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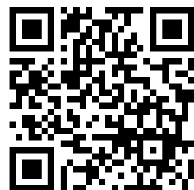

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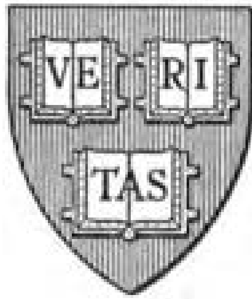

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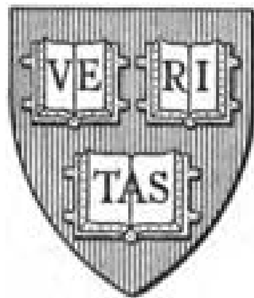

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GRAHAM'S

LADY'S AND GENTLEMAN'S

MAGAZINE.

EMBELLISHED WITH

THE FINEST MEZZOTINTO AND STEEL ENGRAVINGS,

ELEGANT EMBOSSED WORK,

FASHIONS AND MUSIC.

VOLUME XX.

PHILADELPHIA:
GEORGE R. GRAHAM.
1842.

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Charles D. Woodberry,
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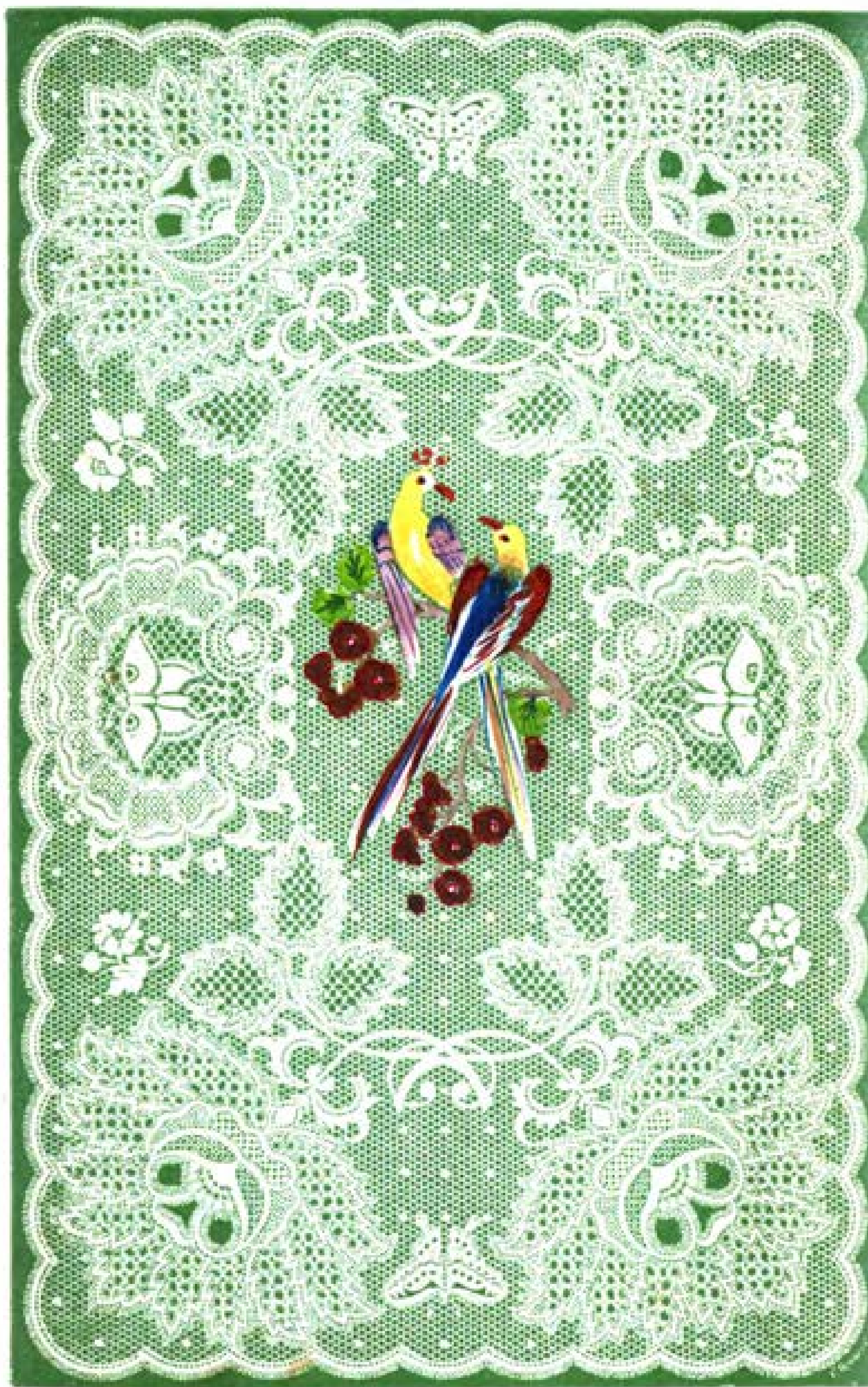

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XX. PHILADELPHIA: JANUARY, 1842. No. 1.

THE SHEPHERD'S LOVE.

BY J. H. DANA.

CHAPTER I.

IT was a golden morning in early summer, and a thousand birds were warbling on the landscape, while the balmy wind murmured low and musical among the leaves, when a young girl, attired in a rustic dress, might have been seen tripping over the lea. Her golden tresses, as she walked, floated on the wind, and the exercise had called even a richer carnation than usual to her cheek. Her form was one of rare beauty, and her gait was grace itself. As she glided on, more like a sylph than a mortal being, she carolled one of her country's simple lays; and what with her liquid tones, her sweet countenance, and her bewitching motion, she formed a picture of loveliness such only as a poet could have imagined.

At length she approached a ruined wall, half hidden by one or two overshadowing trees. The enclosure partially concealed from view the figure of a young shepherd, who, leaning on his hand, gazed admiringly on her approaching figure. Unconscious, however, of the vicinity of an observer, the maiden tripped on, until she had almost reached the enclosure, when the shepherd's dog suddenly sprung from his master's side, and barking violently, would have leaped on the intruder, had not the youth checked him. The maiden started and turned pale; but when she perceived the shepherd her cheeks flushed with crimson, and she stood before the youth in a beautiful embarrassment.

"Down, down, Wallace, mon," said the young shepherd, "ken ye not Jeanie yet—the flower o' Ettrick? Ah! Jeanie, Jeanie," he added—and his tone and manner at once betrayed the footing on which he stood with the maiden—"little did ye ken, when ye were tripping sae gaily o'er the lea, with a heart as light as a lavrock and a song as sweet as the waving of the broom at noonday, that one who lo'es ye sae dearly, was lookin' at ye frae behind this tree."

The maiden blushed again, and stealing a timid glance at her lover, her eyes sought the ground. The shepherd took her hand, which was not withdrawn from his grasp, and said,

"Ye ken weel, Jeanie dear, what ye were singing," and his voice assumed a sudden seriousness as he spoke, which caused the maiden again to look up, although the allusion he made to the subject of her song, had dyed her cheeks with new blushes, "and I hae come hither this morning, for I ken ye passed here—to see ye if only for a moment. Ye ken, Jeanie, that we were to hae been one next Michaelmas, and that I was to get the Ellsey farm—a canny croft it is, dearie, and happy, happy would we hae been there"—the maiden looked inquiringly in his face at these words, and her lover continued mournfully—"ye guess the worst, I see, by that look. In one word, a richer man has outbid me, and so, for the third time, hae I been disappointed." And as he said these words with a husky voice, betokening the depth of his emotion, the speaker paused, and drew the back of his hand across his eyes. His affianced bride showed the true delicacy of her mind in this juncture. Instead of saying aught to comfort him, she drew closer to his side, and laying her hand on his arm, gazed up into his face with a look so full of sympathy and love, that its mute, yet all-powerful eloquence, went to the shepherd's heart. He drew her tenderly to his bosom, kissed her unresisting brow, and gazed for some moments in silent rapture on her face. At length he spoke.

"Jeanie," he said, and his voice grew low and tremulous as he spoke, "can ye hear bad news? I canna bide here longer," he added, after a pause, and with an obvious effort. The maiden started; but having introduced the subject, her lover proceeded firmly—"I canna bide here, year after year, as I hae done for the last twelvemonth, and be put off, month by month, wi' promises that are never to be fulfilled. I will go away and seek my fortune in other lands. They say money is to be had amaist for

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the asking in the Indies, and ye ken we may never marry while I remain as now, with na roof to lay my ain head under, to say naething of yours, Jeanie, which I hold dearer than ten thousand thousand sic as mine. So I hae engaged to go out to the Indies, and the ship sails to-morrow. Do not greet, my flower o' the brae," said he, as the maiden burst into tears, "for ye ken it is only sufferin' a lighter evil to put off a greater one. If I stay here we maun make up our minds never to be one, for not a farm is to be had for a puir man like me, from Ettrick to Inverness. In two years, at maist, I will return," and his voice brightened with hope, as he proceeded, "and then, Jeanie dear, naething shall keep us asunder, and you shall be the richest, and I hope the happiest bride in all the border."

The manly pathos of his words, his visible attempt to stifle his feelings, and the grief she felt at the contemplated absence of her lover, all conjoined to heighten the emotion of the maiden, and flinging herself on her lover's bosom, she wept long and uncontrollably. Her companion gazed on in silence, with an almost bursting heart; but he knew that he could not recede from his promise, and that the hour of anguish must be endured sooner or later. Then why not now? At length the sobs of Jeanie grew less violent and frequent — the first burst of her emotion was passing away. Gently then did her lover soothe her feelings, pointing out to her the advantages to result from his determination, and cheering her with the assurance, that in two years, at farthest, he would return.

"I hae no fears, Jeanie, that ye will not prove true to me, and for the rest we are in God's gude hands. Our lives are as safe in his protection awa on the seas as by our ain ingle-side. And now farewell, for the present, dearie — I maun do many things before we sail to-morrow. God bless you!" and with these words, dashing a tear from his eye, he tore himself from the maiden, and walked rapidly across the lea, as if to dissipate his emotion by the swiftness of his pace. When he reached the brow of the hill, however, he turned to take a last look at the spot where he had parted with Jeanie. She was still standing where he left her, looking after his receding form. He waved his hand, gazed a moment on her, and then whistled to his dog, and dashed over the brow of the hill.

Poor Jeanie had watched him with tearful eyes until he paused at the top of the hill, and her heart beat quick when she saw him turn for a last look. She made an effort to wave her hand in reply; and when she saw him disappear beyond the hill, sank against the wall. Directly a flood of tears came to her relief. It was hours before she was sufficiently composed to return home.

All through that day, and until late at night, Jeanie comforted herself with the hope of again beholding her lover; but he came not. Long after nightfall, a ragged urchin from the village put into her hands a letter. She broke it open tremblingly, for she knew the hand-writing at a glance. It was from her lover. It was kindly written, and the hand had been tremulous that penned it; but it told her that he had felt himself unequal to another parting scene. Before she received this — it continued — he would be far on his way to the place of embarkation. It contained many a sweet message that filled the heart of Jeanie with sunshine, even while the tears fell thick and fast on the paper. It bid her remember him to her only surviving parent, and then it contained a few more words of hope, and ended with "God bless you! — think often in your prayers of Willie."

That night Jeanie's pillow was wet with tears, but, even amid her sobs, her prayers might have been heard ascending for her absent lover.

CHAPTER II.

The family of Jeanie was poor but virtuous, like thousands of others scattered all over the hills and vales of Scotland. Her father had once seen better days, having been indeed a farmer in a small way; but his crops failing, and his stock dying by disease, he had been reduced at length to extreme poverty. Yet he bore his misfortunes without repining. He had still his daughter to comfort him, and though he lived in a mud-built cottage, he was happy — happy at least, so far as one in his dependant condition could be; for his principal support was derived from the labor of his daughter, added to what little he managed to earn by doing small jobs occasionally for his neighbors. Yet he was universally respected. If you could have seen him on a sunny Sabbath morning, leaning on his daughter's arm, walking to the humble village kirk: if you could have beheld the respect with which his juniors lifted their bonnets to him, while his own gray locks waved on the wind as he returned their salutations, you would have felt that even utter poverty, if respectable, and cheered by a daughter's love, was not without its joy.

The love betwixt Jeanie and the young shepherd was not one of a day. It had already been of years standing, and dated far back, almost into the childhood of each. By sunny braes, in green meadows, alongside of whimplin brooks, they had been used to meet, seemingly by chance, until such meetings grew necessary to their very existence, and their love — pure and holy as that between the angelic choristers — became intermixed with all their thoughts and feelings, and colored all their views of life. And all this time Jeanie was growing more beautiful daily, until she became the flower of the valley. Her voice was like that of the cushat in its sweetest cadence — her eye was as blue and sunny as the summer ether — and the smiles that wreathed her mouth came and went like the northern lights on a clear December eve. Thus beautiful, she had not been without many suitors; but to all she turned a deaf ear. Many of them were far above her station in life, but this altered not her determination. Nor did her father, though perhaps, like many of his neighbors, he attached more importance to such

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offers than Jeanie, attempt to influence her. He only stipulated that her lover should obtain a farm before his marriage. We have seen how his repeated failures in this, and his hopelessness of attaining his object, unless at a very distant period, had at length driven him to seek his fortune elsewhere.

We are telling no romantic tale, but one of real life; and in real life years often seem as hours, and hours as years. We shall make no excuse, therefore, for passing over an interval of more than two years.

It was the gloamin hour when Jeanie and her father sat at their humble threshold. The face of the maiden was sad almost to tears; while that of the father wore a sad and anxious expression. They had been conversing, and now the old man resumed their discourse.

"Indeed, Jeanie," he said, "God knows I would na urge ye do that which is wrong; but we hae suffered and suffered much sin' Willie left us. Twa years and a half, amaist a third, hae past sin' that day. Do not greet, my dochter, an' your auld father may na speak that which is heavy on his mind," and he ceased, and folded the now weeping girl tenderly to his bosom.

"No, no, father, go on," sobbed Jeanie, endeavoring to compose herself, an effort in which she finally succeeded. Her father resumed.

"I am growing auld, Jeanie, aulder and aulder every day; my shadow already fils up half my grave — and the time canna be far awa, when I shall be called to leave you alone in the warld."

"Oh! say not so," sobbed Jeanie, "you will yet live many a year."

"Na, na," he answered, shaking his head, "though it pains my heart to say so, yet it is best you should know the truth. It will na be long before the snows shall lie aboon me. But I see it makes you greet. I will pass on, Jeanie, to what lies heavy on my heart, and that is, when I am awa, there will be no one to protect you. Could I hae seen ye comfortably settled, wi' some one to shield ye from the cauld world, I could hae gone to my grave in peace. But it maun na be, it maun na be."

Poor Jeanie had listened to her father's words with emotions we will not attempt to pourtray. Long after every one else had given over her lover for lost — and besides a rumor, now of two years standing, that he had been drowned at sea, there was the fact of his not returning at the appointed time, to silence all skepticism — she had clung to the hope of his being alive, even when her reason forbid the expression of that hope. She had long read her father's thoughts, nor could she indeed blame them. Their poverty was daily growing more extreme, so that while her parent's health was declining, he was compelled to deny himself even the few comforts which he had hitherto possessed. These things cut Jeanie to the heart, and yet she saw no remedy for them, except in what seemed to her more terrible than death. Her affection for her lover was only strengthened and purified by his loss. Try as she would, she could not tear his image from her heart. Loving him thus, living or dead, how could she wed another? — how could she take on herself vows her heart refused to fulfil? Day after day, week after week, and month after month, had this struggle been going on in her bosom, betwixt duty to her father and love for him to whom she had plighted her virgin vows. This evening her parent had spoken to her, mildly but seriously on the death of her lover, and Jeanie's heart was more than ever melted by the self-devotedness with which her gray-haired father had alluded to her want of protection in case of his death, not even saying a word of the want of the common comforts of life which his growing infirmities rendered more necessary than ever, but of which her conduct — oh! how selfish in that moment it seemed to her — deprived him. It was some moments before Jeanie could speak, during which time she lay weeping on her parent's bosom. At length she murmured,

"Do wi' me as ye wish, father, I maun resist no longer, sin' it were wicked. But oh! gie me a little while to prepare, for the heart is rebellious and hard to overcome. I know you do it all for the best — but I maun hae some delay to tear the last thoughts o' Willie, thoughts which soon wi' be sinfu', from my heart" — and overcome by the intensity of her emotions she burst into a new flood of tears. Her father pressed her to his bosom, and murmured,

"Oh! Jeanie, Jeanie, could ye know how this pains my auld heart! But the thought that when I die ye will be left unprotected in the world, is sair within me. Time ye shall hae, darlint — perhaps," he added after a moment's pause, "it were better to gie up the scheme altogether. Aye! Jeanie, I will na cross your wishes even in this; but trust in a gude God to protect you when I am gone. Say no more, say no more about it, dear one; but do just as ye will."

"No, father," said Jeanie, looking firmly up, while the tears shone through her long eye-lashes like dew on the morning grass, "no, I will be selfish no longer. Your wish shall be fulfilled. Do not oppose me, for indeed, indeed, I act now as I feel right. Gie me only the little delay for which I ask, and then I will do as you say, and — and" — and her voice trembled as she spoke — "then you will no longer be without those little comforts, dear father, which not even all my love has been able to procure for you. Now kiss me, for I maun go in to be by myself for awhile."

"God bless you, my dochter, and may *he* ever hae you in his keeping," murmured that gray-haired sire, laying his hands on his child's head — his dim eyes suffusing with tears as he spoke, "God bless ye forever and ever!"

When that father and daughter rejoined each other, an hour later in the evening, a holy calm pervaded the countenance of each; and the looks which they gave each other were full of confidence, gratitude and overflowing affection. And when the daughter drew forth the old worn Bible, and read a chapter in her silvery voice, while the father followed in a prayer that was at times choked by his emotion, there was not, in all broad Scotland, a

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sweeter or more soul-subduing sight than that lowly cot presented.

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CHAPTER III.

Although Jeanie was a girl of strong mind, the sacrifice which she contemplated was not to be effected without many inward struggles. But having made up her mind to what she considered her duty, she allowed no personal feelings to swerve her from the strict line she had laid down for herself wherein to walk. Daily did she seek in prayer for aid; and never did she allow her parent to hear a murmur from her lips. Yet, let her strive as she would, the memory of her lover would constantly recur to her mind. At the gloamin hour, in the still watches of the night — by the ingle-side, abroad in the fields, or in the kirk of God — on Sabbath or week day — when listening to her aged sire's voice, or sitting all alone in her little chamber, the image of him she had loved would rise up before her, diffusing a gentle melancholy over her heart, and seeming, for the moment, to raise an impassable barrier betwixt her and the fulfilment of her new vows — for those vows had already been taken, and the evening which was to make her another's, was only postponed until the intended bridegroom — a staid farmer of the border — could make the necessary preparations in his homestead, necessary to fit it for a new mistress, and she the sweetest flower of the district.

We are telling no romantic tale, drawn from the extravagant fancy of a novelist, but a sober reality. There are hundreds, all over this broad realm, who are even now sacrificing themselves like Jeanie. Aye! in many a lowly cottage, unrecked of and uncared for by the world, wither away in secret sorrow, beings who, had their lot been cast in happier places, would have been the brightest and most joyous of creatures. How many has want driven, unwilling brides, to the nuptial altar! Who can tell the sacrifice woman will not make to affection, although that sacrifice may tear her heart's fibres asunder? And thus Jeanie acted. Although she received the attentions of her future husband with a smile, there was a strange unnatural meaning in its cold moonlight expression. Even while he talked to her, her thoughts would wander away, and she would only be awakened from her reverie by some sudden ejaculation of his at perceiving her want of attention. He knew her history, but he had been one of her earliest lovers, and he flattered himself that she had long since forgotten the absent; and, although at times her demeanor would, for a moment, make him suspect the truth, yet a conviction so little in unison with his wishes, led him instantly to discard it. And Jeanie, meanwhile, continued struggling with her old attachment, until her health began to give way beneath the conflict. She scarcely seemed to decline — at least to eyes that saw her daily — but yet her neighbors marked the change. In the beautiful words of the ballad,

"her cheek it grew pale,
And she drooped like a lily broke down by the hail."

The morning of her wedding-day saw her as beautiful as ever, but with how touching, how sweet an expression of countenance! As she proceeded to the kirk, her exquisite loveliness attracted every eye, and her air of chastened sadness drew tears from more than one spectator acquainted with her history. The bridegroom stood smiling to receive his lovely prize, the minister had already begun the service, and Jeanie's heart beat faster and faster as the moment approached which was forever after to make all thoughts of Willie sinful, when suddenly the rattling of rapid wheels was heard without, and instantaneously a chaise stopped at the kirk door, and a tall form leaping from the vehicle strode rapidly up the aisle at the very moment that the minister asked the solemn question, if any one knew aught why the ceremony should not be finished.

"Ay," answered the voice of the intruder, and, as he spoke, he threw off the military cloak he wore and disclosed to the astonished eyes of the spectators the features — scarred and sun burnt, but still the features — of the absent shepherd, "Ay! I stand here, by God's good aid, to claim the maiden by right of a prior betrothal. I am William Sandford."

Had a thunderbolt fallen from heaven, or a spirit risen from the dead, the audience would not have been more astonished than by this *dénouement*. All eagerly crowded around the intruder, gazing on his face, as the Jews of old looked on the risen Lazarus. Doubt, wonder, conviction, enthusiasm followed each other in quick succession through the minds of the spectators. But the long absent lover, pushing aside the friends who thronged around him, strode up to Jeanie's side, and, clasping her in his arms, asked, in a voice no longer firm, but husky with emotion,

"Oh! Jeanie, Jeanie, hae ye too forgotten me?"

The bride had fainted on his bosom; but a score of eager tongues answered for her, and in hurried words told him the truth.

What have we more to say? Nothing — except that the returned lover took the place of the bridegroom, who was fain to resign his claim, and that the minister united the now re-animated Jeanie and her long-remembered lover, while the congregation looked on with tears of joy.

The returned Shepherd — for we shall still call him so — at length found time to tell his tale. He had been shipwrecked as rumoured, but, instead of being drowned, had escaped and reached India. There he entered the service and was sent into the interior, where he rose rapidly in rank, but was unavoidably detained beyond the appointed two years, while the communications with Calcutta being difficult and uncertain, the letters written home apprizing Jeanie of these facts had miscarried. At length, he had succeeded in resigning his commission, full of honors and wealth. He hastened to Scotland. He reached Jeanie's home, learned that she was even then becoming the bride of another, hurried wildly to the church, and — our readers know the the rest.

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SONNET.*

BY THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.

How often have I fixed a stranger's gaze
On yonder turrets clad in light as fair
As this soft sunset lends — pleas'd to drink air
Of learning that from calm of ancient days
Breathes 'round them ever: — now to me they wear
The tinge of dearer thought; the radiant haze
That crowns them thickens as, with fonder care,
And by its flickering sparkles, sense conveys
Of youth's first triumphs: — for amid their seats
One little student's heart impatient beats
With blood of mine. O God, vouchsafe him power
When I am dust to stand on this sweet place
And, through the vista of long years, embrace
Without a blush this first Etonian hour!

THE GOBLET OF LIFE.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

FILLED is Life's goblet to the brim; —
And though my eyes with tears are dim,
I see its sparkling bubbles swim,
And chaunt this melancholy hymn,
With solemn voice and slow.
No purple flowers — no garlands green
Conceal the goblet's shade or sheen,
Nor maddening draughts of Hippocrene,
Like gleams of sunshine, flash between
The leaves of misletoe.

This goblet, wrought with curious art,
Is filled with waters that upstart,
When the deep fountains of the heart,
By strong convulsion rent apart,
Are running all to waste;
And, as it mantling passes round,
With fennel is it wreathed and crowned,
Whose seed and foliage sun-imbrowned,
Are in its waters steeped and drowned,
And give a bitter taste.

Above the lowlier plants it towers,
The fennel, with its yellow flowers;
And in an earlier age than ours
Was gifted with the wondrous powers
Lost vision to restore:
It gave new strength and fearless mood,
And gladiators fierce and rude
Mingled it in their daily food;
And he who battled and subdued
A wreath of fennel wore.

Then in Life's goblet freely press
The leaves that give it bitterness,
Nor prize the colored waters less,
For in thy darkness and distress
New light and strength they give.
For he who has not learned to know
How false its sparkling bubbles show,
How bitter are the drops of woe
With which its brim may overflow,
He has not learned to live!

The prayer of Ajax was for light!
Through all the dark and desperate fight,
The blackness of that noon-day night,
He asked but the return of sight
To know his foeman's face.
Let our unceasing, earnest prayer
Be, too, for light: — and strength to bear
Our portion of the weight of care,
That crushes into dumb despair
One half the human race.

O suffering, sad humanity!
O ye afflicted ones, who lie
Steeped to the lips in misery,
Longing, and yet afraid to die,
Ye have been sorely tried!
I pledge you in your cup of grief
Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf!
The battle of our life is brief, —
The alarm, — the struggle, — the relief, —
Then sleep we side by side.

* It is with high gratification that we present our readers, this month, with this elegant *original* poem from the pen of Sergeant NOON TALFOURD, of England, the author of "ION," and, perhaps, the first living poet of his age. In the letter accompanying the verses he speaks of them as "my last effusion on an occasion very dear to me—composed in view of Eton College after leaving my eldest son there for the first time."

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HIGHLAND BEAUTY.

A STORY IN CAMP.

BY OLIVER OLDFELLOW.

"The fact is, Jeremy, I never liked the idea of writing love stories in the presence of a pretty girl, as there is always something contagious in love,—and do what I might — I have been a hard student that way — some how or other I was always apt to leave off writing, and go to the business of love-making in downright earnest, — studying from nature, you see. It somehow puts a fellow's hand out for writing, and inclines him more to the use of his tongue, except when, by way of variation, he cooly slips his arm around the dear, blushing, unwilling creature, and drawing her gently to his bosom, as a mother would her child, smothers the 'bliss of talking,' as Miss Landon called it, by a cousinly introduction of lips. But, — by the prettiest houri that ever made Mussulman's heaven! — how do you think the thing is to be managed with *two* of the prettiest Scotch lassies that ever inspired the song of a Burns, or the valor of a Wallace, looking you right in the eye, and one of them with the most inviting lips, too, that ever set lover's heart on fire, and each with a pair of eyes that would send the blood tingling through the veins of the veriest woman hater that ever breathed."

"None of your nonsense, Oliver, but for once give over the love of talking of yourself, and let us have the story within three pages, if you expect to be out before Christmas with the Magazine! There are a host of better looking fellows than yourself have had their eyes upon the girls, and — to tell you the honest truth, — the game is above your reach."

"By my faith in woman! Jeremy, you are as sharp this morning as a nor'-wester — I expect you have had your *comb cut* with one of them. Talking of cutting combs, reminds me of a story. When I was in the army!—"

"Ha! ha! ha! When you were in the army! By George! I like that part of the story amazingly — if the rest is only as good I may feel inclined to allow you half a page more!"

"Come, Jerry, none of that; I 've known fellows talk about the army who never even heard a gun, and chaps spin out most eternal sea-yarns, that never smelt salt water, as any old tar would tell you before he had listened five minutes to the story; but I am none of your green-horns — I know what I am about when I mention war or beauty, — having seen some service in my day. I therefore commence properly — as every story should have a beginning, even if it has no end."

"When I was in the army, you see, I became acquainted with a very sentimental fellow, about your size, — though he *had* rather a better looking whisker for a soldier, — who was always full of romance, and all that sort of thing, — and I *do* believe the chap had an idea or two of the right kind in his head, but they were so mixed up with the wrong kind, that, like the funds of a good many bankers now-a-days, they were not always 'available.' He had got it into his cranium, and there it would stick, that he had a little better blood in him than any body else, so that he was confoundedly careful not to have any of it spilt, and nothing but the daughter of a lord came any way near the mark to which he aspired. He used to tell a good many stories about himself, and he would tell them pretty well too, but they somehow or other had a smack of the marvellous. His stories about the doings among the gentry — the fellow, you see, had been educated by a lord, or something of that sort, and had seen a little of high life above stairs as well as below — took amazingly in the camp, especially his sentimental ones, for he had the knack of making a fool of himself —"

"But, for goodness sake, Oliver! the story! — the story!"

"The fact is, Jerry, I am pretty much in the predicament of the knife-grinder! — Story of my own — I have none to tell. But here is one of——confound the fellow's name, — no matter.

"Emily Melville — the only daughter of the proud Lord Melville, who was well known in the time of the wars — as the representative of the long line of illustrious Scottish nobles of that name, was the pride of the Lowland nobility, and the belle of every assembly. She was as fair as a white fawn, and scarcely less wild. Her mother being dead, few restraints were placed upon the young beauty by the old house-keeper, who, in the main, filled the place. Emily, therefore, held in proud disdain the restraints which would have been imposed by the prudes of her sex, and thought that the great art of living was to be happy. Laughter was always on her lips, and sun light forever on her brow. She was beautiful, and you knew it, yet you could not tell the secret of it, nor, for their restlessness and brilliancy, whether her eyes were blue or gray, yet you knew that they were pretty, and felt that they were bright. Her voice was like the warble of a bird in spring, its notes were so full of joyousness; and her motion was like that of a fairy, so light and graceful, that, had you seen her tripping over the smoothly shaved lawn in front of the mansion — her auburn hair drooping in long ringlets over her snowy and finely rounded shoulders — and heard her gay glad voice,

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swelling out in song and happiness, you would have fancied her an angel from the upper sphere."

"I doubt that last part, my good fellow"—interrupted a bluff old soldier—"until I had tried an arm around her, to see if she wasn't flesh and blood, I wouldn't a' trusted fancy."

"An interruption gentlemen. You see if the story is told right, a man must *feel* what he says, and you'll find out before it's done, that I"—

"What, young man! You didn't begin to make love to *her* did you?"

"Gentlemen, I must persist"—

"Well, was *she* in love—tell us that."

"Love!—She laughed at it—and said, 'she loved nothing but her pet fawn—her canary—the flowers, both wild and tame—the blue sky—the sunshine—the heather—the forest—the mountains—and it might be—she did not know—she *might* love her cousin Harry Hardwick, if he was as pleasant as he was when her playmate a few years ago—but he was now at his father's castle on the mountain, and perhaps had grown coarse, boorish, or ill-mannered. She did not know therefore whether she should love him or not—rather thought she should not—but then she had her father, and enough around her to love and cherish, and why should she trouble herself about the matter.'

"You will not wonder, gentlemen, that such a creature should inspire me with love—a deep, devoted, heart-absorbing, deathless passion. I loved her as man never loved woman before. Every pulsation, every energy of my being seemed for her"—

"Of course, *you'd* love her!—never heard you tell of a pretty girl that you didn't love—but give us the pith and marrow of the matter; did she return the compliment?"

"All in good time!—You see the thing might have been very handsomely managed, if it had not been for one or two impediments"—

"What in the plague does the fellow mean by *impediment?*"

"Hush, can't you! He means he didn't get her, of course."

"Well, you see, gentlemen, there was a shocking looking young fellow of a lord, who lived upon the next estate, who got it into his head that he must take a hand in the game. To give him his due, he was accomplished, witty, had a title, and a splendid whisker, and from beginning to call every few days to inquire after Lord Melville's health—the old chap had the best health in the world—about three times a-week, he soon managed to call the other four days on his own account, so that I found the prize in a fair way to be snatched from my grasp, and I resolved to bring matters to a close pretty soon. So one morning, when Lord Melville was out looking into parliamentary matters, inquiring into the affairs of the nations, or his own, I thought I would open the question genteely. Emily had sung for me most sweetly, without any apology or affectation, and we were now sitting chatting very pleasantly together. How easy, then, to turn the conversation in the proper channel. To discourse of green fields—of murmuring brooks—of the delights of solitude with one of congenial tastes—of the birds, the fawn, and the attachment they showed their mistress. Then, of course, she would wonder whether they really loved her, whether they knew what love was, or only felt joy at her presence, because they knew her as their feeder. Then I would say, of *course* they loved her, how could they do otherwise,—were not all things that approached her *fated* to love her. Then she blushes, gets up, and goes to the window opening on the garden—to look at the flowers maybe—I must see them too, of course, for they are *her* flowers. I always loved flowers, and particularly love these. Things, gentlemen, were thus progressing pretty smoothly, you will see, considering that the lady was the daughter of a lord, and of course heiress to his whole estate, when lo!—my unlucky genius as usual—the housekeeper must poke in her head, and ask if 'anybody called.' No! certainly not! What young lady ever called a housekeeper at such a time! Pshaw! The thing was shocking to think of! How stupid in her! The old thing had an eye in her head like a hawk, however, and saw pretty clearly how matters stood, and whether she thought that there was no chance for me in that quarter, or had some private preference of her own, she maintained her ground until I deemed it prudent to withdraw.

"Days passed away, and no opportunity was afforded me of renewing my suit. Whether the old housekeeper took the matter in hand or not, of course I cannot say; but when days began to grow into weeks, I began to feel the wretchedness of first love. Who has not felt its fears, its doubts, the torture, whether you are beloved by the object of your affection, and the uncertainty, even in your own mind, whether you are worthy of that love?—who has not felt the dread of rivalry, the fears of the effects of a moment's absence, and the thousand untold pangs, which none but a lover's imagination can inflict—and he a lover for the first time? It is strange, gentlemen, that I should, after this sweet interview, which seemed destined to be the last that I should have with the most angelic of beings, place myself upon the rack, and delight in the torture, with the devotion to wretchedness of a heart inspired with 'the gentle madness,' for the first time, of passionate, deathless love—"

"Hold up, comrade! and do give us the pith of the matter, without all this flummery. I've known chaps talk all day in that strain, who never had any story to tell, but would go on yarning it until roll-call, just to hear themselves talk. Now, if you got the gal, say so—if you didn't, tell us why—and none of your rigmarole."

"Of course, gentlemen, I did not get her, and that is the reason I am here to tell the story. Misfortunes, you know, travel close upon each other's heels, and sure enough, in the midst of my misery, the carriage of Lord Hardwick was announced, and who should it contain but Emily's cousin 'Harry,'—her old playmate, and his sister. I heard the announcement, but I heard no more, until an hour or two afterwards, when, out of sheer melancholy, I had taken to the garden for contemplation and meditation, I *accident-*

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ally overheard Harry Hardwick's declaration and his acceptance, and, after half an hour of silence, a laugh by both parties at my expense.

"I had enough of the soldier's blood in me, gentlemen, even then, to *take no notice* of this downright incivility and want of breeding, though I do not of course suppose that the parties dreamed that they had a listener, so I cast her off as unworthy of my love; and thus ended my first love."

"Very sensibly done, too, my boy! I applaud your spirit. It was worthy of a soldier."

