as the hour,) and particularly desired an immediate answer.

"I suppose"—said Mrs. Morland—"she intends asking some of her friends to meet us, in case we accept the invitation; and therefore is naturally desirous of a reply as soon as possible. Of course we will not keep her in suspense. Mrs. Denham, who volunteered the letter, assured me that Mrs. Watkinson was one of the most estimable women in New York, and a pattern to the circle in which she moved. It seems that Mr. Denham and Mr. Watkinson are connected in business. Shall we go?"

The young people assented, saying they had no doubt of passing a pleasant evening.

The billet of acceptance having been written, it was sent off immediately, entrusted to one of the errand-goers belonging to the hotel, that it might be received in advance of the next hour for the dispatch-post—and Edward Morland desired the man to get into an omnibus with the note that no time might be lost in delivering it. "It is but right"—said he to his mother—"that we should give Mrs. Watkinson an ample opportunity of making her preparations, and sending round to invite her friends."

"How considerate you are, dear Edward"—said Caroline—"always so thoughtful of every one's convenience. What an excellent husband you will make. Your college friends must have idolized you."

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"No"—said Edward—"they called me a prig." Just then a remarkably handsome carriage drove up to the private door of the hotel. From it alighted a very elegant woman, who in a few moments was ushered into the drawing-room by the head waiter, and on his designating Mrs. Morland's family, she advanced and gracefully announced herself as Mrs. St. Leonard. This was the lady at whose house they had left the first letter of introduction. She expressed her regret at not having been at home when they called; but said that on finding their letter, she had immediately come down to see them, and to engage them for the evening. "To night"—said Mrs. St. Leonard—"I expect as many friends as I can collect for a summer-party. The occasion is the recent marriage of my niece, who with her husband has just returned from their bridal excursion, and they will be soon on their way to his residence in Baltimore. I think I can promise you an agreeable evening, as I expect some very delightful people, with whom I shall be most happy to make you acquainted."

Edward and Caroline exchanged glances, and could not refrain from looking wistfully at their mother, on whose countenance a shade of regret was very apparent. After a short pause she replied to Mrs. St. Leonard—"I am truly sorry to say, that we have just answered in the affirmative a previous invitation for this very evening."

"I am indeed disappointed"—said Mrs. St. Leonard, who had been looking approvingly at the prepossessing appearance of the two young people. "Is there no way in which you can revoke your compliance with this unfortunate first invitation—at least, I am sure, it is unfortunate for me. What a vexatious *contre-temps* that I should have chanced to be out when you called; thus missing the pleasure of seeing you at once, and securing that of your society for this evening? The truth is, I was disappointed in some of the preparations that had been sent home this morning, and I had to go myself and have the things rectified, and was detained away longer than I expected. May I ask to whom you are engaged this evening? Perhaps I know the lady—if so, I should be very much tempted to go and beg you from her."

"The lady is Mrs. John Watkinson"—replied Mrs. Morland—"Most probably she will invite some of her friends to meet us."

"That of course"—answered Mrs. St. Leonard—"I am really very sorry—and I regret to say that I do not know her at all."

"We shall have to abide by our first decision"—said Mrs. Morland—"By Mrs. Watkinson, mentioning in her note the hour of nine, it is to be presumed she intends asking some other company. I cannot possibly disappoint her. I can speak feelingly as to the annoyance (for I have known it by my own experience) when after inviting a number of my friends to meet some strangers, the strangers have sent an excuse almost at the eleventh hour. I think no inducements, however strong, could tempt me to do so myself."

"I confess that you are perfectly right"—said Mrs. St. Leonard—"I see you must go to Mrs. Watkinson. But can you not divide the evening, by passing a part of it with her and then finishing with me."

At this suggestion the eyes of the young people sparkled, for they had become delighted with Mrs. St. Leonard, and imagined that a party at her house must be every way charming. Also, parties were novelties to both of them.

"If possible we will do so"—answered Mrs. Morland—"and with what pleasure I need not assure you. We leave New York to-morrow, but we shall return this way in September, and will then be exceedingly happy to see more of Mrs. St. Leonard."

After a little more conversation Mrs. St. Leonard took her leave, repeating her hope of still seeing her new friends at her house that night; and enjoining them to let her know as soon as they returned to New York on their way home.

Edward Morland handed her to her carriage, and then joined his mother and sister in their commendations of Mrs. St. Leonard, with whose exceeding beauty were united a countenance beaming with intelligence, and a manner that put every one at their ease immediately.

"She is an evidence"—said Edward—"how superior our women of fashion are to those of Europe."

"Wait, my dear son"—said Mrs. Morland—"till you have been in Europe, and had an opportunity of forming an opinion on that point (as on many others) from actual observation. For my part, I believe that in all civilized countries the upper classes of people are very much alike, at least in their leading characteristics."

"Ah! here comes the man that was sent to Mrs. Watkinson"—said Caroline Morland. "I hope he could not find the house and has brought the note back with him. We shall then be able to go at first to Mrs. St. Leonard's, and pass the whole evening there."

The man reported that he *had* found the house, and had delivered the note into Mrs. Watkinson's own hands, as she chanced to be crossing the entry when the door was opened; and that she read it immediately, and said "Very well."

"Are you certain that you made no mistake in the house"—said Edward—"and that you really *did* give it to Mrs. Watkinson?"

"And it's quite sure I am, sir"—replied the man—"when I first came over from the ould country I lived with them awhile—and though when she saw me to-day, she did not let on that she remembered my doing that same, she could not help calling me Jeames. Yes, the rale words she said when I handed her the billy-dux was, 'very well, Jeames.'"

"Come—come"—said Edward, when they found themselves alone—"let us look on the bright side. If we do not find a large party at Mrs. Watkinson's, we may in all probability meet some very

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agreeable people there, and enjoy the feast of reason and the flow of soul. We may find the Watkinson house so pleasant as to leave it with regret even for Mrs. St. Leonard's."

"I do not believe Mrs. Watkinson is in fashionable society"—said Caroline—"or Mrs. St. Leonard would have known her. I heard some of the ladies here talking last evening of Mrs. St. Leonard, and I found from what they said that she is among the élite of the élite."

"Even if she is"—observed Mrs. Morland—"are polish of manners and cultivation of mind confined exclusively to persons of that class?"

"Certainly not"—said Edward—"the most talented and refined youth at our college, and he in whose society I found the greatest pleasure, was the son of a bricklayer."

In the ladies' drawing-room, after dinner, the Morlands heard a conversation between several of the female guests, who all seemed to know Mrs. St. Leonard very well by reputation, and they talked of her party that was to "come off" on this evening.

"I hear"—said one lady—"that Mrs. St. Leonard is to have an unusual number of lions."

She then proceeded to name a gallant general, with his elegant wife and accomplished daughter; a celebrated commander in the navy; two highly distinguished members of congress, and even an ex-president. Also several of the most eminent among the American literati, and two first-rate artists.

Edward Morland felt as if he could say—"Had I three ears I'd hear thee."

"Such a woman as Mrs. St. Leonard can always command the best lions that are to be found"—observed another lady.

"And then"—said a third—"I have been told, that she has such exquisite taste in lighting and embellishing her always elegant rooms. And her supper table, whether for summer or winter parties, is so beautifully arranged; all the viands are so delicious, and the attendance of the servants so perfect—and Mrs. St. Leonard does the honors with so much ease and tact."

"Some friends of mine that visit her"—said a fourth lady—"describe her parties as absolute perfection. She always manages to bring together those persons that are best fitted to enjoy each other's conversation. Still no one is overlooked or neglected. Then everything at her *re-unions* is so well proportioned—she has just enough of music, and just enough of whatever amusement may add to the pleasure of her guests; and still there is no appearance of design or management on her part."

"And better than all"—said the lady who had spoken first—"Mrs. St. Leonard is one of the kindest, most generous, and most benevolent of women—she does good in every possible way."

"I can listen no longer"—said Caroline to Edward, rising to change her seat—"If I hear any more I shall absolutely hate the Watkinsons. How provoking that they should have sent us the first invitation. If we had only thought of waiting till we could hear from Mrs. St. Leonard!"

"For shame, Caroline"—said her brother—"how can you talk so of persons you have never seen, and to whom you ought to feel grateful for the kindness of their invitation; even if it *has* interfered with another party, that I must confess seems to offer unusual attractions. Now I have a presentiment that we shall find the Watkinson part of the evening very enjoyable."

As soon as tea was over, Mrs. Morland and her daughter repaired to their toilettes. Fortunately, fashion as well as good taste, has decided that, at a summer-party, the costume of the ladies should never go beyond an elegant simplicity. Therefore our two ladies in preparing for their intended appearance at Mrs. St. Leonard's, were enabled to attire themselves in a manner that would not seem out of place in the smaller company they expected to meet at the Watkinsons. Over an under-dress of lawn, Caroline Morland put on a white organdy trimmed with lace, and decorated with bows of pink ribbon. At the back of her head was a wreath of fresh and beautiful pink flowers, tied with a similar ribbon. Mrs. Morland wore a black grenadine over a satin, and a lace cap trimmed with white.

It was but a quarter past nine o'clock when their carriage stopped at the Watkinson door. The front of the house looked very dark. Not a ray gleamed through the Venetian shutters, and the glimmer beyond the fan-light over the door was almost imperceptible. After the coachman had rung several times, an Irish girl opened the door, cautiously, (as Irish girls always do,) and admitted them into the entry, where one light only was burning in a branch lamp. "Shall we go up stairs?"—said Mrs. Morland. "And what for would ye go up stairs?"—said the girl in a pert tone—"It's all dark there, and there's no preparations. Ye can lave your things here a hanging on the rack. Is it a party ye're expecting? Blessed are them what expects nothing"

The sanguine Edward Morland looked rather blank at this intelligence, and his sister whispered to him—"We'll get off to Mrs. St. Leonard's as soon as we possibly can. When did you tell the coachman to come for us?"

"At half past ten"—was the brother's reply.

"Oh! Edward, Edward!"—she exclaimed—"And I dare say he will not be punctual. He may keep us here till eleven."

"*Courage, mes enfans*"—said their mother—"*et parlez plus doucement.*"

The girl then ushered them into the back parlor, saying—"Here's the company."

The room was large and gloomy. A checquered mat covered the floor, and all the furniture was encased in striped calico covers, and the lamps, mirrors, &c., concealed under green gauze. The front parlor was entirely dark, and in the back apartment was no other light than a shaded lamp on a large centre-table, round which was assem-

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bled a circle of children of all sizes and ages. On a backless, cushionless sofa sat Mrs. Watkinson, and a young lady, whom she introduced as her daughter Jane. And Mrs. Morland in return presented Edward and Caroline.

"Will you take the rocking-chair, ma'am?"—inquired Mrs. Watkinson.

Mrs. Morland declining the offer, the hostess took it herself, and see-sawed on it nearly the whole time. It was a very awkward, high-legged, crouch-backed rocking-chair, and shamefully unprovided with anything in the form of a footstool.

"My husband is away, at Boston, on business"—said Mrs. Watkinson. "I thought at first, ma'am, I should not be able to ask you here this evening, for it is not our way to have company in his absence; but my daughter Jane over-persuaded me to send for you."

"What a pity"—thought Caroline.

"You must take us as you find us, ma'am"—continued Mrs. Watkinson. "We use no ceremony with anybody; and our rule is never to put ourselves out of the way. We do not give parties (looking at the dresses of the ladies). Our first duty is to our children, and we cannot waste our substance on fashion and folly. They'll have cause to thank us for it when we die."

Something like a sob was heard from the centre-table, at which the children were sitting, and a boy was seen to hold his handkerchief to his face.

"Joseph, my child"—said his mother,—"do not cry. You have no idea, ma'am, what an extraordinary boy that is. You see how the bare mention of such a thing as our deaths has overcome him."

There was another sob behind the handkerchief, and the Morlands thought it now sounded very much like a smothered laugh.

"As I was saying, ma'am"—continued Mrs. Watkinson—"we never give parties. We leave all sinful things to the vain and foolish. My daughter Jane has been telling me, that she heard this morning of a party that is going on to-night at the widow St. Leonard's. It is only fifteen years since her husband died. He was carried off with a three day's illness, but two months after they were married. I have had a domestic that lived with them at the time, so I know all about it. And there she is now, living in an elegant house, and riding in her carriage, and dressing and dashing, and giving parties, and enjoying life, as she calls it. Poor creature, how I pity her! Thank heaven, nobody that *I* know goes to her parties. If they did I would never wish to see them again in my house. It is an encouragement to folly and nonsense—and folly and nonsense are sinful. Do not you think so, ma'am?"

"If carried too far they may certainly become so"—replied Mrs. Morland.

"We have heard"—said Edward—"that Mrs. St. Leonard, though one of the ornaments of the gay world, has a kind heart, a beneficent spirit and a liberal hand."

"I know very little about her"—replied Mrs. Watkinson, drawing up her head—"and I have not the least desire to know any more. It is well she has no children; they'd be lost sheep if brought up in her fold. For my part, ma'am"—she continued—turning to Mrs. Morland—"I am quite satisfied with the quiet joys of a happy home. And no mother has the least business with any other pleasures. My innocent babes know nothing about plays, and balls, and parties; and they never shall. Do they look as if they had been accustomed to a life of pleasure?"

They certainly did not; for when the Morlands took a glance at them, they thought they had never seen youthful faces that were less gay, and indeed less prepossessing. There was not a good feature or a pleasant expression among them all. Edward Morland recollected his having often read, "that childhood is always lovely." But he saw that the juvenile Watkinsons were an exception to the rule.

"The first duty of a mother is to her children"—repeated Mrs. Watkinson. "Till nine o'clock, my daughter Jane and myself are occupied every evening in hearing the lessons that they have learnt for to-morrow's school. Before that hour we can receive no visitors, and we never have company to tea, as that would interfere too much with our duties. We had just finished hearing these lessons when you arrived. Afterwards the children are permitted to indulge themselves in rational play, for I permit no amusement that is not also instructive. My children are so well trained, that even when alone their sports are always serious."

Two of the boys glanced slyly at each other, with what Edward Morland comprehended as an expression of pitch-penny and marbles.

"They are now engaged at their game of astronomy"—continued Mrs. Watkinson. "They have also a set of geography cards, and a set of mathematical cards. It is a blessed discovery, the invention of these educationary games; so that even the play-time of children can be turned to account. And you have no idea, ma'am, how they enjoy them."

Just then the boy Joseph rose from the table, and stalking up to Mrs. Watkinson, said to her—"Mamma, please to whip me."

At this unusual request the visitors looked much amazed, and Mrs. Watkinson replied to him—"Whip you my best Joseph—for what cause? I have not seen you do anything wrong this evening, and you know my anxiety induces me to watch my children all the time."

"You could not see me"—answered Joseph—"for I have not *done* anything very wrong. But I have had a bad thought, and you know Mr. Ironrule says that a fault imagined is just as wicked as a fault committed."

"You see, ma'am, what a good memory he has"—said Mrs. Watkinson aside to Mrs. Morland. "But my best Joseph, you make your mother tremble. What fault have you imagined! What was your bad thought?"

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"Ay"—said another boy—"What's your thought like?"

"My thought"—said Joseph—"was 'Confound all astronomy, and I could see the man hanged that made this game.'"

Oh! my child"—exclaimed the mother—stopping her ears—"I am indeed shocked. I am glad you repented so immediately."

"Yes"—returned Joseph—"but I am afraid my repentance won't last. If I am not whipped, I may have these bad thoughts whenever I play at astronomy, and worse still at the geography game. Whip me, ma', and punish me as I deserve. There's the rattan in the corner: I'll bring it you myself."

"Excellent boy!"—said his mother—"You know I always pardon my children when they are so candid as to confess their faults."

"So you do"—said Joseph—"but a whipping will cure me better."

"I cannot resolve to punish so conscientious a child"—said Mrs. Watkinson.

"Shall I take the trouble off your hands?"—inquired Edward, losing all patience in his disgust at the sanctimonious hypocrisy of this young Blifil—"It is such a rarity for a boy to request a whipping, that so remarkable a desire ought by all means to be gratified."

Joseph turned round and made a face at him.

"Give me the rattan"—said Edward, half laughing, and offering to take it out of his hand. "I'll use it to your full satisfaction."

The boy thought it most prudent to stride off and return to the table, and ensconce himself among his brothers and sisters; some of whom were staring with stupid surprise, others were whispering and giggling in the hope of seeing Joseph get a real flogging.

Mrs. Watkinson having bestowed a bitter look on Edward, hastened to turn the attention of his mother to something else. "Mrs. Morland"—said she—"allow me to introduce you to my youngest hope." She pointed to a sleepy boy about five years old, who with head thrown back and mouth wide open, was slumbering in his chair.

Mrs. Watkinson's children were of that uncomfortable species who never go to bed; at least never without all manner of resistance. All her boasted authority was inadequate to compel them; they never would confess themselves sleepy; always wanted to "sit up," and there was a nightly scene of scolding, coaxing, threatening and manœuvring to get them off.

"I declare"—said Mrs. Watkinson—"dear Benny is almost asleep. Shake him up, Christopher. I want him to speak a speech. His schoolmistress takes great pains in teaching her little pupils to speak, and stands up herself and shows them how."

The child having been shaken up hard, (two or three others helping Christopher,) rubbed his eyes and began to whine. His mother went to him, took him on her lap, hushed him up, and began to coax him. This done, she stood him on his feet before Mrs. Morland, and desired him to speak a speech for the company. The child put his thumb into his mouth, and remained silent.

"Ma"—said Jane Watkinson—"you had better tell him what speech to speak."