"But, gentlemen, this was but the opening of difficulties, for I was no sooner out of this scrape than my sensitive heart must betray me into another. How all the dreams of even Emily's beauty melted away as the mist from the hills—perhaps assisted by the knowledge she was the prize of another—when next morning my eyes beheld Arabella Hardwick. She was leaning over the back of the sofa, at the very window from which the day before I had praised the flowers with Emily. Passing beautiful was she as she stood in her virgin loveliness before me, with her highland-cap and its white plume over curls of jet, that seemed in mere wantonness to fall from beneath, over her fine neck and swelling bosom, whose treasures were scarcely concealed by the highland-mantle which so well became her. Her brow was slightly shaded with curls, while from beneath, her eyes, darker than heaven's own blue, seemed to be melting before your gaze. Her smile was sweetness itself, and came from lips of which heaven and earth seemed to dispute ownership. Emily was seated at her side, in the act of fixing a hawk's feather in a highland-cap for her own fair brow, yet in her eye mischief and cunning strove for mastery, and her whole face was so full of meaning that I knew that I must have been the subject of previous conversation, and I felt my face crimson before the highland beauties. I verily believe that I made an impression, gentlemen, which, had it been properly followed up, might have been the making of me; I have always fancied somehow or other that the highland beauty was rather smitten with me, for there was such a coaxing expression in her whole face, and particularly in her lips—which seemed to be begging a kiss—that I do believe that if it had not been for the presence of my old flame, 'my first love,' gentlemen, I should have carried the fortress by storm! but you see, as it was, I stood blushing and looking simple until, for very amusement sake, both commenced laughing, and Emily broke the ice by asking me if I had lost my tongue.

"'On this hint I spoke.'—It is not necessary, gentlemen, to repeat all the fine things I said—for fine things in a sentimental way, are not relished in camp—but suffice it to say that the ground was so well marked out in my first interview, that I deemed it expedient to pop the question, 'striking while the iron's hot,' you know—somewhat musty, but very expressive—yet you will scarcely believe me, gentlemen—she rejected me *flat*—'*because I had no whiskers.*'"

"You don't say that was the *main* objection?"

"I say that was the only objection, and to prove its validity, she married five months after, Lord Gordon, Emily's former suitor—whose only advantage was a fine pair of whiskers—with the addition of an estate and a title."

"But perhaps the latter had some weight."

"None, I assure you, as I pressed the matter, and she averred, that love in a cottage with a whisker, was in every way more congenial to her taste, than the finest mansion in the land without that appendage. So you see I took to cultivating whiskers with great assiduity; but for a long time, the rascals defied all attempts to train them; the shoots were tolerably advanced in less than six months; but they were too late—for the lady was married."

"Well, you are a cool sort of a fellow to talk of transferring your love from one high-born lady to another, with the same ease as a soldier does a feather from his cap. I suppose you finally courted the old housekeeper out of sheer revenge."

"None of that, I assure you, for she revenged my want of attention that way, by giving Lord Melville a history of the whole matter—with trimmings.—So the old codger said I was as crazy as a bed-bug, and clapped me in the army, as a kind of lunatic asylum to recover my wits. So that's the *end of the story.*"

—

"There, Jerry, put that in your pipe, or your Magazine, just as you like, for no story do I write for a fellow who comes to me with a piece of tape to measure the length, as if a man spun like a spider, and if it don't fill your three pages—add a paragraph about the children.—What do ye say?"

"It's rather so-soish at best, Oliver!—But what regiment did you say you were in?"

"Regiment—did I say anything about regiment? You must be mistaken, Jerry! these confounded soldier terms are all mouldering in my brain, these peaceable times."

"Well, where was the army encamped?"

"At a—a place with a confounded French name—I never had any command of the cursed language, and was glad enough when we got out of the place, never to bother my brain with its name."

"Well, the war!—In what war was it?—Let us have something to go upon."

"As for dates and names, Jerry, I never for the soul of me, could make any headway with them. A phrenologist once told me, that for names and dates I had no developement, and whenever I begin to try to think of my exploits in battle, I think the fellow was right—as I am always out for the want of names and dates. So I think it best first to tell the *facts*, and let people fix dates to suit themselves. So, Jerry, hand over the port—this is confounded dry business."

"To tell you the truth, Oliver, the whole story has rather a squint, and I have half a notion that for the most of it, we are indebted to the good looks of the two bonnie Scotch lassies, and rather a marvellous imagination."

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LINES.

WRITTEN ON A PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.

BY MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY

HAIL pictured image! thine immortal art
Hath snatch'd a hero from the arms of death,
In whose broad bosom beat the noblest heart
That ever drew on earth a balmy breath;
For while amid the sons of men he trod,
That true nobility to him was given
Whose seal is stamp'd by an approving God,
Whose ever-blooming title comes from heaven.

The fire of genius glistened in his glance,
'Twas written on his calm majestic brow,
That men might look upon its clear expanse
And read that God and Nature made him so;
Yet that pale temple could not always keep
The soul imprisoned in its earthly bars,
Born for the skies, his god-like soul doth sweep
The boundless circle of the radiant stars.

How soft the placid smiles that seemed to bask
Round those pale features once the spirit's shrine
And hover round those lips that only ask
A second impress from the hand divine!
And look upon that brow! a living light
Plays like a sun-beam o'er his silver hair,
As if the happy spirit in its flight
Had left a saint-like glory trembling there.

Yet tho' some skilful hand may softly paint
The noble form and features we adore,
Such deeds as thine are left, Oh happy Saint!
Are left alone for Memory to restore.
And still thy virtues like a soft perfume
That rises from a bed of fading flowers,
Immortal as thyself, shall bud and bloom
Deep in these hearts, these grateful hearts of ours.

Sons of Columbia! ye whose spirits soar
Elate with joyous hopes and youthful fires,
Go, imitate the hero you deplore,
For this is all that God or man requires.
Oh! while you bend the pensive brow of grief,
Muse on the bright examples he has given,
And strive to follow your ascended chief
Whose radiant foot-prints lead to fame and heaven.

Oh guard his grave! it is a solemn trust,
Nor let a single foeman press the sod
Beneath whose verdure sleeps the sacred dust
Once hallowed by the quick'ning breath of God.
Thus in his lonely grandeur let him lie
Wrapt in his grave on fair Ohio's shore,
His deeds, his virtues, all that could not die,
Remain with us, and shall for evermore.

TO A LAND BIRD AT SEA.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

BIRD of the land! what dost thou here?
Lone wanderer o'er a trackless bound,—
With nought but frowning skies above,
And cold, unfathom'd seas around;

Among the shrouds, with heaving breast
And drooping head, I see thee stand,
And pleased the coarsest sailor climbs,
To grasp thee in his roughen'd hand.

And didst thou follow, league on league,
Our pointed mast, thine only guide,
When but a floating speck it seemed
On the broad bosom of the tide?

On far Newfoundland's misty bank,
Hadst thou a nest, and nurslings fair?
Or 'mid New England's forests hoar?
Speak! speak! what tidings dost thou bear?

What news from native shore and home,
Swift courier o'er the threatening tide?—
Hast thou no folded scroll of love
Prest closely to thy panting side?

A bird of genius art thou? say!
With impulse high thy spirit stirred—
Some region unexplored to gain,
And soar above the common herd?

Burns in thy breast some kindling spark
Like that which fired the glowing mind
Of the adventurous Genoese,
An undiscovered world to find?

Whate'er thou wert, how sad thy fate
With wasted strength the goal to spy,
Cling feebly to the flapping sail,
And at a stranger's feet to die.

Yet, from thy thin and bloodless beak,
Methinks a warning sigh doth creep—
To those who leave their sheltering home,
And lightly dare the dangerous deep.

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THE SNOW-STORM.

A MONOLOGUE BY JEREMY SHORT, ESQ.

It is almost twilight. How swiftly have the moments glided by since we sat ourselves by this window — let us see — some two hours since, and during all that time not a word have we spoken, although our soul has been gushing over with its exceeding fulness. It is snowing. Look out and you will see the downy flakes — there, there, and there — one chasing another, millions on millions falling without intermission, coming down noiselessly and mysteriously, as a dream of childhood, on the earth, and covering field, and forest, and house-top, hill and vale, river, glade, and meadow, with a robe that is whiter than an angel's mantle. How ceaseless the descent! What countless myriads — more countless than even the stars of heaven — have fallen since we have been watching here! God only could have ordered the falling of that flake which has just now sunk to the earth like an infant on its young mother's milk-white bosom. Did you not see it? There — follow this one which has just emerged from the skies — but at what spot even we cannot detect — see its slow, easy, tremulous motion as it floats downwards; now how rapidly it intermingles with the others, so that you can scarcely keep it in your eye; and there! there! it shoots to the ground with a joyous leap — and, even as we speak, another and another, aye! ten thousand thousand of them have flitted past, like the gleaming of cherubic wings, such as we used to see in our childhood's dreams, glancing to and fro before a throne of surpassing glory, far, far away, high up in the skies.

It is snowing. Faster, faster, faster come down the feathery flakes. See how they disport themselves — giddy young creatures as they are — whirling around; now up, and now down; dancing, leaping, flying; you can almost hear their sportive laughter as they skim away across the landscape. Almost, we say, for in truth there is not a sound to be heard in earth, air, or sky. The ground, all robed in white, is hushed in silence — the river sweeps its current along no longer with a hoarse chafing sound, but flows onward with a dull, clogged, almost noiseless motion — not a bird whistles in the wood, nor a beast lows from the barn-yard — while the trees, lifting their bleached branches to the skies, shiver in the keen air, and cower uncomplainingly beneath the falling flakes. But hark! there is a voice beside us — 'tis that of the beloved of our soul — repeating Thomson's Winter — Thomson! majestic at all times, but oh! how much more so when gushing in silver music from the lips of the white-armed one beside us. Hear her!

"The keener tempests rise: and fuming dun
From all the livid east, or piercing north,
Thick clouds ascend; in whose capacious womb
A vapory deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
And the sky saddens with the gather'd storm.
Through the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin wavering; till at last the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day,
With a continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their winter-robe of purest white.
'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar head; and ere the languid sun
Faint from the west emits his evening ray
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the laborer ox
Stands covered o'er with snow ——"

But let us away to the mountains! Far up in a gorge of the Alleghanies we will stand, with the clouds whirling wildly around and beneath, and the wind whistling shrilly far down in some ravine, which we may not see; for all around us is, as it were, a shoreless ocean, buried in a ghastly mist, from which the tall cliffs jut up like islands — and ever, ever comes to our ears from this boiling vortex a sound as of many waves chafing against the shore, like that which the priest of Apollo listened to as he walked all disconsolate, bereft of his fair-haired daughter, back from the tents of the stern Hellenes to the towers of Ilium. The air is full of snow-flakes, driving hither and thither — thick, thick, thicker they descend — you cannot see a fathom before you. Take care how you tread, for a false step may plunge you into an abyss a thousand feet plumb down. Not far from here is the very spot where an unwary traveller, on a night like this, but a bare twelve-month since, slipped from the edge of the precipice, and was never heard of again, until the warm sunny breath of April, melting the snows from beneath the shadows of the hills, disclosed him lying unburied, with his face turned up, as if in mockery, to the bright heavens on which his eye might never look again. In vain had loved ones watched for his coming until their eyes grew weary, and their hearts turned to fountains of tears within them — in vain had a wife or mother kindled the cheery fire, or smoothed for him the bed of down, to welcome him after his absence — for

"—— his sheets are more white,
And his canopy grander,
And sounder he sleeps
Where the hill-foxes wander."

We are in the mountains, in the midst of a snow-storm, and, as we look around, we feel that Jehovah, as when Moses heard the noise of a mighty wind, is

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passing by. There is a vague emotion of mingled wonder, fear and awe, overshadowing our soul as we stand here alone in the tempest. See how the drift is spinning in the whirlwind; and now it streams out like a pennant on the night. Hark! to the deep organ peal of the hurricane as it thunders among the peaks high up above us — listen to the wild shrieks rising, we know not whither, as if the spirits of the mountain were writhing on beds of torture, as the olden legends say, all unpardoned by their Creator. And now — louder and wilder than the rest — sounding upwards from the gulf below, a voice of agony and might — sublime even in its tribulation, awful in its expression of gigantic suffering — like that of him whom the seer of the Apocalypse beheld bound hand and foot and cast into the bottomless pit, despite an unyielding conflict of twice ten thousand years. Ruin! — ruin! — all is ruin around us. We see not the burying of hamlets, we hear not the descent of avalanches, but the sky is lit up with a wan glare, the whole air is full of mysterious sounds, and we feel, with a strange all-pervading fear, that destruction will glut herself ere morning. God help the traveller who is abroad to-night!

And now, with a sheer descent, full fifty fathoms down, let us plunge like the eagle when he shoots before the burning thunderbolt. We are on the wide ocean, and what a sight! Sea and air are commingled into one. You seem buried alive in a whirling tempest of snow-flakes, and though, as on the mountain, you hear on every side sounds of utter agony, yet, as there, the keenest eye cannot penetrate the wan, dim prospect around; but here, unlike on the hills, there is one voice superior to all the rest — the deep, awful bass of the rolling surges. And then the hurricane! How it whistles, roars and bellows through the rigging, now piping shrill and clear, and now groaning awfully as if in its last extremity. The snow is blocking up the decks, wet, spongy and bitterly cold. There! how she thumped against that wave, quivering under it in every timber, while the spray was dimly seen flying wild and high over the fore-top. "Shall we — oh! shall we live till morning?" asks a weeping girl. "We know not, sweet one, but we are in the Almighty's hand, and his fatherly care will be over us as well here as on the land." There; see — "HOLD ON ALL," thunders the Stentor voice of the skipper, sounding now however fainter than the feeblest infant's cry; and as he speaks, the craft shivers with a convulsive throe, and a gigantic billow, seething, hissing, flashing, whirls in over the bow, deluges the deck, and roars away into the blackness of darkness astern. Was that a cry of A MAN OVERBOARD? God in his infinite mercy, pardon the poor wretch's sins; for, alas! it were madness to attempt his rescue. Already he is far astern. Another and another wave! Oh! for the light of morning. Yes! young Jessie, thou would'st give worlds now for the breezes of the far-off land — the hum of bees, the songs of birds, the scent of flowers in the summer sunshine — the sight of thy home smiling amidst its murmuring trees, with the clear brook hard by laughing over the stones, and the voices of thy young sisters sounding gaily in thy ears. But ere morning we may all be with our brother who has but just gone from our midst. *Ora pro nobis!*

We were but dreaming when we thought ourselves among the mountains and on the sea, and we were awoke by thy soft voice — oh! loved one of our soul — and looking into thy blue eyes — moist, not with tears, but with thine all-sensitive soul — we feel a calm come down upon us soothing, how gently and sweetly, our agitated thoughts. Many and many a tale could we tell thee of sorrow and peril on the seas, and our heart is even now full of one which would bring the tears into other eyes than thine — but no! you tell us we are all too agitated by our dream, and that another time will do — well, well! Sing us, then, one of thine own sweet songs — Melanie! — for is not thy voice like the warbler of our woods, he of the hundred notes, the silvery, the melting, the unrivalled? That was sweetly done — ever could we sit and listen to thee thus.

> "Thy voice is like a fountain
> Leaping up in sunshine bright,
> And we never weary counting
> Its clear droppings, lone and single,
> Or when in one full gush they mingle,
> Shooting in melodious light!"

That is Lowell's — a noble soul is his, and all on fire with poetry. We tender to him, though we have never met in the flesh, our good right hand, joining his herewith in cordial fellowship, the hearts of both being in our eyes the while: — we tender him our hand — he far away in his student's room at Boston and we here in old Philadelphia — and we tell sneering worldlings and critics who are born only to be damned, that, for one so young, Lowell has written grandly; that he is full, even to overflowing, of purity, enthusiasm, imagination, and love for all God's creatures; and being this, why should not we — aye! and all honest men beside — grasp him cheerily by the hand, and if need be, stand to our arms in his defence?

But the clock has struck six, and we will walk to the door to see if the tempest still rages. What a glorious night! The moon is out, sailing high up in heaven, with a calm mystic majesty that fills the soul with untold peace. Far away on the horizon floats a misty veil — while here and there, in the sky, a cloud still lingers, its dark body seeming like velvet on an azure ground, and its edges turned up with silver. There are a thousand stars on the frosty snow; for every tiny crystal that shoots out into the moonshine glistens all diamond-like; and, as you walk, ten thousand new crystals open to the light, until the whole landscape seems alive with millions of gems. Hark! how the hard crust crackles under the tread. If you put your ear to the ground you will hear a multitude of almost inarticulate sounds as if the sharp moon beams were splintering the snow — but it is only the shooting of myriads of crystals. There have been icicles forming all day from yonder twig, and now as we shake the tree, you may hear them tinkling, one by one, to the ground, with a clear silvery tone, like the ringing of a bell miles off among the hills. Early in the afternoon, the snow melted on the river, but

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towards nightfall the stream became clogged, and now the frost is "breathing a blue film" from shore to shore — and to-morrow the whole surface will be smooth as glass, and the steel of the skater will be ringing sharp along the ice. How keen was that gust! — you may hear its dying cadence moaning away in the distance, like the wail of a lost child in a forest. Hush! was that a whistle down in the wood?

And now again all is still. Let us pause a moment and look around. The well-known landmarks of the scene have disappeared, giving place to an unbroken prospect of the purest white. We seem to have entered into a new world, and to have lost by the transition all our old and more selfish feelings, so that now, every emotion of our heart is softened down to a gentle calm, in unison with the beauty and repose around us. There is a dreaminess in the landscape, thus half seen by the light of the moon, giving full play to the imagination. The spirit spurns this mortal tenement of clay, and soars upwards to a brighter world, holding fancied communion with the myriads of beatified spirits, which it would fain believe, hover in the air and whisper unseen into our souls. Glorious thought, that God hath appointed such guardian watchers over a lost and sinful race! We would not surrender this belief — wild and visionary as it may seem to some — for all that sectarians have asserted or atheists denied. We love, in the still watches of the night, to think that the "loved and lost" are communing with our hearts — that though dead they yet live, and watch, as of old, over our erring path — that they soothe us in sorrow, hover around our beds of sickness, are the first to bear the parted soul upwards to the gates of Paradise — and that the angelic sounds we hear upon the midnight air, coming we know not whither, but seeming to pervade the whole firmament as with a celestial harmony, are but their songs of praise. Or may not these heavenly strains be the cadences which faintly float, far down from the battlements of heaven?

> "Oft in bands
> While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
> With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds
> In full harmonic numbers joined, their songs
> Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven."

The dream grows dim, the illusion is fading, our rhapsody dies upon our lips. We hear again thy voice — Hebe of our heart! — and we may not longer tarry in the night air. And so farewell!

APOSTROPHE.

BY ALBERT PIKE.

Oh Liberty! thou child of many hopes,
Nursed in the cradle of the human heart!
While Europe in her glimmering darkness gropes,
Do not from us, thy chosen ones, depart!
Still be to us, as thou hast been, and art,
The Spirit which we breathe! Oh, teach us still
Thy arrowy truths unquailingly to dart,
Until the Tyrant and Oppressor reel,
And Despotism trembles at thy thunder-peal.

Methinks thy sun-rise now is lighting up
The far horizon of yon hemisphere
With golden lightning. O'er the hoary top
Of the blue mountain see I not appear
Thy lovely dawn; while Pain, and crouching Fear,
And Slavery perish under tottering thrones?
How long, oh Liberty! until we hear
Instead of an insulted people's moans,
The crushed and writhing tyrants uttering their groans?

Is not thy Spirit living still in France?
Will it not waken soon in storm and fire?
Will Earthquake not 'mid thrones and cities dance,
And Freedom's altar be the funeral pyre
Of Tyranny and all his offspring dire?
In England, Germany, Italia, Spain,
And Switzerland thy Spirit doth inspire
The multitude — and though too long, in vain,
They struggle in deep gloom, yet Slavery's night shall wane!

And shall we sleep while all the earth awakes?
Shall we turn slaves while on the Alpine cones
And vine-clad hills of Europe brightly breaks
The morning light of liberty? — What thrones
Can equal those which on our fathers' bones
The demagogue would build? What chains so gall
As those the self-made Helot scarcely owns
Till they eat deeply — till the live pains crawl
Into his soul who caused *himself* to fall!

Men's freedom may be wrested from their hands,
And they may mourn; but not like those who throw
Their heritage away — who clasp the bands
On their own limbs, and crawl and blindly go
Like timorous fawns to their own overthrow.
Shall we thus fall? Is it so difficult
To think that we are free, yet be not so —
To shatter down by one brief hour of guilt
The holy fane of Freedom that our fathers built.

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AGATHÈ.—A NECROMAUNT.

IN THREE CHIMERAS.

BY LOUIS FITZGERALD TASISTRO.

CHIMERA I.

An anthem of a sister choristry!
And like a windward murmur of the sea
O'er silver shells, so solemnly it falls!
A dying music, shrouded in deep walls,
That bury its wild breathings! And the moon,
Of glow-worm hue, like virgin in sad swoon,
Lies coldly on the bosom of a cloud,
Until the elf-winds, that are wailing loud,
Do minister unto her sickly trance,
Fanning the life into her countenance.
And there are pale stars sparkling, far and few,
In the deep chasms of everlasting blue,
Unmarshall'd and ungather'd, one and one,
Like outposts of the lunar garrison.

A train of holy fathers windeth by
The arches of an aged sanctuary,
With cowl, and scapular, and rosary,
On to the sainted oriel, where stood,
By the rich altar, a fair sisterhood—
A weeping group of virgins!—one or two
Bent forward to a bier of solemn hue,
Whereon a bright and stately coffin lay,
With its black pall flung over:—Agathè
Was on the lid—a name. And who? No more!
'Twas only Agathè.

'Tis o'er, 'tis o'er—
Her burial!—and, under the arcades,
Torch after torch into the moonlight fades;
And there is heard the music, a brief while,
Over the roofings of the imaged aisle,
From the deep organ, panting out its last,
Like the slow dying of an autumn blast.

A lonely monk is loitering within
The dusky area, at the altar seen,
Like a pale spirit, kneeling in the light
Of the cold moon, that looketh wan and white
Through the deviced oriel; and he lays
His hands upon his bosom, with a gaze
To the chill earth. He had the youthful look
Which heartfelt woe had wasted, and he shook
At every gust of the unholy breeze
That entered through the time-worn crevices.

A score of summers only o'er his brow
Had passed—and it was summer, even now
The one-and-twentieth—from a birth of tears,
Over a waste of melancholy years!
And *that* brow was as wan as if it were
Of snowy marble, and the raven hair,
That would have clustered over, was all shorn,
And his fine features stricken pale as morn.

He kiss'd a golden crucifix, that hung
Around his neck, and, in a transport, flung
Himself upon the earth, and said, and said
Wild, raving words, about the blessed dead;
And then he rose, and in the moon-shade stood,
Gazing upon its light in solitude,
And smote his brow, at some idea wild
That came across; then, weeping like a child,
He faltered out the name of Agathè,
And look'd unto the heaven inquiringly,
And the pure stars.

"Oh, shame! that ye are met
To mock me, like old memories, that yet
Break in upon the golden dream I knew
While she—*she* lived; and I have said adieu
To that fair one, and to her sister, Peace,
That lieth in her grave. When wilt thou cease
To feed upon my quiet, thou Despair,
That art the mad usurper, and the heir
Of this heart's heritage? Go, go—return,
And bring me back oblivion and an urn!
And ye, pale stars, may look, and only find
The wreck of a proud tree, that lets the wind
Count o'er its blighted boughs: for such was he
That loved, and loves, the silent Agathè."
And he hath left the sanctuary, like one
That knew not his own purpose—the red sun
Rose early over incense of bright mist,
That girded a pure sky of amethyst

And who was he? A monk. And those who knew,
Ycelpt him Julio; but they were few.
And others named him as a nameless one,—
A dark, sad-hearted being, who had none
But bitter feelings, and a cast of sadness,
That fed the wildest of all curses—madness!

But he was, what none knew, of lordly line,
That fought in the far land of Palestine,
Where, under banners of the Cross, they fell,
Smote by the armies of the infidel.
And Julio was the last; alone, alone,
A sad, unfriended orphan, that had gone
Into the world to murmur and to die,
Like the cold breezes that are passing by!

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And few they were that bade him to their board;
His fortunes now were over, and the sword
Of his proud ancestry dishonor'd — left
To moulder in its sheath — a hated gift!
Ay! it was so; and Julio would fain
Have been a warrior; but his very brain
Grew fever'd at the sickly thought of death,
And to be stricken with a want of breath! —
To be the food of worms — inanimate,
And cold as winter — and as desolate!
And then to waste away, and be no more
Than the dark dust! — the thought was like a sore
That gather'd in his heart; and he would say,
"A curse be on their laurels," and decay
Came over them; the deeds that they had done
Had fallen with their fortunes; and anon
Was Julio forgotten, and his line —
No wonder for thus frenzied tale of mine!

Oh! he was wearied of this passing scene!
But loved not death; his purpose was between
Life and the grave; and it would vibrate there
Like a wild bird, that floated far and fair
Betwixt the sun and sea.

He went, and came —
And thought, and slept, and still awoke the same —
A strange, strange youth; and he would look all night
Upon the moon and stars, and count the flight
Of the sea waves, and let the evening wind
Play with his raven tresses, or would bind
Grottos of birch, wherein to sit and sing;
And peasant girls would find him sauntering,
To gaze upon their features, as they met,
In laughter, under some green arboret.

At last he became a monk, and, on his knees,
Said holy prayers, and with wild penances
Made sad atonement; and the solemn whim
That, like a shadow, loiter'd over him,
Wore off, even like a shadow. He was cursed
With none of the mad thoughts that were at first
The poison of his quiet; but he grew
To love the world and its wild laughter too,
As he had known before: and wish'd again
To join the very mirth he hated then.

He durst not break the vow — he durst not be
The one he would — and his heart's harmony
Became a tide of sorrow. Even so,
He felt hope die — in madness and in wo!

But there came one — and a most lovely one
As ever to the warm light of the sun
Threw back her tresses — a fair sister girl,
With a brow changing between snow and pearl;
And the blue eyes of sadness, filled with dew
Of tears — like Heaven's own melancholy blue —
So beautiful, so tender; and her form
Was graceful as a rainbow in a storm:
Scattering gladness on the face of sorrow —
Oh! I had fancied of the hues that borrow
Their brightness from the sun; but she was bright
In her own self — a mystery of light!
With feelings tender as a star's own hue,
Pure as the morning star! as true, as true:
For it will glitter in each early sky,
And her first love be love that lasteth aye!

And this was Agathè — young Agathè —
A motherless, fair girl: and many a day
She wept for her lost parent. It was sad
To see her infant sorrow; how she bade
The flow of her wild spirits fall away
To grief, like bright clouds in a summer day
Melting into a shower; and it was sad
Almost to think she might again be glad —
Her beauty was so chaste, amid the fall
Of her bright tears. Yet in her father's hall
She had lived almost sorrowless her days;
But he felt no affection for the gaze
Of his fair girl; and when she fondly smiled,
He bade no father's welcome to the child,
But even told his wish, and will'd it done,
For her to be sad-hearted — and a nun!

And so it was. She took the dreary veil,
A hopeless girl! and the bright flush grew pale
Upon her cheek; she felt, as summer feels
The winds of autumn, and the winter chills
That darken his fair suns — it was away,
Feeding on dreams, the heart of Agathè!

The vesper prayers were said, and the last hymn
Sung to the Holy Virgin. In the dim,
Gray aisle, was heard a solitary tread,
As of one musing sadly on the dead —
'Twas Julio. It was his wont to be
Often alone within the sanctuary;
But now, not so — another: it was she!
Kneeling in all her beauty, like a saint
Before a crucifix; but sad and faint
The tone of her devotion, as the trill
Of a moss-burden'd melancholy rill.
And Julio stood before her: — twas as yet
The hour of the pale twilight — and they met
Each other's gaze, till either seem'd the hue
Of deepest crimson; but the ladye threw
Her veil above her features, and stole by
Like a bright cloud, with sadness and a sigh!

Yet Julio still stood gazing and alone,
A dreamer! ——— "is the sister ladye gone?"
He started at the silence of the air
That slumber'd over him — she is not there.

And either slept not through the live-long night,
Or slept in fitful trances, with a bright,
Fair dream upon their eyelids: but they rose
In sorrow from the pallet of repose:
For the dark thought of their sad destiny
Came o'er them, like a chasm of the deep sea,
That was to rend their fortunes; and at eve
They met again, but, silent, took their leave,
As they did yesterday: another night,
And neither spoke awhile — a pure delight,
Had chasten'd love's first blushes: silently
Gazed Julio on the gentle Agathè —
At length, "Fair Nun!" she started, and held fast
Her bright hand on her lips — "the past, the past,
And the pale future! there be some that lie
Under those marble urns — I know not why,
But I were better in that holy calm,
Than be as I have been, perhaps, and am.
The past! — ay! it hath perish'd; never, never,
Would I recall it to be blest for ever;
The future it must come — I have a vow" —
And his cold hand rose trembling to his brow,

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"True, true. I have a vow; is not the moon
Abroad, fair nun?"—"indeed! so very soon?"
Said Agathè, and "I must then away."
"Stay, love! 'tis early yet; stay, angel, stay!"

But she was gone:—yet they met many a time
In the lone chapel, after vesper chime—
They met in love and fear.

One weary day,
And Julio saw not his loved Agathè;
She was not in the choir of sisterhood
That sang the evening anthem; and he stood
Like one that listen'd breathlessly awhile;
But stranger voices chanted through the aisle.
She was not there; and after all were gone,
He linger'd: the stars came—he linger'd on,
Like a dark fun'ral image on the tomb
Of a lost hope. He felt a world of gloom
Upon his heart—a solitude—a chill.
The pale moon rose, and still he linger'd still.
And the next vesper toll'd; nor yet, nor yet—
"Can Agathè be faithless and forget!"

It was the third sad eve, he heard it said,
"Poor Julio! thy Agathè is dead;"
And started. He had loiter'd in the train
That bore her to the grave: he saw her lain
In the cold earth, and heard a requiem
Sung over her. To him it was a dream:
A marble stone stood by the sepulchre;
He look'd, and saw, and started—she was there!
And Agathè had died: she that was bright—
She that was in her beauty! a cold blight
Fell over the young blossom of her brow,
And the life's blood grew chill—she is not now.

She died like Zephyr falling amid flowers!
Like to a star within the twilight hours
Of morning—and she was not! Some have thought
The Lady Abbess gave her a mad draught
That stole into her heart, and sadly rent
The fine chords of that holy instrument,
Until its music falter'd fast away,
And she—she died—the lovely Agathè!

Again, and through the arras of the gloom
Are the pale breezes moaning: by her tomb
Bends Julio, like a phantom, and his eye
Is fallen, as the moon-borne tides, that lie
At ebb within the sea. Oh! he is wan,
As winter skies are wan, like ages gone,
And stars unseen for paleness; it is cast,
As foliage in the raving of the blast,
All his fair bloom of thoughts. Is the moon chill,
That in the dark clouds she is mantled still?
And over its proud arch hath Heaven flung
A scarf of darkness. Agathè was young!
And there should be the virgin silver there,
The snow-white fringes delicately fair!

He wields a heavy mattock in his hands,
And over him a lonely lanthron stands
On a near niche, shedding a sickly fall
Of light upon a marble pedestal,
Whereon is chisel'd rudely, the essay
Of untaught tool, "*Hic jacet Agathè*,"
And Julio hath bent him down in speed,
Like one that doeth an unholy deed.

There is a flagstone lieth heavily
Over the ladye's grave; I wist of three
That bore it of a blessed verity!
But he hath lifted it in his pure madness
As it were lightsome as a summer gladness,
And from the carved niche hath ta'en the lamp
And hung it by the marble flagstone damp.

And he is flinging the dark, chilly mould
Over the gorgeous pavement: 'tis a cold,
Sad grave; and there is many a relic there
Of chalky bones, which, in the wasting air,
Fell mouldering away: and he would dash
His mattock through them with a cursed clash
That made the lone aisle echo. But anon
He fell upon a skull—a haggard one,
With its teeth set, and the great orbless eye
Revolving darkness, like eternity.
And in his hand he held it till it grew
To have the fleshy features and the hue
Of life. He gazed, and gazed, and it became
Like to his Agathé—all, all the same!
He drew it nearer,—the cold, bony thing!—
To kiss the worm-wet lips. "Aye! let me cling—
Cling to thee now forever!"—but a breath
Of rank corruption, from its jaws of death,
Went to his nostrils, and he madly laugh'd,
And dash'd it over on the altar shaft,
Which the new-risen moon, in her gray light,
Had fondly flooded, beautifully bright!

Again he went
To his world work beside the monument.
"Ha! leave, thou moon! where thy footfall hath been
In sorrow amid heaven! there is sin
Under thy shadow, lying like a dew;
So come thou, from thy awful arch of blue,
Where thou art ever as a silver throne
For some pale spectre-king! come thou alone,
Or bring a solitary orphan star
Under thy wings! afar, afar, afar,
To gaze upon this girl of radiency,
In her deep slumbers—wake thee, Agathé!"

And Julio hath stolen the dark chest
Where the fair nun lay coffin'd, in the rest
That wakes not up at morning; she is there
An image of cold calm! One tress of hair
Lingereth lonely on her snowy brow;
But the bright eyes are closed in darkness now;
And their long lashes delicately rest
On the pale cheek, like sun-rays in the west,
That fall upon a colorless sad cloud.
Humility lies rudely on the proud,
But she was never proud; and there she is,
A yet unwither'd flower the autumn breeze
Hath blown from its green stem! 'T is pale, 'T is pale,
But still unfaded, like the twilight veil
That falleth after sunset; like a stream
That bears the burden of a silver gleam
Upon its waters; and is even so.—
Chill, melancholy, lustreless, and low!

Beauty in death! a tenderness upon
The rude and silent relics, where alone
Sat the destroyer! Beauty on the dead!
The look of being where the breath is fled!
The unwarming sun still joyous in its light!
A time—a time without a day or night!

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Death cradled upon beauty, like a bee
Upon a flower, that looketh lovingly!
Like a wild serpent, coiling in its madness,
Under a wreath of blossom and of gladness!

And there she is; and Julio bends o'er
The sleeping girl — a willow on the shore
Of a Dead Sea! that steepeth its fair bough
Into the bitter waters, — even now
Taking a foretaste of the awful trance
That was to pass on his own countenance!

Yes! yes! and he is holding his pale lips
Over her brow; the shade of an eclipse
Is passing to his heart, and to his eye
That is not tearful; but the light will die
Leaving it like a moon within a mist, —
The vision of a spell-bound visionist!

He breathed a cold kiss on her ashy cheek,
That left no trace — no flush — no crimson streak
But was as bloodless as a marble stone,
Susceptible of silent waste alone.
And on her brow a crucifix he laid, —
A jewel'd crucifix, the virgin maid
Had given him before she died, — the moon
Shed light upon her visage — clouded soon,
Then briefly breaking from its airy veil,
Like warrior lifting up his aventayle.

But Julio gazed on, and never lifted
Himself to see the broken clouds, that drifted
One after one, like infant elves at play,
Amid the night winds, in their lonely way —
Some whistling and some moaning, some asleep,
And dreaming dismal dreams, and sighing deep
Over their couches of green moss and flowers,
And solitary fern, and heather bowers.
The heavy bell toll'd two, and, as it toll'd,
Julio started, and the fresh-turn'd mould
He flung into the empty chasm with speed,
And o'er it dropt the flagstone. — One could read
That Agathè lay there; but still the girl
Lay by him, like a precious and pale pearl,
That from the deep sea-waters had been rent —
Like a star fallen from the firmament?