"Speak Cato or Plato"—said his mother. "Which do you call it? Come now, Benny—how does it begin? 'You are quite right and reasonable, Plato.' That's it."

"Speak Lucius"—said his sister Jane. "Come now, Benny—say 'your thoughts are turned on peace.'"

The little boy looked very much as if they were *not*, and as if meditating an outbreak.

"No no—"—exclaimed Christopher—"let him say Hamlet. Come now, Benny—'To be or not be.'"

"It an't to be at all"—cried Benny—"and I won't speak the least bit of it for any of you. I hate that speech."

"Only see his obstinacy"—said the solemn Joseph. "And is he to be given up to?"

"Speak anything, Benny"—said Mrs. Watkinson—"anything so that it is only a speech."

All the Watkinson voices now began to clamor violently at the obstinate child—"Speak a speech! speak a speech!—speak a speech!" But they had no more effect than the reiterated exhortations with which nurses confuse the poor heads of babies, when they require them to "shake a day-day—shake a day-day!"

Mrs. Morland now interfered, and begged that the sleepy little boy might be excused; on which he screamed out that "he wasn't sleepy at all, and would not go to bed ever."

"I never knew any of my children behave so before"—said Mrs. Watkinson. "They are always models of obedience, ma'am. A look is sufficient for them. And I must say that they have in every way profited by the education we are giving them. It is not our way, ma'am, to waste our money in parties and fooleries, and fine furniture and fine clothes, and rich food, and all such abominations. Our first duty is to our children, and to make them learn everything that is taught in the schools. If they go wrong, it will not be for want of education. Hester, my dear, come and talk to Miss Morland in French."

Hester (unlike her little brother that would not speak a speech) stepped boldly forward, and addressed Caroline Morland with—"*Parlez-vous François, mademoiselle? Comment vous portez-vous? Comment se va madame votre mère? Aimez-vous la musique? Aimez-vous la danse? Bon jour—bon soir—bon repos. Comprenez-vous?*"

To this tirade, uttered with great volubility, Miss Morland made no other reply than—"*Oui—je comprens.*"

"Very well, Hester—very well, indeed"—said Mrs. Watkinson. "You see, ma'am"—turning to Mrs. Morland—"how very fluent she is in French; and she has only been learning eleven quarters."

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After considerable whispering between Jane and her mother, the former withdrew, and sent in by the Irish girl a waiter with a basket of soda biscuit, a pitcher of water, and some glasses. Mrs. Watkinson invited her guests to consider themselves at home and help themselves freely, saying—"We never let cakes, sweetmeats, confectionery, or any such things, enter the house, as they would be very unwholesome for the children, and it would be sinful to put temptation in their way. I am sure, ma'am, you will agree with me that the plainest food is the best for everybody. People that want nice things may go to parties for them; but they will never get any with me."

When the collation was over, and every child provided with a biscuit, Mrs. Watkinson said to Mrs. Morland—"Now, ma'am, you shall have some music from my daughter Jane, who is one of Mr. Bangwhanger's best scholars."

Jane Watkinson sat down to the piano, and commenced a powerful piece of six mortal pages, which she played out of time, and out of tune; but with tremendous force of hands; notwithstanding which, it had, however, the good effect of putting most of the children to sleep.

To the Morlands the evening had seemed already five hours long. Still it was only half-past ten, when Jane was in the midst of her piece. The guests had all tacitly determined that it would be best not to let Mrs. Watkinson know their intention to go directly from her house to Mrs. St. Leonard's party; and the arrival of their carriage would have been the signal of departure, even if Jane's piece had not reached its termination. They stole glances at the clock on the mantel. It wanted but a quarter of eleven, when Jane rose from the piano, and was congratulated by her mother on the excellence of her music. Still no carriage was heard to stop; no door-bell was heard to ring. Mrs. Morland expressed her fears that the coachman had forgotten to come for them.

"Has he been paid for bringing you here?"—asked Mrs. Watkinson.

"I paid him when we came to the door"—said Edward. "I thought perhaps he might want the money for some purpose, before he came for us."

"That was very kind in you, sir"—said Mrs. Watkinson—"but not very wise. There's no dependence on any coachman; and perhaps as he may be sure of business enough this rainy night, he may never come at all—being already paid for bringing you here."

Now, the truth was that the coachman *had* come at the appointed time, but the noise of Jane's piano had prevented his arrival being heard in the back parlor. The Irish girl had gone to the door when he rung the bell, and recognized in him what she called "an ould friend." Just then a lady and gentleman who had been caught in the rain came running along, and seeing a carriage drawing up at a door, the gentleman inquired of the driver if he could not take them to Rutgers Place. The driver replied that he had just come for two ladies and a gentleman whom he had brought from the Astor House.

"Indeed and Patrick"—said the girl who stood at the door—"if I was you I'd be after making another penny to-night. Miss Jane is pounding away at one of her long music pieces, and it won't be over before you have time to get to Rutgers and back again. And if you do make them wait awhile, where's the harm? They've a dry roof over their heads, and I warrant it's not the first waiting they've ever had in their lives; and it won't be the last neither."

"Exactly so"—said the gentleman; and regardless of the propriety of first sending to consult the persons who had engaged the carriage, he told his wife to step in, and following her instantly himself, they drove away to Rutgers Place.

Reader, if you were ever detained in a strange house by the non-arrival of your carriage, you will easily understand the excessive annoyance of finding that you are keeping a family out of their beds beyond their usual hour. And in this case, there was a double grievance; the guests being all impatience to get off to a better place. The children, all crying when wakened from their sleep, were finally taken to bed by two servant maids, and Jane Watkinson, who never came back again. None were left but Hester, the great French scholar, who, being one of those young imps that seem to have the faculty of living without sleep, sat bolt upright with her eyes wide open watching the uncomfortable visitors.

The Morlands felt as if they could bear it no longer, and Edward proposed sending for another carriage to the nearest livery stable.

"We don't keep a man now"—said Mrs. Watkinson, who sat nodding in the rocking-chair, attempting now and then a snatch of conversation, and saying "ma'am" still more frequently than usual. "Men servants are dreadful trials, ma'am, and we gave them up three years ago. And I don't know how Mary or Katy are to go out this stormy night in search of a livery stable."

"On no consideration could I allow the women to do so"—replied Edward. "If you will oblige me by the loan of an umbrella, I will go myself."

Accordingly he sat out on this business, but was unsuccessful at two livery stables, the carriages being all out. At last he found one, and was driven in it to Mr. Watkinson's house, where his mother and sister were awaiting him, all quite ready, with their calashes and shawls on. They gladly took their leave; Mrs. Watkinson rousing herself to hope they had spent a pleasant evening, and that they would come and pass another with her, on their return to New York. In such cases how difficult it is to reply even with what are called "words of course."

A kitchen lamp was brought to light them to the door; the entry lamp having long since been extinguished. Fortunately the rain had ceased; the stars began to re-appear; and the Morlands, when they found themselves in the carriage and

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on their way to Mrs. St. Leonard's, felt as if they could breathe again. As may be supposed, they freely discussed the annoyances of the evening; but now those troubles were over, they felt rather inclined to be merry about them.

"Dear mother"—said Edward—"how I pitied you for having to endure Mrs. Watkinson's perpetual 'ma'aming' and 'ma'aming;' for I know you dislike the word."

"I wish"—said Caroline—"I was not so prone to be taken with ridiculous recollections. But really to-night I could not get that old foolish child's play out of my head—

'Here come three knights out of Spain
A courting of your daughter Jane.'"

"*I* shall certainly never be one of those Spanish knights"—said Edward. "Her daughter Jane is in no danger of being ruled by any 'flattering tongue' of mine. But what a shame for us to be talking of them in this manner."

They drove to Mrs. St. Leonard's, hoping to be yet in time to pass half an hour there; though it was now near twelve o'clock, and summer parties never continue to a very late hour. But as they came into the street in which she lived, they were met by a number of coaches on their way home; and on reaching the door of her brilliantly-lighted mansion, they saw the last of the guests driving off in the last of the carriages; and several musicians coming down the steps with their instruments in their hands.

"So there *has* been a dance, then"—sighed Caroline. "Oh! what we have missed. It is really too provoking."

"So it is"—said Edward—"but remember that to-morrow morning we set off for Niagara."

"I will leave a note for Mrs. St. Leonard"—said his mother—"explaining that we were detained at Mrs. Watkinson's by our coachman disappointing us. Let us console ourselves with the hope of seeing more of this lady on our return. And now, dear Caroline, you must draw a moral from the untoward events of to-day. When you are mistress of a house, and wish to show civility to strangers, let the invitation be always accompanied with a frank disclosure of what they are to expect. And if you cannot conveniently invite company to meet them, tell them at once that you will not insist on their keeping their engagement with *you*, if anything offers afterwards that they think they would prefer; provided only that they apprize you in time of the change in their plan."

"Oh, mamma"—replied Caroline—"you may be sure I shall always take care not to betray my visitors into an engagement which they may have cause to regret, particularly if they are strangers whose time is limited. I shall certainly, as you say, tell them not to consider themselves bound to me, if they afterwards receive an invitation which promises them more enjoyment. It will be a long while before I forget the Watkinson evening."

THE WATER LILY.

BY MARY A. S. ALDRICH.

The Water Lily sleeps in pride,
Down in the depths of the azure lake,
With green leaves folded by its side
Till sunbeams bright on the waters break;
Then gladly up doth its light stem spring
To greet the morn with its treasures fair,
Emeralds and pearls on the wave to fling,
And odors sweet on the dewy air.

Oh, 'tis a fairy thing, this flower,
With rosy tint on its calyx green,
When its petals, unfolded with magic power,
Light up the lake with their pearly sheen.
And, as the golden hours wear on,
It fondly measures their silent flight,
By the gentle surge's ceaseless moan
On the wave-worn beaches' pebbles bright.

Still, upward ever is its glance,
Nor turns its eye from the sun away,
Though whisp'ring zephyrs around it dance,
And its brow is bathed with silvery spray.
But its gift of fragrance off'reth up,
Till the sunset gaily gilds the west;
Then, a dew-drop foldeth in its cup
And sinketh down in the lake's pure breast.

The moon looks down from the brow of night,
All lovingly on the lake's fair gem,
And gold stars lavish their wealth of light,
Yet the lily gives no heed to them,
But calmly bows its beautiful head
To list the unearthly melody
That, soft through the watery depths is shed
From fountains of deep-sealed mystery.

Nor wearieth of the low-breathed tone
Till the solemn hours of night roll by;
Then, its snow-white vestment open thrown,
It lifts to the sun its trustful eye.
And oh, to summer's sunniest hour
Fair Flora bringeth no boon, I ween,
More beauteous than this wave-born flower
That lights the lake with its matchless sheen.

There's many a pearl-thought sleeping deep,
Treasured close in the heart's recess,
Which the soul, in silence, there will keep
Till some genial ray of tenderness,
Some beam from the High, Eternal One
Shall call it to life with light and power
As thou hast wakened, oh, glorious sun,
From the cold blue wave this lovely flower.

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MYRTLE.

BY BLANCH MORTON.

My earliest recollections are somewhat confused, though I am sensible that my first sensations of existence took place early on one forward spring, when the wild geese had come home from their winter quarters, the early birds had begun to twitter in the sunshine, and the snow had all melted from the earth. I believe I was an unusually promising shoot, and my parent tree had long stood in the recess of the same window, for there were branches of all sizes, whom I found to be my elder brothers and sisters, and with whom I was very happy in the warm sunshine. For some time my observations were principally confined to my immediate neighbors, but as I emerged gradually, under the influence of the sun and moisture, from my obscurity, a thousand novelties delighted my eyes. My parent, accommodated with a magnificent vase for her abode, was quite too handsome to be kept out of sight by her tasteful possessor. She stood upon a flower-stand precisely opposite the window, and as this window overlooked Beacon street and—with a little stretch of vision—the verdant expanse of Boston Common, I was always furnished with objects of amusing observation when not attending particularly to what was passing within doors. But, in truth, I never was happier than when listening to the conversation of the heads of the family where I resided, and witnessing the eagerness of the younger members to attend to their instructions. They were pious, excellent people, and the young folks the most obedient and amiable in the world. Of the eldest daughter I shall principally speak, for to her my mother and all her children belonged; and it was truly no slavery to be the property of so gentle and so benevolent a mistress. Never did she neglect our morning's refreshment—which her own hands always administered—to sit sentimentalizing over a silly novel, as many belles do; and if by chance she turned her book down upon our stand, I always discovered (I hope there was no harm in peeping) that it was some work calculated to make the reader wiser and better. Indeed, she not unfrequently spent the early morning in studying a thick volume, which I often heard her call the best of books.

I shall never forget the delight I felt when, one morning, discovering me for the first time, she put her pretty white finger under my gracefully-drooping stem, and said—"Look, dear father, see what a beautiful shoot; it has grown three inches, and I have but this moment found it out. I would thank you to assist me in turning the vase a little, as it must have the full influence of the sun."

The change in my position was fortunate for me, as I could look at the happy group around the fender when fatigued with the constantly changing scene without. How I loved to watch the beautiful Bertha as she attended to the studies or provided amusements for her two younger sisters! How patiently she would repair their little mistakes in their work, and how carefully she strove to fix in their young minds a love of virtue! She used, I remember, to write little stories for them when they were good, which were adapted to their infantile comprehension. For neatness she was proverbial. "As neat as Bertha" was often repeated by her father when addressing his son or the two little girls on the subject of personal care. Not a particle of dust was permitted to harbor undisturbed in any corner of the apartment. She would follow Betty round the room when she was dusting the furniture, and watch that all the little crevices and ledges were properly cleansed. When washing the glasses, which she always did after dinner, she used to wear a neat black silk apron, and I defy anybody to say they ever saw Bertha Swan with a soiled frock, a torn stocking, uncombed hair, long or dirty nails, or neglected teeth. My observations were confined to her appearance and demeanor in the parlor, it is true, but I doubt not she was quite as exemplary in her attention to her chamber and drawers, as she never seemed embarrassed and worried with missing parts of her dress, and everything had its proper place. I used frequently to see her repairing her worn garments with great particularity, and telling the little girls, as they sat by her, that when a thing was mended well, it was almost as good as new. She had one admirable plan which I wish was more general: when she had done wearing a garment, instead of throwing it into the rag cart or giving it to some poor body in its ragged state, she would have it washed and mended so as to make a useful garment for the poor. She then put it into a drawer in the closet, which she called "*her poor drawer.*" I have often felt as much as a myrtle can feel when I have seen the little girls employing their fat little hands in putting patches on their cast-off petticoats and night-gowns, by the direction of this good sister; and then, on their holiday afternoons, going with her, well-protected from the cold by their little warm hoods and cloaks, to carry them to some wretched family. I loved to watch them as they walked, one on each side of her, across the common, when she would occasionally stop, in her indulgence, and let them watch the boys coasting in the mall or sliding on the little pond, or skirmishing with snow-balls. And I loved these good little girls almost as much as Bertha herself, they were so docile and atten-

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tive to what their dear sister told them. Bertha's brother William was generally at home in the evening, and she was very kind to him also, accompanying his flute occasionally with her voice, and assisting him in difficult music. Sometimes she would help him to an idea or two for his theme at school, and sometimes gratify him by asking assistance in solving a mathematical problem. Indeed, both breath and paper would fail were I to recount all the excellences of her character. I will only mention one trait more. Gentle as she ever was, she would be almost angry if their visitors indulged in scandal. She always took up the defence of the absent, and I generally observed that those who most delighted in satirical remarks and censures on their neighbors were checked when Bertha entered the room.

Among other guests who often repaired to Mr. Swan's hospitable mansion to pass a cheerful evening, was a young man by the name of Campbell. He was a student-at-law, and one of the most intelligent young men of the day. His conversation was generally quite intellectual, and Bertha derived from him all the latest literary information, listening often while he read the new publications as she sat at work. Other young gentlemen were also admitted guests, but many of them indulged in such trifling conversation, and confined their remarks so generally to the theatre, fashions and follies of the day, that they were set down by me as belonging to a foolish race of whom I had heard, and whom my mother had sometimes pointed out to my notice walking in the Mall, holding the ladies' parasols or twirling their reticules upon their fingers, and which were different varieties of the dandy species. She gave me to understand that these gentlemen were most of them desirous of Miss Bertha's particular regard, for, good, beautiful and wealthy, she had many admirers. I felt rather anxious, I must confess, at the thought that any but the most worthy should obtain her regard, and never felt so happy as when Arthur Campbell was at her elbow. Once I felt almost unhappy at his apparent desertion of my mistress, for some weeks rolled by—still he came not. I own I felt surprised and somewhat chagrined to perceive that Bertha seemed quite as happy as usual. The mystery was solved one day when she seated herself near my mother's stand to read a letter. Curiosity got the better of my politeness, and I must own that I peeped long enough to read some very friendly sentences—describing a new place of residence, new acquaintances and new pursuits—yet in a very particular way recurring with a mournful pleasure to the past scenes as far happier than any novelties could ever be. I trembled with impatience to see the signature. The leaf was turned—it was that of *Arthur Campbell*. All was now perfectly plain. The young attorney had completed his studies, and had fixed himself in some distant town to practise. I no longer wondered at his absence; and as I often saw a letter in his handwriting on Bertha's work-table, I was almost contented. The summer had flown by, it seemed to me, almost imperceptibly, though I had some dull hours, as the blinds were generally kept closed, which prevented my seeing much that passed in the street. I was sometimes indemnified, however, by listening to long conversations which passed under the open window in the still summer evening. Once, on the fourth of July, after dark, I recollect some splendid fireworks which I had an opportunity of observing; Bertha having opened the blinds that she might herself gaze upon the brilliant show. But such was my love for this sweet girl, I was more gratified with resting against her fair cheek, as she leaned on the stand, than with all the splendors of fiery serpents, Catharine wheels and sparkling rockets.

But I must not linger thus in describing trifling incidents, when I have a great change in my situation. The autumn had crept upon us; windows were closed; the sky looked gray and melancholy; the ground was strewed with the withered foliage of the stately trees in the common, and at every frost blast the survivors fluttered sorrowfully down from their elevated station to mingle with their former companions in the dust. I began to apprehend some dreadful change for myself, but my mother soothed my fears, and told me that our perennial beauty was one of the attractions we possessed, which secured for us a home with the great. One day when Bertha was assisting her mother to make some winter frocks for the little girls, their brother entered and told his sister that he had received a ticket to the Exhibition Ball at Concert Hall, and depended on her accompanying him thither. She appeared at first unwilling to go, and I doubt not she, as well as I, thought of the absent Arthur. At length, however, urged by her father and mother, she granted her brother's request, and two evenings afterward she came from her chamber dressed in pure white, a single rose adorning her dark hair, and wearing only the ornament of a plain pearl necklace.

"Why, you only want a veil to pass for a nun," said William. "Do let me pick one of these pale blush-roses, sis, to place by the side of the white one in your hair."

"Yes, brother, if you would like it better," said the indulgent girl, and the rose was soon honored with the enviable promotion; and having confined the frail ornament with a hair-pin furnished by his mother, he pressed his lips most affectionately on her smooth, open forehead, and then starting off to a little distance, surveyed her with much satisfaction.

"One thing more," said the gay young man. "A bouquet for your girdle, and then you will be irresistible."

He gathered a bud from the same bush which had furnished the coronal, and then approached me. He looked over the whole plant as if to select the worthiest and prettiest sprig. How I trembled with agitation lest I should not be the

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chosen one. After a moment's hesitation, I was suddenly clipped from the stem where I had so long and happily flourished, and without time for one parting adieu to my late companions, found myself associated with a modest bud as young and inexperienced as myself. A carriage rattled over the pavement and stopped at the door. We were hastily transferred to our new home near the best little heart in the world, and in a few moments were almost dazzled by the flood of radiance shed from the cut-glass chandeliers which adorned the spacious ball-room. Never shall I forget the impression made upon my senses by the gay and brilliant assembly, or the sense of utter insignificance which came over my humbled pride. I had thought myself the most beautiful of my kind—how unnoticed in the artificial splendors of the scene were my polished leaves and smooth stalk—how overpowered my aromatic breath by the intrusive perfumes of the fashionist. I crept yet closer to my blest retreat, and listened to the calm and equable motion of the kind heart against which I leaned. The beautiful Bertha was soon surrounded—for, strange to say, belle though she was, she was as much loved by those of her own sex as admired by the other. Such is the irresistible fascination of good temper. Many times did the fair girl dance, and many times did I fear that in the devotion of some of the favored beaux, the absent Arthur should be forgotten. But she seemed quite unmoved by the flatteries of those who had won her hand for the dance, and when the evening was almost over, she seated herself by her brother, who had become quite spent in the indulgence of his exuberant gayety—and in that bright scene, Bertha sighed. I had also begun to be weary of it, and was becoming rather sleepy, when I was roused from my reverie by a rapid and thick beating of the little heart which had been so quiet all the evening. Thump—thump—thump! I was alarmed. "Is my dear Bertha ill?" thought I; and starting a little forward, I looked in her face. Instead of the pallid look I had almost feared to encounter, her countenance was suffused with a charming blush, and following the direction of her sparkling eyes, I beheld approaching with extended hand our old friend Arthur Campbell.

"Why, Arthur," said William, shaking him heartily by the hand, "I thought you were at Worcester, and as little dreamed of seeing you to-night as the man in the moon. You are not the less welcome, however—is he, sis?" looking archly at Bertha.

"It is an unexpected pleasure, indeed," said she.

The matter was soon explained. Arthur had arrived late in town to make a visit of a day or two, and learning where Bertha was, had followed her. The party soon dispersed; Arthur accompanied the brother and sister in the coach to their door, and then wishing them good night, promised to call next morning.

"So I shall see you," thought I; but I was destined to a separation from my loved mistress, for, to my dismay, she took me from her belt as they parted, and placed me in Arthur's hand. "Unhappy myrtle that I am," thought I, as I felt myself close-pressed in the warm hand of my new possessor. "Ambitious of distinction, I triumphed in the opportunity this evening afforded. The trial disappointed me. Others far more beautiful than myself, though specious in character, were admired, and I was unnoticed. And now, how much more to be envied are those of my family, who, less graceful than myself, remained undisturbed in their retirement, than I, whose very charms have been the means of separating me from my kind mistress. Ah, beauty is indeed a snare!"

My reflections were interrupted by our entrance into a coffee-house. Laying me carefully on the table of a neat parlor, Arthur rang the bell and ordered his slippers. "And hand at the same time," said he, "a glass of water."

As soon as the servant re-entered, we were taken from our polished resting-place, and, to my horror, I found myself immersed knee-deep in the cold fluid. As for my poor friend the bud, being of a more delicate constitution than myself, she had been drooping for two or three hours, and did not for some time appear sensible of the change in our situation. Finding her at last revive a little, I assured her of my sympathy, and received from her the welcome information that tenderness alone led Arthur to use us with such apparent cruelty; and feeling already much refreshed, I believed she spoke the truth. Our new owner divested himself of his boots, which, as well as his traveling-dress, he had independently worn into the ball-room, and seating himself in a comfortable rocking-chair, he fixed his eyes on the grate and gave himself up to a delightful reverie. As for me, I found my attention diverted from him by admiration of myself and Rosa—for, having been placed upon the mantelpiece, we found ourselves faithfully reflected in the chimney-glass behind us. Recollecting, however, how lately my vanity had been rebuked by my misfortunes, I was not sorry when Arthur, taking his light and retiring to bed, left us in perfect darkness. As nearly as I can judge, two days passed in this situation, for as Arthur only came into the room once to renew the water in our tumbler, and the shutters were at other times closed, I could not exactly estimate the flight of time. At last came the wished-for moment of my release. I was taken from the glass, tenderly shaken to relieve me from the water, and pinned into the lining of Arthur's hat-crown. Only a few chances had I of breathing fresh air for the day, but as my master was no dandy, I was spared the suffocating inhalation of pomatum and perfumes, which I verily believe would have killed me before the day's journey was half over. As it was, poor Rosa, whose delicate frame was already much affected by the dissipation of the ball and separation from her parent, fell into a rapid decline; and when the coach stop-

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ped at noon and Arthur took off his hat to eat his dinner, her withered leaves were scattered all among the rich curls on the top of his head. I was sorry for my pretty companion, and valued myself yet more on my robust frame. We arrived without farther accident at Worcester. Again I was immersed for the night in a jelly-glass filled with water, and elevated to the mantelpiece, but having no mirror here to divert my attention from my master, I spent a pleasant evening in listening to the conversation which passed between him and the family where he boarded, and which confirmed me in my good opinion of his sense and talents. Early the next morning he came into the apartment where I had passed the night, with a flower-pot of beautiful form and cerulean color, filled with rich loam, and placing it upon a flower-stand in the window among many exotics belonging to the lady of the mansion, he took me carefully, and stripping off some of my superfluous leaves, planted me upright in my splendid habitation. I began to be almost happy again; visions of future greatness danced before my imagination, and I anticipated the happy time when, surrounded by a beautiful array of clustering branches, I might rival my much admired parent in luxuriant beauty. Two or three mornings after this event, Arthur, after giving me my early refreshment, imprisoned me beneath a dome of glass. I felt almost indignant at this confinement—so honest a plant as I pretended to be, suspected of erratic intentions! It was too cruel; and though I found my prospect in nothing diminished by this lucid enclosure, I could not help murmuring to my neighbors at the hardship imposed upon me. What was my astonishment to learn that all, on their setting out in the world, had suffered similar durance; and I was assured that as soon I had thrust out my feet into the soil below, I should be relieved. I was happy at this information. "I never will suspect you of cruelty, generous Campbell, again," said I; "but even if you require some unpalatable sacrifices, they shall be made, in the confidence that you know better what is good for me than I do myself." I grew with all my might; I turned my face upon the sun when it poured its glory in at the window, and was indefatigable in my labor to draw nutritious juices from the soil. I suffered, it is true, but with patience; and I was rewarded by receiving my liberty even sooner than usual.

I spent a cheerful winter, save a few short banishments with the other plants, in the severest weather, to the dark arch below stairs; and as all pleasure is enhanced by occasional intervals of pain, I used to be in an ecstacy when restored to the society in the parlor. But soon spring put an end to my migrations, and I used to watch with great delight the progress of vegetation in the orchard opposite the window where I stood. First came the tiny leaf, then the full blossom, making the fields as gay as a garden. What charming sunny days we had, and how grateful was the morning's breath when Arthur first opened the window. The birds were singing merrily in the hedges and trees, and the swollen buds on the bushes under the window promised a world of bloom in the month of roses. Could I have forgotten my charming mistress, I should have been happy, but the recollection of Bertha would sometimes come over me in my happiest moments, and I felt that I had something left to wish for even in my prosperity.

One morning I missed my customary attention from Arthur—another had supplied my wants—and I occupied myself in vain surmises at his neglect. Another and another morning passed, and still he came not. I was wretched. At length, when wearied with my speculations, I had made up my mind to be reconciled to my fate, I was alarmed at finding myself taken, vase and all, from the stand among my old neighbors, by the lady of the mansion, and given at the door to a lad whom I had never seen before. He received me carefully, and placing me upon a barrow, proceeded at a slow pace, watching my trembling limbs and agitated leaves as he moved along the road. While I had remained in Arthur's boarding-house, I had not resigned all hope of seeing him again, but now that I found myself deprived even of this chance in my banishment, I cared not what should become of me, and gave myself up to despair. It was early morning; the sun was just peeping above the horizon, and our lengthened shadows, as we passed along, afforded to my troubled mind some amusement. Tom, my conductor, appeared striding along as if on stilts; the wheel of my carriage stretched out to an awkward oval, and seemed formed for a target rather than a revolving circle, while my own image, in its unnatural height, already realized in the shadow what I had anticipated of future greatness. On we traveled, till my speculations with respect to my destination were interrupted by the stopping of the vehicle in one of the pleasantest streets of the town, and directly before the door of a handsome new brick mansion. Passing cautiously over a heap of rubbish which had not been removed, and which consisted of shavings, broken brick and scattered mortar, I was conveyed into the door, and through the well-furnished and neat kitchen, where a tidy-looking girl was preparing toast and coffee for breakfast. I had time only for a glance in passing, however, as Tom procceded with me through the passages and into the parlor, and placed me in a charming window, where I had a fine prospect out of doors as well as a good view of the apartment. I was pleased with the neatness and chaste elegance of the furniture, and the apparatus of the breakfast-table, which was standing in the centre of the room. There was, it is true, a slight scent of paint about me, but everything looked beautifully clear and bright, and as I knew it would become gradually less perceptible, I did not suffer myself to be much annoyed. Hearing approaching footsteps, I looked eagerly to the door to see who would enter, doubting not that I should behold the master of the

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mansion. What was my delight to meet the gaze of my own dear master, Arthur, who, coming up to me, caressed me with much satisfaction. The truth flashed upon my mind—he had built this house, and it was with this view he had so often sketched architectural plans while sitting near my stand in my old habitation. Did he live alone in its spacious rooms? Had he no companion in an abode of such comfort and picturesque beauty? Again I heard a soft, light footstep; the handle of the lock turned gently, and the opening door disclosed to my enraptured view my much-loved Bertha. Arthur flew across the floor, and taking her hand, led her to the window where I sat trembling for joy.

"This, Bertha," said he, "is the little sprig of myrtle which you gave me the day before you accepted the offer of my hand. It has been my companion in our separation, and lives to witness my felicity. I know my dear wife, my Bertha, will take the charge of the beautiful plant for the sake of her Arthur." ********

WHO IS MY BROTHER?

BY WILLIAM WALLACE, LATE OF KENTUCKY.

Who is my brother? Shall I rear
A wall around my birth-place here?
Build o'er the heart a sepulchre
  Where self can only breathe, and all
Which from beloved communion springs—
Dear to the generous soul as wings
Of angels in dream-visitings—
  Must find a pulseless pall?

Who is my brother? Shall I stand
An Eremite of sullen land,
And see alone from silent strand
  Time's voiceless billow darkly roll?
Say—shall the difference of a creed
Make me behold a mortal bleed
And quench, when in his sorest need,
  The fireside in my soul?

Who is my brother? He who shares
With me life's pleasures and its cares—
Whose manly bosom nobly bears
  With mine the darkest, sternest fate:
The one with whom I form a part
And movement in the great world-heart
Through which the glorious god-fires start—
  No matter what his state.

He is my brother whom I see
In chains or wildly floating free
On thy deep waves, Humanity!
  Dwellers in grove or cot or hall,
Within your eye I mark the fires
Still flashing from our Eden sire—
Light which can wholly ne'er expire:
  "Brethren!" I hail ye all!

The man of art—the savage wild—
The hero—lover—maiden mild—
The mother bending o'er her child
  That lisps the father's holy name—
In each I hear a blessèd tone
From our bright world-harp sweetly thrown
By HIM who looks on every zone
  Of our wide earth—the same.

Then rear aloft Art's pillared dome!
Or through the grand old forest roam!
Find, brothers, any place a home!
  The warm-lipped beam—the kissing air—
The gentle rill—the torrent hurled
From rocks—the storm—the rainbow curled
Lovingly o'er all the world,
  Tell God is everywhere.

And thou in whom that seraph-flame—
Kindled throughout creation's frame,
Burning in star and man the same—
  Hath found a spotless altar—Love:
Maiden! within whose gentle eyes
I read, "despite the tempter's guise,
Eve lost not all of Paradise"—
  Ye, too, are watched above.

And thou to whom the rudest turn,
(Although they should all others spurn,)
Whose ashes fill the holiest urn—
  Whene'er the little lips and hand
Thrill thy warm bosom, or a word
Gladdens, albeit imperfect heard,
Know that the angels in thee stirred,
  Mother of every land!

Hero in Freedom's rank arrayed,
Wipe, with a smile, thy gory blade
Upon the steed's white mane, and braid
  Thy wrath when wearied from the fight!
Sea-warrior, strew, at battle's beck,
With the blood-drinking sand thy deck;
Then plant thy colors on the wreck,
  Shouting, "GOD AND THE RIGHT!"

Being! whose eye may listless turn
From yon blue deep where planets burn,
Even o'er thee I can discern
  A halo caught from Nature's plan:
For not to him whose spirit plays
Amid creation's starry ways—
Are given, alone, its crowning rays—
  Heart diadems the man!

Millions! ye are to me *all* dear
With the loved one who sitteth here,
Pressing her cheek to mine. Give cheer!
  One with ye ever shall rejoice!
I stretch my hands to *earth* and feel
No more the dull blood through me steal—
Like cloud-fires to the thunder's peal,
  It leaps at Nature's voice.

My brother? Here in my own land!
The one who breathes on foreign strand!
To all—to all my soul and hand—
  Save him who grasps a tyrant's rod!
Brethren, a FREEMAN'S heart to ye!
On every brow I joy to see
Glory and Immortality—
  In every form a god!

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GRACE CLAVERING.

BY MARY DAVENANT.

But am I not the nobler through my love?
Oh, three times less unworthy! Likewise thou
Art more through love, and greater than thy years.
The sun will run his orbit, and the moon
Her circle. Wait, and Love himself will bring
The drooping flower of knowledge changed to fruit
Of wisdom. Wait—my faith is large in Time
And that which shapes it to some perfect end.—TENNYSON.

"CONFUSION worse confounded" had reigned all day in the handsome establishment of Mr. Clavering. Upholsterers had been busy removing furniture and arranging ornaments; gardeners were bearing in exotic plants and towering pyramids of flowers; confectioners, French cooks, bakers, vintners, had in their turn haunted the precincts; and now at eight in the evening there was a general lull, broken only by the exclamations of the troop of colored worthies who were tumbling over each other in their zeal to give the last finish to the arrangements for a splendid entertainment. With an aching head and limbs "both weary and worn," the mistress of the house was busied with her hasty toilet, while her daughter, the beautiful Grace Clavering, for whose especial advantage all this trouble and expense had been incurred, having completed hers, had thrown herself perfectly exhausted into an arm-chair before her chamber fire.

"Hail, queen of this fairy realm!" exclaimed a laughing voice as the door opened, and her cousin Julia Annesley entered the room. "Aladdin has surely been here with his wonderful lamp, and made some good genius carry off the old nursery and my aunt's room, and replace them with all this splendor. But how now, Grace? You seem to be indulging in a regular fit of the blues instead of brightening your wits and summoning all your charms and graces to meet the exigencies of this great occasion. Fie, what will mamma say?"

"I am afraid mamma will be too tired to say anything, and her daughter is pretty much in the same condition," replied Grace.

"Why, what in the world have you been doing to tire you, with the army of retainers you have about you?"

"Indeed, it would puzzle me to tell. I care but little about such matters, and yet mamma must have my advice and opinion about everything; so, like good goosey-gander, I have been 'up stairs and down stairs and in my lady's chamber' at least one hundred times in the course of the day. And yet some people call giving a ball pleasure! I think it a most disagreeable business."