He hides the grave-tools in an aged porch,
To westward of the solitary church:
And he hath clasp'd around the melting waist,
The beautiful, dead girl: his cheek is pressed
To hers — life warming the cold chill of death!
And over his pale palsy breathing breath
His eye is sunk upon her — "Thou must leave
The worm to waste for love of thee, and grieve
Without thee, as I may not. — Thou must go,
My sweet betrothed, with me — but not below,
Where there is darkness, dream, and solitude,
But where is light, and life, and one to brood
Above thee till thou wakest. — Ha! I fear
Thou wilt not wake for ever, sleeping here,
Where there are none but winds to visit thee,
And convent fathers, and a choristry
Of sisters, saying, 'Hush!' — But I will sing
Rare songs to thy pure spirit, wandering
Down on the dews to heaven: I will tune
The instrument of the ethereal noon,
And all the choir of stars, to rise and fall
In harmony and beauty musical."

He is away — and still the sickly lamp
Is burning next the altar; there's a damp,
Thin mould upon the pavement, and, at morn,
The monks do cross them in their blessed scorn,
And mutter deep anathemas, because
Of the unholy sacrilege, that was
Within the sainted chápel, — for they guess'd,
By many a vestige sad, how the dark rest
Of Agathè was broken, — and anon
They sought for Julio. The summer sun
Arose and set, with his imperial disc
Toward the ocean-waters, heaving brisk
Before the winds, — but Julio came never:
He that was frantic as a foaming river —
Mad as the fall of leaves upon the tide
Of a great tempest, that hath fought and died
Along the forest ramparts, and doth still
In its death-struggle desperately reel
Round with the fallen foliage — he was gone,
And none knew whither — still were chanted on
Sad masses, by pale sisters, many a day,
And holy requiem sung for Agathè!

(End of the first Chimera.)

THE QUEEN OF MAY.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Like flights of singing-birds went by
The rosy hours of girlhood's day;
When in my native bowers,
Of simple buds and flowers,
They wove a crown and hailed me Queen of May!

Like airy nymphs the lasses came
Spring's offerings at my feet to lay;
The crystal from the fountains,
The green boughs from the mountains,
They brought to cheer and shade the Queen of May!

Around the May-pole on the green,
A fairy ring, they tript away! —
All merriment and pleasure,
To chords of tuneful measure,
They bounded by the happy Queen of May!

Though years have past, and time has strewn
My raven locks with flakes of gray,
Fond memory brings the hours
Of birds and blossom-showers,
When in girlhood I was crowned the Queen of May!

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DREAMS OF THE LAND AND SEA.

BY DR. REYNELL COATES.

INTRODUCTORY.

"'Tis all but a dream at the best!"

Dreams of the Land and Sea! Why should I style them dreams? They are pictures of actual scenes, though some of them relate to events removed far back in the dimness of years, and the touches of the brush have felt the mellowing influence of time.

While striving to avoid whatever is irrelevant or out of keeping, I have not endeavored to confine myself, in these sketches, within the limits of simple narrative, but have ventured occasionally to mingle facts with speculations on their causes, or to follow their consequences to probable results: nor have I totally discarded the imagination — although the scenes are invariably drawn from nature, and the principal personages are real characters — the accessory actors only are sometimes creatures of the brain. In many of the descriptions, the reader will perceive the evidences of a desire to place in prominent relief the works of nature and her God, while art, and all its vanities, is made to play a subordinate part; for nothing can be more impertinently obtrusive than the pigmy efforts of the ambitious, struggling for distinction by attempting either to mar or to perfect the plans of the Great Architect of Creation, or carve *a name* upon the columns of his temple.

Yet such is the social disposition of man, that no scene, however grand or beautiful, can awaken pleasurable emotion unless it is linked directly with humanity. There is deep oppression in the sense of total loneliness, — and few can bear the burden calmly, even for an hour! A solitary foot-print in the desert, — a broken oar upon the shelterless beach, — the tinkling of a cow-bell in the depth of the forest, — the crowing of the cock heard far off in the valley as we sink exhausted on the mountain side when the gloom of night settles heavily down upon our path-way, — who that has been a wanderer has not felt the heart-cheering effect of accidents like these! They tell us that, though our solitude be profound, there is sympathy near us, *or there has been recently*.

In deference, then, to this universal feeling, I have selected for these articles such sketches only as are interwoven with enough of human life to awaken social interest, even while grappling with the tempest — riding the ocean wave, or watching the moon-beams as they struggle through the foliage of scarce trodden forests, and fall half quenched, upon the withered leaves below.

But why should I style them dreams? There are many valid reasons. To the writer, the past is all a dream! But of this the world knows nothing, nor would it care to know. The scenes described are distant, and distance itself is dreamy! What can be more like the color of a dream than yon long range of mountains fading into the sky behind its veil of mist!

Let us ascend this lofty peak! 'Tis sunset! Cast your glance westward, where

"———— Parting day
Dies like the Dolphin ———."

The sun slowly retires behind the far off hills. Inch after inch, the shadows climb the summit where you stand. He is gone! — yet you are not in darkness! His beams, which reach you not, still gild the motionless clouds, and these emblems of obscurity reflect on you the memory of his glory: — and, oh! how exquisitely pencilled in the clear obscure stands forth yon range, clad with towering trees, where each particular branch, and almost every leaf, seems separately portrayed against the paling sky, — *miraculously near!*

This is a vision of the *past*. Its strength is owing to the depth of shade, — not to the intensity of light: — for, when the sun at noon-day, poured its full tide of rays upon the scene, the sky was brighter, and rock and river glinted back the flashing beams until the eye was pained: — but where were then those lines of beauty? The details were distinct. Then you might gaze on the forest in its reality, and could almost penetrate its secret paths, despite their dark green canopy! — but where were the broad effect, the bold, sweeping outlines that now give unity and grandeur to the fading scene? The *soul* of creation is before you — more palpable than *its mere* corporeal elements are hid from sight. It resembles the master-piece of some great artist whose pencil portrays, in simple light and shade, a noble picture. All there is *life!* Those countenances! — those various attitudes are *speaking*! The shrubbery waves in the wind, and over the tremulous waters of that lovely lake, the very song of yonder mountain maid seems floating *upon the canvass*. Do you not hear the music? 'Tis but a dream of boyhood! Approach

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the painting! There is no *real* outline there! The brush has been rudely dashed athwart the piece surcharged with heavy colors. Masses of many hues roughen the surface, and all is meaningless confusion.

Stand back a-pace! Again the cottage, lake and mountain start from the surface, *truer than truth itself.*

Panting with sighs and toil, man reaches by painful steps, the mid-land height of life, as we have climbed this summit, and when fainting by the way, it has been *his* resource, as *ours*, to cast himself upon the bosom of his "mother," earth* — look back and *dream!* We have no other mother now! But when you nestled to a parent's breast, and felt the present impress of her love, knew you its breadth and depth as this vision shows it?

Memory is like the painter or the sun-set — its images appear more real than the substantial things they picture, and glow the richer as the gloom of oblivion gathers around them.

Turn your eyes eastward! Night sits upon the landscape. No ray of the past illuminates it. The very elevation on which you stand increases the darkness with its shadow, while it widens your distance from every object vaguely and fearfully looming through the evening mist.

This is a vision of the *future.* That height of land which seems to reach the clouds, upon whose dusky flank the overawed imagination figures cave and precipice, torrent and cataract, is but a gentle slope, with just enough of rudeness to render still more beautiful by contrast, the village spire, the moss-roofed mill, the waving grain that crowns its very top. Such it is seen by day.

Thus, when, in middle life, man peers into the future, what frightful shadows haunt him. Coming events magnified to giants by the obscurity around, stalk menacingly forward. Danger threatens him at every step, and there is naught beyond but that black back-ground — *Death!* The heavens shed no light upon the future. He is descending the hill of life, and their glories are fading behind him. He strives to borrow from the past a gleam to guide him onward, but in vain! Too often his own ambition has prompted him to choose the lofty path that now condemns him to redoubled darkness. Yet, although these spectres of the gloom are most frequently mere creatures of the brain, which day-light would dispel, they govern his career and cover him with dread. The *dream* is *truth* to him — and it is only *truth itself* that he esteems a *dream!* Why can he not wait for sun-rise! Then should he see even the grave overhung with the verdure of spring, and death arrayed in all the glory of a morn of promise!

* When the celebrated Indian Chief, Tecumseh entered a Council Chamber of the whites, where the officers, already seated, thoughtlessly allowed him to remain standing, his countenance in gathering gloom, betrayed the consciousness of the slight, which *savage* courtesy would not have suffered to occur. The look aroused attention, and a chair was handed him — but his proud lip curled. He threw himself upon the ground, exclaiming — "Tecumseh will repose on the bosom of his mother!"

There is reality in dreams! — Come, then, and let us dream together! — our visions may be dark sometimes, but we will not forget that the sun will rise on the morrow.

A SERMON BY A MARMOT — OR THE EXILE OF CONNECTICUT.

> "But come thy ways! — we 'll go along together;
> And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
> We 'll light upon some settled, low content."
> *As You Like It.*

EVERY subject of observation presents itself under a variety of aspects, regulated, not only by the situation of the observer, but by his moral peculiarities also. The little animal whose name dignifies the caption of this article, though it may be better known to many of my readers by the title of ground-hog, or wood-chuck, is usually regarded as a terror, or a pest, to the farmer. Contributing in no appreciable degree to the comfort or advantage of man, and seemingly created solely for the purpose of digging unsightly holes in the ground, eating corn, and diffusing an odour by no means agreeable; it is commonly hated or despised, according to the profession of those who honor it with notice. But nothing that springs from creative wisdom is a proper subject for contempt, and good may be derived, in many instances, from the most unpromising sources, by those who devote themselves to the study of nature. Among the tribes of animals that seem to have least connection with man and his interests, there are many whose habits may teach us more effective lessons than we often derive from the homilies of more pretending instructors.

The individual wood-chuck, here introduced to the reader, was more fortunate than most of his species, for he had succeeded in winning the affections of a worthy agriculturalist, in whose family he was regularly domiciliated during the months of his activity, (for the Marmot is a hybernating animal,) and he reciprocated the attachment of his human protectors with a gratitude apparently as warm as that of any other quadruped familiar of the kitchen.

The late distinguished philanthropist, Mr. Anthony Benezette, extended his benevolence to every thing possessing life that came within the sphere of his influence, and he regularly fed the rats in his cellar, until he attracted a colony of these predatory vermin, by no means agreeable to the taste or interest of his next-door neighbor. When the latter at last endeavored to eradicate the nuisance by regularly shooting every adventurous member of the murine fraternity that ventured upon his premises. Mr. B., with tears in his eyes, protested against this murderous proceeding. "Don't shoot the poor innocent creatures!" he said. "If thou wilt only feed them regularly every day, as I do, they'll never do thee any harm." Whether a similar policy had been the origin of the kindness shown our little friend, the Marmot, I know not, but he had the felicity to be born in a land where corn is cheap, and society difficult of access, and he probably owed his protection to a masculine edition of the feeling that so fre-

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quently promotes the happiness of a poodle or a parrot.

His guardian moved in a humble sphere, and most travellers might have passed the brute and his human associates alike unnoticed: but I propose to employ him as a hook, on which to hang the observations and reflections of a day in the woods, and a night in the log-cabin. It is a slender theme at best, and if discretion be the test of wisdom, I know not but our Marmot displays as high a grade of intellectual endowment as any of the other actors in the tale.

One of these was an eastern merchant, who had purchased some thousands of acres of land—wild, lonely, and far removed from practicable roads or navigable streams.—He had purchased it in utter ignorance of its resources, and was then upon his way to give it an inspection.

The next was the narrator—recently appointed to a chair in a Collegiate Institution, almost embosomed in the wilderness. He had accepted the station in a moment of depression, all uninformed of the condition of the country where *it flourished*, and had just arrived to *blush* beneath the honors of the professional gown in halls that rejoiced in a faculty—*lucus a non lucendo!*—of three persons, and wanted but a library, an apparatus, influence, and a class, to render it an honor to the state that chartered it!

The third was a thriving specimen of the sturdy woodsman and pains-taking farmer of the border—the intermediate step between the adventurous pioneer and the established settler. He had emigrated from the beautiful valley of the Connecticut—a valley where nature has done so much and man so little! to seek a more promising asylum west of the Alleghany Mountains, and he carried all his fortune with him. A young and lovely wife followed his footsteps from town to town—from wilderness to wilderness.—An axe was on his shoulder, two hundred dollars in his pocket, and he possessed much of that shrewdness which ordinarily passes current for talent.

He was moderate in his desires, *and only took up three hundred acres to begin with;* choosing a location where a rude and cellarless hut of logs graced one angle of the plot of ground,—its site selected because a spring and streamlet there supplied the most important necessary of life—good water.

Four acres of unfenced clearing marked the progress of his less prosperous predecessor in taming the primeval forest. Alas! The want of capital!—Two years of bootless labor on the part of that predecessor, left the ground encumbered still with girdled timber. The long and naked limbs of many a stately tree—all sapless now—stood pale and inflexible in the summer gale—a monument of desolation. Some rough, irregular furrows,—ploughed with borrowed oxen, and ornamented with the vine of an occasional refuse potatoe creeping through the starting briars and brush-wood,—alone gave evidence of human industry; for the wilderness was rapidly reclaiming its own.

There was a half-burnt brand on the deserted hearth within the hovel; but the blasts that entered freely through the intervals between the logs,—from which, mass by mass, the clay was falling;—had scattered the ashes widely over the room. A rusty tin basin on the floor, and a broken axe-helve lying athwart the doorless lintel, completed the household inventory. The ground had reverted to the noble and wealthy company from whom it was originally purchased—their funds enriched by the payment of the first instalment, and the value of the *improvements* added to their property.—But where is the former owner? Probably renewing the same improvident game in the wilds of Michigan or Wisconsin.

Such was the home to which our adventurous representative of the land of steady habits had introduced his amiable and delicate wife, four years before the time of our journey.

The station enjoyed many advantages. Civilization was slowly tending thitherward, and every year enhanced the nominal, if not the real value of the land. Moreover, there were many neighbors to break the tedium of life in the wilds. Nine miles to the westward—that being the direction of the older settlements,—there lived a veteran of two wars, whose pension made him rich in a country where a dollar is a rarity, and trade is carried on exclusively by barter. He was the most important man within the circuit of twenty miles; for he owned the only forge. Not even the influence of Squire Tomkins, whose aristocratical residence, five miles deeper in the forest, was furnished with the luxury of weather-boarding, and flanked by a regular barn and stables, could outweigh, *in public opinion*, the claims of one whose labors contributed so essentially to the every-day comfort of life, if not to its preservation, in the rude contest between the settler and nature. Public opinion did I say?—Why! besides these three high personages and their families, a migratory trapper and bee-hunter on the one hand, and a half-cast Indian basket-maker on the other, *there was no public;* yet here was found not only public opinion, but party feeling also—politics and sectarianism!—And where did ever society exist without them? But it is time to commence our journey.

One morning, during the autumn of 1828, I strolled into the principal store of the beautiful little village of ———, in Western Pennsylvania, to exchange the latest paper from the American Athens, for another daily sheet from the Commercial Emporium. An old friend, Mr. W———, of Philadelphia, entered at about the same time, with a map of the surrounding counties, to enquire the road to certain tracts of land but recently conveyed to him. A tall man, who had seen some forty summers, but whose keen dark eye, such as you can only find in the wilderness, seemed to have gathered a smouldering fire, beneath the shadow of the forest leaves, which few would wish to wake, stept forward to give the required information. Rude shoes, unstockinged feet, coarse woolen pantaloons, and a hunting shirt, composed his whole attire:—A rifle, with a richly chased silver breeching, swinging athwart his back, raised him above the ordinary hunter in the curious scale of conventional rank that men acknowledge in obedi-

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ence to their nature, even in the heart of unfrequented woods; but the cart-whip in his right hand, and a basket of eggs hanging upon the left arm seemed irrelevant to his other accoutrements. A finely chiselled nose, verging on the Roman character, and a strong habitual compression of the jaws, marked great decision, firmness, and desperate daring—while his manly tread, in which the foot seemed to cling for a moment to the surface and as instantly rose upon the toe with a slow, but elastic and graceful motion, seemed better fitted to follow the mountain-side, or the torrent's track, than the dull routine of the furrow. His traits and carriage, thus mingled and contrasted, would have proved a puzzle to the keenest judges of human nature,—the bar-keeper of a hotel, or the agent of a rail-road—but his origin was still distinctly marked, notwithstanding his change of residence and habits, in the somewhat sharpened expression of the face, the narrowness of the external angle of the eye, the covert curl of the lip, and the faintest perceptible elevation of the corresponding corner of the mouth. He was the Connecticut farmer of our story, on whose original stock of character four years of close communion with bears and deer, had engrafted *a twig* of that which graces the western hunter.

A few adroitly managed questions placed him immediately in possession of the residence, the destination, views and purposes of my friend, the merchant; and, in terms of courtesy, conveyed in phrase more polished than one would anticipate from his attire, he tendered his services as a guide, and the best his house afforded by the way, as host,—extending the invitation most politely to myself.

Having long been anxious to observe what charm in domestic life upon the borders, could so fascinate mankind as to impel such crowds of restless adventurers annually to plunge into the gloomy forest, there to remain socially buried for years, until the growth of settled population again environs them; I immediately ordered horse, and mounting with my Athenian friend, followed, or accompanied the light wagon of the settler, as the road or path permitted.

We had made but ten miles of progress, when the farms by the way-side began to appear few and far between. Around us, gathered, deep and more deeply still, the shadows of tall trees, which interlocked their arms above us, until mysterious twilight was substituted for the bright sunshine that made its existence known at intervals through openings in the foliage. These were met with only where some giant of the wilderness had laid him down in his last repose, when the slowly gnawing tooth of time had sapped his moss-grown trunk. Occasionally, the wagon jolted heavily over fallen trees, where the lightning had riven or the gale uprooted them. It seemed a sacrilege to disturb the dread repose of nature with our idle voices; and for miles we rode in total silence.—How startling, then, and how incongruous to our ears was the lively voice of our guide, exclaiming, as we passed *a blaze*, "we shall soon be *home* now!" Home! and here!—I gazed around on every hand. Over the tops of the low shrubbery the eye was carried along interminable aisles of stately trees! Interminable arches rested on their summits! An awful unity of gloom engulphed us!

"High mountains are with me a feeling,"

And no man has rioted more wildly in scenes of solitude and desolation. My shoulder is familiar with the rifle, my feet with cliff and precipice, and my arms with the torrent and breaker.—Nay! more than this! I have stood alone in cities! The limitless current of life has whirled and eddied by, and I have felt no fellowship!—have felt the sternest check of all that linked me with my kind, and buried myself in egoism! "There runs not a drop of the blood of Logan in the veins of any living creature."

But never yet came over me the thought of *home* with such a thrilling shudder as when the word was spoken in those close and soul-oppressing woods! There was no resonance from the leafy ground—no echo from those long drawn gothic passages! The sound fell flat upon the ear, and its very cheerfulness of tone, deadened by the dark and inelastic leaves, resembled the convulsive laugh of terror or of pain!

Man is moulded for the contest. There is rapture in the strife, be it with physical or moral evils—a glory in the conquest, that repays the suffering! If vanquished,—he may fly and bide his time! If crushed,—he falls back upon his self-esteem, enfolds his robe around him, and dies, like Cæsar—bravely! Abroad—in calm or storm, in sun-shine or in tempest—man feels himself the ruler, and his pride supports him in the worst of woes; but *at home*—he is dependent! There woman rules the emotions!—Who ever knew a joy beside a gloomy hearth! Or when the wearing cares of life, or the oppression of habitual solitude has furrowed the fore-head, and fixed the features of the wife, what husband ever smiled again as once he smiled!

But away! Our path is onward!—soon we passed along the margin of a precipitate descent, and the day burst in upon us, presenting a momentary view of a long range of hills, over which the fire had swept in the preceding year. Brown furze and blackened masses of charcoal covered the slope for miles, with here and there a waving line of foliage climbing the ascent, wherever some highland rivulet had checked the progress of the flames, and preserved the grass. I had thought that Nature furnished no more spectral object than a girdled tree in a barren clearing; but the tall gnarled trunks, with charred and stunted limbs, that sentineled that ruined hill-side were more spectral still!

Descending the hill, the forest again closed around us: but presently we entered the track of a tornado—a wind-fall. It had traversed a forest of pines—and, for about two hundred yards in width, had made a passage through the woods, as straight and regular as art could have rendered it. On either hand—far as the eye could reach—arose the unbroken wall of verdure, a hundred feet in height, while in the midst, the vision stretched away over an almost level carpet of scrub-oak and whortleberries, forming

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a vista of unparalleled beauty; one which would have graced the palace-grounds of an emperor. Not a stump, a root, or tree was visible in all the range of sight. "God made this clearing," I remarked. The charm of silence was broken by the comment, and the conversation immediately became general.

We had ridden about three miles farther, when the road, if road it could be called, forked suddenly; and, turning to the left, we found ourselves in front of the cottage of our host. It deserved this title richly; for never, in my many journeys beyond the margin of a regular American forest, have I seen more neatness and propriety, than was here displayed in all the accidents of a residence of logs. True! there were none of those vines and graceful shrubs that beautify the grounds around a thrifty cottage in New England; but, even here, a garden was attempted. The building, two stories in height, stood near the summit of an acclivity which formed a sort of irregular lawn, and was actually shaded by two stately trees! — the only instance of such preservation I have witnessed in the wilds of Pennsylvania.

On the right, at a decent distance from the house, were a stable with a loft, and several stacks of hay; and on the left, a natural meadow, of some ten or fifteen acres, had been cleared of brush and sedge, and furnished ample pasturage for four handsome cows. This, with twelve acres of upland, formed the extent of the clearing. Several sugar maples were scattered about the lawn, and a few young fruit trees ornamented the arable land behind the house.

Here, then, was comfort — almost the aristocracy of the woods! We drove rapidly to the door, but the sound of wheels had already drawn the family without the house. The wife, a pale and delicate woman, about twenty-eight or thirty years of age, held in one hand, a bare-foot boy of three; while a little girl, still younger, folded herself in the skirt of her mother's woollen frock — her snow-white head, and light-blue eye peeping out fearfully from her concealment, as we dismounted. A stout lad, employed by the farmer, took charge of our horses, and we were presented to our hostess.

"We have but poor accommodations to offer the gentlemen, John! but they are welcome to what we have, such as they are. You are the first strangers from the old settlements I have seen since we came to this clearing! Were you ever in Connecticut?" Anxiety and hope were most plainly depicted in the care-worn face of the speaker. I could not bear to reply in the negative, and evaded the question by noticing the children as we entered the house. Here, my companion was surprised at the progress that had been made in four short years by the labor of a settler of such slender means. Six decent chairs and a cherry-wood table ornamented the apartment — a well-made dough-trough, with a wide and smoothly planed top, served the purpose of a side-board — a large cup-board, with curious, home-made wooden locks and hinges, occupied one corner, and a rude settee contained, beneath the seat, a tool-chest and a receptacle for table-linen. The ample fire-place, with its wooden chimney, was festooned with strings of venison, hung up to smoke in pieces, and the roughly plastered wall was ornamented with two rude engravings, in *domestic* frames — Adam and Eve driven from Paradise, and the victory of Lake Erie. To these was added a printed copy of the Declaration of Independence. A Bible stood open upon the table when we entered, and a prayer-book, Young's Night Thoughts, The Lady of the Lake, and a few torn old numbers of a monthly magazine, adorned a shelf above the fire. We missed the usual utensils of the cuisine, but these we afterwards discovered in a more fitting place. The universal ticking of the wooden clock was heard; but whence it came, we knew not, until the hour for retiring. It stood upon the stairway.

Hanging his rifle and powder-flask on the wooden hooks, depending, according to custom, from a beam, our host remarked that we were dusty with travel.

"Tin is scarce with us here, gentlemen! and crockery is brittle," said he; "so if you wish to wash your hands and faces, and will pardon our wild ways, follow me to the cellar, and you shall be accommodated!"

Taking a course but clean towel from the chest in the settee, he opened a door beneath the stairs, and descended; leading the way on this singular excursion. A cellar is a luxury in the simple cabin; but here we were provided with an apartment more complete, in its conveniencies, than those of older countries, the floor being well levelled, and the walls faced with stones of ample size. The settler had formed, in one corner, a large cavity about three feet deep. This was lined with mortar, and paved with smooth, round pebbles from the brook. A tunnel, with a wooden trunk and sliding flood-gate, about four inches square, led from the bottom of this basin, through the foundations of the wall, to the bed of a rivulet at some distance on the lawn. The greater part of the waters of a spring, which rose very near the house and fed this runnel, being diverted from their original course, were conveyed through hollow logs, cleaned out and smoothed by burning, through the wall of the cellar, about four feet above the floor, and fell in a beautiful cascade into the basin below. But our host was far too fertile in resources to permit the whole of the current to take this direction. A well made milk-trough, constructed of timbers, some of which betrayed more intimate acquaintance with the axe than the plane, occupied nearly the whole remaining portion of that side of the cellar which corresponded with the earthen basin. It was supplied with water by means of a small canal composed of pieces of bark suspended from the beams above, and capable of being projected into the cascade, so as to receive any desirable portion of the falling fluid. Another tunnel, communicating with the first, carried off the surplus. As we viewed these curious results of Yankee ingenuity and perseverance, several fine speckled trout were seen disporting among pans or crocks of the richest milk and cream, into which, we were informed, they sometimes leaped, to the no small discomforture of the

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tidy house-wife, when in their hide-and-whoop gambols, their daring over-acted their discretion. Here, then, we found, combined by the most simple means, the luxury of the washing-room, the drain, the bath, and the milk-house. Nor was this all! The waters of a spring, when flowing *pleno rivo*, never freeze. They carry with them, for a time, the heat which is the expression of the mean temperature of the earth, and share it with surrounding objects. The very stream, that thus contributed to his domestic comforts, and, as we afterwards discovered, rendered, in its excess, services equally important to his cattle in the farm-yard, preserved his stock of necessaries from the effects of frost, and contributed to lessen the exertions required to procure fuel for the long and dreary winter. These arrangements rendered our host still more an object of curiosity and interest — for seldom had we seen such striking evidences of philosophical deduction in house-hold affairs: — and we could not avoid the hope, that the permanent enjoyment and gradual increase of the comforts created by his genius, might be his ultimate reward. But, alas! the prevalent disposition of his tribe, when once removed from home, is — roving! Never contented with the *status quo* — or satisfied with possession; they leave the enjoyment of ease for the hope of wealth, and are ever ready to sacrifice reality *for a dream*. Yet, it was not for *us* to censure our host severely, should he ultimately pursue the course so admirably described in one short technicality of the American woods-man — "*Flitting!*" Had we not both been *flitting* ourselves! — the one for honor, and the other for gold! My gown and my friend's land were of *equal value*, and both had been purchased at the expense of solid sacrifices; but little does it concern us now, that the progress of population has thrown the former over shoulders well clad in broad-cloth, bought with the surplus of a decent salary, or that the other is studded with profitable farms! In many parts of America, twelve years form an age in human affairs, and, in western Pennsylvania, *we are of the last!*

Our ablutions completed, we returned to the sitting-room. The tea-table was spread with a tidy cloth, and a smoking pot of Liverpool ware made its appearance, replete with a beverage, *by the name of tea;* though, by the test of the olfactories, it might have been supposed some compound discovered among the ruins of the last Piquot village, in the days when the venerable Mr. Hooker first raised the standard of his faith among the ancestors of her whose hand distilled it. — Peace be with the spirit of the good old man! Long since our journey, I have gazed, as a stranger on his venerable tomb-stone in the central church-yard of Hartford, and felt at the moment, — it may be with some bitterness — that the descendants of his flock had lost but little in frankness and hospitality, by being transplanted to the wilds of the west! But *revenons ou nos moutons.**

The table was soon amply furnished with preserves, in nameless variety, formed from the wild fruits of the neighbouring woods, by the aid of maple sugar. The unvarying hard-crusted pie, sweet, well-baked corn-bread, and the constant attendant of the lighter meals in New England, the fried potatoe, completed the repast. We were seated, and — after a well-spoken grace — a service which the really respectable exile of Connecticut rarely neglects in any of the changing scenes of life — we did it ample justice.

Economy of light is a matter of serious importance in the log-cabin; and after tea, we gathered round the blazing hearth, (for the autumnal nights were beginning to be cool,) adding, occasionally, a pine knot from a group collected in the corner of the fire-place, by way of illuminating an idea or a face, whenever the subject-matter of the discourse became peculiarly interesting.

Quick and puzzling were the questions with which our hostess plied us, on all things relating to the "old settlements," as she already styled the sea-board; — for the language and habits of the "far west," are still strangely preserved in these mid-land wildernesses, over which the genius of civilization has bounded, to wave his omnipotent wand over the regions of the setting sun, like the last of the mammoths when he disappeared from the banded hunters of the olden time.

For a while, something like the liveliness of earlier days, stole over the features of the querist, which were fast settling into the habitual gloom, that gives character to the physiognomy of the recluse and the blind. But whatever direction might be given to the discourse, in a few moments it was sure to centre in Connecticut; until, evasion proving impracticable, we were compelled, reluctantly, to confess that our travels had never extended northward or eastward of the Housatonic — the American Tweed. — A deep sigh succeeded this announcement, and our hostess drew back her chair within the shadow of — what shall I call it? — *jams*, properly so styled, the fire-place had none! Its sides were formed of short, projecting logs, about three feet in length, piled, one above another, interlocking, by deep notches, with those which formed the walls of the building, at one end, and at the other, secured by short cross-sections of a smaller tree, similarly notched, set thwartwise between their projecting extremities, and bolted with strong wooden pins. This structure supported the ample chimney, which was constructed in like manner, and shared with it the usual protection against fire, a thick internal coat of clay, admixed with a very little lime. These chimney sides formed deep

* It were ungrateful in the writer, not to acknowledge the marked courtesy and kindness received from several friends during a short residence at Hartford, and if tempted to speak a little severely of the manners of the place, there is much more pleasure in the thought, that a town, honored by the residence of Mrs Sigourney, Mr. Wordsworth, the liberal patron of the *fine arts*, and the model of *fine feeling*, and Rev. Mr. Gaulladet, the devoted philanthropist, can endure some censure upon its general hospitality. On a more suitable occasion, I should be most happy to extend this list, partly, because it would be no more than just to do so,

"And partly that bright names will hallow song!"

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recesses on either hand, in one of which, the cupboard was accommodated, while the other was graced by the dining-table.

Near to one of these shaded recesses, our hostess drew her chair, and left the conversation, for a long time, to her husband.

He inquired, with an interest, seemingly as intense as a statesman, into the politics of the East, with the tenor of which he hadc ontrived to keep pace astonishingly, when his isolated position is considered. I was curious to know how he managed to obtain such accurate information as to men and measures at the seat of government, in the midst of so many obstacles and such untiring agricultural efforts as his rapid improvements must have demanded. His reply furnished a melancholy proof of the natural disputatiousness of our species, while it illustrated the pertinacity with which a mind, once awakened to party feelings, will cling to its old friendships and antipathies when all interests in the result have ceased.

"Why," said he, "for a while it was easy enough; for the Post rides through here once a week, and leaves a New York paper to Squire Tomkins — so the winter I first came to these clearings, I used to walk over to read the paper every other Saturday afternoon, except when the snow was too deep, and came back on Sunday after dinner — so I learned what was going on pretty well. And sometimes one or other of the old blacksmith's boys — that's his grand-children! — for his two sons have gone off to Illinois — would come over of odd Saturdays, a horse-back — for the old soldier kept a horse — he's been many years in these parts, and has cleared and sold three farms, before he fixed where he is — and he'd take up Mary behind him, and ride over to the squire's — for one of us had to stay and tend the cow and feed the pigs; so we could not both go together — and bring her back again the next day. — And a great treat it was to Mary! — for sometimes she would see something in the paper about Connecticut. — She used to teach school in Connecticut for a while. — Poor Mary! she had a better education than I had — though mine wasn't a bad one, for a common school, the way the world goes; and I used to be able *to say my say* with any body; but somehow these woods are so lonely, that I'm out of practice.

"Poor Mary! her heart's in Connecticut still, though she never tells me so, — *but she looks it sometimes* — except may-be about Thanks-giving day, — and then she can't help *saying it* too! I'm sometimes a'most sorry she ever married such a wild and wandering fellow as me."

"Why, John!" — in a tone of the tenderest expostulation, sounded from the corner. Almost unconsciously, I threw a pine knot on the fire, and the sudden flame lighted up a countenance, which would have reassured the most desponding husband. All traces of the inanity of solitude were gone; and over the cloud of sorrow, in which early recollections had veiled the features, — even while the tears of memory were starting from the eye, — the moon-beam of unalterable love poured its silvery light, and the pride of the wife spoke plainly in the curve of a lip already raised and trembling with affectionate reproach. The moisture lingered threateningly upon the lids, but did not fall! — It paused a moment, as in doubt, what emotion called it there, and then retreated to its source.

The husband's face was wreathed in smiles; his voice became firmer; his language lost its parenthetic confusion on the instant, and he resumed his discourse.

"Well! well! It's all my fault, if fault there be. *She* never had a fault! and she's a blessing that would pay for twenty thousand faults of mine! There, Mary! Put the little ones to bed in the loft, and hear them say their prayers." He dismissed them with a parting kiss, and when his wife retired — continued his narrative.

"The squire and I were friends, all through the winter and spring. He and his two sons, with the blacksmith's boys, and three men from the furnace ten miles down the stream, assisted me to build my house; and I borrowed a horse from the smith and a wagon in town, to bring my lime for the plastering; so, when my new house was finished, we turned the old one, that I told you of as we came along, into a right good stable. I had laid up a full supply of provisions in the old house, the fall before, — bought me a plough and some tools, — felled a good deal of valuable pine timber, and put the four acres of clearing into winter grain. With the first spring-floods, I floated the pines, by the help of the squire's oxen, and carried enough down to the saw-mill, (it's only twelve miles,) to bring me a good round sum; and then I had money enough to pay my first instalment, buy me another cow and a pair of oxen, and pay my way till harvest, without draining all the savings I brought out with me. In the winter, I had also got three acres girdled, and the meadow half cleared; for it wanted but little attention; so, as my potatoes turned out uncommon well, and every thing prospered — I bought me a horse and wagon in the fall, and saved just enough to pay the second instalment; — trusting to Providence *and the stores* for the little we should want to buy next season.

"But this is not what I was talking of — I had like to have forgot the squire! — We got along very well till June or July — when we were mowing the meadow. — Yes! it was in July. — And the squire was a churchman and a democrat, but I was a federalist and a congregationalist — I did not much mind his jokes about the pilgrim fathers, though he said the Piquots were better men than those that planted the state; and laughed at them for hanging the Quakers in Boston. For the squire was a well read man before he came to the west — and he hated Connecticut, because he came from Lancaster county, and his father was killed in a quarrel with the settlers in Wyoming, long after the troubles were over. But when he said that Jefferson was a better man than General Washington, I could not stand it, and we quarrelled. I said what no Christian should say, and what I wont repeat; — so the squire and I have never spoken since, except when poor Mary was taken

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down! and then I had to speak; for there was no other woman within ten miles, and no doctor but a quack, within twenty-five. But Mrs. Tomkins is a nurse and a doctor both—God bless her!