"You have strange notions of pleasure, Grace. Give you a dull book in your own room, or some poor old beggar to look after, and you are happy; but take you to a ball, and though, to do you justice, you act your part to admiration, it seems almost a punishment."

"It is because I so often *am* acting a part, I suppose, that I find it so wearisome. I take no interest in the *fadaises* with which I am half the time entertained, and yet good breeding requires that I should seem to think them the most delightful things in the world. It is at best an unreal, heartless business."

"What a pity it is that you and I were not changed at nurse!" exclaimed Julia, who, during the whole conversation, was busy examining her costume most critically in the full-length mirror; "you would have made an excellent daughter to my poor and sober-minded parents, while I would have shown off in first-rate style as the child of your rich and fashionable ones. To be sure, I can see the follies of our good friend "the world" in as strong a light as any one, but as I have my fortune still to make, I want to keep on good terms with it until that is accomplished. By the way, Grace, I still hold you to your promise about Mr. Merton." And as Grace was about replying, she added—"I am a little afraid of a transfer of his affections to-night, that head-dress is so exquisitely becoming to you. What would not I give, Grace, for a tithe of your beauty!"

"Hush, Julia!" said Grace, placing her hand upon her cousin's lips. "Find as much fault with me as you please, but no flattery if you love me."

"Well, I will find fault with you," said Julia, "and then you may flatter me. In the first place I utterly condemn this whole pile of learned nonsense;" and she swept down some of the books that loaded her cousin's table, "as being worse than useless to you. What is the need of all this poetry, philosophy and divinity to one of your 'grave and reverend' disposition? You grow every day worse and worse. As a dutiful daughter the study of your life should be to render yourself as frivolous and fascinating to the *beau sex* as your good mother wants you to be. But now, pray admire my dress. Is it not wonderful for a home manufacture? After all there is some fun in being

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poor, it develops one's powers amazingly." Grace readily gave the admiration required, when the roll of a carriage summoned the young ladies to the ball room.

Mrs. Clavering was on the field of action before them, with every faculty renovated by the excitement of the moment, and ready to listen with delight to her niece's compliments upon the perfection of her arrangements, and the success of her own and her daughter's toilet. Indeed there were few mothers whose eyes could have rested ungratified upon the lovely face and person of our heroine. Tall and exquisitely formed, her rich dark eye beaming with intelligence, and her lovely mouth dimpled with smiles, Grace Clavering moved among her mother's guests with a quiet dignity that well became the gentle sweetness of her nature; and, utterly forgetful of herself and regardless of the admiration she excited, strove to minister to the enjoyment of all about her.

While listening to her animated and often brilliant conversation, or watching her graceful movements as she glided through the dance, it was hard to believe that she found so little that really interested her in the scenes of gayety in which, by the accidents of her position, she was so constantly obliged to mingle. To the eye of a casual observer, Grace Clavering was a mere ball-room belle, content to dance through the world in the full enjoyment of all its intoxicating pleasures, and giving little heed to its serious duties. She was, therefore, as part of the world's property, judged according to its standard, and, as is usual, often misunderstood. Her dignity was by some miscalled pride; her intellectuality, conceit; her gentleness, condescension; her desire to please, vanity; her submission to her parent's wishes, worldliness.

Among the few who really knew Grace Clavering, was her cousin Julia, as different a being from herself as shadow is from substance—the aim of whose life was to *seem* all that the other really *was;* and one who, without either wealth, beauty or accomplishments, by her singular powers of adaptation, contrived to secure both the consideration usually bestowed upon the one, and the admiration which generally results from the possession of the others. Society was Julia's element. It was there she lived and had her being. In the solitude of her plain though comfortable home, she was miserable, ill-natured and positively ugly. In society she was happy, gay, brilliant, and often by the aid of a judiciously disposed and becoming dress, almost handsome. At least such was the effect of her uniformly agreeable and flattering manner, that to most people she appeared so, and gratified self-love would often exclaim as she softly glided from its side—"Is not Miss Annesley a lovely creature?"

Of course the great aim of such a character as Julia, was to obtain in her own person those advantages which she only enjoyed through her connection with others, and a wealthy marriage was the crowning object of her ambition. Among the admirers who had of late been hovering round Grace, was one whose attentions were peculiarly acceptable to Mr. and Mrs. Clavering, and this one Julia immediately selected as her own victim. I must beg Mr. Merton's pardon, for no one could possibly look less like a victim (unless, indeed, it was one adorned for the sacrifice) than he, as he stood lounging against the folding door between the dancing-rooms at Mrs. Clavering's; his eye-glass hooked in some mysterious way under his brow, and he inspecting, as you might a piece of furniture you were about to purchase, every pretty girl that came within his sphere of vision. He was a common, made-up looking man, most elaborately dressed, and the perfect *insouciance* of his manner bespoke not high-breeding, but entire self-complacency.

Mr. Merton had made a large fortune in some ignoble branch of trade, and an evil spirit having inspired him with the ambition of becoming what by nature he was totally unfit for—a man of fashion—he had sailed for Europe, made the grand tour, and by dint of his money and the assiduity with which he had fastened his acquaintance upon Americans of condition abroad, he had been able, on his return, to take his place among the privileged circles. This place he now wished to secure by forming a good connection, and having a ready-made affection to bestow on any one he might consider eligible, he had devoted the previous summer to a tour of inspection among the fashionable watering-places. At one of them Grace had struck his fancy. She had beauty, wealth, standing, her father and mother were very polite to him, and by the evening of the ball he had quite made up his mind to bestow on her the honor of his hand.

The eye-glass was more frequently leveled at her than at the other beauties present, and the satisfactory result of his observations seemed to be communicated to a very handsome man who stood beside him, a silent spectator of the gay scene, and an equally silent recipient of the observations of his neighbor, who at length left him to his own reflections. Having, however, paid his devoirs satisfactorily to Grace, her parents, and Julia, with whom he appeared on most intimate terms, and finally made a hearty supper, he again joined his silent friend, and to the other's great annoyance, insisted on accompanying him home. In vain, when they reached his door, did Horace Grenville try to shake off his intrusive companion, who, as he said, "knew there was always a good coal fire in the office," and there he was soon ensconced in a comfortable chair, pouring out his whole heart to his impatient listener.

Seldom do we see a more striking contrast than was presented by the open intellectual brow, flashing eye, and proud majestic person of the host, and the insignificant figure and contracted features of his unwelcome guest. To one nature had been lavish of her choicest gifts, to the other most niggardly; but dame Fortune had reverted her de-

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crees—the result was that the noble and gifted Horace Grenville was nobody in the world, his companion a person of great importance. Horace had lighted his lamp, and sat leaning upon the table apparently shading his eyes from its glare, but really endeavoring to conceal their expression from his companion, who, having been a good deal thrown with him abroad, felt entitled to address him as an intimate acquaintance.

"Now, my dear fellow," said Merton, "be candid with me—recollect the happiness of my life is at stake. A man in my circumstances must be very cautious—women are mercenary, and I own that I wish to be loved for myself alone. You have known Miss Clavering many years—do you think she would be likely to marry for money?"

"No," roared Horace, while he bit his tongue with the effort to restrain his indignation at so degrading a supposition.

"That is a great point—but there is another I want to consult you upon. I need scarcely ask you about her temper, for she looks like a very good-humored girl." Horace could hardly refrain from bursting out at this—Grace, his idol, his divinity, a good-humored girl!—"But I am told she is very bookish. Now to say nothing of women of that turn often disliking to look after their houses and children as they ought to—and such an establishment as mine will require my wife to be at the beginning and end of everything, servants are such thieves—besides this, as I say, these learned ladies often run away with some very wrong notions about women's rights, and think it is not their duty to obey their husbands and devote themselves to his domestic comforts. My word must be law to my wife. I despise petticoat government; now would Miss Clavering 'honor and obey,' think you?"

Horace groaned in spirit, but he answered quietly, "I am not aware of Miss Clavering's entertaining any such views as you speak of."

"She has a bright flashing eye though, and often speaks out her opinions in a very decided way. I wish she had a little more of Miss Annesley's manner."

"Possibly she might suit you better than her cousin," observed Horace.

"She! my dear fellow, you amuse me vastly. Miss Annesley is a very charming girl—but really you can hardly suppose that a man of my fortune, who can pick and choose among the first, would content himself with her."

"Your fortune bestows an enviable privilege on you, Mr. Merton—I congratulate you upon it," said Horace, bitterly.

"Thank you, I shall soon, I hope, demand your congratulations upon the happy termination of the affair we have been discussing. I am quite assured of Mr. and Mrs. Clavering's wishes on the subject. Of the young lady's feelings I am, of course, bound to say nothing, but you must have observed, Grenville, how she blushed as she passed us this evening, and I have a sure 'friend at court' in Miss Annesley." Here Mr. Merton rose, and wrapped his cloak round him, preparing to go. At the threshold he paused and said, "I believe I told you I had bought Sandford's new house?—Mr. Clavering, of course, will furnish it, and then I trust, my dear Grenville, Mrs. Merton and myself will have the pleasure of seeing you frequently." So saying, he relieved Horace from the torture of his presence.

"The sordid, calculating, selfish, purse-proud being," muttered Horace, as the door closed behind his self-constituted friend; "and to come to *me* inquiring her character, as though she were a menial to serve him at his beck and call—to me who have worshiped her as an angel since my very boyhood"—and with a breaking heart Horace sought his sleepless pillow.

Then he reviewed the whole course of his connection with Grace. The impression made on him by her childish loveliness, when, as the friend and companion of her elder brother, long since dead, he had been the confidant of her joys and sorrows, her aid in her school-girl's tasks, her protector in their youthful excursions. He recalled vividly, how the purity and elevation of her opening girlhood had operated upon his mind as a stimulus to the exertion of all its powers, and the development of the higher faculties of his soul. How, when on the completion of his studies, his father had sent him abroad, her image had gone with him in all his wanderings, restraining him from evil, inciting him to good, rendering beauty still more beautiful, and spreading over all that surrounded him the influence of her ethereal presence.

He had returned full of the hope of winning and wearing the jewel so long enshrined in his heart, and found all his earthly prospects changed. His father had died a bankrupt, leaving his family destitute, and Horace their sole dependence. Grace was then just entering society, with the world bright before her. She had met him with all the warmth of feeling which their early friendship warranted—he had returned it with apparent coldness, and from that hour had worshiped her only at a distance. He well knew that one day he must see her the wife of another, and believed that she would not be more lost to him then than she already was; but now that the prospect stared him in the face, now that he had heard from Mr. Merton's own lips of his hopes and expectations, he felt that the guiding star of his existence had set forever, and that he was mourning the extinction of a life-long hope. Such are the strange contradictions of our nature, for though Horace knew his renunciation of Grace was a voluntary one, that far from striving to gain her love, or suffering her even to suspect the existence of his own affection, he had most sedulously concealed it, yet he actually felt wronged by her accepting another. He felt as though she might have appreciated the disinterested attachment which made him shrink with such sensitiveness from the thought of shadowing the brilliancy

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of her lot with the trials that surrounded his, or endeavoring to repair with her wealth the shattered fortunes of a ruined family. And Horace arose to his daily toils with a feeling bordering on resentment against the innocent and lovely cause of sufferings she could not possibly suspect or alleviate.

True to his intention, Mr. Merton that day made his formal proposal, first to Mr. Clavering, who received it with pleasure, secondly to his daughter, who recoiled from it with mingled surprise and disgust. Mr. Merton could scarcely credit his senses—*he* refused!—*he*, the owner of hundreds of thousands!—it was incredible.

Filled with indignation, smarting with all the agonies of a wounded self-esteem, he hastened to his confidante Julia, who smoothed his ruffled plumes with infinite adroitness. Her flatteries fell like balm upon his lacerated vanity; her gentle glances beaming through her half-closed eyes, the gentle pressure of her dimpled hand, all told with wonderful effect, until at last, to Mr. Merton's infinite surprise, one bright morning he issued forth from Mr. Annesley's quiet dwelling the plighted husband of his daughter!

How it had come about, Mr. Merton vainly ransacked his memory to tell—*he* certainly had never dreamed of such a thing. But Julia had, and from the first step, when she had made Grace promise for her sake to be civil to Mr. Merton, to the last catch at his heart in the rebound, all had turned out exactly as she had planned and expected. But, however it had happened, the deed was actually done, and Mr. Merton, who had whispered pretty generally among his friends that he had selected Miss Clavering to fill the enviable post at the head of his table, now felt himself obliged to whisper again that he had discovered her to be a heartless coquette, and therefore had bestowed that honor upon her cousin. We cannot wonder, therefore, that it was soon understood that "Grace Clavering had behaved shamefully to Mr. Merton."

These sounds fell joyfully upon Horace Grenville's ear, who now wondered he ever could have dreamed of her accepting Mr. Merton, and like a respited criminal he again breathed freely. But his joy was of short duration. Among the relatives assembled from far and near to grace Julia's marriage, which followed soon upon her engagement, was a cousin from the south, who showed rather more than a cousinly admiration for our heroine. Horace, who could not refrain from occasionally mingling in the gay scenes, where, unnoticed, he might gaze upon her he loved, detected the incipient passion even before young Sedley had acknowledged its existence to himself, and long before it was suspected by its object. He saw too all the horrid eligibilities of the match. Birth, wealth, merit, added to high breeding and great personal beauty, rendered Mr. Sedley a rival who could not be expected to fail of success. To the Claverings this prospect more than compensated for the loss of their previously elected son-in-law. "All things certainly turn out for the best," was Mr. Clavering's observation. "It was such a comfort to have dear Julia so well provided for," —though before the advent of Charles Sedley, "dear Julia" had, since her engagement, been rather out of favor with her aunt.

Horace watched the progress of the affair with fearful interest. Grace certainly seemed much pleased with her cousin, and from one of her refined nature no open demonstration of a stronger feeling could be looked for. Our hero, therefore, retired in disgust from the world, shut himself in his office, and strove to forget there was anything worth living for but law.

But alas! the law is a hard master, and Horace, with talents of a high order and unusual legal acquirements for his age, was forced by necessity to occupy himself with the most distasteful branches of his profession, and even there to find himself outstripped in the road to eminence by many inferior though less scrupulous competitors. Often as he looked round his humble home, at his delicate mother, reared in luxury and unused to exertion, at his two young brothers dependent on him for maintenance, for education and advancement in life, his heart would sink within him, and he felt almost tempted to give up in despair. Sometimes across this darkness a form of light would pass before him—through her he might obtain independence, wealth, a noble field for the exercise of the powers he felt were his. Why should he not strive like others for her favor? Who could show a love like his—deep, unfathomable, nurtured for years in hopeless silence? But then her stately, money-loving father, whose life had been devoted to the pursuit of wealth, and in whose eyes he well knew poverty was almost a crime—her frivolous, ambitious mother, who lived but for fashion, and to whom its decrees were omnipotent—how would they frown down the penniless aspirant to their daughter's hand? And even supposing he could win her heart, how set a loving child at variance with her parents, and bring discord into a life that had been one long harmony? Honor, duty, forbade the attempt, so with the vulture jealousy tearing at his very heart, Horace heard, apparently unmoved of the continued devotions of his new rival, and nerved his soul as best he might to meet the coming calamity.

It was but little more than a year from the time we have alluded to, that Julia, not the bright, animated Julia we before have known, but the sallow, languid Mrs. Merton, slowly entered her cousin's apartment.

"Reading, as usual," was her salutation.—"What have you there, Grace?—a stupid-looking book enough. 'Aids to Reflection,'—then you are in the very mood for a visit from me, for I want your aid to some very serious reflections I have just been indulging in upon the world in general, and your own beautiful self in particular. So saying, Mrs. Merton laid aside her rich walking cos-

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tume, and disposed herself very comfortably for a morning's chat.

"Do you know, Grace," she continued, "that I have serious thoughts of writing a novel, called 'Grace, a mystery,'—I think it might take."

"What do you mean, Julia?"

"I mean that you, innocent as you look, have, for the last year, been as great an enigma to me as —as—I am to myself," and Mrs. Merton's countenance, which for a moment had brightened, was again sad and gloomy as before.

Grace begged her to explain herself, and Julia went on—

"Would that I could explain my own enigma. Every day it puzzles me more and more, that with everything I once thought would make me happy, I should now be far less so than when poor and struggling hard to make an appearance beyond my means. Then there was some excitement, some object in my life; now all is ennui and weariness. I have had what is called success in the world; I married the man I chose myself—God knows I never loved him, and *you* know, Grace, he never loved me, so there is no disappointment there. I govern my husband completely; I have got what I married for, fortune, and the consideration fortune can bestow. I look around me in vain for an object unattained—and yet, you may look as incredulous as you please, Grace, but it is solemn truth—that I often envy the happiness of my own maid-servants."

"Dreadful," said Grace—"forgive me, Julia, but I must speak freely. Is it possible, that with a mind to cultivate, a soul to save, with the poor to befriend, the suffering to relieve, and all the thousand ways of doing good that are open to a woman of your wealth, you can say that you look in vain for an object in life?"

"But I have no taste for any of these things. You know I never was either intellectual or religious. But I did not come here to talk about myself—that was only '*apropos de bottes*.' It is of your concerns I want to speak, and to tell you how strange it seems to me, that you, whose whole life has been one of constant sacrifice to the taste and wishes of your parents, should withstand them so firmly on the point they have most at heart. I know you better than the world does. I know that under the disguise of a fashionable belle, you are both a *savante* and a saint—but saint and *savante* as you are, I defy you to have resisted so long the devotion of such a man as Charles Sedley, backed as he is by my aunt and uncle, unless you preferred some one else. So here is my solution of the enigma—you love Horace Grenville. Mercy upon me! what have I said—Grace, dear Grace, do not look so awfully"—for Grace, the secret of her life thus suddenly revealed, had sunk back in her chair, and with clasped hands, pale cheek and straining eye, was gazing upon vacancy. After a few moments a flood of tears relieved her, and burying her face in her hands, she said to the terrified Mrs. Merton, "Spare me, Julia—spare me!"