I'm getting to be very comfortable now, for I've got every thing around me that a man can desire in the woods, except money; and I've little use for that except to pay the last instalment; but I can't bear to keep that woman so lonely and sad for want of company! The old soldier's daughter comes over to see us once a month; but that is little for one who used to have a dozen young friends always around her in Connecticut, even if she was poor. To tell the truth, though the woods are full of venison and wild turkies, and quails and squirrels to be had for the shooting, and though Tom can catch a mess of trout in the milk trough at any time,—for he lets his line run into the tunnel and there seems to be no end to them—yet I can't help thinking that if I had laid out my three hundred dollars of her's and my savings in old Connecticut—if I had worked half as hard there as I have done here, and she had gone on teaching school, we should both have been happier and richer than we are now. So I think I shall soon pull up stakes, sell out, and go to the prairies, where God makes the clearings, as you said, on the road—and it's real hard work for a man, I can tell you!"

This last remark threw me into a revery of no pleasing nature; and I, in turn, retreated into the shade, as the light of the pine-knot subsided and the wife reëntered. I was dreaming of the future, when, the buoyancy of early manhood being over, stubborn habit would *compel* our really worthy host after all rational motive for change should have flown!—"Thou art one of a genus," I mentally ejaculated. "The mark of the wanderer is on thy brow—

> "For thus I read thy destiny,
> And cannot be mistaken."

There was much conversation afterwards; and at intervals I gleaned the strong points of his history, and that of her whose fate he now controlled. But I was busy with my dream! Peering into the far off future, I saw him in the last of his *flittings!*—deserted by those who should be the props of his age, but whose youthful fire would not permit them to remain inactive in the wilderness, after pictures of eastern wealth and luxury, clad in all the glorious hues of memory, had been rendered familiar as nursery tales by their suisidal parents. I saw him in the evening of his days—and where?—seated by his feeble and exhausted, though still affectionate partner, at the door of an ill-provided cabin, far in the north-west—Far beyond the present range of the pioneer! The gloom of night was slowly dropping its curtain around them, though the phosphorescent snow gave dim illumination to the broad and trackless expanse of the prairie—trackless then, even by the exterminated Buffalo. *There* were none even of the few conveniences of his present wood-land home; for the genius and the skill which had once enabled him to bend the stubborn gifts of nature to his will, were chilled by the frosts of age.

I could even hear the voices of future years stealing on the autumnal night breeze, as it moaned through the rough and ill-joined casement where we sat.

"Why, John, this is Thanks-giving night! Where can our oldest boy be wandering now? He was just thirty yesterday, and we have not heard from him these six years!—Not since you made your last flitting, John! He was always a good boy, and I'm sure he has written to us! John! you may depend upon it, there must be a letter in the office at St. Louis—St. Louis, was it? or was it Chicago? My memory begins to fail me so! He sent us fifty dollars the last time, when we lived in Wisconsin, away down in the States. It must have been in Chicago; for it was there he wrote before!"

"Ah! Mary! Mary! boys forget their mothers and their fathers too, when they are old and feeble! He is getting rich somewhere far over yonder, and little he thinks of us! But there's little Mary, where can she be? Her husband was just gone to New Orleans with a load of furs when the hunters went down to the bluffs in the fall, and they sent our letter after them—but may-be she never got it!"

"Yes, it's Thanks-giving night, Mary! and if I had loved the graves of my parents as I ought, we should not be here, where our children that are away will never find our own. Well, well! I'm too old to hunt, and if the trapping turns out no better than it did last year, we'll have our next Thanks-giving, Mary, where there will be no end to it! and sure you have earned the *right* to be at rest, by your faithfulness, however it may go with me!"

While this picture was floating through my mind, I had learned from occasional sentences, that our host was the son of parents of respectability; but his father had foolishly left the agricultural life, which he understood and was pursuing prosperously, for cities and merchandize, for which he had no talent. He died a bankrupt, leaving one son at the age of eight years and a daughter of eighteen. The latter had been affianced, during her father's prosperity, to the son of a man of wealth; but that wealth had been the result of the closest selfishness in early life. As usual, the native vulgarity of feeling and heartlessness of character which had caused his unwonted and undeserved pecuniary success, remained unchanged in the days of his spurious social elevation. He forbade the further visits of his son the moment the disaster of the parent of his intended wife was known. He forbade it suddenly and without a warning. The consequences were such as are almost too frequent to attract attention. A lovely woman pined a few years over the ill-requited needle, and died "in a decline."

"A young man about town" looked sad for a few months, and then married an heiress to extend the curse of hereditary meanness.

In the little village where our host was reared, by a near relative in the original occupation of his father, he formed his attachment to his present companion: She was then a teacher, starving upon the *liberal* salary that rewards the principal of a female common

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school in "the State where education is universal." To marry at home would have required sacrifices of conventional rank on the part of his intended, to which his pride would not suffer him to reduce her; for how could he ask her to share the fortunes of a laborer in the field? To wait until their united efforts would enable them to secure a farm, was more than his impatience could endure. In evil hour a bright dream of the west had thrown him into the wilderness, and rendered him dependent upon the accidents of sun and rain for protection against the tender mercies of a Land Company — which calculated upon the profits of indiscretion and extended credit willingly, while accepting actual payment with regret. His energies might probably bear him through his trials, could he be contented to avoid expansion until the flood-tide of civilization might have time to reach his retreat, but already he was restless, and his eyes were directed to the fatal west — and it appeared painfully probable that a few short years would find him again dependent on his axe, or a prey to larger speculations in a deeper wilderness.

We soon retired to our comfortable cat-tail beds, by the light of a domestic candle, regretting that our kind entertainers refused us the extempore lodging on the floor to which, in true woodland courtesy, they condemned themselves.

It was long before sleep relieved the unpleasant thoughts awakened by the conversation of the evening. My mind wandered over many a tale of the woods, in which blighted hopes and ruined prospects constituted the prominent features. True, I had seen much of happiness in similar situations, — for Providence has constructed some one of the human family peculiarly fitted to occupy each niche in the great temple of society, — but how frequently the abuse of the inestimable privilege of *free will* renders it a curse instead of a blessing. I sometimes think that the exceptions constitute the rule, and that a small minority only ever accomplish the destiny for which they were created. Jarring, confusion, and disorder mark every page of nature, — every paragraph of history! Here was a man of spirit, enterprise, energy, and talent, who had fled from the only field where happiness was proffered at a slight expense of pride, to waste his powers upon a wilderness for the benefit, in all probability, of certain merchants and capitalists in Holland. He dragged down with him an amiable being who was fitted by her moral excellencies, and even by her education, humble as it may have been, for a far wider sphere of usefulness; and why? Because he could not bear to ask a fond and loving woman to descend to a station which she would have gloried to share with him!

How little men know of the true character of the self-sacrificing sex, until the frosts of old age begin to crown their venerable fronts, and they find their knowledge useless!

It is said that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous; but, although legend upon legend crowded on my memory, the pathetic had still the ascendancy, and I entertained my companion with stories, not all of which were colored in rain-bow hues, until the moon-light deserted the casement, and the fatigue of nearly forty miles of travel enabled us to sink into repose. As one of these recollections is pertinent to the occasion, and illustrative of life in the woods, it may not be amiss to offer it to the reader. It furnishes an instance of indiscretion which, could the effect have been foreseen, would be esteemed an act of cruelty worthy of the worst days of the inquisition. And yet it was perpetrated by a female — by one who should have known the peculiarities of her sex!

"Our highly intelligent friend, Mc ——," said I, "has resided for some years in the town of ——, and has become familiar with the independent life of a western village. She owns a considerable tract of wild land on the New York border, and, as her husband's eccentricities (for he is an American Old Mortality) are equal with his fame and classical acquirements, she thought it best to proceed by herself, on horse-back, to visit the property and examine its resources. After journeying for several days by every stages and frequented routes, she took an appropriate path and plunged into the forest.

After much difficulty and fatigue, she arrived at the cabin of a squatter, which she knew to have been *located* for many years on or near her line. The visit of the owner was not unsafe, for the man was a bee-hunter, trapper, and timber thief of the most gentle manners, and utterly despised all efforts at clearing beyond the acre. His pigs — his only stock — ran wild in the woods, and he cared nothing for real estate so long as there were trees left for a deer-cover, timber to be stolen, bees to be lined, and a bounty for wolves. He looked upon a new settlement as only another market and prowling ground, incommoding him in nothing, and likely to increase the dainties of his larder by an occasional chicken and eggs. He lived for the *present* — dreamed neither of the *past* nor the *future* — and nothing but habitual laziness prevented him from being perpetually peripatetic. He was absent from home when Mrs. —— arrived, and she was received with back-woods hospitality by his wife; — for even this creature, whose only beverage was "Le vin ordinaire de ce pays ci — un liqueur abominable qu'on appelle *Ouiskey!*" actually had a wife, and an affectionate one, who had resided on or near the spot since the days of Jefferson! After a comfortable night of repose upon a bundle of dried leaves, in her riding suit, Mrs. —— arose, and made preparations *for viewing the property*. No lady neglects the toilet, even in the most distressing circumstances. I have several times heard death preferred to the loss of a fine head of hair, in the wards of a hospital, and it is not to be supposed that Mrs. R. was unprovided with a looking-glass. She proceeded to withdraw the several appurtenances of the dressing-room from her well-stored portmanteau, narrowly and wonderingly watched by her kind hostess. But the instant the mirror appeared, the lonely denizen of the wilds exclaimed, with startling energy —

"Oh! dear Mrs. R.! That's a looking-glass! Do

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let me look in it! I have not seen my face plainly for thirty years! I go down to the spring sometimes and try to see myself; but the water is so rough that it don't look at all like me! Do let me look at it! Do now!"

The glass was handed to the delighted woman. She cast but one glance upon it. The mirror fell in fragments on the floor, the unfortunate creature fainted and fell back on the rude bench behind her, and Mrs. R. visited her ample domain, that day, with a head half combed.

The very early breakfast the next morning was a cheerful one. When it was completed, we rode over by the squire's, with our host for a guide, and after proceeding about three miles into the woods, tied our horses at the termination of all signs of road, and advanced on foot. We soon separated, the merchant and the farmer to estimate the chances of water-power, iron beds, timber, and lime-quarries, and I, with my host's rifle, a paper of pins, a botanical box, and a pocket insect net, to my favorite pursuits. We agreed to rendezvous at the place of parting when the hour of three arrived; and, being all familiar with the art of navigating the forest, there was no danger of a failure in meeting the engagement. When we returned from our excursions, and I observed the disappointed look of my Athenian friend, I felt myself the richer, notwithstanding he styled himself possessor of five thousand acres, and I bore upon my shield the footless birds of a younger son; for my hat was serried with glittering insects, impaled upon its crown and sides; my box was stored with rarities, and, on a hickory pole across my shoulder, hung a great horned owl, a hawk, twelve headless black squirrels, and a Canada porcupine!

We stopped at the squire's for a dinner; and, strange to say, succeeded in inducing our host to bear us company, despite his political aversions; so that we have reason to believe that our visit was successful in settling a feud which had seriously curtailed the comforts of both parties for nearly three long years. As we were rambling over the ground, while our meal was in preparation, our attention was called to a tamed marmot or ground hog, that had been a favorite of the family during several years. He had just commeced burrowing a residence for his long months of hybernation—for the coolness of the nights forewarned him that the period of activity was nearly over. By the orchard fence, upon a little mound commanding a broad view of the squire's improvements, he sat upright on the grass, by the side of the yellow circle of dust which his labors already rendered sufficiently conspicuous. The sun obliquely shed a milder and more contemplative light over a scene softened by the autumnal haze. The foliage wore the serious depth of green which precedes the change of the leaf, and, on the higher ground, small patches of yellow, red and brown began to vary the uniformity of the forest. He sat with his fore-paws gently crossed upon his bosom, like an old man reposing at evening by the door of his cottage, calmly and peacefully reflecting that the labors of life were drawing to a close. The autumn wind soughed by, with a premonitory moan, and our philosophic friend threw up one ear to drink the ominous sound, shook his head, as it died away, with an obvious shudder, as though some chilly dream of winter disturbed his repose, and turning slowly round, commenced digging deliberately at his burrow. In a few minutes he reappeared and seemed again buried in contemplating the beauty of the scenery. Ere long another and a stronger blast swept through the trees, with a more threatening voice—bearing upon its wings a few withered leaves.

One of these fell close to the person of the marmot. The intimation was not to be mistaken. He gently descended to the horizontal attitude, crawled towards the unwelcome courier of decay, applied his nose to it for a moment, then, wheeling rapidly round, plunged suddenly into his hole and sent the dirt flying into the air by the rapid action of his fore-paws. I turned to the Exile of Connecticut, who had also watched this interesting scene, and remarked: "You propose to go to the prairies! It is summer with you yet, but I see that the leaves are beginning to turn: there are a few grey hairs gathering about your brow. Is it not time to choose your last resting place? to dig your last burrow?"

He felt the force of the query, and remained in thought for several minutes.

"If it were not for the next instalment, I think I should stay where I am till the neighborhood could grow up around us, and Mary could go to church and little John to school. But—I don't know!—I think I shall have to sell out and *flit* in the spring, if I could find a purchaser! I'm young yet; and that little beast did not throw the dirt so high in the spring."

Poor fellow! I hear that the ground reverted to the company two years afterwards; but whether he sold out and *flitted* with a full purse, or started on foot with his Mary and the children, and an axe on his shoulder, I have never heard.

SONNET.

Still he is absent though the buds of Spring
  Bursting, have flung their freshness o'er the earth,
  And all its brightest flowers have waked to birth
The perfume in their petals slumbering;—
The bright green leaves of Summer's garnishing
  Have blanched away;—the wild bird's song of mirth
Is hushed into an echo, and his wing
  Chill'd by the breath the north wind scatters forth:—
And yet the loved one is not with us, yet
  He lingers in some foreign beauty's bower,
While we the lonely, we in vain regret
  The distant rapture of the greeting hour,
Till hope seems, poised upon its wavering wings,
Departing like the fair earth's loveliest things. E. F. P.

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THE FALSE LADYE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BROTHERS," "CROMWELL," ETC.

There were merriment and music in the Chateau des Tournelles—at that time the abode of France's Royalty!—Music and merriment, even from the break of day! That was a singular age—an age of great transitions. The splendid spirit-stirring soul of chivalry was alive yet among the nations—*yet!* although fast declining, and destined soon to meet its death blow in the spear thrust that hurled the noble Henry, last victim of its wondrous system, at once from saddle and from throne!—In every art, in every usage, new science had effected even then mighty changes; yet it was the OLD WORLD STILL! Gunpowder, and the use of musquetry and ordnance, had introduced new topics; yet still knights spurred their barbed chargers to the shock, still rode in complete steel—and tilts and tournaments still mustered all the knightly and the noble; and banquets at high noon, and balls in the broad day-light, assembled to the board or to the dance, the young, the beautiful, and happy.

There were merriment and music in the court—the hall—the stair-case—the saloons of state! All that France held of beautiful, and bright, and brave, and wise, and noble, were gathered to the presence of their King.—And there were many there, well known and honored in those olden days; well known and honored ever after!—The first, in person as in place, was the great King!—the proud and chivalrous and princely!—becoming his high station at all times and in every place—wearing his state right gracefully and freely—the second Henry!—and at his side young Francis, the King-Dauphin; with her, the cynosure of every heart, the star of that fair company—Scotland's unrivalled Mary hanging upon his manly arm, and gazing up with those soft, dove-like eyes, fraught with unutterable soul, into her husband's face—into her husband's spirit.—Brissac was there, and Joyeuse, and Nevers; and Jarnac, the renowned for skill in fence, and Vielleville; and the Cardinal Lorraine, and all the glorious Guises,—and Montmorenci, soon to be famous as the slayer of his King, and every peer of France, and every peerless lady.

Loud pealed the exulting symphonies; loud sang the chosen minstrelsy—and as the gorgeous sunbeams rushed in a flood of tinted lustre through the rich many-colored panes of the tall windows, glancing on soft voluptuous forms and eyes that might outdazzle their own radiance, arrayed in all the pomp and pride of that magnificent and stately period—a more resplendent scene could scarcely be imagined. That was a day of rich and graceful costumes, when men and warriors thought it no shame to be adorned in silks and velvets, with chains of goldsmith's work about their necks, and jewels in their ears, and on their hatbands, buttons, and buckles, and sword-hilts; and if such were the sumptuous attire of the sterner and more solid sex, what must have been the ornature of the court ladies, under the gentle sway of such a being as Diane de Poictiers, the lovely mistress of the monarch, and arbitress of the soft follies of the Court?

The palace halls were decked with every fanciful variety, some in the pomp of blazoned tapestries with banners rustling from the cornices above the jocund dancers, some filled with fresh green branches, wrought into silver arbors, sweet garlands perfuming the air, and the light half excluded or tempered into a mild and emerald radiance by the dense foliage of the rare exotics. Pages and ushers tripped it to and fro, clad in the royal liveries, embroidered with the cognizance of Henry, the fulgent salamander, bearing the choicest wines, the rarest cates, in every interval of the resounding dance.—It would be tedious to dwell longer on the scene; to multiply more instances of the strange mixture, which might be witnessed everywhere, of artificial luxury with semibarbarous rudeness—to specify the graces of the company, the beauty of the demoiselles and dames, the stately bearing of the warrior nobles, as they swept back and forth in the quaint mazes of some antiquated measure, were a task to be undertaken only by some old chronicler, with style as curious and as quaint as the manners he portrays in living colors.—Enough for us to catch a fleeting glimpse of the grand pageantry! to sketch with a dashy pencil the groups which he would designate with absolute and accurate minuteness!

But there was one among that gay assemblage, who must not be passed over with so slight a regard, since she attracted on that festive day, as much of wondering admiration for her unequalled beauties as she excited grief, and sympathy, and fear, in after days, for her sad fortunes,—but there was now no cloud upon her radiant beauty, no dimness prophetic of approaching tears in her large laughing eyes, no touch of melancholy thought upon one glorious feature—Marguerite de Vaudreuil, the heiress of a ducal fortune, the heiress of charms so surpassing, that rank and fortune were forgotten by all who gazed upon her pure high brow, her dazzling glances, her seductive smile, the perfect symmetry of her whole shape

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and person! Her hair, of the darkest auburn shade, fell in a thousand ringlets, glittering out like threads of virgin gold when a stray sunbeam touched them, fell down her snowy neck over the shapely shoulders and so much of a soft heaving bosom — veined by unnumbered azure channels, wherein the pure blood coursed so joyously — as was displayed by the falling laces which decked her velvet boddice — her eyes, so quick and dazzling was their light, almost defied description, possessing at one time the depth and brilliance of the black, melting into the softer languor of the blue — yet they were of the latter hue, and suited truly to the whole style and character of her voluptuous beauty. Her form, as has been noticed, was symmetry itself; and every movement, every step, was fraught with natural and unstudied grace. — In sooth, she seemed almost too beautiful for mere mortality — and so thought many an one who gazed upon her, half drunk with that divine delirium which steeps the souls of men who dwell too steadfastly upon such wondrous charms, as she bounded through the labyrinth of the dance, lighter and springier than the world-famed gazelle, or rested from the exciting toil in panting abandonment upon some cushioned settle! and many inquired of themselves, could it be possible that an exterior so divine should be the tenement of a harsh worldly spirit — that a demeanor and an air so frank, so cordial, and so warm, should be but the deceptive veil that hid a selfish, cold, bad heart. Aye! many asked them selves that question on that day, but not one answered his own question candidly or truly — no! not one man! — for in her presence he had been more or less than mortal, who could pronounce his sentence unmoved by the attractions of her outward seeming.

For Marguerite de Vaudreuil had been but three short months before affianced as the bride of the young Baron de La-Hirè — the bravest and best of Henry's youthful nobles. It had been a love treaty — no matter of shrewd bartering of hearts — no cold and worldly convenance — but the outpouring, as it seemed, of two young spirits, each warm and worthy of the other! — and men had envied him, and ladies had held her more fortunate in her high conquest, than in her rank, her riches, or her beauties; and the world had forgotten to calumniate, or to sneer, in admiration of the young glorious pair, that seemed so fitly mated. Three little months had passed — three more, and they had been made one! — but, in the interval, Charles de La-Hirè, obedient to his King's behest, had buckled on his sword, and led the followers of his house to the Italian wars. With him, scarcely less brave, and, as some thought, yet handsomer than he, forth rode upon his first campaign, Armand de Laguy, his own orphaned cousin, bred like a brother on his father's hearth; and, as Charles well believed, a brother in affection. Three little months had passed, and in a temporary truce, Armand de Laguy had returned alone, leading the relics of his cousin's force, and laden with the doleful tidings of that cousin's fall upon the field of honor. None else had seen him die, none else had pierced so deeply into the hostile ranks; but Armand had rushed madly on to save his noble kinsman, and failing in the desperate attempt, had borne off his reward in many a perilous wound. Another month, and it was whispered far and near, that Marguerite had dried her tears already; and that Armand de Laguy had, by his cousin's death, succeeded, not to lands and to lordships only, but to the winning of that dead cousin's bride. — It had been whispered far and near — and now the whisper was proved true. For, on this festive day, young Armand, still pale from the effects of his exhausting wounds, and languid from loss of the blood, appeared in public for the first time, not in the sable weeds of decent and accustomed wo, but in the gayest garb of a successful bridegroom — his pourpoint of rose-colored velvet strewn thickly with seed pearl and broideries of silver, his hose of rich white silk, all slashed and lined with cloth of silver, his injured arm suspended in a rare scarf of the lady's colors, and, above all, the air of quiet confident success with which he offered, and that lovely girl received, his intimate attentions, showed that for once, at least, the tongue of rumor had told truth.

Therefore men gazed in wonder — and marvelled as they gazed, and half condemned! — yet they who had been loudest in their censure when the first whisper reached their ears of so disloyal love, of so bold-fronted an inconstancy, now found themselves devising many an excuse within their secret hearts for this sad lapse of one so exquisitely fair. Henry himself had frowned, when Armand de Laguy led forth the fair betrothed, radiant in festive garb and decked with joyous smiles — but the stern brow of the offended prince had smoothed itself into a softer aspect, and the rebuff which he had determined — but a second's space before — to give to the untimely lovers, was frittered down into a jest before it left the lips of the repentant speaker.

The day was well-nigh spent — the evening banquet had been spread, and had been honored, duly — and now the lamps were lit in hall, and corridor, and bower; and merrier waxed the mirth, and faster wheeled the dance. The company were scattered to and fro, some wandering in the royal gardens, which overspread at that day, most of the Isle de Paris; some played with cards or dice; some drank and revelled in the halls; some danced unwearied in the grand saloons; some whispered love in ladies' ears in dark sequestered bowers — and of these last were Marguerite and Armand — a long alcove of thick green boughs, with orange trees between, flowering in marble vases, and myrtles, and a thousand odorous trees mingling their perfumed shadows, led to a lonely bower — and there alone in the dim starlight — alone indeed! for they might now be deemed as one, sat the two lovers. One fair hand of the frail lady was clasped in the bold suitor's right — while his left arm, unconscious of its wound, was twined about her slender waist; her head reclined upon his shoulder, with all its rich redundancy of ringlets floating about his neck and bosom, and her eyes, languid and suffused, fondly turned up to meet his passionate glances. "And can it be" — he said, in the

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thick broken tones that tell of vehement passion—"And can it be that you indeed love Armand?—I fear, I fear, sweet beauty, that I, like Charles, should be forgotten, were I, like Charles, removed—for him thou didst love dearly—while on me never didst thou waste thought or word."

"Him—never, Armand, never!—by the bright stars above us—by the great gods that hear us—I never—never *did* love Charles de La-Hirè—never did love man, save thee, my noble Armand.—False girlish vanity and pique led me to toy with him at first; now to my sorrow I confess it—and when thou didst look coldly upon me, and seem'dst to woo dark Adeline de Courcy, a woman's vengeance stirred up my very soul, and therefore to punish thee, whom only did I love, I well nigh yielded up myself to torture by wedding one whom I esteemed indeed and honored—but never thought of for one moment with affection—wilt thou believe me, Armand?"

"Sweet Angel, Marguerite!" and he clasped her to his hot heaving breast, and her white arms were flung about his neck, and their lips met in a long fiery kiss.

Just in that point of time—in that soft melting moment—a heavy hand was laid quietly on Armand's shoulder—he started, as the fiend sprang up, revealed before the temper of Ithuriel's angel weapon—he started like a guilty thing from that forbidden kiss.

A tall form stood beside him, shrouded from head to heel in a dark riding cloak of the Italian fashion; but there was no hat on the stately head, nor any covering to the cold stern impassive features. The high broad forehead as pale as sculptured marble, with the dark chestnut curls falling off parted evenly upon the crown—the full, fixed, steady eye, which he could no more meet than he could gaze unscathed on the meridian sun, the noble features, sharpened by want and suffering and wo—were all! all those of his good cousin.

For a moment's space the three stood there in silence!—Charles de La-Hirè reaping rich vengeance from the unconquerable consternation of the traitor! Armand de Laguy bent almost to the earth with shame and conscious terror! and Marguerite half dead with fear, and scarcely certain if indeed he who stood before her were the man in his living presence, whom she had vowed to love for ever; or if it were but the visioned form of an indignant friend returned from the dark grave to thunderstrike the false disturbers of his eternal rest.

"I am in time"—he said at length, in accents slow and unfaltering, as his whole air was cold and tranquil—"in time to break off this monstrous union!—Thy perjuries have been in vain, weak man; thy lies are open to the day.—He whom thou didst betray to the Italian's dungeon—to the Italian's dagger—as thou didst then believe and hope—stands bodily before thee."

A long heart-piercing shriek burst from the lips of Marguerite, as the dread import of his speech fell on her sharpened ears—the man whom she *had* loved—*first* loved!—for all her previous words were false and fickle—stood at her side in all his power and glory—and she affianced to a liar, a base traitor—a foul murderer in his heart!—a scorn and byword to her own sex—an object of contempt and hatred to every noble spirit!

But at that instant Armand de Laguy's pride awoke—for he *was* proud, and brave, and daring!—and he gave back the lie, and hurled defiance in his accuser's teeth.

"Death to thy soul!" he cried—"'tis thou that liest!—Charles!—did I not see thee stretched on the bloody plain? did I not sink beside thee, hewed down and trampled under foot, in striving to preserve thee?—and when my vassals found me, wert thou not beside me—with thy face scarred, indeed, and mangled beyond recognition, but with the surcoat and the arms upon the lifeless corpse, and the sword in the cold hand?—'Tis thou that liest, man!—'tis thou that, for some base end, didst conceal thy life; and now wouldst charge thy felonies on me—but 'twill not do—fair cousin.—The King shall judge between us!—Come lady"—and he would have taken her by the hand, but she sprang back as though a viper would have stung her.

"Back traitor!—" she exclaimed, in tones of the deepest loathing.—"I hate thee, spit on thee! defy thee!—Base have I been myself, and frail, and fickle—but, as I live, Charles de La-Hirè—but as I live *now*, and *will* die right shortly—I knew not of this villany! I did believe thee dead, as that false murtherer swore—and—God be good to me!—I did betray thee dead; and now have lost thee living! But for thee, Armand de Laguy, dog! traitor! villain! knave!—dare not to look upon me any more; dare not address me with one accent of thy serpent tongue! for Marguerite de Vaudreuil, fallen although she be, and lost for ever, is not so all abandoned as, knowing thee for what thou art, to bear with thee one second longer—no! not though that second could redeem all the past—and wipe out all the sin!—"

"Fine words! Fine words, fair mistress!—but on with me thou shalt!" and he stretched out his arm to seize her, when, with a perfect majesty, Charles de La-Hirè stepped in and grasped him by the wrist, and held him for a moment there, gazing into his eye as though he would have read his soul; then threw him off with force, that made him stagger back ten paces before he could regain his footing!—then! then! with all the fury of the fiend depicted on his working lineaments, Armand unsheathed his rapier and made a full longe, bounding forwards as he did so, right at his cousin's heart! but he was foiled again, for with a single, and, as it seemed, slight motion of the sheathed broadsword, which he held under his cloak, Charles de La-Hirè struck up the weapon, and sent it whirling through the air to twenty paces distance.

Just then there came a shout "the King! the King!"—and, with the words, a glare of many torches, and, with his courtiers and his guard about him, the Monarch stood forth in offended majesty.

"Ha!—what means this insolent broil?—What

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men be these who dare draw swords within the palace precincts?"

"*My* sword is sheathed, sire" answered De La-Hirè, kneeling before the King and laying the good weapon at his feet—"nor has been ever drawn, save at your highness' bidding, against your highness' foes!—But I beseech you, sire, as you love honesty and honor, and hate deceit and treason, grant me your royal license to prove Armand de Laguy, recreant, base, and traitorous, a liar and a felon, and a murtherer, hand to hand, in the presence of the ladies of your court, according to the law of arms and honor!"

"Something of this we have heard already"—replied the King, "Baron de La-Hirè!—But say out now, of what accuse you Armand de Laguy?—shew but good cause, and thy request is granted; for I have not forgot your good deeds in my cause against our rebel Savoyards and our Italian foemen—of what accuse you Armand de Laguy?"

"That he betrayed me wounded into the hands of the Duke of Parma! that he dealt with Italian bravoes to compass my assassination! that by foul lies and treacherous devices, he has trained from me my affianced bride: and last, not least, deprived her of fair name and honor.—This will I prove upon his body, so help me God and my good sword."

"Stand forth and answer to his charge De Laguy—speak out! what sayest thou?"

"I say," answered Armand boldly—"I say that he lies!—that he did feign his own death for some evil ends!—and did deceive me, who would have died to succor him!—That I, believing him dead, have won from him the love of this fair lady, I admit.—But I assert that I did win it fairly, and of good right!—And for the rest, I say he lies doubly, when he asserts that she has lost fair name, or honor—this is *my* answer, sire; and I beseech you grant *his* prayer, and let us prove our words, as gentlemen of France and soldiers, forthwith, by singular battle!"

"Amen!" replied the King—"the third day hence at noon, in the tilt yard, before our court, we do adjudge the combat—and this fair lady be the prize of the victor!—"

"No! sire," interposed Charles de La-Hirè, again kneeling—but before he had the time to add a second word, Marguerite de Vaudreuil, who had stood all the while with her hands clasped and her eyes riveted upon the ground, sprung forth with a great cry—

"No! no! for God-sake! no! no! sire—great King—good gentleman—brave knight! doom me not to a fate so dreadful.—Charles de La-Hirè is all that man can be, of good, or great, or noble! but I betrayed him, whom I deemed dead; and he can never trust me living!—Moreover, if he would take me to his arms, base as I am and most false hearted, he should not—for God forbid that *my* dishonor should blight *his* noble fame.—As for the slave De Laguy—the traitor and low liar, doom me, great monarch, to the convent or the block—but curse me not with such contamination!—For, by the heavens I swear! and by the God that rules them! that I will die by my own hand, before I wed that serpent!"

"Be it so, fair one," answered the King very coldly—"be it so! we permit thy choice—a convent or the victor's bridal bed shall be thy doom, at thine own option!—Meanwhile your swords, sirs; until the hour of battle ye are both under our arrest. Jarnac be thou Godfather to Charles de La-Hirè!—Nevers, do thou like office for de Laguy."

"By God! not I, sire;" answered the proud duke. "I hold this man's offence so rank, his guilt so palpable, that, on my conscience! I think your royal hangman were his best Godfather!"

"Nevertheless, De Nevers—it shall be, as I say!—this bold protest of thine is all sufficient for thine honor—and it is but a form!—no words, duke! it must be as I have said!—Joyeuse, escort this lady to thy duchess—pray her accept of her as the King's guest, until this matter be decided. The third day hence at noon, on foot, with sword and dagger—with no arms of defence or vantage—the principals to fight alone, until one die or yield—and so God shield the right!"

SONNETS.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

EVENING.

In robes of crimson glory sinks the Day;
  The Earth in slumber closes her great eye
  Like to a dying god's; from hills, that lie
Like altars kindled by the sunset ray,
The smoke in graceful volumes soars away;
  From every wood a chorus soundeth high;
  Those veils of day, the shadows, floating high
Around the tree-tops, fall upon the gay
And gem-like flowers that bloom beneath; the West
  Its burnished gold throws back in softened lines
  Upon the East, and, as it sweetly shines
  On lapsing river and reposing dell,
Tinges with rosy light the hovering breast
  Of the small, tremulous lark—boon Nature's evening bell.

HEREAFTER.

Oh, man is higher than his dwelling-place;
  Upward he looks, and his soul's wings unfold,
  And, when like minutes sixty years have rolled,
He rises, kindling, into boundless space.
Then backward to the Earth, his native place,
  The ashes of his feathers lightly fall,
  And his free soul, unveiled, di-robed of all
That cumbered it, begins its heavenly race,
Pure as a tone and brilliant as a star.
  Even through the shadows on life's desert lawn
Hills of the future world he sees afar
In morning rays that beam not here below.
Thus doth the dweller in the realm of snow
  Through his long night perceive the distant dawn.

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HARRY CAVENDISH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR," "THE REEFER OF '76," ETC. ETC.

> "And I have loved thee, ocean! and my joy
> Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
> Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
> I wantoned with thy breakers." CHILDE HAROLD.

INTRODUCTORY.

I was sitting the other afternoon before my library fire, listening to the fitful breeze without that swayed the trees to and fro before the house and moaned down in the neighbouring woods, when I suddenly recollected that the last sheets of "The Reefer" had gone to press a fortnight before, and that, consequently, my career of authorship was closed. The idea, I confess, gave me pleasure, for I am by nature an indolent man, and would at any time rather dream by a cheery fire, with my slippered feet reposing on my tiger-skin rug, than tie myself down to a writing-table, even though it be to record my own or my friends' adventures, and "go about the world from hand to hand." I am not ambitious. I prefer ease to reputation, quiet to turmoil, the epicurean to all other philosophy. To read my favorite authors; to indulge in reveries at the twilight hour; to gaze on fine pictures, choice statues, and tasteful rooms; to listen to the melting airs of Burns, or the glorious hallelujahs of Handel; to sport on my own grounds on a clear, bracing morning; to gallop over the wild hills and through the romantic valleys which surround my residence;—these are the enjoyments in which I delight, and which I prefer to all the reputation either the pen or the sword can give. Others may choose a more bustling life; but I have had my share of that! Give me a quiet, happy home, for there only is true happiness to be found.

Musing thus, I was unconscious of the entrance of an intruder, until I heard a slight cough beside me, and looking up, I saw my faithful servant John standing over my chair. He laid on my lap, at the instant, a copy of Graham's Magazine for December. As John did so, he heaved a sigh, and then, as if something was on his mind, busied himself in arranging various articles in the room. I knew by these tokens that he was desirous of attracting my attention. The woe-begone expression which he wore during all this time, amused me, for I fancied I could guess what was passing through his mind. As I quietly cut the pages of the book, I indulged him by opening the conversation.

"Well, John," I said, "it is finished. 'The Reefer' has followed my own adventures, and you will have no more trouble in acting as proof-reader for me. Our days," and here, at the use of the plural, the old fellow grinned from ear to ear, "our days of authorship are over. I think we had better retire while our laurels are green. Are you not glad?"

"Glad! What for Massa Danforth think that? No, no," and he shook his grey head mournfully, "John *not* glad."

"And why not, John? We shall have more time to ourselves. I'm afraid," I said, looking towards the window, and endeavoring to peer through the twilight without, "I am afraid our planting is sadly behind hand—the clump of trees out yonder wants thinning—and then the water-fall is getting out of order—and Mrs. Danforth has been pleading for an addition to her garden—all this requires overseeing—and besides these, there are a thousand other things which will require our attention."

I could see that the old fellow had, with difficulty, restrained himself until I had finished; for he kept moving his body unceasingly, and once or twice had opened his mouth to speak. He now broke out—

"Nebber do, Massa Danforth, nebber do to give up authorship, take old John word for dat. You now great man—talk of in all de papers—it Massa Danforth here and Massa Danforth dare—ebbery few month you get extra puff in de prospective of de Magazine—and think you dis continue if you give ober writing? Gor amighty nebber! Ebbery body can do planting,—dere Massa Jones, Massa Tyson, Massa Smit, and de oder blockheads in de county—but you be only one hereabout been to sea, or can drive a pen ober paper like a four-in-hand, polishing skrimanges for a hundred thousand readers—for dat many Massa Graham say thumb his book ebbery month. It plain text, plain sermon. Who so big as Massa Danforth de author?—who so little, beg pardon for say it, as Massa Danforth de farmer? De public like our sleepy boy Joe in de kitchen, he nebber know any one alive, unless dey keep bawling, bawling in his ear all de time."

"But what am I to do?" said I, smiling at his earnestness, and peculiar style of illustration. "Even if I wished to continue an author, I could not. My own adventures are published; so are those of the

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Reefer, — if I go on, I must — to say nothing of the trouble — draw on my fancy, and that, you know, wouldn't do. I always bear in mind what honest Sancho Panza says — 'Let every one take heed how they talk or write of people, and not set down at random the first thing that comes into their imagination.'"

"Massa Sanka Paneer had better keep his advice to himself, dat my mind — I nebber saw him here, or read his name in de papers, and he derefore no great shakes — but I no see dat dere be an accessory for any fiction about it. Ah! I hab him — I hab him. I think of a new feature."

"A new feature! Well — let's hear it."

"But first, dere be accessory for a story. Once Massa know I be a poor scoundrel in newspaper office — hard life dat, where kicks plenty and dinners scarce — and ebbery now and den when editor pushed to de wall for cash, he say in his paper dat de next day he come out wid a new feature. Well, ebbery body, besure, be on tip-toe. Office run down next mornin for paper. Massa editor fill his pockets for once anyhow — no trouble, little cost, all wit do it. How? He put in new head to his paper, and call dat 'new feature.' Now, suppose Massa Danforth get a new head to 'Cruising in de Last War,' and so be author, and dat widout trouble, for anoder year. Ah! ha! dat grand stroke."

I laughed heartily at the proposal, but replied —

"That would never do, John — but I must tell Graham of your idea."

"Eh! what! — put old John in print. Gor amighty dat make him grand as de minister — not dat he care much for it — he not vain — but, but, what Massa gwine to say?"

"You'll know in good time — but at present see who knocks at the library door."

"Package forgot at post-office," said John, returning from his errand, and giving me a huge bundle of manuscript.

"Ah! what have we here? A letter from Graham, I declare. What says he? — 'a valuable private history of the revolutionary times,' — 'only wants a little pruning' — 'thrilling adventures' — 'a run unsurpassed for years' — 'unequalled' — 'edit it as a great favor' — and so forth. Well, let us see what it is."

"Eh! yes — see what he is. Massa Graham one *obi* man, he know de quandary we in, and send dis to settle de argument. No escape now, Massa Danforth — it little trouble — thank God! you be great man still — and de people still say as we drive out togedder, 'dare go de celebrated Massa Danforth, and his man John!'"

And now, reader, having acquainted you with the manner in which the following history came into my hands, and given you a hint as to the reasons which have induced me to appear again in print, I will take leave of you without further parley, and let the autobiographer speak for himself.

THE WRECK.

The parting word had been said, the last look had been taken, and my traps had all been snugly stowed away in the narrow room which, for some years, was to be my home. I stood by the starboard railing gazing back on the dear city I was leaving, and, despite the stoicism I had affected when bidding farewell to my friends, I could not now prevent a starting tear. Nor did my mess-mates seem in a more sportive mood; for they could be seen, some in the rigging and some leaning over the ship's side, looking back on the well known landmarks of the town with a seriousness in the aspect which betokened the thoughts passing through the heart. Yes! we were about leaving the scenes of our boyhood, to enter on a new and untried life — and who knew if any of us would ever return again to our homes? The chances of war are at all times dreadful, but in our case they were terribly increased by the flag under which we sailed. Who could tell whether the officers of the revolted colonies might not be considered as traitors as well as rebels? Who knew but that the very first enemy we should meet would either sink us or hang us at the yard arm? And yet, firm in the righteousness of our cause, and confiding in the God of battles, there was not one of our number who, having put his hand to the plough, wished to turn back. Sink or swim — live or die — we were resigned to either destiny.

Evening was closing fast around the scene, and, even as I gazed, the town melted into gloom, Copp's Hill alone standing up in solemn majesty over the shadowy city. The distant hum of the town died fainter and fainter on the darkness, the evening breeze came up fresher across the waters, the song of the fisherman and the dip of passing oars ceased, and, one by one, the white sails of the ships around us faded away, at first seeming like faint clouds, but finally losing themselves altogether in the darkness. All around was still. The low monotonous ground swell heaving under our counter, and rippling faintly as it went, alone broke the witching silence. Not a breath of air was stirring. The boatswain's whistle was hushed, the whisper had died away, no footfall rose upon the stillness, but over shore and sea, earth and sky, man and inanimate creation, the same deep silence hung.

Gradually, however, the scene changed. Lights began to flash along the town and from the ships in port, and, in a few moments, the harbor was alive with a long line of effulgence. A half subdued halo now hung over the city. The effect produced was like that of magic. Here a ship lay almost buried in gloom — there one was thrown out in bold relief by the lights — now a tall warehouse rose shadowy into the sky, and now one might be seen almost as distinctly as at noon day. The lights streaming from the cabin windows and dancing along the bay, the swell tinged on its crest with silver, but dark as night below, and the far off sails gleaming like shadowy spectres, though the uncertain light, added double effect to the picture. And when the stars came out, one by one, blinking high up in the firmament, and the wind began to sigh across the bay and wail sadly through our rigging, the weird-like character of the prospect grew beyond description. Hour after hour

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passed away and we still continued gazing on the scene as if under the influence of some magician's spell; but, at length, exhausted nature gave way, and one after another went below, leaving only those on deck whose duty required their presence. For myself, though I sought my hammock, a succession of wild indistinct dreams haunted me throughout the livelong night.

A pleasant breeze was singing through the rigging as I mounted the gangway at dawn, and the tide having already made, I knew no time would be lost in getting under weigh. Directly the captain made his appearance, and, after a few whispered words, the pilot issued his orders. In an instant all was bustle. The boatswain's whistle, calling all hands to their duty, was heard shrieking through the ship, and then came the quick hurried tread of many feet, as the men swarmed to their stations. The anchor was soon hove short; the sails were loosed; the topsails, top-gallant sails and royals were sheeted home and hoisted,—the head yards were braced aback and the after yards filled away; a sheer was made with the helm; the anchor was tripped; the gib was hoisted; and as she paid beautifully off, the foretop sail was filled merrily away, and the spanker hauled out. Then the yards were trimmed, the anchor catted, and with a light breeze urging us on, we stood gallantly down the bay. As we increased our distance from the town, the wind gradually freshened. One after another of the green islands around us faded astern; the heights of Nahant opened ahead, glanced by and frowned in our wake; and before the sun had been many hours on his course, we were rolling our yard arms in a stiff breeze, leagues to sea. Before sun-down the distant coast had vanished from sight.

My mess mates had already gathered around the table in the long narrow room which was appropriated to the midshipmen, when I dove down the hatchway after the watch had been set. They were as jovial a set as I had ever seen, and, although our acquaintance was but of twenty-four hours standing, we all felt perfectly at home with each other; and as the salt beef was pushed from hand to hand, and the jug passed merrily around, the mutual laugh and jest bore token of our "right good fellowship."

"A pretty craft, my lads," said a tall fine-looking fellow, obviously the senior of the group, and whom I had been introduced to as a Mr. O'Hara; "a pretty craft and a bold captain we have, or I'm no judge. I've been at sea before, but never in as gallant a ship as this. Here's success to The Arrow—no heel-taps."

The toast was drunk with a huzza, and O'Hara continued the conversation, as if, under the circumstances, he felt that he was the only proper person to play the host.

"You're most of you green-horns, my boys—excuse the word, but 'tell the truth,' you know—and will not be good for much if this swell continues. One or two of you are getting pale already, and, if I'm not mistaken, Cavendish and I are the only two of the set that have smelt salt water before. Now, take a word of advice. Cut into the beef like the deuce, never mind if it does make you worse, cut away still, and bye and bye, when you get all your long shore swash out of you, you'll find that you feel better than ever. We're for a long voyage, and many a hard rub you'll get before its over, but never flinch from duty or danger—even if Davy Jones himself stares you in the face. Kick care to the wall, and be merry while you may. But always have an eye to what is due to your superiors. The captain's a gentleman. God bless him! The first lieutenant, I've a notion, is a sour sinner—never let him catch you tripping,—but you need n't mind him further, for he looks as if he ought to be tarred and feathered as the Boston boys served the exciseman. And now, lads, here's to a prosperous voyage, and let's turn in, one and all, for I've got the morning watch, and I've a notion this breeze will have settled down into a regular hurricane, and be blowing great guns and marlin-spikes before then."

The air of easy good-humor with which O'Hara spoke, attracted me to him at once. He was evidently my senior, and had seen some service; but it was equally as evident that he affected no superiority which was not his of right. I determined to know him better.

It was still dark when I was aroused from sleep by the calling of the watch, and, hastily springing up, I soon stood upon the deck. The first glance around me proved that O'Hara's anticipations were fulfilled, for the tempest was thundering through the rigging with an almost stunning voice, driving the fine spray wildly along, and blowing with an intensity that threatened to sweep one overboard. The men, bent before the blast, and wrapped in their thick overcoats, stood like statues half seen through the mist. The night was bitterly cold—the fine spray cut to the marrow. As far as the eye could see, on every hand around us, the sea, flattened until it was nearly as level as a table, was a mass of driving foam. The binnacle lamp burned faint and dim, with a sickly halo, through the fog. Above, however, all was clear, except a few white fleecy clouds, driven wildly across the frosty stars that twinkled in the heavens. As I ran my eye along the tall taper masts, now bending like rushes in the hurricane, I saw that nearly all the canvass had been taken in, and that we were scudding before the tempest with nothing spread but a close-reefed maintopsail, a reefed fore-course, and the foretopmast staysail,—and even these, as they strained in the gale, threatened momently to blow out into ribbons before the resistless fury of the wind. Under this comparative press of canvass, The Arrow was skimming along, seeming to outvie even the spray in velocity. And well was it that she sped onward with such hot haste!—for, on looking astern, I saw the billows howling after us, urging on their white crests in fearful proximity, and threatening at every surge to roll in over our taffrail. Wilder and wilder, more and even more fiercely they raced each other in the pursuit, like a pack of famished wolves pitching and yelling after their prey.

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"Keep her so," said the first lieutenant, as he left the deck in charge of his successor, "for you see it is neck and neck with those yelling monsters astern. If the sails are blown from the bolt ropes they must go—but as the canvass is new I think they will stand."

"Ship ahoy!" shouted a look-out at this moment, startling us as though a thunderbolt had fallen at our feet, "a sail athwart hawse."

"Where, where?" exclaimed both the officers incredulously.

"Close under our fore-foot — a brig, sir."

"My God, we shall run her down," was the exclamation of the second lieutenant.

All eyes were instantly turned in the direction of the approaching danger, and there, sure enough, directly athwart our hawse, a small trim-looking brig was seen lying-to — the wild hurricane of flying spray, which covered the surface of the deck in places with an almost impervious fog, having hitherto concealed her from our sight. It was evident that the inmates of the brig had but just discovered us, for her helm was rapidly shifted and a few hurried orders, whose import we could not make out, were given on board of her. All, indeed, seemed confusion on the decks of the unhappy craft. Her crew were hurrying to and fro; the officer of the vessel was shouting in his hoarsest tone; two or three forms, as if those of passengers, rushed up the companion way; and to crown all, the sheets were let fly, and with a wild lurch she rolled over, and lay the next moment wallowing in the sea broadside on. I could almost have jumped on her decks. All this had passed with the rapidity of thought. Never shall I forget the shriek of horror which burst simultaneously from both vessels at this fearful crisis. Already were we close on to the brig, driving with the speed of a sea-gull with the gale, and we knew that before another moment should elapse, aye! almost before another breath could be drawn, the collision must take place. But the lightning is not quicker than was the officer of the deck.

"Port — a-port — ha - a - rd, *hard*," he thundered, grinding the words between his teeth in his excitement, and waving his hands to larboard, and the helmsman, taking his cue more from the gesture than from the words — for in the uproar of the tempest he could not hear a dozen yards to windward — whirled around the wheel, and our gallant craft, obedient to the impulse like a steed beneath the spur, swept around to starboard. For a second the ill-fated brig could be seen dancing under our stem, and then, rolling heavily around, she seemed as if she would escape, though narrowly, from her frightful position. A cry of joy was already rising to my lips; but, at that instant, I heard a crash, followed by a dull grinding noise, and simultaneously I beheld the brig come into collision with us just abaft the cathead, and, while all our timbers quivered with the shock, she whirled away astern, rolling and rubbing frightfully, and half buried in the brine. A shriek rent the air, on the instant, whose thrilling tones haunted me for days and nights, and seems even now to ring in my ears.

"God of my fathers!" I exclaimed, "every soul will be lost!"

"Heave her to," thundered the officer of the deck. "For life or death, my lads! Up with the foresail — down with your helm — brace up the after yards — set the mizzen stay sail there."

It is a libel on sailors to say they never feel. No men are more ready to aid the unfortunate. On the present occasion the crew seemed inspired with an energy equal to that of their officer, and springing to their duty performed the rapid orders of the lieutenant in an almost incredible space of time. Happily a momentary lull aided the manœuvre, and our proud craft obeying her helm came gallantly to.

"Meet her there, quarter-master," continued the officer of the deck; "set the main stay-sail — brace up the fore-yards — merrily, merrily — there she has it —" and, as these concluding words left his mouth, the manœuvre was finished, and we rode against the wind, rising and falling on the swell, and flinging the spray to our fore-yard arm as we thumped against the seas.

My first thought was of the brig. As soon, therefore, as our craft had been hove-to, I cast a hurried glance over the starboard bow to search for the unfortunate vessel. I detected her at once lying a short distance on our weather bow, — and it was evident that the injury she had sustained was of the most serious character, for even through the mist we fancied we could see that she was settling deeper in the water. Her officers were endeavoring to heave her to again; while rising over their orders, and swelling above all the uproar of the hurricane, we could hear the despairing wail of her passengers. At length she lay-to a few fathoms on our starboard bow, drifting, however, at every surge bodily to leeward. Confusion still reigned on her decks. We could see that the crew were at the pumps; but they appeared to work moodily and with little heart; and we caught now and then the sound of voices as if of the officers in expostulation with the men. A group of female figures also was discernable on the quarter-deck, and a manly form was visible in the midst, as if exhorting them to courage. At the sight a thrill of anguish ran through our breasts. We would have laid down our lives to save them from what appeared to be their inevitable doom, and yet what could we do in the face of such a tempest, and when any attempt to rescue them would only entail ruin on the adventurers, without aiding those we would preserve? As I thought of the impossibility of rendering succor to those shrinking females, as I dwelt on the lingering agonies they would have to endure, as I pictured to myself the brig sinking before our eyes, and we all powerless to prevent it, a thrill of horror shivered through every nerve of my system, my blood ran cold, my brain reeled around, and I could with difficulty prevent myself from falling, so great was my emotion. But rallying my spirits, I tried to persuade myself it was all a dream. I strained my eyes through the mist to see whether I might not be mistaken — to discover if possible some hope for the forlorn beings on board the brig. But, alas! it was in vain.

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There were the white dresses blowing about in the gale as the two females knelt on the deck and clung to the knees of their protector—there was the crew mustered at the pumps, while jets of brine were pouring from the scuppers—and there were the crushed and splintered bulwarks betokening that the efforts of the men were dictated by no idle fears. I groaned again in agony. Had it been my own fate to perish thus, I could have borne my doom without a murmur; but to see fellow creatures perishing before my sight, without my having the power to succor them, was more than I could endure. I closed my eyes on the dreadful scene. Nor were my emotions confined to myself. Not a heart of our vast crew that did not beat with sympathy for our unhappy victims. Old and young, officers and men, hardy veterans and eager volunteers, all alike owned the impulses of humanity, and stood gazing, silent, spell-bound and horror-struck, on the ill-fated brig and her despairing passengers. At this instant a gray-haired man, whom we knew at once to be her skipper, sprung into the main-rigging of the wreck, and placing his hands to his mouth, while his long silvery locks blew out dishevelled on the gale, shouted,

"We—are—sink-ing!" and, as he ceased, a shiver ran through our crew.

"God help us," said the captain, for that officer had now reached the deck, "we can do nothing for them. And to see them sink before our eyes! But yet I will not despair," and raising his voice, he shouted, "can't you hold on until morning, or until the gale subsides a little?"

The skipper of the brig saw by our captain's gestures, that he had hailed, but the old man could not hear the words in the uproar of the gale, and he shook his head despondingly.

"We are sinking!" he shouted again; "there is a foot of water in the hold, and the sea is pouring in like a cataract. We have been stove."

Never shall I forget that moment, for, to our excited imaginations, it seemed as if the brig was visibly going down as the skipper ceased speaking. His words sounded in our ears like the knell of hope. A pause of several seconds ensued—a deep, solemn, awe-inspiring pause—during which every eye was fixed on the battered vessel. Each man held his breath, and looked in the direction of the brig, as she rose and fell on the surges, fearful lest the next billow would submerge her forever. We all saw that it was useless to attempt holding any communication with her, for no human voice, even though speaking in a voice of thunder, could be heard against the gale. The two vessels were, moreover, rapidly increasing the space betwixt them,—and, although objects on the deck of the brig had been at first clearly perceptible in the starlight, they had gradually grown dimmer as she receded from us until now, they could scarcely be seen. There was no alternative, therefore, but to abandon her to her fate. The skipper of the brig seemed to have become sensible of this, for, after having remained in the main rigging watching us for several moments longer, he finally descended to the deck, waving his hand mournfully in adieu.

Meantime the aspect of the heavens had materially changed. When I first came on deck, the stars, I have said, were out bright on high, with only a few scud clouds now and then chasing each other over the firmament. Even then, however, I had noticed a small black cloud extending across the western horizon, and giving an ominous aspect to the whole of that quarter of the sky. But during the last half hour my attention had been so engrossed by the events I have just related that I lost all consciousness of this circumstance. Now, however, the increasing darkness recalled it to my mind. I looked up. Already dark and ragged clouds, precursors of the vast body of vapors following behind, were dimming the stars overhead, now wrapping the decks in almost total darkness, and now flitting by and leaving us once more in a dim and shadowy light, through which the men loomed out like gigantic spectres. The wind had perceptibly decreased, while the sea had risen in proportion. The spray no longer flew by in showers, but the white caps of the billows, as they rolled up in the uncertain light, had a ghastliness that thrilled the heart with a strange emotion, almost amounting to superstitious dread. The ship strained and creaked as she rose heavily on the billows, or sunk wallowing far down in the abyss; while ever and anon the sea would strike on her bows like a forge-hammer, breaking in showers of spray high over the forecastle, and often sending its foam as far back as the main hatchway.

The huge mass of vapors meanwhile had attained the zenith, and was rolling darkly onward towards the opposite horizon. Directly the wind died nearly altogether away, while a total darkness shrouded us in its folds. Even then, however, a few stars could be seen low in the eastern seaboard, twinkling sharp and serene, just under the edge of that ominous cloud, but casting only a faint and dreamy radiance around them, and in vain attempting to penetrate the gloom higher up in the sky. The brig was last seen to the north-west, where the darkness had become most intense. She was still doubtless in that quarter, but no trace of her could be discerned.

"It's as black up yonder as the eye of death," said the captain, "and I can see nothing there but a dense, impenetrable shadow—your sight is better, Mr. Duval," he continued, addressing the first lieutenant, "can you make out any thing?" The officer shook his head. "Well, we will hail, at any rate. I would not have run afoul of them for my commission!"

The hail rung out startlingly on the night, and every ear listened for the response. No answer came.

"Again!" said the captain.

"A-ho-o-y!—Hil-lo-o-o-o!"

A second of breathless suspense followed, and then another, when we were about giving up all hope; but at that instant a faint cry,—it might have been a wail or it might not, God knows!—came floating across the waste of waters. It fell on our listening ears like a lamentation for the dead.

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"Heaven preserve us!" solemnly said the captain, "I'm afraid all is over with them."

"Amen!" ejaculated the lieutenant, and for an instant there was a breathless silence, as if each was too awe-struck to speak. Suddenly the huge sails flapped against the mast, bellied out again, and then whipped backward with a noise like thunder. The effect was electric. The captain started and spoke.

"The wind is shifting," he ejaculated, holding up his hand, after having first wet it slightly; "ha! the breeze is coming from the north. It will strike by the mainmast. Let her stretch away at first, but we'll heave-to as soon as possible. I wouldn't for the world desert this neighborhood: God grant we may find some vestige of the brig when morning dawns!"

The hurried orders of the officer of the deck to prepare for the coming hurricane had scarcely been given and executed, before it seemed to us as if we could see, even amid the blackness of darkness to the north, the whirling motion of gigantic clouds, and, almost simultaneously, with a roar as of ten thousand batteries, this new tempest was upon us. Its first fury was beyond description — surpassing imagination — defying belief. It howled, shrieked, and bellowed through the rigging in such awful and varied tones, that the oldest hearts were chilled with fear. It was as if the last convulsive throe of a world was at hand. It was as if the whole fury of the elements had been collected for one last effort — as if tortured nature, made frantic by agony, had broke loose from her tormentors — as if the mighty deep itself, in horror-struck penitence, was thundering its awful "*de profundis*" on the eve of final dissolution. I could scarcely breathe, much less stand. I could only grasp a rope, fling myself almost prostrate, and await either the subsidence of the storm, or the foundering of our ship, — for, during several minutes, it appeared to me as if every second was to be our last. Torrents of water, meanwhile, swept in sheets from the crests of the billows, were whirling like smoke-wreathes along the decks, — while the ravening surges, faintly seen like shadows through the gloom, chased each other in wild and rapid succession along our sides. All was darkness, doubt and terror.

But happily the duration of the squall was proportioned to its intensity, and, in less than five minutes, the hurricane began to decrease in violence. After the lapse of a short period more the gale rapidly subsided, although its power was still considerable. Before half an hour, however, we were lying-to as near to our old position as we could attain, — having suffered no loss except that of our maintopsail, which was blown from the bolt ropes in the first moment of the squall, but with a noise which was lost in the louder uproar of the wind.

"They have never survived this," said the captain in a melancholy tone, when we were once more snugly hove-to: "how many souls are in eternity the All-Seeing Eye only knows! Keep her here," he added after a pause, turning to descend to his cabin, and addressing the officer of the deck, "and with the first streak of light, if the gale shall have abated, as I suspect it will, cruize up to our old position, maintaining a sharp look-out in every direction. But I shall be on deck myself by that time," and with the words, taking a last but fruitless look towards the west, he went below. In half an hour the crowded decks were deserted by all except the silent watch; and no sound broke the whistle of the winds, except the tread of the men, or the cry of "all's well" passing from look-out to look-out along the decks.

With the first appearance of morning I was on deck. The gale had nearly gone down; the clouds had broken away; and the stars were out again, clear and bright, in the firmament. Yet the waves still rolled mountain high around us, now heaving their snowy crests above us in the sky, and now rolling their dark bosoms far away under our stern. Morning slowly dawned. Gradually, one by one, the stars paled on high, and a faint shadowy streak of light began to spread along the eastern seaboard. Over the boundless expanse of waters around us no living object met the eye, so that, in that dim mysterious light, the sense of loneliness was overpowering. But I had no thought then for aught except the ill-fated brig. I felt an unaccountable interest in her. It seemed as if some unknown sympathy existed betwixt me and those on board of her, as if my destiny in some mysterious manner was connected with theirs. I could not rest on deck, but ascending to the cross-trees I took my station there, and gazed out anxiously over the waste of waters. Our ship had, by this time, been put about, and we were now, as near as I could judge, in the vicinity of the spot where the collision occurred. The moment came which was either to realize or confirm my fears. A strange emotion took possession of me. My heart beat nervously, my breath came heavily, I trembled in every fibre of my system. I strained my eyes in every direction around, and, once or twice, as a billow rolled its white crest upwards, I fancied I saw a sail, — but, alas! my agitation had deceived me, and all was a blank watery waste around. For more than an hour we cruized to and fro, but in vain. As time passed and hope died away, the officers and men, one by one, left the rigging, until finally even the captain gave up the search, and issued a reluctant order to put the ship away on her course. At that instant I saw, far down on the seaboard, what seemed to me a tiny sail; but as we sank in the trough of the sea the object faded from my sight. With eager eyes, I watched for it as we rose on the swell, and — God of my fathers! — it was the long looked for boat.

"A sail!" I shouted almost in a phrenzy — "they are in sight!"

"Where away?" demanded the officer of the deck, while every eye swept the horizon in eager curiosity.

"On the lee-beam!"

"What do you make it out?"

"A ship's launch — crowded with human beings!"

"God be praised! — it is the brig's crew," ejacu-

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lated the captain. "Up with your helm, quartermaster — around with her all — there she dances," and as he spoke the gallant ship wheeled around and in a few minutes the brig's launch was rocking under our bows.

The discipline of a man-of-war could scarcely suppress the loudest demonstrations of emotion on the part of the crew, when the freight of that tempest-tost launch reached our decks. The sailors of the brig were instantly seized by our tars, and borne forward in triumph, — while our superior grasped the hand of the rescued skipper with visible emotion. But when the two females, with their protector, an elderly, gentlemanly looking man, were safely landed on the quarter-deck, every eye was at once attracted to the interesting group. Both the females were young and beautiful, but one was surpassingly lovely. As I gazed on her, it seemed as if some long forgotten dream had come back to me; but in vain were my attempts to give it reality. At this instant their protector spoke in reply to a question from the captain.

"It is indeed a miracle that we are saved. The brig went down in that fearful squall, and though we had taken to the launch, as a last hope, we did not believe we should live a minute in such a hurricane. But an Omnipotent Power preserved us for some wise ends. All night long we were tossed at the mercy of the waves. We saw you long before you saw us, and thought that you had given up the search, when suddenly your head was brought around in our direction — and here we stand on your decks. To whom are we indebted for our discovery? We owe him our eternal gratitude."

All eyes were instantly turned towards me, and the captain taking me by the hand, said,

"Mr. Cavendish has that enviable honor," at the same time presenting me.

"Cavendish!" exclaimed a silvery female voice in delighted surprise.

At the mention of that name I looked up with eager curiosity, and saw the eyes of the lovely speaker fixed upon me, as if in recognition. She crimsoned to the brow at my eager glance, and as she did so, the crowd of dim recollections in my mind assumed a definite shape, and I recognized in that sweet smile, in that delicately tinted cheek, in those now tearful eyes, in that lustrous brow, the features of my old playmate ANNETTE!

"Cavendish — what, little Henry Cavendish?" exclaimed the gentleman, eagerly seizing my hand, "yes! it is even so, although the years that have passed since you used to visit Pomfret Hall have almost eradicated your features from my memory. God bless you, my gallant young friend! We owe you our lives — our all."

The scene that ensued I will not attempt to describe. Suffice it to say I retired that night with a whirl of strange emotions at my heart. Was it LOVE?

A SONG.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

Violet! sweet violet!
Thine eyes are full of tears;
Are they wet
Even yet
With the thought of other years,
Or with gladness are they full,
For the night so beautiful,
And longing for those far-off spheres?

Loved one of my youth thou wast,
Of my merry youth,
And I see,
Tearfully,
All the fair and sunny past,
All its openness and truth,
Ever fresh and green in thee
As the moss is in the sea.

Thy little heart, that hath with love
Grown colored like the sky above,
On which thou lookest ever,
Can it know
All the woe
Of hope for what returneth never,
All the sorrow and the longing
To these hearts of ours belonging?

Out on it! no foolish pining
For the sky
Dims thine eye,
Or for the stars so calmly shining;
Like thee let this soul of mine
Take hue from that wherefor I long,
Self-stayed and high, serene and strong,
Not satisfied with hoping — but divine.

Violet! dear violet!
Thy blue eyes are only wet
With joy and love of him who sent thee,
And for the fulfilling sense
Of that glad obedience
Which made thee all which Nature meant thee!

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COUSIN AGATHA.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"O what a goodly outside falsehood hath."—SHAKSPEARE.

"I have been thinking, Henry, that I should like to invite cousin Agatha to spend the winter with us: what do you say to my plan?"

"Really, Alice, I can say nothing about it, since I know nothing of the lady."

"Oh, I had forgotten that you had never seen her; she is only distantly related to us, but being left an orphan at an early age, she became an inmate of our family and continued to reside with us until she married. Agatha is several years my senior, and entered society while I was yet in the school-room; she married rather in opposition to the wishes of my parents, as they approved neither of the profession nor the character of her husband, who was an officer in the army, and known to be a man of dissolute habits. Poor thing! she has fully paid the penalty of her folly during seven years of poverty and discomfort. Her husband has been sent from one frontier station to another, until the health of both was destroyed, and at the time of his death they were both at Sackett's Harbor."

"Then she is a widow?"

"Yes, her vile husband died about a year since, and cousin Agatha is released from bondage, but reduced to actual penury. I received a letter from her yesterday, the first she has written since my marriage, and she alludes most touchingly to her desolate condition as contrasted with my happiness."

"And that letter, I suppose, induced you to think of inviting her to spend the winter with us?"

"It did, Harry; for I felt as if it was almost selfish in me to be so happy when my early friend was pining in loneliness and poverty."

"I love the kindliness of feeling which prompts you to such acts, dear Alice, but, to confess the truth, I would rather relieve your cousin's distresses in any other way."

"But there is no other way of doing so, Henry—she would not accept pecuniary aid from us: why do you object to her visit?"

"Because we are so happy that I dread any interruption to the calm current of our life."

"Thank you, dear Harry, I cannot find it in my heart to scold you for your selfishness," said the young wife, as she laid her hand on her husband's arm; "but really," she continued, "Cousin Agatha would be the last person in the world to disturb our tranquillity. She is full of gentleness and sentiment; a creature of warm and affectionate impulses, and she would delight in adding to our enjoyments. You know my health will confine me to the house this winter, and you may find the long evenings hang heavy upon your hands."

"Not in your society, Alice."

"I am glad you think so, Harry; but when I am languid and dispirited from indisposition, you would find cousin Agatha a charming companion; besides, she would relieve me from some of the cares of house-keeping."

"Well, my dear, you offer so many good reasons in favor of her coming, that I can find no argument against it, but I have a sort of a presentiment that she will not be agreeable."

"Oh, Harry, how can you think so? if you could see her you would change your opinions very soon, for her picturesque appearance would charm your artistical taste."

"Is she very beautiful?"

"No, but she is just the person to please a painter, for there is so beautiful a combination of light and shade in her face. She has those grey eyes which, when fringed with long, dark lashes, are so full of varied expression, and her hair, black as the raven's wing, falls in heavy natural ringlets that put to shame the skill of a *coiffeur*."

"May she not be altered since you saw her, Alice?"

"True, I had forgotten that more than five years have passed since we last met; but, even if her person has changed, her heart, I am sure, has not, and when you know her you will thank me for my pertinacity in thus wringing your reluctant consent to her visit."

"If you think it will add to your enjoyments, Alice, invite her by all means."

Alice Wentworth had been a wife scarcely two years, and her married life had been a scene of uninterrupted happiness. Nothing would have induced her to risk the disturbance of her tranquillity, but remembering the companion of her early years as one who had been the confidant of all her childish joys and sorrows, she looked upon her presence as the completion of her plans of enjoyment. Her husband's scruples she naturally attributed to unfounded prejudice which an acquaintance with her cousin could not fail to overcome, and, therefore, following the dictates of kindly feeling, she determined to cheer

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the bereaved widow by an affectionate letter of invitation.

Some three weeks after she had despatched her missive, at an early hour, on a cold autumnal morning, a carriage drove up to the door, and a loud ring announced the expected guest. Alice had not yet finished her morning toilet, and Mr. Wentworth hastened down to receive the lady; but scarcely had he got through the awkwardness of a self-introduction when his wife entered, full of impatience to embrace her early friend. During the mutual raptures of their meeting, he had leisure to scrutinize the new inmate of his family, and certainly his impressions were any thing but favorable. Cousin Agatha had taken a violent cold, her countenance was disfigured by a swollen cheek, and her eyes were bleared and inflamed by a severe attack of influenza, while the effect of steamboat slumbers and a steamboat toilet did not tend to the improvement of her appearance. Indeed Harry Wentworth could scarcely refrain from laughter when he contrasted his wife's enthusiastic description with the reality before him. But Alice, with ready hospitality, conducted her cousin to her apartment, and to that room the wearied traveller, overcome with illness and fatigue, was confined during the several succeeding days.

"When will your friend be presentable, Alice?" asked Mr. Wentworth one evening as he threw himself upon a sofa, after tea, "since she has been here you have not sat with me a half hour, for your whole time seems devoted to nursing."

"I hope she will be well enough to meet you at dinner to-morrow, Harry; the swelling has left her face and she begins to look like herself. What amuses you so much?" she asked, as her husband burst into a loud laugh.

"I was thinking of the force of contrast, Alice; you are an excellent painter, dear, but you draw your tints too exclusively from fancy; who could have recognized your *picturesque beauty* with soft *grey eyes* and *raven curls* in the dowdyish looking woman with red nose and redder eyes whom I welcomed as cousin Agatha?"

"For shame, Harry, you ought not to judge of her by her appearance at that time."

"Perhaps not; but first impressions are the most durable, and I shall never see any beauty in your cousin, for even if she should hereafter appear to advantage when dressed for display, I shall never forget how she looked in her travelling dishabille; one thing you may be sure of, Alley, you will never have cause to be jealous of your *picturesque* cousin."

"I don't mean to be jealous of any one, Harry, but I shall be much mistaken if you do not learn to admire cousin Agatha."