"Merciful powers! how could I know—how could I dream it was such a serious business as this. Forgive me, my own best Grace—I hate myself for what I have done. I did but suspect from your perfect indifference to everybody else, that you might have a preference, and while looking about for its object, I recollected your girlish intimacy with Horace. This led me to watch him more closely, and I soon found out that his whole heart is devoted to you."

"You are mistaken, Julia," sobbed Grace; "once I thought so, too—but now it is over, quite over."

"Nonsense," said Julia, "you are a couple of fools. I see it all now. Some ridiculous notions of delicacy and disinterestedness on his part, and 'coy reserve and maiden pride' on yours. Horace is poor and sensitive—he thinks with half the world, that you love its pomps and vanities as much as your parents do, and you mistake his *tête exaltée* for indifference. Oh! for the pen of De Scuderi!—here are materials for my romance in ten volumes at least, ending when he makes a fortune in his profession at fifty, and you are a matured spinster of forty-six—unless, indeed, your father would be so kind as to ruin himself in the meantime, and thus remove the barrier that divides you."

Grace slowly raised her head while her cousin spoke, and her countenance, which at first had told the deep humiliation she experienced in having betrayed to another the existence of an affection she believed unrequited, gradually changed to one of hope and exaltation. "True, he is poor; I am rich—this may have averted his eye and sealed his lips—disinterested—generous"—she murmured. "But no"—and the light died away, and her head sank again upon her bosom—"it cannot, cannot be; I have too long been convinced of his indifference. It is cruel, Julia, to awaken an illusion I have struggled so hard to banish."

"Have you then made up your mind to die an old maid? Why not marry Charles Sedley at once, and learn to love him afterwards? Such constancy as his deserves some reward."

"Hush, Julia; not a word on that point if you love me. Heaven knows I have suffered enough on his account, poor fellow."

"Poor fellow, indeed—Grace, Grace, I am sadly afraid my romance will have no end at all."

But an end Mrs. Merton determined it should have. Delighted to have found an object of interest, and by no means sorry for an opportunity of exercising her talents for management, which since the reduction of her husband to submission had in a degree lain dormant, Julia went at once to work, and to do her justice, with such tact and delicacy as proved a sincere desire to advance the happiness of her cousin. A long and confidential interview between Julia and her aunt, followed by a still longer one between Mr. and Mrs. Clavering, who

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loved their daughter even better than they loved wealth or fashion,—an important lawsuit placed in Horace's hands by Mr. Merton, and another by Mr. Clavering—added to a few accidental interviews arranged by Julia, a few conscious looks from Grace, and a few thousands most opportunely left to Mrs. Grenville by a dying brother, changed the whole aspect of affairs.

Horace at last could be silent no longer. Before the delightful consciousness that Grace was not indifferent to him, pride, poverty, sensitiveness, and all the barriers they had raised between him and happiness, vanished like the baseless fabric of a dream. Within six months of Julia's discovery, there was a greater bustle in Mrs. Clavering's house than on the evening we first met our heroine, and Grace in her bridal array looked even more lovely than on that occasion. Horace, not the sadly resolute-looking individual that had listened so gloomily to Mr. Merton's unwelcome confidence, now received his congratulations in a very different spirit. While—oh! the changes of this mortal life—the quiet, subdued Mr. Merton offered a sad contrast to him who had strutted his little hour the prospective lord and master of the fair creature who had just bestowed her willing hand upon him to whom her heart was then devoted.

Julia felt something very like envy, when a few days afterwards she visited the newly-married pair, in the small but tasteful establishment Mr. Clavering had bestowed upon his daughter, and contrasted the lot of lonely heartless grandeur she had chosen for herself with the golden sunshine of affection that beamed so brightly upon the pathway of her cousin. Eagerly as she had once coveted wealth, did she now covet the priceless blessings which wealth can never buy. She felt that in all things Grace had chosen the better part in life, and though she had not the heart to imitate the virtues that secured it, she could at least admire and envy them.

"Tell me one thing, Grace," she said, as she rose to take her leave, "do you not think that Horace and yourself have wasted some good years of happiness by being so very submissive, reserved and delicate?"

"Wasted them?—Oh, no!" replied Grace; "I cannot think those years wasted that have taught us both a wholesome lesson of self-discipline. My love for Horace kept me safe from many a snare of vanity, and while I thought it unrequited, led me to seek a support in my sorrow that will not fail me in my joy—without it I should almost tremble at my own deep happiness."

"Nay, you deserve it all, Grace," said Julia, with a sad smile, "just as richly as I deserve my misery. You left your future destiny to Heaven—I took mine into my own hands, and in my heart I believe you were the wiser woman."

A MORNING PICTURE.

BY MISS B———.

'Tis early dawn!
And morning's rosy veil of light
Now rests on Zion's sacred height;
While far along the eastern sky,
Pale gleams of light stream up on high,
Till, in the glowing sea of day,
The shades of twilight melt away.
The crescent moon is fading fast;
Her night of glory now is past;
While one by one from out the sky,
The starry hosts begin to die.
The silver mist is hanging low,
Where the blue waves of Siloa flow;
And the pale willows dim are seen,
Close folded in their cloudy screen.
Judea's sacred land of roses,
Now like a land of dreams reposes.
Its hills all crowned with rustling pines,
And the wild creeping ivy vines,
Now every moment grow more bright,
Bathed in rich floods of crimson light.
The air is rife with rich perfume,
From jessamine and cacia bloom.
Bright birds go forth on airy wing;
The bee 'mid flowers is murmuring.
The breezes sleep; the bended brake
Droops motionless on Siloa's lake;
And you might mark as clear indeed,
The shadows of the slightest reed,
As of the tall and feathery palm,
Or silver birch's mirrored form.
Group after group are gathering nigh,
Where Siloa's sacred waters lie.
They come from cots whose lattice low
Is wreathed in woodbine's twining bough;
From pillared halls, of regal state,
They come alike the low and great;
They come, the lame, the sick, the blind,
Health to regain, and sight to find.
A mother, with her only child,
A creature beautiful and mild;
Scarcely had sixteen summers shed
Their radiance on her youthful head;
And ne'er did tress of raven hair
Repose upon a brow more fair;
But mournfully her speaking eye
Beneath its silken fringe doth lie.
There is a flush upon her cheek
That almost seems of health to speak;
But far too bright that crimson glows;
Death, death hath planted there the rose.
Oh with what anguish, day by day,
That mother watched her slow decay.
Each day her step more languid grew,
And brighter glowed the hectic hue.
She trembled, lest her frail young flower
Should wither e'er the joyous hour
When, from on high, with power to save,
The angel troubleth Siloa's wave

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HERDER.

Of all the German authors, none deserve to be named with more reverence than Herder—uniting, as he did, not only all the great qualities of a poet and philosopher, but the noblest and tenderest of hearts, together with profound and universal knowledge.

He was the poet of feeling. Restrained by his contemplative habit from the wild flights of imaginative genius, he only adorned his ideas with a beautiful and elegant dress. But a deep sense of the great destiny of man gives to all his works a moral warmth, a grand solemnity which are wonderful and rare.

Objections have been made to his prose writings that these are in style too poetical—but where is the author to whom objections have not been made? It is true his writings do possess somewhat of an oriental tone, yet tempered by his own elegant thoughts; and all he says seems to come directly from his heart, and is imbued with living truth.

A distinguished German writer well remarks, that the works of Herder contain not a line that is not of service to humanity; and if a German father wishes to show his son the model of a preacher, philosopher, scholar, and, above all, of a virtuous and noble man, he only points him to Herder. This excellent man died in 1803. We give here a few extracts from his lessons.

THE COMPLAINT OF AURORA.

Aurora complained to the gods, that although much to be praised, she was so little beloved and celebrated by men—the least of all these goddesses was more sung, more prized than she.

"Grieve not over thy destiny," said the Goddess of Wisdom. "Is it otherwise with me? And then"—spoke she further—"see for what a rival they neglect and exchange thee? Look at them as thou passest by, how they lie overcome by sleep and waste both body and soul in her arms. Hast thou not friends—hast thou not adorers enough? The whole creation waits for thee. All flowers waken and clothe themselves by thy purple beams in new and bridal beauty! The choir of birds welcome thee. Each one seeks with new melody to please thee in thy swift flight. The industrious farmer, the laborious sage, neglect thee never; they drink from the chalice which to them thou presentest—health and strength, peace and life—doubly pleased that they can enjoy thee undisturbed, uninterrupted by a chattering troop of sleeping fools. Dost thou hold this to be no small happiness, to be thus universally enjoyed and beloved? It is the highest happiness to be beloved by gods and men."

Aurora blushed over her inconsiderate complaint; and every beautiful one wishing happiness for herself can have it easily through purity and innocence.

THE ROSE.

"I see all the flowers around me here wither and die, and yet men always call me the withering, easily-perishing rose. Ungrateful men! Do I not make my short life pleasant enough? Yes, even in my death I prepare you my monument of sweeter perfumes, medicines and ointments full of refreshment and strength. And yet I hear you always sing and say—'Ah, the withering, the easily-perishing rose!'"

So complained the Queen of Flowers from her throne, perhaps already in the first feeling of her own decaying beauty. A maiden, standing before her, heard and said—"Be not angry with us, sweet little one; call us not ungrateful. What higher love could we have than wish your gentle decay? We see all flowers around us wither and die, and hold it as the destiny of flowers; but to thee, their queen, to thee we wish and maintain thy undying worth. As we also find ourselves disappointed in our wishes, so let us in thy complaint ourselves compassionate thee. All the beauty, youth and joy of our lives we compare to thee; and as they, like thee, fade, we always sing and say—'Alas! the withering, swiftly-perishing rose!'"

DAY AND NIGHT.

Day and Night contended with one another for the preference. The fiery, brilliant, busy Day, spoke thus concerning the strife—"Poor, gloomy mother," said he, "what hast thou like my sun, my heavens, my fields, my restless, busy life? What thou makest die, I waken to feel new life; what thou causest to sleep, I raise."

"Do I not also thank thee for thy activity?" said the discreet, veiled Night. "Must I not refresh what thou hast wearied? And when can I so well accomplish this as through thy own forgetfulness? I go forth, the mother of gods and men. I take all that I have brought forth, with their own contentment, into my lap; soon as the border of my garment is touched, they forget thy delusions and bow their heads gently down. Then I nourish, then I sustain the peaceful soul with dew from Heaven. To those eyes that, under thy fierce sunbeams, dared not look towards Heaven, I, the veiled Night, unveil an host of innumerable suns, innumerable images, new hopes, new stars."

Day even now touched the border of her sable garment, and silent and weary sank into her curtained lap. But she in her starry mantle and her starry crown, still sat with eternal tranquillity upon her brow.

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LA REDOWA.

VALSE BOHEMIENNE.

FRC. BURGMULLER.

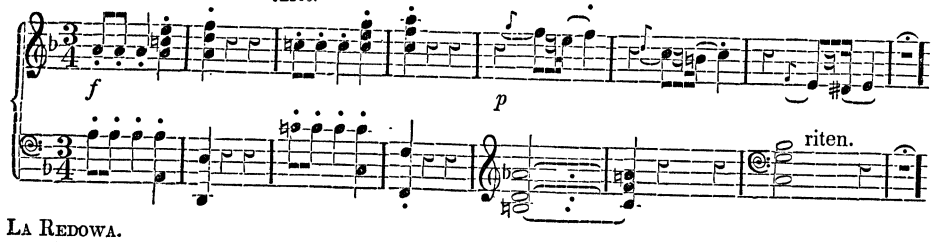
The REDOWA WALTZ is composed of three steps:—The 1st, a glissade forward in jumping with the right foot; the 2d, a slide forward with left foot; and the 3d to bring the right foot before the left. This step is done alternately with the right foot and the left foot; but in starting with the left foot, to turn, it is necessary to do but one glissade backward and two emboités to take again, afterward, with right foot.

This is the principal step of the REDOWA usually preceded by a PROMENADE, and followed by a POURSUITE. The promenade is done with the Allemande step, that is to say,—a slide forward and chassez.

The POURSUITE is composed of a slide, coupé and jetté. The gentleman pursues the lady, holding her as in the Waltz, the lady executing the same step, but backward. For these three steps the lady must always start with the counter foot, and if executed alternately each one must be done 16 bars, taking care that the other couples change step all at the same time.

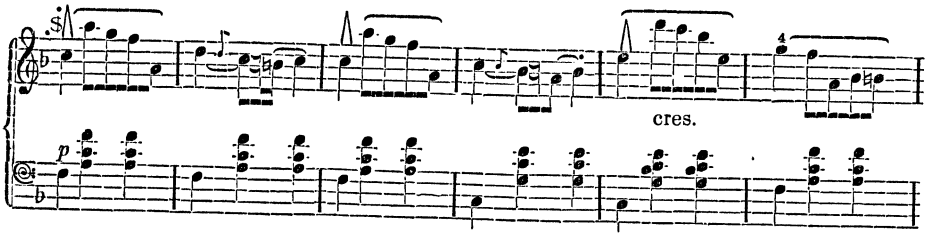
INTRODUCTION.

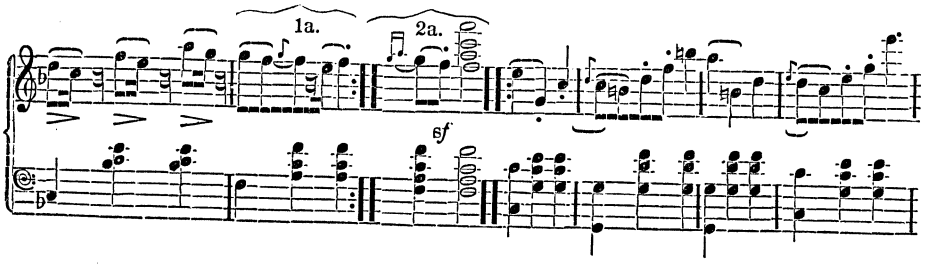
ALLEGRO MODERATO. ♩=160.

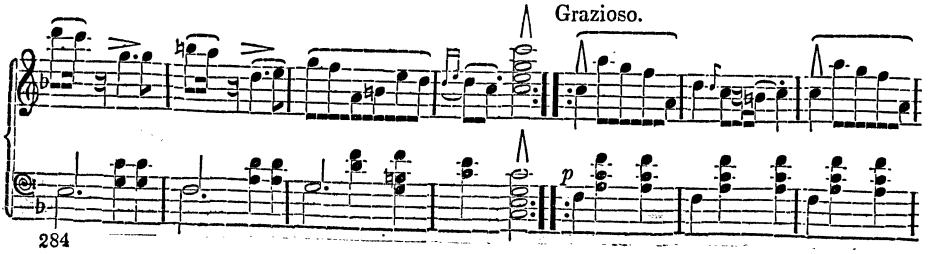


LA REDOWA.

Grazioso.