"Then you may prepare yourself for a disappointment, Alice; I do not think I should feel perfectly satisfied with any one who had thus broken in upon our tranquil happiness, and even if I were disposed to like your cousin elsewhere she would not please me in our quiet home. Besides, I was disappointed in my idea of her personal beauty, and her manners appeared to me abrupt and inelegant."

"Harry, you never were more mistaken in your life."

"Well, well—it will be difficult to convince me of my error." A slight rustle at the door was heard as Mr. Wentworth finished his ungallant speech, and the next moment cousin Agatha entered.

"I thought I would endeavor to make my way to the drawing-room instead of depriving you any longer of the society of your husband, dear Alice," said she as she languidly sank into the softly-cushioned chair which Mr. Wentworth drew forward for her accommodation. Of course the usual congratulations followed, and as the invalid dropped the heavy shawl from her shoulders, Alice glanced towards her husband in the hope that he would not fail to observe the symmetry of her petite figure. He was too great an admirer of beauty to fail in such notice, yet still he could see little to claim admiration in her face. Her complexion was not clear; her mouth, though well formed and adorned with superb teeth, was large, and her eyes were dim from recent illness, while her curls were hidden beneath one of those fairy fabrics of gossamer and ribbon which often display the taste of the wearer at the expense of a crowning beauty. But, ere the evening had expired, Mr. Wentworth was forced to acknowledge that he had formed too hasty an opinion of her manners, for, whatever *brusquerie* he might have observed on the morning of her arrival, he was certainly struck now by the easy elegance and graceful dignity of her deportment.

From this time cousin Agatha laid aside the character of an invalid, and, quietly taking her place at the table and fireside, seemed to have no other wish than to make herself useful. Devoted in her attentions to Alice, she took little notice of Mr. Wentworth except to receive his courteous civility with profound gratitude. He was nothing more to her than the husband of her friend, and while she exhibited the deepest interest in the development of Alice's mind and feelings, she seemed scarcely to observe the fine taste, the elegant scholarship, and the nobleness of sentiment which characterized Mr. Wentworth. Alice suffered no small degree of mortification from this evident coldness between those whom she was so anxious to behold friends. She could not bear to find Agatha so totally blind to the perfections of her beloved Henry, and she was almost as much annoyed at her husband's indifference to the graces of her cousin.

"You are pained because I do not sufficiently admire your husband, Alice," said Agatha, one day, when they were alone, "but surely you would not have me estimate him as highly as you do?"

"I would not have you love him quite as well, but I would have you appreciate his exalted qualities."

"My dear coz," said Agatha, with a slightly sarcastic smile, "do not, I pray you, make it one of the conditions of our friendship that I should see through your eyes. Mr. Wentworth is a fine scholar, a tolerable amateur painter, and a most ardent lover of his pretty wife; is that not sufficient praise?"

Alice felt uncomfortable, though she could scarcely

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tell why, at this and similar remarks from cousin Agatha. She had been accustomed to consider her husband a being of superior worth and endowments, but there was something in her cousin's manner of uttering commendation of him, which seemed to imply contempt even while it expressed praise. In the innocence of her heart, Alice several times repeated cousin Agatha's sayings to her husband, and they were not without their effect upon him. The self-love which exists, more or less, in every heart, was by no means a negative quantity in the character of Mr. Wentworth. He knew his wife overrated his talents, but he loved her the better for her affectionate flattery, and cousin Agatha's apparent ignorance of his character mortified and vexed him. He began to think that his prejudices had prevented him from showing himself in a proper light, and his wounded vanity led him to redouble his attentions to his guest. Heretofore he had never thought of her except when in her company; but now, the certainty that she was as yet blind to his merits, made her an object of interest. He was not a very vain man, but his wife's idolatry had gratified even while he was fully aware of its extravagance, and he was proportionably annoyed by the perfect coldness with which cousin Agatha regarded him. She seemed to think him a very good sort of a man, but not at all superior to the common herd, and he was determined to convince her of her mistake. Agatha had succeeded in her first design: — she had aroused him from the torpor of indifference.

Cousin Agatha was a most invaluable assistant to a young housekeeper, for she had a quick hand, a ready invention, and exquisite taste, so that whether a pudding was to be concocted, a dress trimmed, or a party given, she was equally useful. Alice had learned the duties of housekeeping theoretically and was now only beginning to put them in practice, as every young wife must do, for whatever she may know in the home of her childhood, she still finds much to be learned in organizing and arranging a new household. Cousin Agatha, on the contrary, had been trained from her childhood to *do* all these things, for the dependent orphan had early learned to earn her bread by her own usefulness. In the course of her married life she had been compelled to practice the thousand expedients which pride and poverty teach to a quick-witted woman, and it is not surprising, therefore, that her skill should far surpass that of the gentle and self-distrusting Alice. Doubting her own knowledge only because Agatha was near to advise, the young wife applied to her on all occasions, until at length the regulation of domestic affairs was entirely in her hands, and Alice was left only to assist in the execution of Agatha's plans. Cousin Agatha was always busied in some pretty feminine employment. She had very beautiful hands, and her long taper fingers were always engaged in some delicate needle-work or an elegant piece of tapestry. Did it ever occur to you, my fair reader, that a pretty hand never appears to such advantage as when busied with the needle? The piano extends the fingers until the hand sometimes resembles a bird's claw; — the pencil or the pen contracts it until half its beauty is concealed; but needle-work, with the various turnings and windings necessary to its accomplishment, displays both hands in perfectly natural positions and in every variety of grace. This fact was not unknown to cousin Agatha; she had no accomplishments, but she was rarely seen without the tiniest of gold thimbles upon her slender finger.

Slowly and by scarcely perceptible degrees, Agatha seemed to learn the full value of the prize which her friend had drawn in the lottery of life. His fine talents seemed to dawn upon her with daily increasing vividness, his amateur sketches became more and more characterized by genius, his musical taste developed itself surprisingly, and, ere many weeks had elapsed, Alice had the satisfaction of repeating to her husband many a heart-warm compliment breathed into the ear of the happy wife by cousin Agatha in her hours of confidential communing with her friend. Nor was Mr. Wentworth slower in discovering the latent charms of his guest. Restored to her former health, and associating as the guest of Mrs. Wentworth, in a pleasant circle of society, cousin Agatha threw aside the weeds of widowhood, and appeared in all the attractive coquetry of tasteful and becoming dress. Her luxuriant tresses were once more allowed to shadow her low feminine brow, and fall upon her graceful neck, or, if bound up in conformity with fashion, the very restraint was studiously arranged in such a manner as to display their rich redundancy. Her grey eyes sometimes seemed actually flashing with light, and again were filled with the soft liquid lustre of intense sensibility; and then her smile, displaying her brilliant teeth and lighting up her whole face, had the effect of a sudden sunbeam upon a darkened landscape. The charm of Agatha's face was its vivid and varied expression; the grace of her person was the effect of long and carefully studied art. Not a look, not a gesture, not even a movement of her fringed eyelids, but was the result of frequent practice. There was a perfection of grace in her attitudes that seemed like Nature's self. Her head always assumed a pretty position, her curls always seemed to drop in their proper place, her drapery always fell in becoming folds, and no one observed that she was particular in avoiding cross lights, especially careful not to face a broad glare of sunshine, and remarkably fond of placing herself at the arm of a sofa, so as to obtain a fine back ground for the exhibition of her attitudes. Harry Wentworth wondered how he could ever have thought her ugly. And then her manners: — what could be more gentle, more feminine, more fascinating than the tenderness of her tones and the sweetness of her deportment? She seemed to look upon gentlemen as if she felt all a woman's helplessness, and was willing to consider man as a "*chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*," born to be her natural protector. There was something so pleading in the soft eyes which she lifted to the face of the sterner sex, that few could resist their charm, and actually Harry Wentworth was not one of those few.

Long before the time fixed for the termination of

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Agatha's visit, Alice had urged her to prolong her stay, and, when Mr. Wentworth added his earnest entreaties, she was induced to promise that she would set no other limit to its duration than such as circumstances might create. But as week after week fleeted by, Alice began to doubt whether she had acted wisely in making this request. She was ashamed to acknowledge even to herself the feeling, but, somehow or other, she was not quite as happy as she had been before cousin Agatha's coming. She attributed it to the nervous irritability from which she was now suffering, and endeavored to think that when she should once more recover her health, she would find her former enjoyment in Agatha's society. But Agatha sometimes made such singular remarks;—they were uttered with the utmost simplicity and *naïveté*, her smile was full of sweetness, her tones like the summer breeze when she spoke, and yet the import of her words was excessively cutting and sarcastic. There was often an implied censure in her manner of replying to Alice—not in the words themselves, but rather in their application, which the young wife, sick and dispirited, felt perhaps too keenly. Alice was uncomfortable and yet she scarcely could tell why. A shadow was resting upon her path, and she felt, although she saw it not, that there was a cloud in her sunny sky. The idea that she was no longer absolutely essential to her husband's comfort sometimes crossed her mind. During the many hours which she was obliged to spend in her own apartment, she found that Henry was fully occupied with his game of chess, or his favorite book in company with cousin Agatha, and though it seemed only a realization of her own wishes, yet she was not prepared to find herself so entirely thrown into the back-ground of the family picture.

At length Alice became a mother, and in the new emotions awakened in her bosom, she forgot her vague feelings of discomfort. Mr. Wentworth was too proud and happy to think of anything but his boy, and when Alice beheld him bending over their cradled treasure with a feeling almost of awe as well as love, she wondered how she could ever have felt unhappy for a moment. Cousin Agatha seemed to share in all their joy, and in the presence of the father she fondled and caressed the child as gracefully as possible.

"Do you not think, Alice," said she one day, as she sat with the babe lying on her lap, while Wentworth bent fondly over it, "do you not think your sweet little Harry resembles poor Charles Wilson?"

"No, indeed I do not," exclaimed Alice, quickly, while the blood mounted to her pallid cheek and brow.

"Well, I certainly see a strong likeness; there is the same peculiar dimple in the chin, which neither you nor Mr. Wentworth have, and even the color of his eyes reminds me of Charles," said cousin Agatha.

"His eyes are like his father's," said Alice, "and nothing is more common than to see in the face of a child a dimple which entirely disappears in later life."

"Well, Alice, dear, I did not mean to awaken any painful reminiscence by my remark; I did not know you were so sensitive on the subject." These words were uttered in the blandest tones, and the sweet smile which accompanied them was as beautiful as a sunbeam on a troubled sea; but Alice felt both pained and vexed. Agatha had recurred to the only unpleasant recollections of her whole life, and she could not determine whether it had been done by design, or was merely the result of thoughtlessness. The remark had not been without its effect upon Mr. Wentworth. He saw with surprise the evident vexation of his wife at the mention of Charles Wilson's name, and while he feared to ask an explanation from her in her present feeble state of health, he determined to satisfy his curiosity by appealing to cousin Agatha.

"Did you never hear of Charles Wilson?" exclaimed Agatha, in great apparent surprise, when, a few hours afterwards, he asked the question.

"Never until I heard you mention him," was the reply.

"Then I ought not to tell you anything about him, because I cannot betray the confidence of a friend."

"But as a friend I entreat you to tell me."

"It is impossible, Mr. Wentworth:—what Alice has thought best to conceal I certainly will not disclose; strange that she should not have told you; there certainly ought to be the most perfect confidence between husband and wife."

"Agatha, you have excited such a painful interest in the secret, whatever it is, that I must know it."

"You will not betray me to Alice if I tell you?"

"Certainly not, if secrecy be the only condition on which I can learn the truth."

"And you promise not to think harshly of poor Alice?"

"It would be strange if I should think other than well of one whose purity of heart is so well known to me."

"Well, then," replied the insidious woman, with a slight, a very slight sneer on her lip, "since you have such undoubting faith in your wife there can be no harm in telling you. But really we are making a great affair of a very trifling occurrence. Charles Wilson was a clerk to Alice's father, and while she was yet at school, he made love to her in the hope of enticing her into a clandestine marriage. Alice was only about fifteen, and like all girls of her age was delighted with a first lover. He lived in the house with us, and of course enjoyed many opportunities of meeting her, so that before we knew anything about it, an elopement was actually planned. I happened to discover it, and as my duty required, I made it known to her parents. The consequence was that Wilson was dismissed and Alice sent to boarding-school; I dare say she has thanked me for it since, though then she could not forgive me. You look pained, Mr. Wentworth. I hope my foolish frankness has not made you unhappy. I really thought it such a childish affair that I felt no hesitation in alluding to it to-day, supposing that Alice had lost all sensitiveness about it, and I was never more surprised

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than by her evident agitation. However, I confess I was wrong; I ought to have known that an early disappointment is not easily forgotten even in the midst of happiness."

"How long since this happened?" asked Mr. Wentworth.

"Just before I was married—I suppose about eight years ago; I wonder Alice did not tell you the whole story, but she is such a timid creature that I suppose she could not summon courage enough to be perfectly frank with you."

Wentworth made no reply, but the poisoned arrow had reached its mark. His confidence in his wife was shaken; he had not been the first love of her young heart,—she had loved and been beloved,—she had plighted her faith even in her girlhood, and the creature whom he believed to be as pure in heart as an infant, had narrowly escaped the degradation of a clandestine marriage with an inferior. He was shocked and almost disgusted; he felt heartsick, and even the sight of his child, connected as it now was with the similitude of the early lover, was painful to him. He recalled a thousand trifling circumstances which would pass by unheeded but for cousin Agatha's kind attempts to explain Alice's meaning, and all now corroborated his suspicions of his wife's perfect sincerity. The more he discussed the matter with Agatha, the more dissatisfied did he become with Alice; and in proportion as she fell in his estimation the frank and noble character of Agatha arose. There was a high-toned sentiment about her, a sense of honor and an intensity of feeling which added new charms to her expressive countenance and graceful manners. Wentworth was not *in love* with Agatha, but he was a little *out of love* with his wife, and the constant presence of such a fascinating woman, at such a moment, was certainly somewhat dangerous. More than once he caught himself regretting that Alice was not more like her cousin, and long before Alice was well enough to leave her apartment, he had become quite reconciled to her absence from the drawing-room. Alice felt his increasing neglect, but she dared not allow herself to attribute it to its true cause. Cousin Agatha was so kind, so attentive to her, and studied so much the comfort of Mr. Wentworth, that she almost hated herself for the growing dislike which she was conscious of feeling towards her.

One day, about two months after the birth of her babe, Alice, who had been suffering from a slow fever, felt so much better that she determined to surprise her husband by joining him at dinner. Wrapping a shawl about her, she slowly proceeded down stairs, and finding the drawing-room door partly open, entered so silently as not to disturb the occupants of the apartment. Mr. Wentworth was lying on a sofa, while cousin Agatha sat on a low ottoman beside him, with one hand threading the mazes of his bright hair, while the other was clasped in his. The face of Agatha was hidden from her, but the wretched wife beheld the eyes of her husband upturned towards it with the most vivid expression of fondness and passion. Her very soul grew sick as she gazed; she turned to glide from the room and fell senseless on the threshold. Weeks had elapsed ere she recovered her consciousness. The sudden shock which her weakened nerves had sustained, produced inflammation of the brain, and for many an anxious day her husband watched beside her sick bed, dreading lest every hour should be her last. She lay in a state of stupor, and her first signs of returning consciousness was the shiver that ran through her frame when the voice of cousin Agatha struck upon her ear.

Mr. Wentworth was conscience-stricken when, aroused by the sound of her fall, he had beheld Alice lying lifeless on the floor. He uttered not a word of enquiry, but he readily divined the cause of her condition, and, as he bore her to her apartment, he almost hated himself for the brief delirium in which his senses had been plunged. He could not be said to love Agatha, but her fascinations had not been without their effect upon his ardent nature. He did not attempt to analyse his feelings, but yielding to the spell which enthralled him, abandoned himself to the enjoyment of her blandishments. Hour after hour had he spent in listening to the false sentiment which fell from her lips in the most honied accents,—evening after evening had he consumed in attending her to parties of pleasure,—day after day had been bestowed on the completion of her portrait, while Alice was left to the solitude of her sick room. But now, when he beheld her stricken down at his very feet, the scales seemed to fall from his eyes, and his infidelity of heart appeared to him in all its true wickedness. The toils which the insidious Agatha had woven about him were broken as if by magic, and his wife, his long-suffering, wronged Alice was dearer to him than all the world beside. He watched by her with all the kindness of early affection, and well did he understand her abhorrent shudder at the presence of Agatha. His devoted attention and the *adieus* of cousin Agatha, who now found it necessary to terminate her visit, had no small share in restoring Alice to convalescence.

Alice was slowly regaining health and strength; the faint tint of the wild-rose was once more visible on her thin cheek, and her feeble step had again borne her to the room so fraught with painful remembrances. But far different were the feelings with which she now revisited that neglected apartment. Cousin Agatha was gone,—she was once more alone with her husband, and with true womanly affection she willingly forgot his past errors in his present tenderness. But there were some things yet to be explained before perfect confidence could exist between them. The serpent had been driven from their Paradise, but its trail had been left on many a flower;—the shadow of distrust still lay dark upon the pleasant paths of domestic peace, and yet both shrunk from uttering the mystic word which might chase its gloom forever. But the moment of explanation came. A letter from cousin Agatha was placed in the hands of Alice, and repressing the shudder with which she looked upon it, she proceeded to peruse it; but scarcely had she read three lines, when, with an exclamation of surprise, she handed it to her husband, and telling him

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it interested him no less than herself, begged him to read it aloud. It was as follows:

"MY SWEET COUSIN,

"I write to repeat my thanks for the exceeding kindness and hospitality which I received while an inmate of your family. I feel especially bound to do this, because, as I am on the point of embarking for France, I may be unable for several years to offer my acknowledgments in person. You are doubtless surprised, but you will perhaps be still more so when I tell you that I am going to join *my husband*. Our marriage took place more than a year since, but we thought it prudent to conceal it both on account of my then recent widowhood, and because my husband was not then of age. His guardian was opposed to his union with your penniless cousin, and he was sent off on a European tour to avoid me; but we were secretly married before his departure, and as he has now attained his majority, he has written to me to meet him in Paris, where I hope to find that domestic felicity which I failed to derive from my former unhappy connection. By the way, my dear Alice, I fancied, when I was at your house, that there was some little coldness existing between you and your husband. I sincerely hope that I was mistaken, and that it was my love for you which rendered me too observant of the little differences which frequently occur in married life. I think Mr. Wentworth was piqued about your early engagement with Charles Wilson; you had better explain the matter to him and he will probably find as little cause for his jealousy as, I assure you, there was for yours. Don't pout, dear Alice, you certainly *were* a little jealous of me, but I only flirted harmlessly with your husband *pour passer le tems*; and perhaps a little out of revenge. I wanted to try whether a '*little dowdyish red-nosed woman*' could have any attractions for him."

"By Jupiter! she must have been listening at the door when I was discussing the subject of her ill-looks just after her arrival," excaimed Mr. Wentworth.

"Yes, and mortified vanity will account for her well-practised seductions, Harry," said Alice; "but let us hear the end of this precious epistle." Mr. Wentworth resumed:

"I hope he has fallen into his old habits again and is as fond and lover-like as I found him on my arrival. One piece of advice I must give you, my sweet Alice; do not trust him too much with those who have greater powers of fascination than his little wife, for believe me, he possesses a very susceptible nature. Do not be such a good spouse as to show him my letter. Remember I write to you with my usual impudent frankness. Kiss little Harry for me and remember me most kindly to your amiable husband.

"Ever your devoted friend and cousin,

"AGATHA."

"P.S. Can I send you any *nicknackery* from Paris? I shall be delighted to be of service to you."

"Well, that is as characteristic a letter as I ever read," exclaimed Wentworth as he flung it on the table; "how adroitly she mingles her poison with her sweetmeats; and how well she has managed to affix a sting at the last: I wonder whom she has duped into a marriage."

"Some foolish boy, doubtless, for she speaks of him as being just of age, while she will never again see her thirtieth summer," said Alice; "but what does she mean Harry about my early engagement with Charles Wilson? He was a clerk to my father."

"She told me a long story Alice about a proposed elopement between you and this said Charles Wilson which had been prevented by her interference."

"Good Heavens! Harry how she must have misrepresented the affair. Wilson was in papa's employ and probably fancied it would be a good speculation if he could marry his employer's daughter. He became exceedingly troublesome to me by his civilities, and finally made love to me in plain terms, when I communicated the whole affair to cousin Agatha, and begged her to tell papa of it, because I was such a child that I was ashamed to tell him myself. She did so, and Wilson was dismissed; but I was then only a school girl."

"You seemed so agitated when she recurred to the subject that I readily believed her story."

"I was vexed, Harry, because she insinuated that there was a likeness between our dear boy and that vulgar fellow."

"How I have been deceived by a fiend in the form of an angel," exclaimed Wentworth; "we should have been saved much suffering if she had never entered our doors."

"Indeed we should, Harry, and I shall never cease to reproach myself for my folly in introducing such a serpent into our Elysium."

"Your motives were kind and good, Alice; and though it has been to you a severe lesson in the deceitfulness of the world, and to me a still more painful one in the deceitfulness of my own heart, yet, I trust, that to both of us it may not be without its salutary influences."

TO HELEN IN HEAVEN.

I THINK of thee by night, love,
In visions of the skies,
When glories meet the sight, love,
That dazzle mortal eyes—
I think a waving cloud, love,
A golden cloud I see,
A half transparent shroud, love,
That moveth like to thee!

I hear a voice of singing,
A sound of rushing wings,
A joyous anthem ringing
As if from silver strings,
A chorus loudly swelling,
A low sweet voice alone—
And I know thou hast thy dwelling
Beneath the eternal throne.

A. A. I.

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AN APPENDIX OF AUTOGRAPHS.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

In our November and December numbers we gave *fac-simile* signatures of no less than *one hundred and nine* of the most distinguished American *literati*. Our design was to furnish the readers of the Magazine with a *complete* series of Autographs, embracing a specimen of the MS. of *each of the most noted among our living male and female writers*. For obvious reasons, we made no attempt at classification or arrangement — either in reference to reputation or our own private opinion of merit. Our second article will be found to contain as many of the *Dii majorum gentium* as our first; and this, our third and last, as many as either — although fewer names, upon the whole, than the preceding papers. The impossibility of procuring the signatures now given, at a period sufficiently early for the immense edition of December, has obliged us to introduce this Appendix.

It is with great pleasure that we have found our anticipations fulfilled, in respect to the *popularity* of these chapters — our individual claim to merit is so trivial that we may be permitted to say so much — but we confess it was with no less surprise than pleasure that we observed so little discrepancy of opinion manifested in relation to the hasty critical, or rather gossiping observations which accompanied the signatures. Where the subject was so wide and so necessarily *personal* — where the claims of more than one hundred *literati*, summarily disposed of, were turned over for re-adjudication to a press so intricately bound up in their interest as is ours — it is really surprising how little of dissent was mingled with so much of general comment. The fact, however, speaks loudly to one point: — to the *unity of truth*. It assures us that the differences which exist among us, are differences not of real, but of affected opinion, and that the voice of him who maintains fearlessly what he believes honestly, is pretty sure to find an echo (if the speaker be not mad) in the vast heart of the world at large.

The "Writings of Charles Sprague" were first collected and published about nine months ago, by Mr. Charles S. Francis, of New-York. At the time of the issue of the book, we expressed our opinion frankly, in respect to the general merits of the author — an opinion with which one or two members of the Boston press did not see fit to agree — but which, as yet, we have found no reason for modifying. What we say now is, in spirit, merely a repetition of what we said then. Mr. Sprague is an accomplished *belles-lettres* scholar, so far as the usual ideas of scholarship extend. He is a very correct rhetorician of the old school. His versification has not been equalled by that of any American — has been surpassed by no one, living or dead. In this regard there are to be found finer passages in his poems than any elsewhere. These are his chief merits. In the *essentials* of poetry he is excelled by twenty of our countrymen whom we could name. Except in a very few instances he gives no evidence of the loftier ideality. His "Winged Worshippers" and "Lines on the Death of M. S. C." are *beautiful* poems — but he has written nothing else which should be called so. His "Shakspeare Ode," upon which his high reputation mainly depended, is quite a *second-hand* affair — with no merit whatever beyond that of a polished and vigorous versification. Its imitation of "Collins' Ode to the Passions" is obvious. Its allegorical conduct is mawkish, *passé*, and absurd. The poem, upon the whole, is just such a one as would have obtained its author an Etonian prize some forty or fifty years ago. It is an exquisite specimen of mannerism without meaning and without merit — of an artificial, but most inartistical style of composition, of which conventionality is the soul, — taste, nature and reason the antipodes. A man may be a clever financier without being a genius.

It requires but little effort to see in Mr. Sprague's MS. all the idiosyncrasy of his intellect. Here are distinctness, precision, and vigor — but vigor employed upon *grace* rather than upon its legitimate functions. The signature fully indicates the general hand — in which the spirit of elegant imitation and conservatism may be seen reflected as in a mirror.

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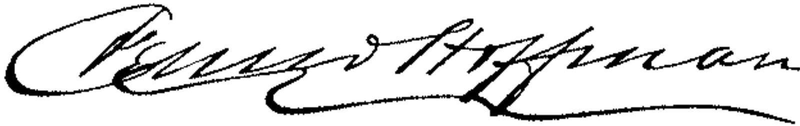
Mr. Cornelius Mathews is one of the editors of "Arcturus," a monthly journal which has attained much reputation during the brief period of its existence. He is the author of "Puffer Hopkins," a clever satirical tale somewhat given to excess in caricature, and also of the well-written retrospective criticisms which appear in his Magazine. He is better known, however, by "The Motley Book," published some years ago — a work which we had no opportunity of reading. He is a gentleman of taste and judgment, unquestionably.

His MS. is much to our liking — bold, distinct and picturesque — such a hand as no one destitute of talent indites. The signature conveys the hand.



Mr. Charles Fenno Hoffman is the author of "A Winter in the West," "Greyslaer," and other productions of merit. At one time he edited, with much ability, the "American Monthly Magazine" in conjunction with Mr. Benjamin, and, subsequently, with Dr. Bird. He is a gentleman of talent.

His chirography is not unlike that of Mr. Matthews. It has the same boldness, strength, and picturesqueness, but is more diffuse, more ornamented and less legible. Our *fac-simile* is from a somewhat hurried signature, which fails in giving a correct idea of the general hand.

Mr. Horace Greely, present editor of "The Tribune," and formerly of the "New-Yorker," has for many years been remarked as one of the most able and honest of American editors. He has written much and invariably well. His political knowledge is equal to that of any of his contemporaries — his general information extensive. As a *belles-lettres* critic he is entitled to high respect.

His MS. is a remarkable one — having about it a peculiarity which we know not how better to designate than as a *converse* of the picturesque. His characters are scratchy and irregular, ending with an *abrupt taper* — if we may be allowed this contradiction in terms, where we have the *fac-simile* to prove that there is no contradiction in fact. All abrupt MSS., save this, have square or *concise* terminations of the letters. The whole chirography puts us in mind of a *jig*. We can fancy the writer jerking up his hand from the paper at the end of each word, and, indeed, of each letter. What mental idiosyncrasy lies *perdu* beneath all this, is more than we can say, but we will venture to assert that Mr. Greely (whom we do not know personally) is, *personally*, a very remarkable man.

The name of Mr. Prosper M. Wetmore is familiar to all readers of American light literature. He has written a great deal, at various periods, both in prose and poetry, (but principally in the latter) for our Papers, Magazines and Annuals. Of late days we have seen but little, comparatively speaking, from his pen.

His MS. is not unlike that of Fitz-Greene Halleck, but is by no means so good. Its clerky flourishes indicate a love of the beautiful with an undue straining for effect — qualities which are distinctly traceable in his poetic efforts. As many as five or six words are occasionally run together; and no man who writes thus will be noted for *finish* of style. Mr. Wetmore is sometimes very slovenly in his best compositions.

Professor Ware, of Harvard, has written some very excellent poetry, but is chiefly known by his "Life of the Saviour," "Hints on Extemporaneous Preaching," and other religious works.

His MS. is fully shown in the signature. It evinces the direct, unpretending strength and simplicity which characterize the man, not less than his general compositions.

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The name of WILLIAM B. O. PEABODY, like that of Mr. Wetmore, is known chiefly to the readers of our light literature, and much more familiarly to Northern than to Southern readers. He is a resident of Springfield, Mass. His occasional poems have been much admired.

His chirography is what would be called beautiful by the ladies universally, and, perhaps, by a large majority of the bolder sex. Individually, we think it a miserable one — too careful, undecided, tapering, and effeminate. It is not unlike Mr. Paulding's, but is more regular and more legible, with less force. We hold it as undeniable that no man of *genius* ever wrote such a hand.

EPES SARGENT, Esq., has acquired high reputation as the author of "Velasco," a tragedy full of beauty as a poem, but not adapted — perhaps not intended — for representation. He has written, besides, many very excellent poems — "The Missing Ship," for example, published in the "Knickerbocker" — the "Night Storm at Sea" — and, especially, a fine production entitled "Shells and Sea-Weeds." One or two Theatrical Addresses from his pen are very creditable *in their way* — but the way itself is, as we have before said, execrable. As an editor, Mr. Sargent has also distinguished himself. He is a gentleman of taste and high talent.

His MS. is too much in the usual clerk style to be either vigorous, graceful, or easily read. It resembles Mr. Wetmore's but has somewhat more force. The signature is better than the general hand, but conveys its idea very well.

The name of "Washington Allston," the poet and painter, is one that has been long before the public. Of his paintings we have here nothing to say — except briefly, that the most noted of them are not to our taste. His poems are not all of a high order of merit; and, in truth, the faults of his pencil and of his pen are identical. Yet every reader will remember his "Spanish Maid" with pleasure, and the "Address to Great Britain," first published in Coleridge's "Sybilline Leaves," and attributed to an English author, is a production of which Mr. Allston may be proud.

His MS. notwithstanding an exceedingly simple and even boyish air, is one which we particularly admire. It is forcible, picturesque and legible, without ornament of any description. Each letter is formed with a thorough distinctness and individuality. Such a MS. indicates caution and precision, most unquestionably — but we say of it as we say of Mr. Peabody's, (a very different MS.) that no man of original genius ever did or could habitually indite it under any circumstances whatever. The signature conveys the general hand with accuracy.

MR. ALFRED B. STREET has been long before the public as a poet. At as early an age as fifteen, some of his pieces were published by Mr. Bryant in the "Evening Post" — among these was one of much merit, entitled a "Winter Scene." In the "New-York Book" and in the collections of American poetry by Messieurs Keese and Bryant, will be found many excellent specimens of his maturer powers. "The Willewemoc," "The Forest Tree," "The Indian's Vigil," "The Lost Hunter" and "White Lake" we prefer to any of his other productions which have met our eye. Mr. Street has fine taste, and a keen sense of the beautiful. He writes carefully, elaborately, and correctly. He has made Mr. Bryant his model, and in all Mr. Bryant's good points would be nearly his equal, were it not for the sad and too perceptible stain of the imitation. That he has imitated at all — or rather that, in mature age, he has persevered in his imitations — is sufficient warrantry for placing him among the men of talent rather than among the men of genius.

His MS. is full corroboration of this warrantry. It is a very pretty chirography, graceful, legible and neat. By most persons it would be called beautiful. The fact is, it is without fault — but its merits, like those of his poems, are chiefly negative.

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Mr. Richard Penn Smith, although, perhaps, better known in Philadelphia than elsewhere, has acquired much literary reputation. His chief works are "The Forsaken," a novel; a pseudo-auto-biography called "Colonel Crocket's Tour in Texas;" the tragedy of "Caius Marius," and two domestic dramas entitled "The Disowned," and "The Deformed." He has also published two volumes of miscellanies under the title of "The Actress of Padua and other Tales," besides occasional poetry. We are not sufficiently cognizant of any of these works to speak with decision respecting their merits. In a biography of Mr. Smith, however, very well written by his friend Mr. McMichael of this city, we are informed of "The Forsaken," that "a large edition of it was speedily exhausted" — of "The Actress of Padua," that it "had an extensive sale and was much commended" — of the "Tour in Texas," that "few books attained an equal popularity" — of "Caius Marius," that "it has great capabilities for an acting play," — of "The Disowned" and "The Deformed," that they "were performed at the London theatres, where they both made a favorable impression" — and of his poetry in general, "that it will be found superior to the average quality of that commodity." "It is by his dramatic efforts," says the biographer, "that his merits as a poet must be determined, and judged by these he will be assigned a place in the foremost rank of American writers." We have only to add that we have the highest respect for the judgment of Mr. McMichael.

Mr. Smith's MS. is clear, graceful and legible, and would generally be called a fine hand, but is somewhat too clerky for our taste.

Dr. Oliver Wendel Holmes, of Boston, late Professor of Anatomy and Physiology at Dartmouth College, has written many productions of merit, and has been pronounced, by a very high authority, the best of the humorous poets of the day.

His chirography is remarkably fine, and a quick fancy might easily detect, in its graceful yet picturesque quaintness, an analogy with the vivid drollery of his style. The signature is a fair specimen of the general MS.

Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, is somewhat more extensively known in his clerical than in a literary capacity, but has accomplished much more than sufficient in the world of books to entitle him to a place among the most noted of our living men of letters. The compositions by which he is best known were published, we believe, during his professorship of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in Washington College, Hartford.

His MS. has some resemblance to that of Mr. Greely of "The Tribune." The signature is far bolder and altogether better than the general hand.

We believe that Mr. Albert Pike has never published his poems in book form; nor has he written anything since 1834. His "Hymns to the Gods," and "Ode to the Mocking Bird," being printed in Blackwood, are the chief basis of his reputation." His lines "To Spring" are, however, much better in every respect, and a little poem from his pen, entitled "Ariel," and originally published in the "Boston Pearl," is one of the finest of American compositions. Mr. Pike has unquestionably merit, and that of a high order. His ideality is rich and well-disciplined. He is the most *classic* of our poets in the best sense of the term, and of course his classicism is very different from that of Mr. Sprague — to whom, nevertheless, he bears much resemblance in other respects. Upon the whole, there are few of our native writers to whom we consider him inferior.

His MS. shows clearly the spirit of his intellect. We observe in it a keen sense not only of the beautiful and graceful but of the picturesque — neatness, precision and general finish, verging upon effeminacy. In force it is deficient. The signature fails to convey the entire MS. which depends upon masses for its peculiar character.

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DR. JAMES MCHENRY, of Philadelphia, is well known to the literary world as the writer of numerous articles in our Reviews and lighter journals, but, more especially, as the author of "The Antediluvians," an epic poem which has been the victim of a most shameful cabal in this country, and the subject of a very disgraceful pasquinade on the part of Professor Wilson. Whatever may be the demerits, in some regard, of this poem, there can be no question of the utter want of fairness and even of common decency which distinguished the Phillipic in question. The writer of a *just* review of the "Antediluvians"—the only tolerable American epic—would render an important service to the literature o his country.

Dr. McHenry's MS is distinct, bold and simple, without ornament or superfluity. The signature well conveys the idea of the general hand.

MRS. R. S. NICHOLS has acquired much reputation of late years, by frequent and excellent contributions to the Magazines and Annuals. Many of her compositions will be found in our pages.

Her MS. is fair, neat and legible, but formed somewhat too much upon the ordinary boarding-school model to afford any indication of character. The signature is a good specimen of the hand.

MR. RICHARD ADAMS LOCKE is one among the few men of *unquestionable genius* whom the country possesses. Of the "Moon Hoax" it is supererogatory to say one word—not to know *that* argues one's self unknown. Its rich imagination will long dwell in the memory of every one who read it, and surely if

> the worth of any thing
> Is just so much as it will bring—

if, in short, we are to judge of the value of a literary composition in any degree by its *effect*—then was the "Hoax" most precious.

But Mr. Locke is also a poet of high order. We have seen—nay more—we have heard him read—verses of his own which would make the fortune of two-thirds of our poetasters; and he is yet so modest as never to have published a volume of poems. As an editor—as a political writer—as a writer in general—we think that he has scarcely a superior in America. There is no man among us to whose sleeve we would rather pin—not our *faith* (of that we say nothing)—but our *judgment.*

His MS. is clear, bold and forcible—somewhat modified, no doubt, by the circumstances of his editorial position—but still sufficiently indicative of his fine intellect.

MR. RALPH WALDO EMERSON belongs to a class of gentlemen with whom we have no patience whatever—the mystics for mysticism's sake. Quintilian mentions a pedant who taught obscurity, and who once said to a pupil "this is excellent, for I do not understand it myself." How the good man would have chuckled over Mr. E! His present *rôle* seems to be the out-Carlyling Carlyle. *Lycophron Tenebrosus* is a fool to him. The best answer to his twaddle is *cui bono?*—a very little Latin phrase very generally mistranslated and misunderstood—*cui bono?*—to whom is it a benefit? If not to Mr. Emerson individually, then surely to no man living.

His love of the obscure does not prevent him, nevertheless, from the composition of occasional poems in which beauty is apparent *by flashes.* Several of his effusions appeared in the "Western Messenger"—more in the "Dial," of which he is the soul—or the sun—or the shadow. We remember the "Sphynx," the "Problem," the "Snow Storm," and some fine old-fashioned verses entitled "Oh fair and stately maid whose eye."

His MS. is bad, sprawling, illegible and irregular—although sufficiently bold. This latter trait may be, and no doubt is, only a portion of his general affectation

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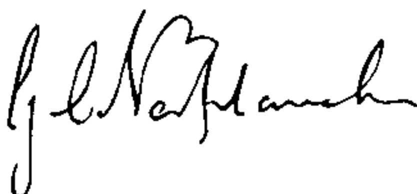

The name of GULIAN C. VERPLANCK has long been familiar to all American readers, and it is scarcely necessary to say more than that we coincide in the general view of his merits. His orations, reviews, and other compositions all evince the cultivated belles-lettres scholar, and man of intellect and taste. To high genius he has about the same claim as Mr. Sprague, whom in many respects he closely resembles.

His chirography is unusually rambling and schoolboyish — but has vigor and precision. It has no doubt been greatly modified by adventitious circumstances, so that it would be impossible to predicate anything respecting it.

"DORCHESTER."

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS, AUTHOR OF "ATALANTIS," "THE YEMASSEE," ETC.

[" Dorchester" was a beautiful little country town on the banks of the river Keawah, now Ashley, about twenty miles from the city of Charleston, in South Carolina. It was chiefly settled by New Englanders. For a time it flourished and became a market town of some importance The planters of the neighborhood were generally persons of substance, who lived in considerable state, and exercised the virtues of hospitality in an eminent degree; but with the war of the Revolution, in which it suffered greatly, it began to decline, and its only remains now are the ruins of its church and the open walls of the old British fort. From a memorandum which I made during a visit to the spot in 1833, I take the following:—"The fort made of tapia—works still in considerable preservation—the wood-work alone decayed—the magazine in ruins—and the area overgrown with plum trees. The church still standing—the steeple shattered by lightning, and the wooden interior torn out—the roof beginning to decay at the ends of the rafters. It will probably fall in before very long." This prediction was not permitted to be verified. The fabric, I learn, has since been utterly destroyed by an incendiary. Dorchester was distinguished by several actions of partisan warfare during the Revolution It was, by turns, a military depôt of the Carolinians and the British. These particulars will explain the little poem which follows.]

Not with irreverential thought and feeling I resign
The tree that was a chronicle in other days than mine;
Its mossy branches crown'd the grove, when, hastily array'd,
Came down the gallant partisan to battle in the shade;
It saw his fearless eye grow dark, it heard his trumpet cry,
When, at its roots, the combat o'er, he laid him down to die;
The warm blood gushing from his heart hath stain'd the sod below —
That tree shall be my chronicle, for it hath seen it flow!

Sweet glide thy waters, Ashley, and pleasant on thy banks
The mossy oak and mossy pine stand forth in solemn ranks;
They crown thee in a fitting guise, since, with a gentle play,
Through bending groves and circling dells thou tak'st thy lonely way:
Thine is the Summer's loveliness — thy Winter too hath charms,
Thus sheltered in thy mazy course beneath their Druid arms;
And thine the recollection old, which honors thy decline,
When happy thousands saw thee rove, and Dorchester was thine.

But Dorchester is thine no more, its gallant pulse is still,
The wild cat prowls among its graves and screams the whippoorwill,
A mournful spell is on its homes, where solitude, supreme,
Still, couching in her tangled woods, dreams one unbroken dream:
The cotter seeks a foreign home, — the cottage roof is down,
The ivy clambers all uncheck'd above the steeple's crown;
And doubly gray, with grief and years, the old church tott'ring stands,
Ah! how unlike that holy home not built with human hands!

These ruins have their story, and, with a reverent fear,
I glide beneath the broken arch and through the passage drear;
The hillock at my feet grows warm — beneath it beats a heart
Whose pulses wake to utterance, whose accents make me start;
That heart hath beat in battle, when the thunder-cloud was high,
And death, in every form of fate, careering through the sky;
Beside it now, another heart, in peace but lately known,
Beats with a kindred pulse, but hath a story of its own.

Ah! sad the fate of maiden whose lover falls in fight,
Condemned to bear, in widowhood, the lonely length of light;—
The days that come without a sun, the nights that bring no sleep;
The long, long watch, the weariness, the same, sad toil—to weep!
Methinks, the call is happiness, when sudden sounds the strain
That summons back the exiled heart of love to heaven again;—
No trumpet-tone of battle, but a soft note sweetly clear,
Like that which even now is heard when doves are wooing near.

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THE TWO DUKES.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

ONE church and three dwelling houses, occupied by bishops, had already been torn down to supply material for the magnificent palace which the Duke of Somerset was erecting for himself in the Strand,—a sacrilege which the populace were beginning to feel and resent, in a manner which threatened some disturbance to the public peace. A rumor went abroad that the Duke's workmen had received his commands to repair to Westminster on a certain day, in order to pull down the Church of St. Margaret's, and add its materials to those already so boldly wrested from their sacred purposes.

The gray of a summer's morning was yet hanging over the city, when a large number of workmen, each wearing the Lord Protector's badge, gathered in detached parties about the Abbey. These men had been employed in the destruction of St. Mary's Church but a few days before, and their coarse vestments were torn and covered with the lime and dust which they had brought from the ruin, a mark of their late sacrilegious employment, which brought upon them many a bitter taunt and frowning look from the wayfarers, even before they entered the parish of Westminster. So great was the manifestation of public resentment, that each band of workmen, as it went along, drew close together, and exhibited the pickaxes, crowbars, and other heavy tools of iron with which they were armed, like soldiers compelled on an irksome duty, but resolute to perform it. These men gathered slowly around the Abbey, and waited for a larger body of working-men, who were expected to leave their employment in the Strand and come to their assistance in a force and number that might awe the people into quiet submission to the injustice of their lord.

The morning wore on, but they still lingered about the church, trifling with their heavy tools and talking together with some degree of anxiety, for the expected aid had not yet arrived, and each instant the streets and angles about the Abbey became more and more thronged with sullen and discontented men, all with lowering brows and flashing eyes, bent menacingly upon them.

Still the crowd increased. Men hurried to and fro eagerly and with cloudy looks. The workmen gradually gathered in a close phalanx about the little church, whispered anxiously together, and brandished their tools with a faint show of defiance, yet seemed afraid or reluctant to level them against the sacred pile which stood among that mass of eager human beings in the cool morning light, quiet and tranquil as the spirit of holiness that brooded over its altar.

Though the persons gathered about St. Margaret's were considerable in numbers, they were not yet condensed into a form that could justly be termed a mob. The streets were alive, but not yet blocked up with people. Men, and even women, might pass to fro on ordinary business without much fear of injury or interruption, but with a certainty of being jostled and pushed about by the scattered stream of human life that flowed toward the cathedral.

While the neighborhood of St. Margaret's was in this unusual state, two females, followed by more than an equal number of serving-men, each with the Lord Protector's badge upon his sleeve, came suddenly round a corner, and, before they seemed aware of it, were encompassed by the crowd, through which it seemed each instant more difficult to make a free passage. The two females were muffled in their mantles, with the hoods drawn so closely that it was difficult to distinguish their features, or gather an idea of their station, save by a certain air of dignity and refinement which hung about the shorter of the two, and which no vestments could entirely conceal. Both this lady and her companion seemed bewildered and terrified by the rush of human beings with which they had become so strangely mingled. At first they attempted to retrace their steps, but the street through which they had come was now blocked up by a company of more than two hundred working-men, who were coming up from their employment on the Strand, to assist in the destruction of St. Margaret's. When thus convinced that all hopes of retreat were cut off, the female who had seemed most anxious to escape the crowd, put forth a white and trembling hand from beneath her mantle and drew the hood still more closely over her face, while the other in her fright allowed the drapery to fall back from her head and exposed the features of an elderly woman slightly wrinkled, and at the moment pale as a corpse with apprehension. Her sharp black eyes were keen with terror, and her wrinkled hands shook in a way that rendered the effort to draw her hood forward one of considerable difficulty. The servitors who followed these bewildered persons were but little annoyed by the position which seemed so painful to them, but one, a tall insolent man, held up his arm that all might see the Lord Protector's badge, and ordered those immediately around him to make way for a noble lady of the

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Duke's household to pass. He spoke loud and arrogantly, but the muffled female grasped his arm, and while her words came gaspingly from excess of fear, muttered—

"Dost thou not see how these men lower and frown upon us already? Hearest thou not my noble father's name bandied from lip to lip, and each time with a curse coupled with it? Take down thy arm, good Richard—muffle the sleeve within thy cloak and let us struggle forward as we are best able."

The serving-man hastened to obey this direction, and wrapped his arm in the short cloak which had been allowed to float back from his shoulder. This act was performed the more promptly as a score of burning eyes had flashed back a stern admonition of danger when challenged by the Somerset badge thus ostentatiously uplifted in their midst. Even as it was, the man's temerity might have been followed by violent consequences, but that a deeper and more general object of resentment presented itself in the body of workmen that had made its way up from the Strand through the cross street which our little party had left but a moment before, and now flung itself impetuously into the excited crowd. The moment these men were seen pushing their way towards their brethren gathered about St. Margaret's, shouting defiance and pushing the citizens about with their heavy iron tools, the spirit of discord broke loose like a wild beast from his cage. A hoarse shout thundered through the air. The hitherto stern and silent multitude swayed round and plunged forward, a mass of enraged, reckless, human life, eager to trample down the body of men who came among them armed to do sacrilege on the holy temple of their worship. When the first fierce cry of their onset swept over the females whose movements we have recorded, the one whose features were yet concealed grasped her companion's arm, and, shrieking with affright, sprang wildly on one side, forcing a passage to the steps of a dwelling-house, where she sunk at the foot of a granite pillar, panting like a wounded fawn beneath the drapery which still concealed her person. Her attendants strove to follow her but were swept away by the rushing multitude, and, spite of their struggles, forced into the *mêlée* raging between the citizens and the Somerset workmen. These men fought their way valiantly. Keeping in a compact body they resolutely cleared a path through the unarmed mob with their heavy crowbars and pickaxes, which proved most effective weapons of defence. The people goaded to fury by opposition rushed madly upon them, strove to wrest away their weapons by brute force, and when that failed tore up the pavement and hurled the massive stones furiously into their midst. Many were wounded, more than one dropped down dead, crushed beneath the deadly missiles which filled the air. The sweet breath of morning was made terrible by the groans and cries and harsh sounds of hot-blooded men, goaded to fury and fierce with a thirst for strife, which threatened to deluge the torn pavements with blood and carnage.

The band of workmen which had already reached St. Margaret's at first essayed to aid their companions but it was impossible even to penetrate the mob of citizens which separated the two parties, and they returned to their station before the church, which the mob, in its blind eagerness to attack the larger and more obnoxious party, had left almost entirely at their mercy. Still their numbers were small, and the enraged people so near at hand that but the lifting of an implement of destruction would have placed them in imminent peril. So they remained inactive, contenting themselves with a hope that Somerset, the Lord Protector, would hear of the riot and come to his people's rescue. Still the fight raged on, the workmen were driven back, step by step, to a cross street whence they had emerged, and which their numbers choked up, forming a solid front, narrow and compact, which the assailants found impossible to break and difficult to contend against, as few had the hardihood to come within the sweep of those heavy iron bars which were never wielded but they crushed some human being to the earth. While the workmen maintained this position the assailants were compelled to abate the fury of their attack. The scene of strife too had been considerably removed from the first place of encounter.

The young female, who is the especial object of our interest, crouched at the base of the granite pillar where she had sought refuge, shuddering and sick with fear, amid this tumult of strife and terrible passions raging about her. She heard the shrieks and howling cries of the multitude as they struggled together, heard them tear up the pavement with curses, and felt the air tortured into unnatural currents as the heavy stones whirled fiercely over her head. Still she neither shrieked nor moved a limb, but clung with a shuddering clasp to the pillar, helpless and almost stupified with terror. While the fight raged fiercest about her she remained unnoticed, for even there, amid that throng of men tugging at each other's throats and wrangling like wild animals together, females were to be seen fighting and eager for strife—the most relentless among the throng. In this terrible mingling of sexes and strife of angry passions, a helpless and prostrate female, shrinking from a scene too horrible even for her imagination, might well have been overlooked. All were too fiercely occupied to offer her protection or insult. But as the scene of strife became more distant the dense crowd around her was scattered, and more than one of the rude persons who hang about the skirts of a riotous mob from idle curiosity or in hopes of plunder, observed the deathly stillness of her position. There was a delicacy in the small white hand and rounded arm which clung to the pillar, exposed by the falling drapery and flung out in beautiful relief upon the stone as if a limb of exquisite sculpture had been chiselled there. But the persons who gazed were too rude for thoughts of beauty though so strangely betrayed. A cluster of brilliants that blazed on one of the fingers, and the rich drapery that lay in a picturesque heap over her whole person, conveyed hopes of rich plunder, and many a covetous eye twinkled with expectation that when the crowd were drawn to a distance she might be left helpless and exposed to their rapa-

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city. At last an artisan or mechanic of the lowest order ascended the steps where she had sought refuge, and, apparently heedless of her presence, sat down on the opposite side of the pillar, so near that his dusty leathern jerkin almost touched the arm still wound immovably around it. He now uncovered his head and wiped the perspiration from a low and disagreeable forehead with the sleeve of his jerkin, pushed back a mass of coarse hair that had fallen over his eyes, and was about replacing his cap, when a flash of sunshine fell upon the cluster of brilliants which gemmed one of the fingers just in a range with his eye. A look of coarse delight came to his repulsive features, a cunning avaricious joy disagreeable beyond description. He cast an eager look upon the throng, which was still great, and toyed with his cap, waving it up and down with both hands carelessly as if to cool his face when any person seemed especially regarding him. At last, when the general attention was drawn another way by a party of horsemen coming at a hard gallop down the street, he, as if by accident, held his cap so as to conceal his face from the multitude, and drew back slowly till the pillar half concealed him, then, softly removing the hand from its clasp on the stone, he drew the ring away quick as lightning, and grasping it in his rough palm allowed the little hand to fall down cold and lifeless upon the step.

"Plunder from the dead is free to the first comer," he muttered, replacing his cap, "a woman completely killed or in a swoon is the same thing, and one or the other state belongs to this dainty lady, I take it."

As he muttered these words, the plunderer sauntered with a heavy idle swagger down the steps, and would have mingled with the crowd, but at that moment an elderly man, evidently the servitor of some noble family, paused by the steps, glanced at the recumbent figure, and hastily inquired who the person was, and why no assistance had been rendered. The artisan, to whom he addressed himself as the nearest person, was suddenly taken with a decided and absorbing interest in the struggle that still raged farther down the street, and, when the question had been thrice repeated, only withdrew his attention long enough to declare that he was quite ignorant regarding the lady so strangely situated, and, in truth, had observed her for the first time when pointed out by the worshipful questioner.

The new comer ran hastily up the steps, flung back the mantle which had fallen over her face, and revealed the features of a young girl, pale as death, and lying cold and lifeless close to the pillar. A flood of rich chestnut-brown hair had broken loose, and the string of rough emeralds that had confined it lay broken and scattered among the folds of her dress. The man seemed to recognize those sweet features, for he turned pale, and an exclamation, almost of terror, broke from his lips. "She is dead!" he cried in a voice of keen emotion—"her hands are cold as ice. What shall I say to my poor lord—who will dare tell him!"

"Then she has taken leave within a short space of time," muttered the artisan, who stood with his back toward the pillar, gazing intently afar off, as if he had some heavy stake which the contest would decide. "I can swear that her hand trembled as I pulled off the ring."

"For the love of heaven, is there no one here who will call assistance!" exclaimed the new comer, kneeling down and raising the senseless lady with his arm.

"Can I do anything?" inquired the artisan, gruffly, as if aroused to a consciousness that the fainting lady required some attention.

"Thank you, good friend, yes—run, I beseech you for the nearest leech, or rather look out my Lord Dudley, who has just ridden by; say to him that a lady whose welfare is dear to him, has swooned in the street, and is in danger from the mob. Go, good man, go at once, or I fear me our blithesome lady will never smile again!"

"Nay," said the artisan, who had fixed a greedy eye on the emeralds scattered over the lady's dress. "As I may not know the Lord Dudley when he is found, had you not better leave the poor lady to me while you seek him out yourself; the more especially as you may see that her mouth is red again, and there is a tear breaking through the thick eyelashes that were so black and still when you first uncovered her face. The air has done her good. Leave her to me, and by the time you come back with the gentleman you wot of she will be well again. Truly, my jerkin is none of the cleanest," he added in reply to a glance which the other had cast on his mean raiment, "nor my face much to your liking, I see; but I shall not run off with your dainty trouble there, not being fool enough to cumber myself with anything of womankind, be she gentle or simple, so you can trust me."

There was something in the artisan's manner more than in his appearance—and that was suspicious enough, that rendered the person he addressed reluctant to trust a being so helpless to his charge. He hesitated and was deliberating how to act, when the multitude came rushing back to their old station near the church, shouting fiercely and uttering terrible imprecations on the Duke of Somerset, who had sent a large body of armed men up the Thames, who had landed at the foot of Westminster Bridge, resolute to support his artisans in the destruction of St. Margaret's. It was the first charge of this party, as it joined the body of workmen, which still defended the passage up St. Margaret's street, that sent the crowd rushing back upon the church. The small band of horsemen which had just passed, wheeled suddenly round and came back almost by compulsion, for their way was entirely blocked up by the populace, and behind were the Somerset men, urged to fierce resentment, and goading them on to madness.

The leader of this equestrian band—for it evidently belonged to neither of the contending parties—was a young and remarkably handsome man, who seemed entangled with the crowd by accident, and only desirous of continuing his morning ride in tranquillity. The magnificent trappings of his black charger—the jewelled buckle which fastened the plumes on his

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cap, leaving a fine open forehead and a mass of light curling hair exposed to view. The short cloak of dark green velvet bordered with gold—the slashed and pointed doublet and hose underneath, betrayed him as one of the brightest and most noble ornaments of the young King Edward's court, and were all in striking contrast with the rude mob from which he was deliberately striving to extricate himself. He was followed by a number of retainers well mounted, and all wearing his family badge; yet it was not till they were forced to retrace their way and made some slight commotion in the crowd in wheeling their horses, that the tumultuous populace seemed to recognize them. But when the leader was known, those men not actively engaged in the fight, pressed back to give him way, and greeted him with uncovered heads—a few flung their caps in the air, calling out for those in advance to make room for the Lord Dudley; others took up the cry, and then went up a loud eager shout of

"A Warwick! a Warwick! room, room for a Warwick!" Thus sounding a defiance to the Somerset battle-cry, that rang so fiercely up from the distance.

This recognition by the mob seemed to annoy the object of their clamor beyond measure. He lifted his hand with an imperative motion, in a vain effort to silence their noisy greeting; but when he saw that this was mistaken for encouragement, and that his family name rang louder and with more joyous acclamation above all the tumult, he bent his noble head to the multitude with forced resignation, and strove more resolutely to retreat from a scene, which from many causes, filled him with anxiety and regret. More than once his high spirit was so chafed by the notice which he had unwillingly obtained, that nothing but compassion for the multitude seemed to prevent him giving a free rein to the noble beast which shook his head, champed angrily his tightened bit, and curveted with impatience among the mass of human beings that scarcely gave his hoofs free play upon the pavement.

The two men whom we left near the young female, who was just returning to animation, were interrupted in their discussion by these two sources of renewed commotion which we have just related, and when the cry of "a Warwick, a Warwick," swept by, the last comer, who was still supporting the lady, started to his feet, placed a hand over his eyes to shade them from the sun, and looked earnestly over the sea of human heads rising and falling and flowing by, like the motion of a forest when the wind sweeps over it. All at once he uttered an exclamation of pleasure, and rushing down the steps, forced his way to the young horseman who was now almost opposite the place he had occupied. Pushing eagerly through the crowd which surrounded the struggling charger, he seized him by the bit, as the only means of attracting the rider's attention in a scene where his voice was exerted in vain; but so great was the tumult that even this method proved ineffectual, and it was not till he had flung the beast almost upon his haunches that he was recognized by the anxious nobleman. The young man bent his head, for the eager face of his retainer startled him, though the words he would have uttered were swept away by the thousand fierce sounds that filled the air. At last, by the aid of gesture and such broken words as reached his master's ear, the man made himself understood. The horseman started upright in his stirrups, cast a keen look toward the spot pointed out by his attendant, and, heedless of all former caution, plunged his spurs into the restless charger, which reared and plunged with a violence that sent the people back upon each other, and cleared a space of some yards about him. Regardless of consequences, the nobleman scarcely gave his horse time to recover himself, but urged him through the frightened crowd with an impetuosity that sent a shower of sparks about his hoofs when they struck upon the lowermost of the stone flags where the lady had taken shelter.

The young man sprang from his saddle, and pushing aside the artisan who still hung about her, took the now partially recovered lady in his arms, and in a voice of hurried and anxious affection inquired if she were hurt, and multiplied questions one upon another, mingling them with broken expressions of tenderness, which she could only answer by sobs and the profuse tears that rushed over her burning cheeks. She seemed entirely overcome with joy at his presence, and the intense shame arising from her extraordinary situation. All his questions only served to make her weep the more bitterly; but she clung nervously to his hand, trembling between the pleasure of his protection and the fear that he might condemn her, and besought him, in broken tones, to take her home, to forgive her, but, above all things, to help her away from the mob of coarse rough faces that were gazing upon her humiliation.

"Nay, compose yourself," said Dudley, in those low and persuasive tones best calculated to allay her nervous excitement, "are you not safe with me? you are too feeble to move yet. In a little time I trust that we may pass in safety, but—"

"Forgive me, my lord," interrupted the man who had informed his master of the lady's plight. "If her ladyship can find strength to walk, had we not better remove her at once to a place of safety? It is yet possible to make our way round the corner, and so into the Park."

The Lord Dudley looked upon the crowd and shook his head.

"See, my lord," said the man still more earnestly, "the people are becoming more turbulent than ever—in less than five minutes the space between this and the church will be crowded full again."

"I fear she is too weak for the attempt," replied Dudley, looking down with tender anxiety into the sweet troubled face lifted with an expression of timid confidence to his.

"Oh, no, I am quite strong now; I can walk very well if you are with me," said the young girl; but her pale and trembling lips belied the words as she turned her back to the people and strove with unsteady hands to gather the scattered masses of her

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hair beneath the hood, which scarcely served to conceal its rich beauty, dishevelled and loose as it was. "See, I am quite ready," she added, wrapping the mantle about her, and gathering courage beneath the concealment of its folds, and clinging to the young nobleman's arm she stood terrified, it is true, but willing to submit herself to his guidance.

"My poor bird, how it pants and trembles beneath my arm," murmured Dudley. And amid all the annoyance of his position, his heart thrilled with a sense of the protection which it gave to the object of his love; but the feeling gave way to one of keen anxiety; for the populace were by this time assailed so fiercely by the Somerset men that it was giving way before them, and rapidly condensing itself around the Abbey, which threatened soon to become the scene of contention.

"What can be done? which way shall we go?" said Dudley, appealing to his attendant.

The man looked around and gravely shook his head. "I see no plan of escape unless we struggle through the crowd," he replied despondingly, "and yet there is but your lordship and my humble self to protect the Lady Jane, and the press threatens to be great."

The artisan who had made a show of holding Dudley's horse, while he concealed the ring and as many of the jewels which had dropped from the lady's hair as he could purloin during the short time that she had been left alone with him, in the sleeve of his jerkin—now slipped the bridle over his arm, and came up the steps so far as its length would permit.

"If I might advise, fair sir," he said, doffing his cap, and concealing a large emerald that had before escaped him, with his foot, as he spoke. "If I might make bold to give an opinion, three stout men are enough to cover the retreat of one woman any day. Your gallant self and my worshipful friend here, to say nothing of the man before you, who lacks not both tough bone and sinew in a fair fight, and the noble horse, which I take it, is worth at least two men, having a fine knack, as I but now witnessed, of scattering a crowd with his hoofs. Well now, fair sir, supposing you mount this noble nag and push a way through the crowd, while my worshipful friend and humble self follow at his heels with the lady between us. Oh, this does not jump with the lady's humor, I see," continued the man without breaking the thread of his speech, as the Lady Jane drew closer to her companion and murmured in an affrighted voice, "no, no Dudley—keep you with me or I shall die with terror else."

Dudley answered by a gentle pressure of the arm clinging to his, and the man went on, as we have said, regardless of the interruption.

"Well, if she does not fancy the cut of my face, perhaps the black charger there will have better taste. Shall I mount and clear a path for you? It is not often that I sit on a crimson saddle with housings of velvet and gold—but there is an old saying or a new one, it matters not which, that if you 'put a beggar on horseback he will ride'—I must not say exactly where in the presence of this lady, but to such a journey a passage through this crowd of hooting scoundrels would be child's play—shall I mount, fair sir? you see the fight is getting nearer and there will be hot work anon."

As the man finished speaking, he dropped his sheepskin cap quite by accident, and displayed considerable awkwardness in picking it up again. For a person rather shabbily dressed he certainly was somewhat fastidious in replacing it jauntily on one side of his head; but in the process a large emerald was sent, with a dexterous movement of the fingers, flashing down the sleeve of his jerkin, which probably had some connection with this elaborate display of taste.

At any other time Dudley would have rebuked the fellow's boldness, but he was too anxious for thoughts of station or dignity, and turning from the rude speaker to his attendant, he demanded earnestly if his plan were practicable. Before the person addressed could reply, an immense paving stone was hurled by his temple, and, tearing off the artisan's cap in its progress, was dashed to pieces against the granite pillar which had so long sheltered the Lady Jane Saymore. A shriek burst from her pale lips, and every face in that little group turned white as death. After a moment the artisan took up his cap, and thrusting his hand through a hole cut in it by the stone, tried to convince himself and those about him, by a broad laugh, that he was a man of decided courage and not to be daunted by trifles that could drive the blood from a nobleman's cheek; but his voice died in the miserable attempt, and he slunk down to the horse's head again, for the moment subdued into silence.

"For the love of heaven, let us be gone," said Lord Dudley, terrified by the danger which threatened the object of his love. "Mount, fellow; and if you clear a way for this lady, you shall have gold"—

Before he could finish the sentence, the artisan sprang to a seat on the gorgeous saddle, and striking his mutilated cap down upon his head with one hand, drew up the bridle, and shouting, "Make room for the noble Dudley—a Warwick, a Warwick," plunged into the crowd.

Dudley threw his arm firmly round the Lady Jane, and directing his attendant to keep close on the other side, followed his strange conductor, who proved an excellent guide; for in his appeal now to the people in behalf of their favorite noble, now to the Somerset men as one of their number, he succeeded in forcing a passage for the party till they had almost reached the front of St. Margaret's; but here their position became more dangerous than ever, for a detachment of the Somerset men, after a desperate struggle to force a passage through the body of people, had found the way across a corner of the park and along Prince's street, almost within a stone's throw of the church, before their movement was discovered by those resolute on its defence. It was in vain the artisan pleaded for a passage now, his voice was overwhelmed by the roar. He was raised considerably above the crowd, and was among the first to discover

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this new difficulty. He arose in the saddle, cast a crest-fallen look over the sea of human heads that surrounded him, then bending backwards, he addressed the young lord and his companion in a voice that was less steady than he would gladly have rendered it—

"To the church, my lord—to the church at once! The street is choked, as far as I can see—is choked up with Somerset men; but they are mistaken if they hope to reach St. Margaret's; here are stout angry fellows enough to keep them at bay till Michaelmas. Seek shelter for the lady, fair Sir, before they all see as much as I do, for there will be bloody work there, or I am no reader of men's faces."

There was no time for parley or delay, the pale craven face of the artisan bore witness to the truth of what he said. Lord Dudley clasped his companion more firmly, and forced his way with almost supernatural strength toward the church. The artisan would gladly have sought the shelter which he had so wisely recommended to his noble companion; but the horse had become restive under a strange guidance, and before his head could be turned toward St. Margaret's, the mob had discovered the Somerset workmen, and closed round him with a violence that rendered a change of direction impossible. It was in vain that he waved his cap, shouted Lord Dudley's name, and craved a free passage. His voice was overwhelmed in the roar and rush of a conflict more dreadful than had been witnessed that day. The people saw the spoilers almost upon their consecrated ground, and they fought like lions to protect the sacred rest of their dead and the altar of their worship. It was a just cause, but the strife a terrible one indeed. So great was the press, that our artisan found the motion of his horse cramped and almost prevented. His limbs were crushed against the noble animal till the pain became almost insupportable. He would gladly have dismounted and have taken his chance with the throng, but so dense was the sea of human beings crowding upon him, that there was not an inch of space through which he might hope to reach the ground. So horse and rider were violently borne forward at the mercy of the crowd, and exposed to the shower of missiles that now darkened the air.

Meantime Dudley and his companions had reached the door of St. Margaret's; but it was closed, and a company of armed men stood resolutely before it. The little band of workmen, which had kept its station there till within the last hour, had at length deserted their post, terrified by this guard of armed men added to the mob which they had so long braved. Despairing of escape they had clambered, each as he best might, up the gothic windows and rough stone work of the little church, and were now crouching in groups on the roof, and striving to conceal themselves behind the small turrets or steeples that surmounted its four corners, afraid of being detected by the populace, who were each moment becoming more and more exasperated by their brethren.

"In the name of heaven, good friends, allow me to find shelter for this lady within the church," exclaimed Lord Dudley, as pale and fearfully agitated he turned in despair from the bolted door which he had reached in spite of the pikes presented by the self-constituted guard, "I am a friend to the people, and this lady"—

"Is his sister," interrupted the attendant hastily, well knowing that her true title would harden the men's hearts against her, though she was almost lifeless, and only kept from sinking at their feet by the strong arm of her noble protector.

"But, even our church may soon be no place of safety," said one of the men, "a few minutes and this building where our parents worshipped—where our children were baptised—may be a heap of ruins like those of St. Mary. Our holy altar stones may be made into door steps for the Duke of Somerset's fine palace—yes, our chancels sacked to yield stones to flag his wine-cellars, while the bones and sacred dust of our fathers are cast into the street, and scattered to the four winds of heaven."

Dudley felt the gentle being, who clung to him for safety, tremble and shrink, as if this angry speech had been levelled at her alone.

"I know that the people have suffered some wrong," he said, in a mild but unsteady voice, for he was painfully agitated, both by his late struggle with the crowd, and the torture which the man's impetuous speech was inflicting on his gentle charge. "But let me beseech you, unclose the door, my—my poor sister is well nigh sinking to the earth with fatigue and terror."

Still the men remained obstinate, not only refusing to open the door, but guarding it with a close row of levelled pikes. The sound of fierce strife, which now arose with appalling violence, within a few roods of the church, seemed to fill them with cold and stubborn bitterness. At last, when a loud and terrible cry swept over them—a cry of triumph from the Somerset men, mingled with a yell of defiance from the mob, in which Somerset, the Lord Protector's name, was winged by shouts and curses through the dense air, the man who had spoken before turned almost menacingly on the young nobleman.

"Did I not tell you," he exclaimed, "this is no place for a lady? If we cannot guard our dead, how can your charge be safe? Hear that shout—the Duke of Somerset is himself coming up from the river to reinforce his band of pillagers. A curse light upon his sacrilegious head for this day's work—a curse on him and his!"

"Oh no, no; do not curse him!" exclaimed the Lady Jane, starting from Dudley's arm, and flinging the hood back from her pale face with a wild impulse—he does not know—he has not thought how dreadful all this is: you do not dream how kind he is. In pity—for sweet mercy's sake, do not curse my father!"

"Her father," exclaimed the men almost simultaneously, and with menacing looks; "her father!"

Lord Dudley drew the young girl back to his side, pulled the mantle almost roughly over her face, and turned sternly upon the men.

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"Behold," he said, with a flashing eye, "behold the effect of your cruel delay; my poor sister is driven stark mad at last."

The speech, and the pale steadfast features of the young man, had the desired effect. The guard did not open the door, it is true, but their manner was more subdued, and they consulted in a low voice together.

"And if we unlock the church, what warrant have we that you are not a partisan of the Duke's?" said the leader, glancing suspiciously at the young nobleman's rich vestments; "you may be of his household, nay, his son, for aught we know."

"You have the word of a Warwick, and this proof that the pledge is not given without right," said the young man, flinging aside his velvet cloak, and displaying the family crest, set in brilliants, on his sword-hilt. "Now, sirs, let me pass! I have no share in this broil, and would gladly have escaped from it unknown."

"Pass in, and heaven's blessing go with you!" said the man, almost angrily striking up the line of weapons which his band still kept levelled.

He unlocked the heavy door, and while the dense mob shouted around him, eager to know why he acted thus for a stranger, he stood, with uncovered head, till the young nobleman had entered the church; then, he closed the door again with a half repeated blessing upon the lips that had been almost blistered with imprecations a few moments before. The solemn stillness and cool atmosphere, which pervaded that little church, fell like a breath from heaven on the three persons who entered it, weary and faint from the turmoil that raged without.