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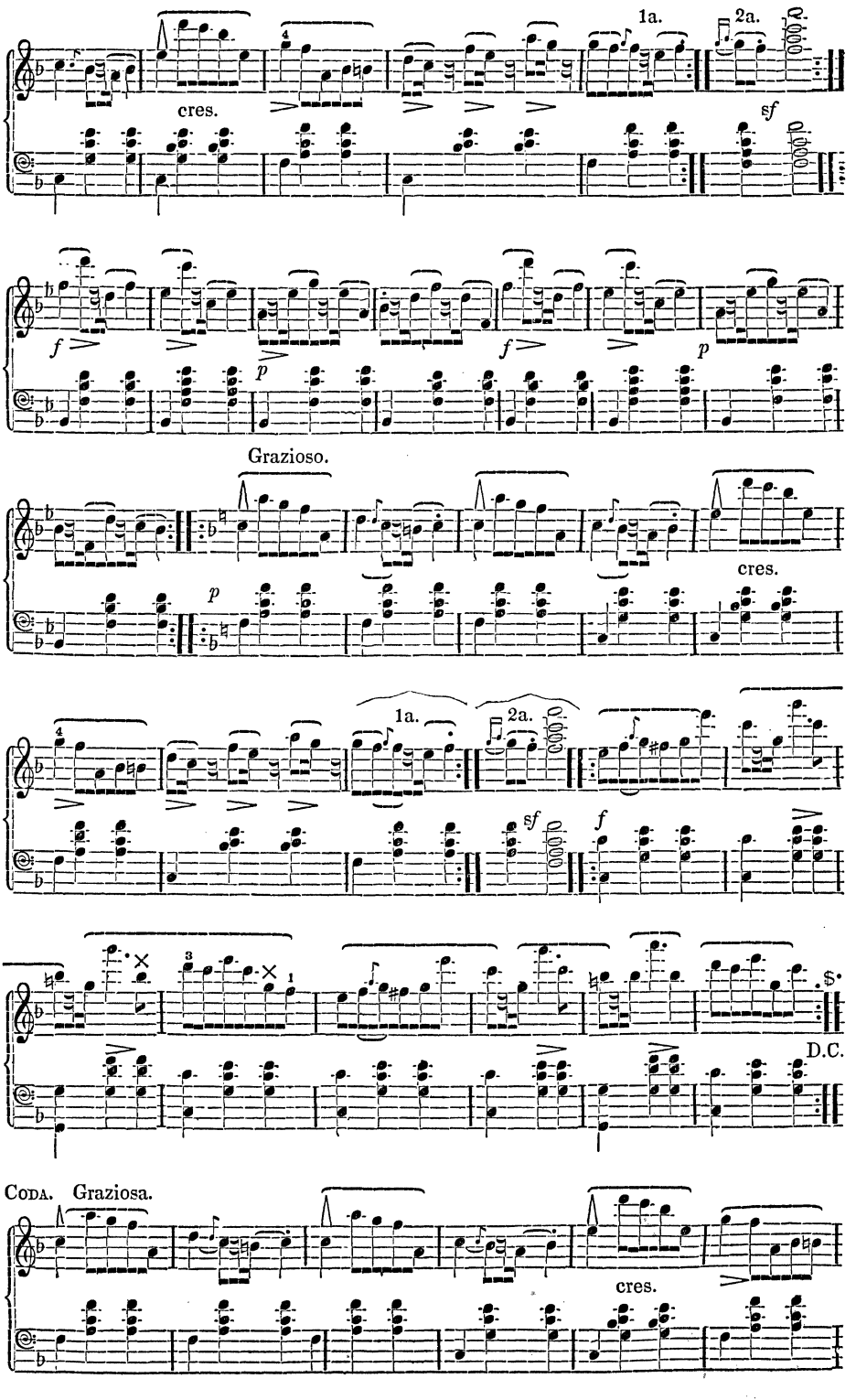

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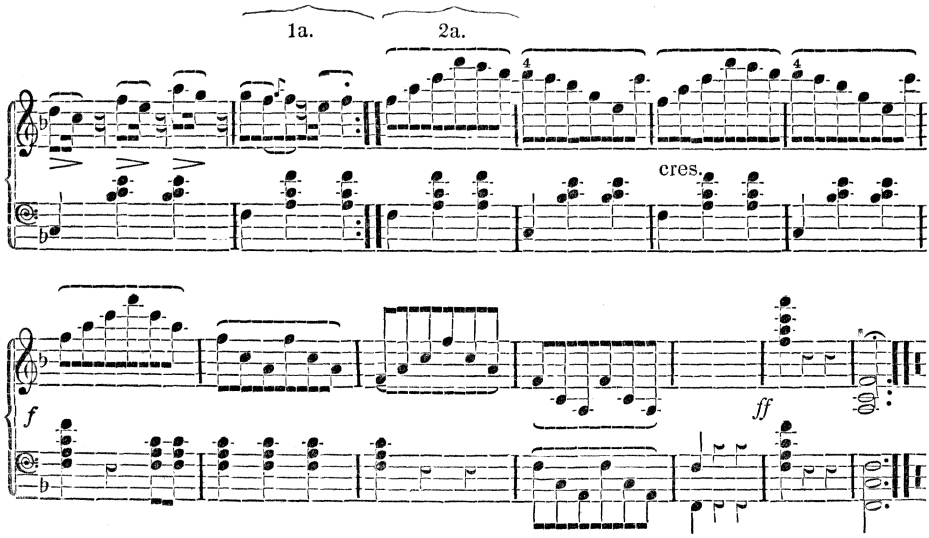

THE THIRD HOUSE.

[Written after a visit to the Congressional Cemetery at Washington, where, beneath monuments uniform in size and shape, in four parallel rows, repose the remains of about ninety former members of the two Houses of Congress.]

BY P. H. MYERS.

THE dead—the honored dead are here—
For whom, behind the sable bier,
Through many a long-forgotten year,
  Forgotten crowds have come,
With solemn step and falling tear,
  Bearing their brethren home.

Beneath these boughs, athwart this grass,
I see a dark and moving mass,
Like Banquo's shades across the glass,
  By wizard hands displayed;
Stand back, and let these hearses pass
  Along the trampled glade.

Still do they come—a shadowy train—
Dark'ning with palls and plumes the plain:
The portals ope again—again;
  The silent crowd moves through;
And tears are plenty as the rain,
  And precious as the dew.

Parent and child, brother and bride,
Bereaved, are marching side by side;
A hundred bells pour forth a tide
  Of slow and solemn sound;
A hundred graves are gaping wide,
  A hundred throngs surround.

Wildly the moaning willows sway,
Dark'ning the glorious face of day,
While holy men look up to pray,
  And friends look down to weep,
Where slowly sinks the coffin'd clay
  In narrow bed and deep.

'Tis past—the phantom train has fled—
Thanks to that warbler overhead,
And that one gush of radiance shed
  From out yon bursting cloud—
'Tis past, and fairer scenes instead
  Upon my vision crowd:

The em'rald earth, the azure sky—
This laughing stream that rattles by;
Those crowds of insect life, that try
  Their wings in yonder bower;
And this sun-flashing butterfly,
  An animated flower.

And thanks to thee, the reptile-born,
Whom now such glittering hues adorn;
Not vainly are thy vestments worn
  Amid these symbols drear:
Past is thy resurrection morn,
  And theirs is drawing near.

Let him who turns from holy shrine,
To doubt Heaven's power or Heaven's design,
Still heed a sermon plain as thine,
  Who, dowered with second breath,
Art sent thus fluttering forth to shine
  Triumphant over Death!

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THE ART OF MAKING VALENCIENNES LACE.

BY MADAME DE CONDE.

In commencing an explanation of the art of lace-making, we will begin with—

Der Kussen, or pillow upon which the lace is made, which is imported from Flanders at a much cheaper rate than it can be made in this country—the laborer's wages being exceedingly moderate, and the price of the wood much lower than in England, enables the mechanic to dispose of his goods at a much less rate. It is in form thus—

Fig. 1.

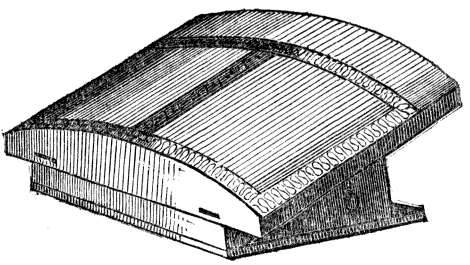
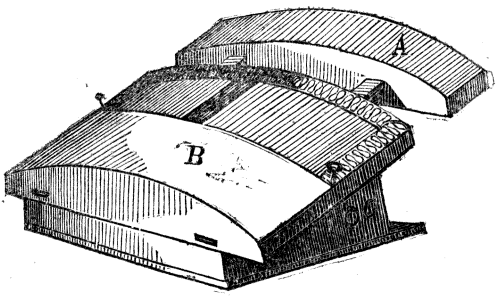


Fig. 1 is the body of the cushion, which is made of fine wood, stuffed very hard with saw-dust of a peculiar kind of wood, very tightly covered with fine unbleached linen; it is afterwards re-covered with colored silk or calico, suited to the taste of the worker, and may be made a pretty and ornamental piece of furniture. It is so constructed as to be placed on a table, and a lady may work on her cushion without fatigue. The posture of the body, being erect of necessity, is most decidedly conducive to ease and health; whereas the cushion used in the different counties in England is round, and placed on the knees; it is therefore necessary to bend over it, which must naturally be both fatiguing and unhealthy.

The cushion has thus an evident advantage as to form—equally so in strength, being composed of wood instead of perishable material. One lace-cushion of this fabric will last the life of the purchaser.

Fig. 2 represents the cushion with the additional *stik*

Fig. 2.



(A) attached. The *stik*, or additional piece, is made thus (see wood engraving): two holes are made at the top of the cushion, the same at the bottom; when the work is commenced, the *stik* or piece is attached to the top; when the pattern is half accomplished, it is taken off and put on at the other end of the cushion—by which means the parchment can be worked to the end without the *stoks* or bobbins falling over.

No. 2 (B) is a piece of paper or card-board, on which the bobbins fall, it being easier to catch them up from the paper, and it also saves the perpetual friction on the silk or calico with which the cushion may be covered.

Fig. 2 (C) is a drawer in the cushion, and is used to put in thread, bobbins, pins, &c., not in immediate use. There is also a drawer at the top of the cushion, so that when the lace is mounted to commence another parchment, it is folded on a small mahogany board and placed in the drawer, which preserves it. The price of the cushion, covered with cotton, bobbins, pins, and pattern complete, is 15*s.*; if covered with silk and fancifully arranged with gimp, with mahogany bobbins, 1*l.* 5*s.*

Fig. 3 represents the complete cushion, with the *stik*, or additional piece attached to its base.

The thread is found in great perfection in Germany;

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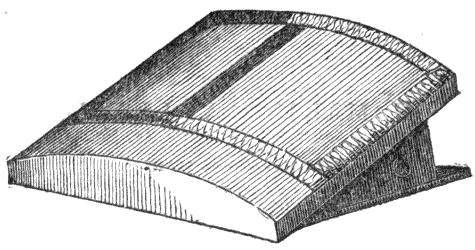
Fig. 3.

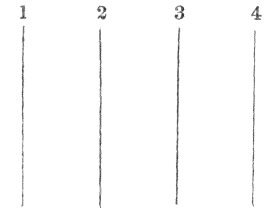


the quality and price depends on the fineness of the pattern to be made. It can be purchased in London, but works thicker than the French or German thread.

Having thus introduced the reader to the cushion, we will endeavor to give some idea of the work. we will presume the cushion to be arranged with the No. 1 pattern, simply to teach the difference between the groundwork or *tralia*, and the pattern or *platwerk*.

The patterns are pricked on green parchment (see engraving of first pattern); on the top of the parchment thus fixed on the cushion we observe a row of holes placed horizontally.

To a pin attach, in any way you like, eight bobbins previously wound with lace thread; put the pin in the hole nearest the left hand. You will take the four central bobbins and make a *flatte*, which you must do thus —we will suppose, for example, these four lines to be the four bobbins in question, as thus—



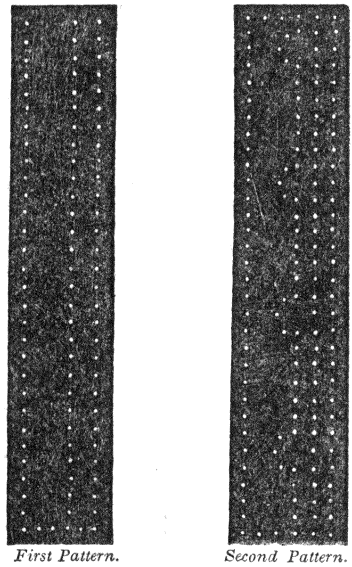
Take No. 2 and pass it over No. 3; take No. 4 and pass it over No. 3; take No. 2. and pass it over No. 1; take No. 2 and pass it over No. 3. Be it observed, your changing the position of the bobbins does not affect the numbers which should remain stationary.

You will thus have enclosed the pin. You will then take the pair to the right, and with two already used make again a *flatte*—repeat it, giving a jerk to the bobbins, which will have the effect of tightening your *flatte*. You will then do the same to the left. Your eight bobbins are then *flatted*. Take eight more and fix them in the next hole—enclose the pin in the same manner as the last, and so on, until all the holes at the top are filled.

We then begin the *tralia* or groundwork, which must be made in rows of holes in an oblique direction. We begin with the left side of the pattern:—take the four bobbins between the two pins and make a *flatte;* take two more to the right and do the same, and throw them (or *insmit*); you will then take the four to the left, make a *flatte*, again *flatte* the two next bobbins, and put a pin in the first side hole, make a *flatte* outside the pin and return, making two *flattes*; you have then accomplished the first *tralia* or hole. You will then commence between the second and third pin and make the row in the same direction, completing each time a separate row, until you have three rows in width; you will then take the four bobbins to your right, and make several successive *flattes* to the end, when you must turn the thread seven times and twist it round a pin, which must be placed in the side hole—this forms the pearl or edging. You will then return, making the same number of *flattes*, and put a pin again; make a row of holes, and continue doing the same to the end of the pattern.

It is not presumed that to the uninitiated this explanation will be amply satisfactory; but it has already been submitted to the perusal of several ladies who are now taking lessons, and is pronounced by them as being valuable information and clearly comprehensive to them.

Note.—This lace should be made with thread No. 170, and requires thirty-six bobbins.



First Pattern. *Second Pattern.*

SECOND PATTERN.

We will now presume the worker to be acquainted with the groundwork and anxiously working the pattern commonly known as the *vapeur* (see engraving). When the last row of *platte* work is finished, make a *tweedje* for an *inkle Hauge*—return two *flattes*—you will then have six *stoks* to your right; pass one pair, you will then have eight *stoks* unemployed to the right: leave them, take the next pair and *flatte* to the left for a side pin—one *flatte* after, make an *aenstiksel*—*flatte* after: leave them—take the centre pair and *flatte* to the left; return without putting a pin; *flatte* to your unemployed pairs to the right. When you have *flatted* the first, return with it for a pin; inlay a *tralia*, and return with it for an *inkle Hauge*—back again to the left, *tweedje* and *insmit*, pass four *stoks*,

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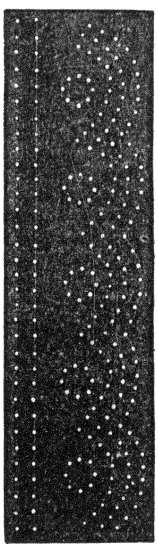
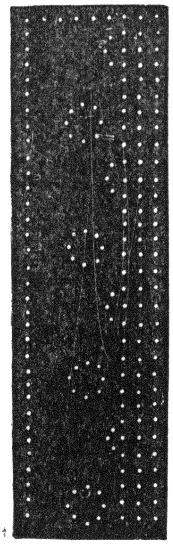
and with the next *flatte* to the right, and make a *tweedje* for an *inkle Hauge*—return two *flattes*, pass one pair, take the next, and go for a pin—*flatte* after, turn all the pairs and *flatte* from the left to the right—with the pair you seek, return, put in a side pin and *flatte* after.

This is merely the instruction to make the ball. It will be evident to the worker where the groundwork or *tralia* commences. This forms a very pretty edging, and is very strong. It is worthy of remark, that in the choice of lace ladies would do well to select those patterns where the border is sufficiently marked, as, when washed, a very slight portion of starch will suffice; whereas, when the edge is fine and of slight pattern, more starch is necessary to sufficiently stiffen the lace. In France and Germany they rinse the lace in rice-water, which is considered less injurious to the texture, and is decidedly more economical—as in boiling rice for the family use, it is merely to add more water than required, and pour it off in the same manner as off pearl-barley, and use it to rinse muslins, laces or cambric handkerchiefs.



Third Pattern.



Fourth Pattern.

THIRD PATTERN,

Commonly called *penne*, or in English the festoon. We will presume the platwork to be already made to within three holes from the point; you will then make three *aenstiksels*, successively bringing in the three rows of groundwork or *tralia* for that purpose; pass six pairs from the point, take the seventh and eighth pair, and go for an *inkle Hauge;* return seven pairs—leave them—take the next to the left, and *flatte* to the extreme end of the point, and *insmit;* seek your conductor, and make three *flattes* to the left, one *flatte* to the right, and tie it with the tied pair; *flatte* to the right, and make a *tweedje* for an *inkle Hauge;* return two *flattes*, leave them, pass one pair, take the next, and make six *flattes* to the left, a *flatte* to the right, and tie it as before; make five *flattes* to the right and put a pin, again two *flattes* and a pin, *flatte* after, pass two *flattes*, and take the next and go to the end of the point; make a *tweedje* and *insmit*, pass two pairs, and *flatte* to the right for your conductor; return with it to the left, and again make a *tweedje*, pass two pair, and return; make an *inkle Hauge* back again for a pin to the left, and *flatte* after, return to the right, make an *inkle Hauge*, return, put a pin, *flatte* after.

You will then make two entire rows of groundwork; with the third row of ground you will, with the second hole from the point, make the middle *aenstiksel* of your ball, the other two will fall in their places. When the three *aenstiksels* are made, it will be necessary to add four *stoks* to fill up the ball; pass them on each side the centre pin, take the central pairs, and make four *flattes* to the right; leave them and take again the central pair, make three *flattes* to the left, return with it, tying the first pair to the right, back again to the left, first tying your pair as on the other side inlay a *tralia*, *flatte* again to the right, inlay a *tralia*, back again to the left, *tweedje* and *insmit*, pass two pairs, *flatte* again to the right, *tweedje* and *insmit*, pass two pair and make three *flattes* in the centre; put a pin, *flatte* after, turn all the pairs, throw out round the pin the two pairs you have added, then make a *flatte* to your right hand, two more to the left and *insmit;* then *insmit* the pair to the right, and all is again in order for the groundwork.

This lace must be made with thread No. 180, and will require forty-eight bobbins.

This pattern is called the *Inklepenne.* Any lady sending to Flanders, requiring a parchment of the *Inklepenne*, would be sure to obtain it from any *Marchande de Dentelles.* The *Double Penne* is precisely the same as the *Inklepenne*, as regards the point or festoon; it is sometimes made with two or more balls. The lace at any time may be made wider, at the option of the worker, by pricking a row of holes the left side of the parchment in a line with those already pricked, and adding at the top eight or sixteen bobbins, according to the width required. It is considered one of the most serviceable patterns, and is perhaps sold in greater quantity than any other edging.

FOURTH PATTERN

Is the pattern commonly called "*Vapeur met twee ballen*," or "the railroad with two spots." It is an easy lace to make, and very pretty; and the transition being such as may occur in various patterns, it is the object of the teacher to choose such patterns as may clearly convey the principle of lace-making, that pupils desirous at a future time of changing their patterns, may be enabled to do so without reference to others. The pattern in question differs only from the second by having a ball in the centre, and being six rows in width in lieu of three. After the side ball is completed, the third *tralia* forms the middle *aenstiksel* for the centre ball, the side *aenstiksels* fall as before; put in two additional pairs, take the centre *flatte* and make four *flattes* to the right, leave them, take again the centre *flatte* and make three to the left, return *flatting*, without putting a pin to the right, back again to the left, inlay a *tralia*, return with it to the right, inlay a *tralia*, back again to the left, *tweedje* and *insmit*, pass two pair, take the next *flatte* to the right, make a *tweedje* and *insmit*, pass two pair, take the next, make three centre *flattes*, put a pin, *flatte* after, turn out all the pairs, throw out the two just added, and make a *flatte*, and with it make two *flattes* to the left and *insmit*, then *insmit* the pair to the right, and all is again ready for the groundwork.

This lace is very strong and serviceable; it should be made with thread No. 160, and is very pretty for children's collars or frocks.

FIFTH PATTERN.

We then proceed from a lace of six rows to one of twelve rows, known as the "*blith*" or leaf; it is made thus; two *aenstiksels*, then take the four side *stoks* and

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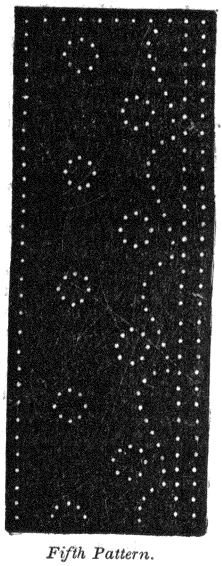
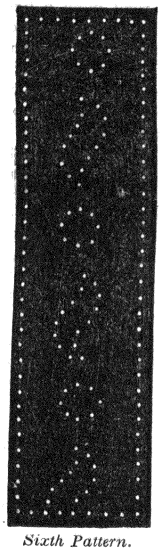
go to the right, make a *tweedje* for an *inkle Hauge*, return two *flattes*, leave them, pass three pair, take the centre pair and go to the left, return *flatting* till you meet the conductor; return with it for an inlaid *tralia*, go for an *inkle Hauge*, return for an inlaid *tralia*, being the second; go again for an *inkle Hauge*, back for a *tweedje* and *insmit*, pass two pairs and go for an *inkle Hauge*, return for a *tweedje*, being the second; back for an *inkle Hauge*, return for a pin, *flatte* after. The balls are precisely the same as in other patterns—the distance between the two in a perpendicular line must be five rows.



Fifth Pattern.



Sixth Pattern.

SIXTH PATTERN, OR "INSERTION,"

May be made with balls or leaves, according to the taste of the worker; instead of making the pearl edging, the right side of the lace is made precisely like the left side.

Valenciennes lace may be made from three rows in width to one hundred, but requires practice, as wide laces have generally very complicated patterns. A pretty width for dinner dress is about twenty-five to thirty rows in width, made with thread No. 230.

It is to be regretted that so many imitations are thrown into the market. It is not only a serious injury to those who gain their subsistence by making a really good article, but is the cause of an immense expenditure to persons in general. It is surprising how much money is wasted in the purchase of articles of no real value whatever. Could the money thus lavished be thrown into the right direction, there would be nothing to say; but as it is, it is a lamentable fact, that the poorer class, more especially lace-workers, who in former days could support themselves and families with their own hard earnings, now find it difficult, even with the aid of the benevolent institutions which abound in this great metropolis, to keep themselves from actual famine.

The value of an article is seldom demanded—it is the price only which is asked; and a very little reflection will prove to us that an article of positive value can never be made cheap. This lace should be made with thread No. 170, and will require forty bobbins.

There is no doubt but there are a number of persons necessarily engaged in making the imitation lace, but at the price it is sold it is impossible that the poor fabricant can gain sufficient even for daily food. It is a well-known fact, that in Flanders, where so many thousands are engaged in making lace, that class of persons are as well fed, and on the Sundays or *fête* days as well dressed as can be wished. In all the smaller streets, women working Valenciennes lace are to be seen in groups of five or six persons sitting together outside their doors, singing gaily though not melodiously. Most of the poorer houses are kept by women, either single or widows, who receive three or four lace-workers; they provide them bedding, such as it is, being a straw mattress and a blanket. Their breakfast consists of coffee and bread, and a composition called *smookt*, which is hog's lard melted down, with pepper, salt and nutmeg, and is used by the poorer class instead of butter, being much cheaper. They breakfast at seven; at ten they all sit down *en famille* to coffee without eating anything; at twelve they dine. The repast is generally the same—potatoes, which are not only delicious in flavor, but exceedingly well cooked. They are put in a large dish in the centre of the table, each person being provided with a fork; a saucepan of melted butter flavored with vinegar is thrown over the potatoes, and after repeating their prayer, which is never omitted, they all eat at their own discretion. At four they take coffee, and each person has two slices of bread and fat. On Fridays they eat butter, fat being prohibited food. At seven or eight their supper—the same as their dinner, with the addition of salad. Such is the life of the class of Valenciennes lace-workers; and from the constant opportunity of seeing them, the writer can testify to their being, generally speaking, a happy and well-conducted people. The price they pay their landlady varies from 4*d.* to 6*d.* per day, in which their washing is included. Good workers earn from 1*s.* 2*d.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* per day.

Each *marchande* in Flanders has her own patterns, with which no other person interferes. There is a kind of tribunal, composed of five gentlemen and a secretary; all disputes between the lace merchants and their workers are referred to them. This tribunal is called "*Kamer von Prudhomme*," or, in English, the "Chamber or Council of Wise Men." It is recognized by the government; and immediately upon the decision, a hand-bell is rung by the president, the "*Scordbelettere*" or policeman enters, and the accused, if convicted, is led from the chamber to the prison for twenty-four hours or a month, according to the sentence passed against her. The decisions are invariably just. Any lady *marchande* receiving a worker without the "quittance," or receipt in full, of her last employer, is liable to be cited before the Chamber, as it is called, which sits in conclave Tuesday and Friday in each week; her doom is certain to be adjudged to pay the amount of the debt due by the worker to her late *marchande*, and, at the option of the council, a fine for receiving her, being contrary to the laws of commerce.

EXPLANATION OF TERMS.

"*Aenstiksel*" is taking the rows of groundwork and putting them into the *plat* work, to fill up the flower or ball; it is made thus in the pattern called the *penne*—for example, when there are but three holes left to make the point, take two *stiks* from the side *plat* work and two of the four *insmitted* at your left, make a *flatte*, and put a pin in the centre, a *flatte* to the left afterwards; again, take two of those with two of the next *insmitted* to your left, make again a *flatte*, put a pin in the centre, again a *flatte* to the left, outside the pin; take again two in the same manner, make a *flatte*, again pin in the centre, and *flatte* after, and your three *aenstiksels* are then made.

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Be it observed, that in all cases where *aenstiksels* are made, a *flatte* must be made after outside the pin.

"*Tweedje*," in the side or *platte* work, is made thus—when you have but four *stiks* to your right hand, put a pin against those you are working with, you will then have six *stiks* to your right hand; make a *flatte* to the right of the pin you have just placed, turn them and leave them; make a *flatte* to the left of the pin, turn them: make then a *flatte* with the turned pairs, which will inclose your pin, go for an *inkle Hauge*, and return back two *flattes*.

"*Tweedje*" *for a Ball.*—When the pin is placed in the last hole at the side of a ball, a *flatte* must be made after it; pass then one pair to the right, and take the next four *stiks*, make a *flatte* then to your left, you must make three *flattes* and *insmit*, make altogether four successive *flattes;* when the *tweedje* is to the right, you do precisely the same, *insmitting* to the right instead of the left.

"*Agter Kant*" is the back of the lace, and must be made with two *flattes*, and a pin in the side hole, a *flatte* after, and then three *flattes*, back again, and turn the last pair.

"*Inkle Hauge*" is the pearl edging to the lace, and may be made two ways, one being as good as the other. The thread is turned seven or eight times, and then twisted round a pin, which is placed in the side hole; this is the general way of making it, and is preferable, as being more simple. It may be made thus—after the thread is twisted eight times, one bobbin is turned round the pin, and when the pin is placed, the other bobbin is turned over after it.

"*Uyt-steeken*," or copying patterns, is thus:—when a sufficient knowledge of the practical part of lace-making is acquired, the worker naturally wishes from time to time to change her patterns—on one occasion she may wish to make a wide lace, at others a small edging. The art of changing the patterns is called in the Flemish language, *uyt-steeken*. It is necessary to have a small piece of the lace you wish to copy; you must then trace with a pin the distance between the balls or flowers in the centre. We will presume, for example, that in a perpendicular line there are five holes between the two balls—this must be traced from the centre pin of the ball—finding it correct, you place your centre *aenstiksel;* but previous to proceeding, it will be necessary to count the holes from each side, and observe if those on your parchment agree with your "*coupon*" or pattern. Mounting a lace, when it is worked to the end of the parchment, take a very long pin, pass it under all the threads to which your bobbins are attached, and with the assistance of the finger and thumb of your left hand, turn it four times, and stick the pin firmly into the cushion; you then take the pins out of the pearl edge, first cut off all the ends of the thread, and then remove the pins from the left side of the lace; you will then carefully take the great pin with all the sticks hanging to it and raise it up to the top of the cushion, plant it firmly, and if you have a ball in your work, commence sticking your pins into the three *aenstiksels*, beginning always with the centre; you will surround your ball with pins, then in the same manner your side flowers, then the pearl edge, and last, the left side of the lace, wherever a pin has been, you must put it in again; you will then raise your paper, put the additional piece on to the top of your cushion, and withdraw gently the large pin, the *stiks* or bobbins will fall into order, and you can recommence your parchment.

GLOSSARY.

With a view to assist those pupils who are unacquainted with the Flemish language, a slight glossary is annexed, by which the pronunciation can be readily acquired.

Flemish.	*Pronounced thus in English.*
Aenstiksel,	Onstiksel.
Agter Kant,	Ackter Cant.
Insmit,	Insmit.
Flatte,	Flat.
Tweedje,	Twadeche.
Inkle Hauge,	Inkle O.
Tralia,	Trarlier.
Plat Werk,	Platwork.
Stiks,	Sticks.
Stoks,	Stocks.
Penne,	Penner.
Inklepenne,	Inkelpenner.
Scordbelettere,	Scarbelarter.
Spaele Werker,	Sparlor Worker.
Smookt,	Smukt.

OLD FASHIONS.

D'ISRAELI, the elder, tells us, that nothing is so capable of disordering the intellects as an intense application to any one of these six things; the Quadrature of the Circle; the Multiplication of the Cube; the Perpetual Motion; the Philosopher's Stone; Magic, and Judicial Astrology. Yet, he goes on to say, "in youth we may exercise our imagination on these curious topics, merely to convince us of their impossibility."

We think he might have added another subject of study that often turns the heads of those who yield their minds entirely to its sway. We mean "the Fashions."

Yet, as Fontenelle remarks of the above "Six follies of Science," it is proper to apply one's self to these inquiries, because we find, as we proceed, many valuable discoveries of which we were before ignorant. So we hold that the Fashions of dress are an improving study to the mind as well as taste, when appropriately pursued.

The Lady's Book intends to keep the golden mean of all topics of interest and instruction to our sex—and the Fashions cannot be neglected. The new modes are carefully and beautifully shown in our monthly engravings. Here, for the sake of contrast, we will exhibit a few of the obsolete fashions. Beginning with those of 1789, the first eight engravings show the most fashionable costumes worn during ten years—till 1799.

1789.

1793.

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1794.

1795.

1798.

1799.

Here then are to be seen, at a single glance, the changes in the "World of Fashion" during the years that shook the World of Thought and Government to its foundations. How much was done in those ten years? Just go to your history, my dear reader, if you do not clearly remember, and study the events of that time. Remember, too, that Lord Byron, the greatest poet of his age, was born in the first year of the ten, and that our own Washington, the greatest man of any age, died at the close of the last year of the ten. The obsolete fashions do not appear of much consequence when contrasted with such persons and events. And yet how many millions of human beings passed from this busy world, during the time, who left no trace, not so much as these passing fashions behind them! So it is often remarked; yet we think untruly. Every person who lives long enough to make an impression on those surviving, leaves his or her impress on the world. It reappears in the character of those who have been connected with the living or watched the dying one. And this united influence it is which advances or retards the improvement of mankind. Let it be our aim to study the good in every fashion.

But here is a new century—the "enlightened nineteenth." These are the fashions of 1800 and 1801:—

1800.

1801.

There is no great progress towards perfection; but we think the last forty years have decidedly improved the taste of the ladies.

The fashions for 1846, judged by the standard of good sense, that is by the comfort, economy and propriety, which now are considerations of importance with the most fashionable, will be found far superior to those of any previous era. And we feel gratified by the many assurances we receive, that the "LADY'S BOOK" has done much to promote this rapid and desirable progression.

EDITORS' TABLE.

FAIRY rings and fungi! Who would have dreamed that these had any connection? Yet it is now proved beyond a doubt, that those circles of dark green grass, abounding in Great Britain and found all over Europe, which gray-beard Tradition and young-eyed Fancy have so long held sacred to the midnight revels of the merry elves, are produced, not by the light fantastic waltz of these mignons, but by the growth and decay of vulgar toadstools!

The chemical researches of the learned Wollaston have proved fatal to the fairy race. Science disperses chimeras as the sun does fogs; and though we are glad to see truth triumph over fiction, we must confess that the rainbow mist enveloping the fairy rings was a very poetical superstition, and we feel loth to see it quite dissolve away.

It must go, however. And as Keats has said, complainingly of science, in his melancholy mood—

"There was a glorious rainbow once in heaven;
'Tis numbered now amongst the catalogue
Of common things."

We add, in his vein—(would that it were by a like inspiration of genius)—

There once was found bright fairy rings on earth;
These soft, mysterious circlets have been proved
The place of toadstools!

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But while the discoveries of science are thus narrowing the domain of poetry on the earth, it is by the same power of science gaining new triumphs in the skies. Well did Schiller make Jove say to the poet, who complained that in the "partition of earth" no share had been given him—

"The heavens are mine, and the regions of day,
And their portals are open to thee."

Dr. Maedler's discovery of the "great centre of the universe" ought to give new inspiration to the poet. The light from the central cluster of stars, the fair Pleiades, has always seemed to us more divine than from any other constellation.

"Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades?" was the demand of the Almighty when reasoning with Job. These "sweet influences" have been always felt and acknowledged by the true prophet bards; now philosophers are reaching after the cause. If they really prove that this beautiful band of sister stars hold the sovereignty of the skies, and that all the other stars, planets, suns, constellations and systems of the universe are happy to move around them and receive light from their smiles, it will open new sources of song, new regions for the imagination. And we, humble dwellers on this little ball of earth, ought we not to feel warmly grateful for this privilege of looking into the deep things of nature? What a glorious gift is this of reason! And yet how common the neglect of its right cultivation and direction! The study of astronomy might be pursued with much advantage by our sex. It would exalt as well as instruct our minds. The example of those eminent women, Miss Herschell and Mrs. Somerville, show what the female intellect can accomplish in this beautiful department of science. It seems adapted to that taste for the new and wonderful, predominant in the young of both sexes, and which we think is most lasting in the female character. Nekayah learned to read the stars sooner than Rasselas, and understood them better. And then it harmonizes with the reverence for the Creator, and that elevation of moral sentiment which is more predominant in woman than in man. The love of astronomy must be, in some degree, a pious feeling—it must lead onward to the recognition and adoration of the "Great first Cause."

"An undevout astronomer is mad,"

says Young—nor do we believe a woman could give her heart to the study unless she loved it as unfolding the power and goodness of God.

Beyond the constellations,
Beyond those primal suns,
Which seem but diamond points of light,
Faith's strengthened vision runs—
On, guided by the clew divine
That links the formless clod
With angel homes, it sees in all
The workmanship of God!

Ye Solons of philosophy,
Look up with trusting eye,
Faith's lens within your telescope,
So shall ye read the sky,
And trace the mighty Maker's hand,
And feel, as saith the Word,
That "many mansions" are prepared
For those who love the Lord.

To turn from the stars of heaven to what the author of that excellent work, "Self-Formation," calls the brightest and best of earth—namely, poets—we will give place to a paper, furnished by a sensible and accomplished writer, whose opinions are worth weighing.

We give here a little poem, furnished by a young lady who is a true lover of the divine art and a proficient in many languages. We could show that numbers of such are the warm friends of the "Lady's Book," and acknowledge their indebtedness to our work for the first impulse, and also for the right direction of their genius.

WINTERLIED.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER.

How still the frost hath bound thee,
Thy snowy mantle round thee,
Oh, saddened mother Earth!
Where are the songs of spring-tide,
The nurslings of the stream-side,
And thy own robes of festive mirth?

Thou slumberest deep, not heeding
The flocks, no longer feeding
In vale or on the height.
Though hushed the woodpeck's drumming,
The honey-bee's low humming,
Thou art right fair in winter's light.

We see thy dim woods brighten
With frostwork lamps, that lighten
Each lonely dell and glade.
Who hath bestowed the splendor
That thy cold bed doth render
A fairy scene with brilliants laid?

The Father in the heaven
Thy shining robe hath given;
He sleeps or slumbers not.
Then rest in peace! Though buried
In death, He'll wake the wearied
To newer life and brighter lot.

Yes, thou shalt rise in glory
And sing the joyful story
Of all His love again.
His breath shall come to wake thee;
Then, earth, thy garlands take thee,
And smile once more 'neath summer's reign.

EMILY HERRMANN.

THE FRIENDS OF THE LADY'S BOOK.—While we are on the subject, we trust it will not be considered boasting if we say that our onward course is continually cheered by the approvals of the wise and good. In our notice of the poem above, we have alluded to the young who are constantly returning their acknowledgments; we have also from the aged and the grave many such kind compliments as this extract (from the letter of an eminent clergyman) contains.

"Being desirous of contributing my mite—in various ways—towards increasing the happiness of mankind, I have thrown together some thoughts on the subject of Married Life.* The enclosed paper contains these thoughts; if you see proper, please grant it an humble place in the 'Lady's Book.' I prefer this medium to that of any other, because your monthly has an extensive circulation, especially among the young; and in many instances it is given by one to another as a tribute of regard, if not as a *gage d'amour*."

* This article will shortly appear.

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The knowledge of relations, and not of facts, is the only real knowledge. It signifies nothing to know that gold is gold, or iron, iron, unless we have a notion of the connections and dependencies of these things on others.

COURSE OF READING FOR LADIES.—This is a subject of great importance. With such a multitude of books as the press is now sending forth, discrimination is indispensable. We propose to begin, with the new volume, a series of papers in answer to the question so often addressed us—"What course of reading would you recommend for young ladies?"

THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.—Who among the women of our land but reverences the memory of this noble woman? Would any wish to give what Coleridge calls "living proof" of this sentiment, there is now an opportunity. The monument that was to be erected at Fredericksburg, Virginia, and is in progress, still remains unfinished. Cannot the ladies of Virginia furnish the means of placing the *cap-stone?* The ladies of New England completed the Bunker Hill Monument.

CORSETS.—We saw a long and very clever letter on the use of the corset, written by a physician of Paris to a lady, and translated for the Albion. The doctor is calm but very decided in his opinion that the use of the corset is always, and in every degree, mischievous. He says, "The grand hygienic problem of a *corset without danger* will probably forever remain unsolved." And adds—"What is most singular is, that women are aware of the injuriousness of the corset—they instinctively feel that its action is an unnatural and eminently hurtful one. Here is the proof. If, by accident, a lady falls ill in a crowded assembly of any kind, a general cry is raised by the others, 'Cut her lace!' This is done instantly—the compressing machine is opened, air rushes into the lungs, the victim breathes, and recovers—which, however, will not prevent her recommencing the next day, so inexorable and powerful is this malicious demon—fashion."

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR AND THE CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.—"To-morrow and to-morrow!" the future always promises. We close this volume, and the year with which it has kept pace will soon reach its close. Then comes the New Year and the new volume, with new hopes and assurances. "A good thing was never done twice," was recorded by a writer who no doubt wished to distinguish himself by a new apothegm. But we do not recognize this as a *rule*, or even a *wise saying*. (By the way, do you know how an aphorism and apothegm differ?) We hold that the really good always bears repetition and incites it; and that that is good which is constantly growing better. So it is with the world—each era of Time improves on the past, and therefore it is that we hail the New Year. And so it has been with our magazine—each year has seen beneficial changes sufficient to keep pace with the march of intellect, while the good foundation, the *innate* character (the adjective is appropriate) has always been kept pure and firm. No wonder, therefore, that the Lady's Book has always been the favorite periodical of the whole country. For do not the ladies influence the taste of all? The new volume will not disappoint public expectation. Need we say more?

"Rien est beau que le vrai!" We wish that the *true* was always considered the *beautiful*, and that all our friends merited the *last* grace by their devotion to the *first*. Let us explain this twofold doctrine as it concerns ourselves. We send forth a *beautiful "Book,"* which our friends take, read, and *promise to pay for!*

Have they *all truly* fulfilled their pledge?

We want money—that is *true!*

Will those who are indebted do their part—send us what they owe, and thus make the truth *beautiful?*

We hope for answers, cash enclosed, before the New Year.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following papers are accepted—"Quisque faber sua fortuna," "Moonlight," "A Maiden roamed, &c.," "The Dowry," and "Madame Roland."

We must decline the following—"The Dying Wife," "Lines to Youth, &c.," "Sonnet to a Redbreast," "They are Lonely," "Ambition," "The Duelists," "Love *versus* Logic," and "The Cold Water Cure."

From this time forth we make no more promises to insert any article in any particular number. Several promises have already been made, and we have not been able to keep them. Our writers must have patience.

EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

"United States' Exploring Expedition; Ethnography and Philology;" by Horatio Hale; Philologist of the Expedition. 1846. Large quarto: pp. 666. Published by Lea and Blanchard: Philadelphia.

We will give, instead of a notice of our own, some extracts from the critical dissertation on this work, written by one of the first scholars in our country, and printed in the July number of the North American Review:—

"The work of Mr. Hale will do credit both to himself and to the country. As this is his first appearance, we believe, in the capacity of an author, it will be proper that we introduce him to our readers. Mr. Hale is the son of Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, well known as a writer and as the editor of a popular journal. He belonged to the class which was graduated at Harvard University in 1837. His college career was highly distinguished; he exhibited uncommon powers in the acquisition both of literature and science, and his industry was remarkable. His aptitude for learning languages made him known, even at that early period of his life, (nineteen,) to the most distinguished philologists of our country. The late learned president of the American Academy was among his warmest friends. When the Exploring Expedition was fitting out, Mr. Hale, though still an undergraduate, was selected for the place of philologist; and the result shows that probably a better selection could not have been made. He engaged in the duties to which he was thus honorably appointed, with a zeal and ability which have produced the most valuable results. He has availed himself of all the sources of information previously

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existing, and has drawn from them whatever came within the range of subjects to which his inquiries were directed. The journals of voyagers, the writings of the missionaries, the researches of philologists into the nature and character of the languages spoken throughout the extensive groups of the Oceanic islands, manuscript vocabularies and grammars, have all been examined, sifted, and combined with the results of personal study and observation. Mr. Hale has thus succeeded in giving a certain classical completeness to his work, which makes it a model for future laborers in the same or in similar fields of research. The style of this volume is marked by rare excellences, and those of the highest order. It is elegant, terse, compact, and business-like, to a remarkable degree. It makes no pretensions to show, assumes no glittering ornaments, runs into no passages of exaggerated eloquence; at the same time, its literary finish satisfies the demands of a fastidious taste, and possesses the beauty of an exquisite adaptedness to the subjects handled. It is a transparent medium of expression for a richly-informed, clear-thinking, straightforward mind; it presents the meaning of the writer strongly and directly to the mind of the reader, instructing while it gratifies."

"Of the merits of this grammar, as a philosophical analysis and explanation of the structure of the Polynesian dialects, it would be difficult to speak in exaggerated terms. In the distribution of topics, in the lucid arrangement of the parts, in the clearness of the statement of principles, in the ingenuity of the etymological deductions, the work will bear a favorable comparison with the best philosophical grammars by the scholars of Europe. As a contribution to general philology, it will stand in the foremost rank, unless the foolish economy of the government in limiting the number of copies published should unfortunately operate to exclude its valuable contents from the general fund of philological knowledge, and to defraud Mr. Hale of the reputation which is justly his due."

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. and George S. Appleton have published "*Moore's Poetical Works*," complete in one volume, illustrated with ten engravings from drawings by eminent artists. This is the most complete and elegant edition of Moore which has ever appeared. It is carefully reprinted from the author's own edition recently published in London. The prefaces, filling fifty pages, comprise an autobiography of the author written in his happiest style, and comprising a very complete and curious literary history of his works. The whole volume fills 750 royal octavo pages, and is printed on the most superb paper. The illustrations are a Portrait of Thomas Moore, by G. Richmond, very spirited; Sloperton Cottage, by T. Creswick, (a perfect gem;) Psyche, from the Statue I saw from the Beach; The Magic Mirror, by Maclise; The Peri at the Gate of Heaven, by K. Meadows; The Peri's Second Pilgrimage, by Corbould; Loves of the Angels, by Corbould, and the Priestess of the Moon, by K. Meadows. All these embellishments are in the highest style of art. Such an edition of the greatest of modern lyrical poets is highly creditable to the good taste of the enterprising publishers. It will of course attract the attention of all who are forming select and elegant private libraries.

The same publishers have issued in the same gorgeous style, "*The Poetical Works of Robert Southey, LL.D.*," late Poet Laureate, collected by himself. A new edition, including Oliver Newman and other Poems, now first published. Illustrated with eight fine steel engravings, from drawings by Kenny Meadows, Corbould, Westall and Middleton. These embellishments are a Portrait of Southey, Joan of Arc and Her Monument at Rouen, Sappho, one of Westall's finest paintings, splendidly engraved by Heath, Thalaba and Oneiza, by Corbould, Senena, The Well of St. Keyne, full of character and spirit, and Eleemon and Cyra by Westall, splendid in *chiar' oscuro*. The prodigious variety and richness of Southey's poetry have rendered his name illustrious among the writers of his country, and has kept his name constantly before the public for the last thirty years. Nothing can exceed his versatility. In the epic, didactic, descriptive and humorous styles he was equally at home, and ever attracted universal admiration whenever he appeared before the public. His poetry has become so completely classical, that it is constantly quoted and alluded to in all cotemporary literature, so that one reads his works with all the pleasure which arises from its association with the most celebrated works of his great compeers in British literature. The Messrs. Appleton deserve special credit for this beautiful edition of a favorite author.

Messrs. Harpers have published in a large octavo volume, "*Whaling Voyage and History of the Whale Fishery*," by J. Ross Browne, with numerous illustrative engravings, an extremely interesting and well-written book. For sale by G. B. Zieber & Co., and Lindsay & Blakiston.

Mr. W. H. Graham, New York, has published "*Life, Travels and Adventures in California, and Scenes in the Pacific Ocean*," by T. J. Farnham. Mr. Farnham's success in his previous works is well known to our readers. This is by far his best book. It is written with more confidence and in a more masterly style than any of its predecessors. Sold by T. B. Peterson.

Mr. Graham has also published "*Lives of Celebrated Statesmen*," by John Quincy Adams, an excellent work of a first-rate writer. Sold by Zieber.

Messrs. Carey & Hart have published "*Our Army on the Rio Grande*," by T. B. Thorpe, a very well-timed, well-written and well-embellished book. It gives the most thrilling accounts of the battles of the Mexican war, with a history of the whole affair, and biographical notices of the principal officers of the army. It has twenty engravings. The frontispiece is a picture of the fall of Major Ringgold, an extremely spirited engraving. For sale by the publishers and by G. B. Zieber & Co.

Messrs. Lea & Blanchard have published "*Chemistry of the Four Seasons*," by Thomas Griffiths, one of the delightful books in which the wonders of science are made entertaining and familiar to the popular mind.

Messrs. Appletons have published "*Something for Everybody, gleaned in the Old Purchase from Fields often Reaped*," by Robert Carlton, Esq., author of the "New Purchase," &c. &c. This book is full of good sense. It is written in a lively piquant style, but it treats of the most important truths. Many of the essays or rather letters are written to counteract the effect of popular errors which threaten the very basis of our social system. The name of the author is evidently an assumed one, and it is in vain for him to call himself Esquire, while he writes so much like a clergyman. His book, however, is one that a bishop might be proud of. The same publishers have issued an excellent reading book for the highest class in common schools. It is entitled "*A Course of Reading for Common Schools and the Lower Classes of Academies, on the plan of the author's Elements of Reading and Oratory*," by H. Mandeville, Professor of Moral Science and Belles Lettres in Hamilton College. The preliminary treatise is systematic, and cannot fail to be extremely useful to beginners in oratory. The selections are judicious and chiefly new. We are happy to see an accomplished professor of oratory directing his attention to the preparation of first-rate elementary books for common schools.

Messrs. Wiley and Putnam have published No. 69 of

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their Library of Choice Reading. It is "*Carlyle's Heroes and Hero Worship;*" the best and most readable of all his books. Sold by J. W. Moore.

Mr. Luther Tucker, Albany, publishes the "*Horticulturist,*" a very excellent journal of Rural Art and Rural Taste, edited by A. J. Downing, whose good taste and ability in such matters are well known. Sold by Zieber, who also has "*The Cultivator,*" a monthly paper devoted to Agriculture and Rural affairs.

Mr. W. H. Graham, of New York, has published "*The Architect; a series of Original Designs for Domestic and Ornamental Cottages, connected with Landscape Gardening, with Engravings, Estimates, &c.,*" by W. H. Runlett. A well executed book. The plan of the series is similar to that which we are giving our readers in the current numbers of the Lady's Book. It is for sale by T. B. Peterson.

Messrs. Appletons have published "*Poems by Amelia.*" Second edition, enlarged. Mrs. Welby's Poems are well and favorably known to the public. They breathe the true inspiration of the Spirit of Beauty. The new edition is beautifully got up with a steel engraved Frontispiece. The paper and print are very beautiful.

Messrs. Burgess and Stringer, of New York, have published the "*Black-Plumed Rifleman, a Tale of the Revolution,*" by Newton M. Curtis, author of the "Bride of the Western Isles," &c. For sale by Zieber.

Messrs. Loomis & Peck have published "*The Little History of the United States,*" in a little volume about three inches square, with illustrations from designs by Darley. It is extremely pretty, and will be highly popular with the juvenile world.

"*The Fountain,*" a Temperance Annual, with eight beautiful mezzotint engravings, by W. Sloanaker. We know of no more beautiful present for the forthcoming season. Its aim is good, and the design has been fully carried out by the editor, H. Hastings Weld, than whom no man in this country is more capable of conveying a moral lesson in a pleasant manner. Mr. Weld has long been known to this community as a writer, whose principal aim has been to inculcate good, never for a moment departing from this position for the sake of temporary popularity, although as an author we know of no one more versatile. Mr. Sloanaker is well known as an ardent advocate of the temperance cause, and has worked faithfully for it. This last effort of his ought to endear him to every advocate of temperance and should meet with all their encouragement, as well as that of the public in general. We will take great pleasure in receiving orders for this work.

A gentleman called at our office last week and paid the subscription of one of our lady subscribers in Georgia, both for this year and the next. He stated (and we saw that) that she had been a subscriber since the work commenced, and that she had "always paid in gold—her reason being that she thought the work was worth its weight in gold."

Our correspondent from Tuscumbia, who encloses $10, will excuse us for making the following extract, and our readers will also please excuse the seeming egotism:—"The Lady's Book has been regularly received for many years by Mrs. ——. She considers you a gentleman of taste and entitled to extensive patronage for your untiring efforts *to please the ladies.*"

We must also give place to the following from "Scott's Weekly Paper," merely adding, that what he expresses there, is the prevalent opinion, of which we have some thousand notices to show.

"GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for November, is on our table, and is, as usual, well stored with good things, and appropriate ones, too, for the ladies. It is, indeed, *the* Book for the fair sex. Its competitors are excellent, but it surpasses them all, in the high-toned character of its contents, the beauty of its engravings, and the magnificence—we know of no better word—of its fashion-plates, (late French fashions softened down to suit the tastes of our American ladies.) 'The Book,' if it is not, should be in every family throughout the land."

The "Redowa Waltz," which we publish in this number, will be all the rage this winter. It has been advertised by Madame Hazard and all the principal dancing establishments in this city and New York. Young ladies must learn it.

C. Oakford, of No. 104 Chestnut street, has for sale the largest and best assortment of fashionable Furs in this city. Sable, Martin, and inferior kinds, made up in Tippets, Muffs, Boas, &c. The ladies may depend upon any articles they may buy from this establishment. There is another reason which may induce some to patronize Oakford, independent of his being one of the most agreeable men in the city—it is the fashion to do so. "I bought it at Oakford's," is as indicative of good taste as to say, "I purchased this bonnet at Miss Doyle's," or that "this dress was made by Miss Horn." He is directly opposite the office of this work. There may be something in that.

We perceive that the daily and weekly press are copying very extensively from our reprints of London World of Fashion and Blackwood's Lady's Magazine. Our subscribers, by paying up old arrears, and sending three dollars in advance for 1847, are entitled to the Lady's Book one year and a copy of either the London Lady's World of Fashion, or a copy of Blackwood's Lady's Magazine, one year.

FRENCH CLASS.—In the death of Professor Walter, well known in this city as a most estimable man, and in the literary world as an accomplished scholar, the public and his friends have met with a great loss. Much sympathy is felt for his bereaved family; and it will be considered a favor by some of his friends, we know, if we tell them how with advantage to their own, this feeling may have active exercise. Mrs. W., who is a proficient in the French language, is about forming a class, under the advice of her friends, for instruction in French. Those who wish to avail themselves of the opening presented for their daughters, may learn the necessary particulars from Mr. Peter, H. B. M. Consul, or L. A. Godey.

Since we commenced the publication of Crotchet-Work and Model Cottages, there have been several works published on both these subjects. The Lady's Book always leads the way.

Our thanks are due to the gentlemen connected with the Camden and Amboy and Bristol and Brunswick Rail Roads to New York, for the many acts of kindness we have received from them, both ourself and family, during the past year. Need we particularize the indefatigable and obliging Mr. Gatzmer, the gallant Captain Hinkle, the worthy Captain Forbes—and those ever attentive conductors Kester, Heath, Forbes, Van Doren and Gamble. We have witnessed many kindly acts by those gentlemen. One occurred lately—a lady visiting N. York on account of the shipwreck of some of her family. She was passed through to the end of the line free, and by Mr. Gamble on the Brunswick and Jersey City portion. Many acts of this kind have endeared the gentlemen of these lines to the public, and a meeting with them is like a greeting between old friends.

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