The blended hues of purple and gold and crimson, shed from the stained and diamond-shaped glass that filled the gothic windows, flooded the building with a dim mellow light, and slept, in a rich haze, among the funereal urns of snowy marble placed in the various niches, once occupied by images of Catholic worship. A shadowy light, such as beams from a mild sunset, lay upon the altar-stone, which gleamed out white and pure above the purple velvet that carpeted its steps. A baptismal fount of marble stood on the right hand filled with clear water; but in that rich light it seemed almost brimming with wine. Two censers of massive silver stood above the altar, but only as remnants of a discarded faith, for no incense had been kindled in their hearts since the divorce of the late Henry and Catherine of Arragon.

The whole church was pervaded with a beautiful quiet, such as might reign in the shadowy dwellings of paradise. Dudley yielded to its influence, and drew a deep breath, half in awe, half in thankfulness, as he gently placed the Lady Jane upon one of the steps of the altar, and sprinkled her pale face with the water which he dipped with his hand from the baptismal fount. He took off the mantle which she still unconsciously held tightly about her person, and gathering up the rich tresses of her hair as they fell upon the marble, made an awkward attempt to bind them round her head. The poor lady was conscious of his kindness, but so exhausted that she had no power to thank him. The very effort to unclose her eyes was an exertion too much for her languid state, and the soft light which fell over her like a rich sunset seemed lending beauty to a marble statue, so pale and deathlike were her features. When Dudley inquired with anxious tenderness after her welfare, from time to time, she answered him with a faint clasp of the hand which he took in his, and grateful tears gushed in bright drops through her closed lashes, and fell, one after another, like jewels upon the purple velvet beneath her cheek. At last she opened her eyes, a sweet and tender expression of pleasure came to her face, and one of the familiar smiles which Dudley loved so well sprang like sunlight to her reddening lips. She was yet bewildered and dreamy, but tranquillized by the one dear presence, and the holy quiet which brooded over the place of her rest. For a time she was unconscious of the tumult which still raged without, for the sounds came but faintly to that holy place, and seemed more like the heaving beat of a far off ocean than a strife of angry men, heated and drunken with bad passions.

All at once a shout so long, loud and fierce, that it filled that tranquil building like the howl of a demon, fell upon her ear. She started up with a full consciousness of all that had happened to her during the morning, and again sinking upon the steps of the altar buried her face between her hands, and held her breath with a feeling of terror such as she had never known before.

At that moment Dudley's attendant, who had remained near the church door, came hurriedly toward his master with information that the Duke of Somerset had joined his men in person, and was now within a few paces of the church.

(To be continued.)

THE ZEPHYR.

BY JULIET H. LEWIS.

I SAT by the casement; before me there
Lay a treasured thing, a long tress of hair,
And it moved my heart with a touching power—
'Twas the cherished gift of a parting hour.
The sun-shine lay 'mid its nut-brown fold
With a loving smile, as it did of old,
When the curl waved free in its careless grace,
Like a cloud in the sky, o'er the smiling face
Of the gentle girl that I loved so well—
A dimming tear on the bright lock fell

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As thoughts of the loved one far away,
And the teeming past, on my sad heart lay.
A Zephyr, that all this time had play'd,
Like a laughing child, 'mid the rose tree's shade,
Flew up, like a bird, to the casement there,
And bore off in triumph the lock of hair.
'Twas a cruel theft! and harsh words of blame,
Like a mountain stream, from my full heart came,
For the reckless deeds of the careless thing,
Ever hovering near on mischievous wing.
But the day before, he had entered my bower,
And scattered the leaves of its loveliest flower,
And bore off a letter that lay unread,
'Neath the scented buds, on a mossy bed,
To the brook hard by, who, with dimpled cheek
And a smothered laugh at the Zephyr's freak,
Received the gift, and bounded on
As wild, and free, as a forest fawn,
To its hiding spots 'neath the greenwood shade,
Glancing back, through the leaves, where the young wind play'd.
"Now! Spirit of Air," I cried, "gay breeze—
Are all thine acts as unkind as these?
Thy wings are unfettered—thy path is free—
Yet mine is the power to follow thee."
Then thought sprang up on her weariless wing,
And tracked the wind, in imagining.
He stole the white plume from the thistle's crest,
Which was light as down on the swan's pure breast,
And with waving wing bore the prize away
To a happy group 'mid the flowers at play,
And fanning the cheek of each laughing boy,
With his cooling wing, waved the downy toy
Their bright heads above, and the careless band,
With eager eye, and with outstretched hand,
Ran away, in chase of the silvery thing
That the Zephyr bore on exulting wing.
Now slowly it floated their hands beneath—
Now upward it sprang on a stronger breath—
Now wafted afar—'twas a merry race
The Zephyr to lead, and the children in chase!
He left them behind, but bore along
Their glee-toned voices, in joyous song,
And each lone mother looked up and smiled,
As she caught the tones of her darling child,
And paused awhile from her toil, to bless
The heart, o'erflowing with happiness.

Then he went his way and on manhood's brow
His cooling fingers are busy now,
He parts the dark hair from its resting place,
And prints a kiss on the anxious face,
And woos him to leave the dust and glare
Of the crowded town, for a spot more fair,
Where trees in blossom, and birds on wing,
Lead the rapt heart from each worldly thing.
But man heeds not, for his rest is sold,
And his heart bows down to the god of gold;
For the tempting Zephyr he "cares not a groat,"
He is eagerly reaching a "ten pound note,"
That ragged, and soiled on the counter doth lay,
But the Zephyr indignantly bears it away.
He toss'd it, he puff'd it, he twirled it around,
Now high in the air, and now low on the ground,
He moaned in derision, he whistled with glee,
Ah! never was Zephyr as merry as he,
Till at length, in his frolic, he entered a shed
Where a widow was praying for daily bread,
In the voice of faith, low, subdued and mild,
She prayed for food for her starving child:
Then the wind bowed down with its burden there,
And Heaven thus answered the widow's prayer.
Then he entered the halls, where many a scene
Of joyous pleasure, and mirth had been—
He softly sighed o'er the festal board,
Where the jest had passed, and the red wine poured,
He swept the harp with his quivering wing,
And woke the tones of each mournful string,
While his murmuring voice, with its gentle chime,
Seemed singing a song of the olden time,
Or breathing a dirge o'er the gay hearts fled
To their silent homes 'mid the lowly dead.
He sighed through the banners that hung on high—
(Dimmed was their gorgeous blazonry,)
But they waved aloft, as they waved of old,
When the shout and song shook each heavy fold,
While the dust fell down in a dark'ning cloud—
And the moth was rocked in her silken shroud—
And the bat sprang forth from his loathsome nest,
'Mid the pennons there, an unseemly guest!

Then he went to the violet's lonely bowers,
And gathered their breath, though he left the flowers,
And hastened on with the rich perfume
And a gladsome song, to the invalid's room.
He hushed his voice as he entered there,
For holy and sad rose the sound of prayer,
With his wealth from the woods he wafted on,
And rushing memories of bright things gone
To the dying bore, while a low-breathed sigh,
Told of the Zephyr's sympathy.
One tender act that he did that day,
Was a moment to pause where a stranger lay,
In an unknown land, with no loved one near
To breathe a sigh o'er his lowly bier,
Or moisten his grave with the tear-drops shed
From the mourning heart, o'er the loved and the dead.
Then mounting upward, on breezy wing,
To the white haw tree richly blossoming,
And, gathering its sweets with a gentle wave,
He spread them like snow o'er the stranger's grave.
Green leaf, and bud, and starry flower,
Filled the rich air, like a lovely shower
Of bright things, sent from a fairy land,
And lay on the grave as though some kind hand
Had scattered, that silent heart above,
The sweets that in life it had learned to love.

But 'twere vain to tell of his wanderings free
O'er leafy land, and o'er foaming sea—
How he swept round the palace, and played through the cot—
Passed "the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot;"
How he wafted the purple of lordly pride,
And fluttered the rags of the beggar aside,
How he made of a spray-capped wave his steed,
And rode o'er the ocean with Jehu speed,
('Till his charger tossed its snowy mane,
And sank to its native depths again,)
How he hastened the ship on her homeward way,
And scattered her track with the ocean's spray.
'Twere vain to number the acts like these,
That were done that day, by the joyous Breeze—
While I could but mark that, what first seemed rude,
Was gentle, and tender, and kind, and good.
I followed him far on his wayward track,
And when, from wandering, I turned me back,
He whispered at parting, these words, methought,
To my hasty heart,—"*Judge not!* JUDGE NOT!"

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SHAKSPEARE.

BY THEODORE S. FAY, AUTHOR OF "NORMAN LESLIE," "THE COUNTESS IDA," ETC.

It is the fashion to consider Macbeth a spotless and noble soul, ensnared by the toils of the fiends, and pulled down from heaven to hell by the chance meeting of the weird sisters on the heath. There is a serious objection to this view. It makes machines of men. It takes from us the most obvious and sublime attribute of an immortal being, viz: free agency. If a high-minded and God-revering mortal is unprotected against the attacks of supernatural beings — if foul witches may watch for him in unguarded moments, and weave around his enchanted feet the fatal snares of crime and death, then are we truly a wretched race. But this is not Shakspeare's creed. This is not the character of the tragedy. Macbeth was a villain. He had deliberately adopted vice as his god long before the fiends were permitted to patter with him. They come as a *consequence* not as a *cause* of wickedness. The withered and wild sisters on the blasted heath were conjured up by his own cherished weaknesses and *secret* deeds.* They were the haggard and hellish impersonations of his own hidden thoughts and passions. He was not the pure, generous, heaven-adoring person he is represented. The germs of his guilt he had received into his heart by himself years before, and they lay shooting there in silence, only waiting the quickening beam of opportunity — waiting the first, feeblest temptation to start forth in all their force. He was one of those fair-*seeming* men who pass for honest and noble. The world contains now, as then, many such. Many a man with an uplifted brow and a clear name, waits only *occasion* to prove himself a scoundrel. It is such specious hypocrites that gather around them (as the smell of carrion does the hawk and vulture) the plotting witches who watch for power over the children of men. They had never tempted the pure good old King Duncan. He might have passed the blasted heath every day of his life, and those hags would never have dreamed of appearing to him. His soul was not prepared for their wiles. But that of Macbeth — as well as that of his stern wife — was corrupted by the whole tenor of their previous life.

Had there been left no evidence of this, I should still have asserted it. The innocent — the pure in heart — they who daily commune with their Maker — who acknowledge their weakness and danger when left to themselves — and implore humbly at his feet his all-sufficient aid — never fall victims to the accursed fiends, whether they appear in the deformity of Paddock and Graymalkin, or disguised under the fair temptations of life.

But Shakspeare has left proof enough in his tragedy. He meant to show, not (as is frequently asserted) the downfal of noble grandeur and unsuspecting innocence, but the destruction of a fair-showing, unsuspected villain — the wreck of a ship whose outward semblance was tall and imposing, but which was unseaworthy and destined to go down before the first gale.

In the first place, why does not *Banquo* suffer from the fiends? He is with Macbeth when they appear. He even boldly addresses them, and at once — with the frank fearlessness of a noble and virtuous mind, conscious of its honesty, commands them, if they can read the future, to speak to *him* also.

"Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear your favors, nor your hate."

Here is at once a man not to be tampered with. They promise *him* also as well as Macbeth a dazzling future good — a posterity of kings — but it in no way changes his plans of life, or raises the least idea in his mind of crime or intrigue. Even when, according to the prediction of the witches, Macbeth instantly receives intelligence, of his being thane of Cawdor, Banquo's *clear-seeing sense of right*, his innocence of nature takes the true and virtuous view of the affair, looks, at a glance, through all the complicated web of the sisters' plots, and keeps himself unsoiled, unendangered by them.

> *Banquo.* "But 'tis strange;
> And often-times, to win us to *our harm*,
> The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
> Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
> In deepest consequence."

And while he is making this just reflection, the obvious impulse of a mind not warped from the erectness of a moral and religious integrity and reverence, Macbeth soliloquizes with a kind of inexpressible anticipatory triumph.

> "Two truths are told
> As happy prologues to the swelling act
> Of the imperial theme."

And he then goes on, like a ready made, long-matured rascal as he is — like one whose mind had no habit of virtuous or religious contemplation, but which has always had a familiarity with evil and a tendency downward:

> ——— "Why do I *yield* to that suggestion
> Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair," etc.

* *Vide a future* ¶.

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The very moment his attention is directed to the subject of his becoming *king*, he conceives the idea of murdering the actual occupant of the throne, notwithstanding the fact that there are two sons living.

An innocent man, were he told he would become king of England, would not instantly set about murdering the queen. He would (supposing him to have faith in the prediction) say to himself, as indeed Macbeth does at one time:

> "If chance will have me king, why chance may crown me, without my stir."

The very first page of the tragedy marks Macbeth for a villain even before he has made his appearance.

> 1. *Witch.* When shall we three meet again
> In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
> 2. *Witch.* When the hurly-burly's done,
> When the battle's lost and won;
> 3. *Witch.* That will be ere set of sun.
> 1. *Witch.* Where the place?
> 2. *Witch.* Upon the heath.
> 3. *Witch.* *There to meet with Macbeth.*

Why have these fiendish women selected the gallant soldier as their victim? What gathers them about the "battle" that is raging near? *What* but the *scent* of *a sinful heart?*

But there are other proofs of an extrinsic nature, which settle the previous character of Lady Macbeth at the same time, and shows how ripe they both were for the fiends.

If a man's true nature may be supposed to be known to any one it *is to his wife.* He may put on a smooth face before his best friend; he may write or speak virtuous sentiments to the public; he may give charitable donations, and follow the career of a flaming patriot or a meek saint, but the lady upon whom he has conferred with his name, the right of being with him continually, will be pretty able to tell how matters really are. I do not say that, because a wife abuses her husband and calls him names, he must necessarily be a rascal; but, as a general rule, the partner of his woes and joys has better opportunities of *knowing the man* than almost any one else — at least, if she be a person of Lady Macbeth's discrimination. Well then, see what his *lady* says of him, to herself, on receiving his letter recounting the prediction of the weird sisters.

> "Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
> What thou art promis'd: — yet I do fear thy nature;
> It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
> To catch the nearest way."

That she should suppose him *too full of the milk of human kindness* to do cruel actions is a skilful stroke in the delineation both of his nature and hers. However well she knew him, as he had been till then, an unprincipled man — even *she* had never fathomed those depths of character, (for good or for evil common to all men, and equally unfathomed probably by himself,) which the subsequent events disclosed. Shakspeare somewhere else says, "It is not a year or so that shows us a man" — and it is an important truth, that we are not thoroughly known by our best friends, and do not know ourselves till late in life. This same person, so full of the milk of human kindness that she feared his "softer nature" could never be brought to the necessary resolution, no sooner finds himself once fairly compromised than his atrocities throw the cruelties of ordinary oppressors quite into the shade.

> "Thou would'st be great;
> Art not without ambition; but without
> The illness should attend it. What thou would'st highly
> Thou would'st holily; would'st not play false,
> And yet *would'st wrongly win,*" etc. etc.

This passage has been often misunderstood. "Without the *illness*" that should attend ambition — "what thou would'st highly thou would'st holily," does not mean, thou art without the *vices* which should attend ambition, and, what thou would'st highly — thou would'st in a *holy spirit.* It means, he is without the *courage* to bear the risk and odium necessary to the successful carrying out of ambitious plans, although he is willing enough to be *guilty* if he may not *appear* to be so. "What he would highly," he would also with an *appearance of holiness.* He loves the *mask* of virtue, but he loves also the sweets of sin. He has thus far enjoyed the good opinion of the *world.* He cannot bear to throw aside the wreath which he has worn and which flatters his weakness and vanity. It is the *world* which alone he thinks of. This is his only god. Of the Supreme Being, there is not a word; but of his inclination to assume the moral responsibility there is a distinct acknowledgment:

> "Would'st not play false
> And yet *would'st wrongly win.* 'Thou'd'st have, great Glamis,'
> That which cries, '*Thus thou must do if thou have it!*'
> And that which thou dost *rather fear to do,*
> Than *wishest should be undone.*"

Here we have Macbeth's character. Here we have the secret of his goodness. It is *fear* and *love of the world.*

Shakspeare meant to draw a very — very common character, only he has made it collossal. How many men in the common life of this day are irreproachable from the same considerations — fear and love of the world, joined to a certain dislike of the trouble, exertion and risk of wrong. ("If we should fail!") That these are the moving springs of this seemingly noble and generous but really remorseless and impious character we see again from a remark of his own. After contemplating the murder for some time, he concludes to abandon the plan. Why? Because he will not incur the moral guilt? Because he has thoughts of his God, whose eye is on him, and who cannot but punish a crime? Because the commandment has been written, "Thou shalt do no murder!" Because the Deity himself has decreed "blood for blood?"

No. For reasons much more suited to his irreligious, infidel, worldly mind:

> "We will proceed no further in this business!
> He hath *honored* me of late; and I have bought
> *Golden opinions* from all *sorts of people,*
> Which should be worn now in their newest gloss,
> Not cast aside so soon."

These are his reasons for not wishing to proceed. Not a thought of his Maker — not an allusion to a future world. He expressly says, in another passage,

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if he could but be secure against detection *in this world*, he does not feel any apprehension respecting the other. He'll "*jump the world to come.*"

No man, not corrupt by long previous backslidings either of thought or deed, would act as Macbeth acts. He grasps at the first idea of murder with the true zest of an assassin. All his struggles are only those of fear. The *first* time he meets the king, his generous, grateful, and gracious master, he seems already to have arranged the murder in his mind, and his hypocrisy and cruelty do not waver an instant. He discovers the self-possession and plausible villany of a practised criminal, and this too before he sees his wife upon the subject. It almost seems as if they had spoken on this point before. When Duncan heaps him with thanks and rewards, he answers:

> *Mac.* "The service and the loyalty I owe,
> In doing it, pays itself. Your Highness' part
> Is to receive our duties: and our duties
> Are, to your throne and state, children and servants;
> Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
> Safe toward your love and honor."

When the King says, as if in dark conformity to the witches' prediction:

> "from hence to Inverness,
> And bind us further to you,"

Macbeth, like a hungry leopard trembling with joy at seeing his victim take refuge in his very den, says, with an affectation of grateful submission:

> *Mac.* "The rest is labor which is not used for you:
> I'll be myself the harbinger, and *make joyful*
> *The hearing of my* wife with your approach."

And then *already*, to himself:

> *Mac.* "The Prince of Cumberland! That is a step
> On which I must fall *down, or else o'erleap;*
> For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
> Let not light see my black and deep desires,
> The eye wink at the hand, *yet let that be*
> Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see."

His famous soliloquy, "Out, out, brief candle," is in itself a superb piece of earthly philosophy, but it becomes resplendently significant when regarded as the *creed of infidelity* which has brought him where he is; for he is an atheist, and *therefore* he is a *murderer*.

> "Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
> That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
> And *then is heard no more:* it is a tale
> Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
> *Signifying nothing.*"

These are not the thoughts of the gentle, happy-hearted Shakspeare. These are the blasphemous outbreakings of a blood-drenched, disbelieving soul, vainly striving to make head against God's vengeance by denying his existence. No. Life's *not* a walking shadow. It is more than a poor player—than a tale signifying nothing. It signifies much not to be known by the "ignorant present," as they find, unhappy lost ones, who mistake such wicked blasphemies for truth.

The pertinacity with which his selfish soul is wedded to the world is again betrayed in one of his last soliloquies, where, in running a kind of balance in his accounts between the gains and losses of his murderous ambition, he complains:

> "And that which should accompany old age,
> As *honor, love, obedience, troops of friends*,
> I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
> Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
> Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not."

Always the world bounds his hopes and his fears.

The original viciousness of his nature is also betrayed by the readiness with which, once embarked in the career of crime, he plunges in headlong. The very morning of the murder of the king, he stabs in their sleep the two grooms of the chamber, then Banquo and Fleance (which latter escapes by chance.) He rushes on from murder to murder with the rabid fury of a hound maddened with the taste of blood. He adopts the direst principles of action,

> *Mac.* "From this moment
> The very firstlings of my heart shall be
> The firstlings of my hand."

Surprises the castle of Macduff, and massacres his wife, his babes,

> "And all the unfortunate souls
> That trace him in his line."

That Shakespeare meant to draw, in this remarkable portraiture, a worldly character unsupported by *religion*, is evident from the *tone of piety* which runs through the other characters. The gentlewoman's "Heaven knows what she has known," and her "pray God it be well." The doctor's "God, God forgive us all!" Macduff's

> "Did Heaven look on
> And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
> They were all struck for thee! Naught that I am,
> Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
> Fell slaughter on their souls: Heaven rest them now."

This is the oft repeated apprehension of a pious heart which fears still its own weakness, and finds, in the inscrutable and most awful visitatings of God a merited blow—a chastener of its still corrupt desires—a lesson to unlink it yet more from its grasp on mortality.

Immediately again Macduff prays to heaven—and in the same page Malcolm says:

> "Macbeth
> Is ripe for shaking, and the *powers above*
> Put on their instruments."

Another instance of the pure christian piety with which the poet invests his good characters, and of which he deprives his bad ones, telling strongly for Dr. Ulrici's theory, occurs in the third scene of the fourth act, where Malcolm, the heir to the throne, in order to try Macduff, represents himself as being full of vices. Macduff replies,

> "Thy Royal Father
> Was a most *sainted King;* the Queen, that bore thee,—
> *Oftener upon her knees than on her feet.*"

In his answer, Malcolm uses the expression, full of pious reverence:

> "But *God above*
> Deal between thee and me," &c.

And still another, the morning after the murder, when Macduff says:

> "In the *great hand of God I stand,*" &c.

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THE DAUGHTERS OF DR. BYLES.

A SKETCH OF REALITY.

BY MISS LESLIE.

On my first visit to Boston, about nine years since, was offered, by a lady of that kind and hospitable city, (the paradise of strangers,) an introduction to the two daughters of the celebrated Mather Byles: and I gladly availed myself of this opportunity of becoming acquainted with these singular women, whom, I had been told, were classed among the curiosities of the place.

Their father, a native Bostonian, (born in 1706, during the reign of Queen Anne,) was connected with the family of Cotton Mather. His education was completed in England, where he studied theology at Cambridge, and was afterwards ordained a minister of the gospel according to the Episcopal faith. On his return to Boston, Mather Byles was inducted into the first pastor-ship of Hollis street church, then a newly-erected edifice, constructed entirely of wood, as were most American churches of that period. He became proprietor of a house and a small piece of ground near the junction of Tremont and Nassau streets. In this house all his children were born, and here the two that survived were still living. His wife was a daughter of Governor Taylor.

The position of Dr. Byles as a clergyman, his literary acquirements, his shrewd sense, and his ready wit, caused him to be highly popular at home, and brought him into personal acquaintance or epistolary correspondence with many of the principal men of his time, on both sides of the Atlantic. He frequently exchanged letters with Pope and with Dr. Watts: and among the visiters at his "modest mansion" might be enumerated some of the most distinguished persons of his native province—while strangers of note eagerly sought his acquaintance.

All went smoothly with Dr. Byles till America became impatient of her dependence on the crown of Britain; and, unfortunately for him, his sympathies were on the side of the mother country. He could not be persuaded that her children of the new world had sufficient cause for abrogating the authority of the nation from whence they had sprung; and he considered their alleged grievances as mere pretexts for throwing off a chain which, in his opinion, had pressed but lightly on them; and that, in short, as Falstaff said of the Percy and Mortimer insurrection, —"Rebellion lay in their way, and they found it." His congregation had warmly and almost unanimously espoused the popular cause, and, consequently, were much irritated at the ultra royalist feelings and opinions of their pastor, whose difficulties with his flock seeming daily to increase, Dr. Byles eventually thought it best to resign his situation as minister of Hollis street church.

The war broke out; the battle of Bunker Hill was fought, and Boston was subsequently occupied by the British army, and besieged by the Americans, who established themselves in hostile array upon the heights that commanded the town,—and, with a view of dislodging the enemy, they vigilantly exerted themselves in stopping all supplies of fuel and provisions. After holding out against the patriots during a leaguer of more than eight months, the British finally withdrew their forces, and embarked them to carry the war into another section of the country. Now, that something like order was again restored in the town of Boston and its vicinity, it was thought time to punish those who had rendered themselves obnoxious by aiding and abetting the cause of the enemy. Some of the most noted royalists were expelled from the province and took refuge in Nova Scotia, others went into voluntary exile and repaired to England, where they preferred a claim of indemnification for the losses they had sustained by adhering to the cause of monarchy. Among others, Dr. Mather Byles was denounced at a town-meeting, for his unconcealed toryism: for having persisted in praying for the king; and for interchanging visits with the British officers, most of whom were received familiarly at his house. Upon these charges he was tried before a special court, and at first sentenced to have his property confiscated, and himself and family transported to England. But the board of war, out of respect to his private character, commuted his punishment to a short imprisonment in his own house, under the guard of sentinels, and allowed him to retain his possessions.

The rebellion eventuated in a successful revolution; and honor, fame, and the gratitude of their country rewarded those who had assisted in the glorious contest for independence; while all who had held back, and all who had sided with the enemy, were contumeliously cast into the shade, regarded with contempt by their former associates, or compelled to wear out their lives in exile from the land of their birth. Most of the connections of the Byles family quitted the States. But the doctor remained, and finding that he could not regain his former place among his townsmen, he lived in retirement during

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the residue of his life, and died at his own house in Boston, in 1788, in the 82d year of his age. He was interred beneath the pavement of the chancel in Trinity church, having worshipped there with his family after quitting that of Hollis street.

In the old family house his two surviving daughters had ever since continued to reside, steadily refusing to sell either the building or the lot of ground attached to it, though liberal offers for its purchase had repeatedly been made to them. So deep-rooted was their attachment to this spot, where they had been born, and where they had always lived, that they considered it impossible for them to exist in any other place, continually asserting that a removal from it would certainly kill them. They had a trifling source of income which brought them two hundred dollars annually, and they contrived to save nearly the whole of this little sum. Also, they possessed a tolerable quantity of old-fashioned plate, which they had put away in a chest up stairs, never to be used or sold while they lived. In the mean time their wants were chiefly supplied, (and, indeed, many little luxuries were furnished them,) by the benevolence of certain ladies of Boston, who, in the goodness of their hearts, overlooked the anomaly of two women who had the means of a comfortable independence within their reach, submitting to receive assistance from eleemosynary bounty rather than relinquish the indulgence of what, in those matter-of-fact times, would, by most persons, be regarded as a mere morbid fancy. But on this point of feeling they believed their happiness to depend; and their tolerant benefactresses kindly enabled them to be happy in their own way.

The Miss Byleses kept no domestic; but a man came every morning to attend to the wood and water part of their *ménage*, and to go their errands — and a woman was employed every week to do up the Saturday work. A newspaper was sent to them gratuitously — books were lent to them, for the youngest was something of a reader, and also wrote verses; and they frequently received little presents of cakes, sweetmeats, and other delicacies. They rarely went out, except to Trinity church. Then they put on their everlasting suits of the same Sunday clothes: their faces being, on these occasions, shaded with deep black veils suspended from their bonnets, not so much for concealment as for gentility.

The lady who volunteered to introduce me to the daughters of Dr. Byles, was, as I afterwards understood, one of those who assisted in affording them some of the comforts which they denied to themselves. We set out on our visit on one of the loveliest mornings of a Boston summer, the warmth of the season being delightfully tempered by a cool breeze from the sea. After passing the beautiful Common, (why has it not a better name?) my companion pointed out to me, at what seemed the termination of the long vista of Tremont street, an old black-looking frame-house, which, at the distance from whence I saw it, seemed to block up the way by standing directly across it. It was the ancient residence of Mather Byles, and the present dwelling of his aged daughters; one of whom was in her eighty-first and the other in her seventy-ninth year. This part of Tremont street, which is on the south-eastern declivity of a hill, carried us far from all vicinity to the aristocratic section of Boston.

At length we arrived at the domain of the two antique maidens. It was surrounded by a board fence, which had once been a very close one, but time and those universal depredators, "the boys," had made numerous cracks and chinks in it. The house (which stood with the gable end to the street) looked as if it had never been painted in its life. Its exposure to the sun and rain, to the heats of a hundred summers and the snows of a hundred winters, had darkened its whole outside nearly to the blackness of iron. Also, it had, even in its best days, been evidently one of the plainest and most unbeautified structures in the town of Boston, where many of the old frame-houses can boast of a redolence of quaint ornament about the doors, and windows, and porches, and balconies. Still, there was something not unpleasant in its aspect, or rather in its situation. It stood at the upper end of a green lot, whose long thick grass was enamelled with field flowers. It was shaded with noble horse-chestnut trees relieved against the clear blue sky, and whose close and graceful clusters of long jagged leaves, fanned by the light summer breeze, threw their chequered and quivering shadows on the grass beneath, and on the mossy roof of the venerable mansion.

We entered the enclosure by a board gate, whose only fastening was a wooden latch with a leather string; like that which secured the wicket of Little Red Ridinghood's grand-mother. There was a glimpse of female figures hastily flitting away from a front window. We approached the house by a narrow pathway, worn by frequent feet, in the grass, and a few paces brought us to the front door with its decayed and tottering wooden steps. My companion knocked, and the door was immediately opened by a rather broad-framed and very smiling old lady, habited in a black worsted petticoat and a white short-gown, into the neck of which was tucked a book-muslin kerchief. Her silver hair was smoothly arranged over a wrinkled but well-formed forehead, beneath which twinkled two small blue eyes. Her head was covered with a close full-bordered white linen cap, that looked equally convenient for night or for day. She welcomed us with much apparent pleasure, and my companion introduced her to me as Miss Mary Byles. She was the eldest of the two sisters.

Miss Mary ushered us into the parlor, which was without a carpet, and its scanty furniture seemed at least a century old. Beneath a surprisingly high mantel-piece was a very low fire-place, from whence the andirons having been removed for the summer, its only accoutrement was a marvellous thick cast-iron back-plate, of a pattern antique even to rudeness. There were a few straight tall-backed chairs, some with bottoms of flag-rush, and others with bottoms of listing; and there was one *fauteuil*, to be

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described hereafter. My attention was attracted by the oldest-looking table I had ever seen, and of so dark a hue that it was difficult to tell whether it was mahogany or walnut. When opened out it must have been circular; but, now that the leaves were let down, it exhibited a top so strangely narrow (not more than half a foot in width) that it was impossible to divine the object in making it so; unless, indeed, it was the fashionable table of the time. And fashion, at all periods, has been considered reason sufficient for anything, however inconvenient, ugly or absurd. To support the narrow top and the wide leaves, this table seemed to be endowed with a hundred legs and a proportionate number of bars crossing among them, in every direction, all being of very elaborate turned work. I opine that this must have been a great table in its day.

My companion inquired after the health of Miss Catherine Byles, the youngest of the ladies. Miss Mary replied that sister Catherine was quite unwell, having passed a bad night with the rheumatism. Regret was expressed at our losing the pleasure of seeing her. But Miss Mary politely assured us that her sister would exert herself to appear, rather than forego an opportunity of paying her respects to the ladies; and we as politely hoped that, on our account, she would not put herself to the smallest inconvenience. While compliments were thus flying, the door of the next room opened, and Miss Catherine Byles made her entrance, in a manner which showed us that she went much by gracefulness.

Miss Catherine was unlike her elder sister, both in figure and face; her features being much sharper, (in fact, excessively sharp,) and her whole person extremely thin. She also was arrayed in a black bombasin petticoat, a short-gown, and a close lined cap, with a deep border that seemed almost to bury her narrow visage. She greeted us with much cordiality, and complained of her rheumatism with a smiling countenance.

My eyes were soon rivetted on a fine portrait of Dr. Mather Byles, from the wonderful pencil of Copley — wonderful in its excellence at a period when the divine art was scarcely known in the provinces, and when a good picture rarely found its way to our side of the ocean. And yet, under these disadvantages, and before he sought improvement in the schools of Europe, did Copley achieve those extraordinary fac-similes of the human face, that might justly entitle him to the appellation of the Reynolds of America, and are scarcely excelled by those of his cotemporary, the Reynolds of England.

The moment I looked at this picture I knew that it *must* be a likeness; for I saw in its lineaments the whole character of Dr. Byles, particularly the covert humor of the eye. The face was pale, the features well-formed, and the aspect pleasantly acute. He was represented in his ecclesiastical habiliments, with a curled and powdered wig. On his finger was a signet-ring containing a very fine red cornelian. While I was contemplating the admirably-depicted countenance, his daughters were both very voluble in directing my attention to the cornelian ring, which they evidently considered the best part of the picture; declaring it to be an exact likeness of that very ring, and just as natural as life.

Before I had looked half enough at Copley's picture, the two old ladies directed my attention to another portrait which they seemed to prize still more highly. This, they informed me, was that of their nephew, "poor boy," whom they had not seen for forty years. It was painted by himself. — His name was Mather Brown, and he was the only son of their deceased elder sister. He had removed to London, where, as they informed me, he had *taken* the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York — "and, therefore," said one of the aunts — "he is painter to the royal family." They both expressed much regret that they had not been able to prevail on their father, after the revolution, to give up America entirely, and remove with his family to England. "In that case," said Miss Mary, "we should all have been introduced at court; and the king and queen would have spoken to us; and I dare say would have thanked us kindly for our loyalty."

The truth was, as I afterwards found, that a much longer period than forty years had elapsed since their nephew left America; but they always continued to give that date to his departure. He had painted himself with his hair reared up perpendicularly from his forehead, powdered well, and tied behind, — and, in a wide blue coat with yellow buttons, and a very stiff hard-plaited shirt-frill with hand-ruffles to match. In his hand he held an open letter, which, both his aunts informed me, contained the very words of an epistle sent by one of them to him, and, therefore, was an exact likeness of that very letter. To gratify them, I read aloud the pictured missive, thereby proving that it really contained legible words.

Having looked at the pictures, I was invited by Miss Mary Byles to take my seat in the large armchair, which she assured me was a great curiosity, being more than a hundred years old, having been sent over from England by "government," as a present to their maternal grandfather, Governor Taylor. The chair was of oak, nearly black with age, and curiously and elaborately carved. The back was very tall and straight, and the carving on its top terminated in a crown. This chair was furnished with an old velvet cushion, which was always (by way of preservation) kept upside down, the underside being of dark calico. Miss Mary, however, did me the honor, as a visiter, to turn the right side up, that I might sit upon velvet; and as soon as I had placed myself on it, she enquired if I found it an easy seat? On my replying in the affirmative. "I am surprised at that" — said she, with a smile — "I wonder how a republican can sit easy under the crown." — Beginning to understand my cue, I, of course, was properly diverted with this piece of wit.

Miss Catherine then directed my attention to the antique round table, and assured me that at this very table Dr. Franklin had drank tea on his last visit to Boston. Miss Mary then produced, from a closet by the chimney-side, an ancient machine of timber and iron in the form of a bellows, which she informed

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me was two hundred years old. It looked as if it might have been two thousand, and must have been constructed in the very infancy of bellows-making, about the time when people first began to grow tired of blowing their fires with their mouths. It would have afforded a strange contrast, and a striking illustration of the march of intellect, if placed by the side of one of those light and beautiful, painted, gilt and varnished fire-improvers which abound in certain shops in Washington street. This bellows of other days was so heavy that it seemed to require a strong man to work it. The handles and sides were carved all over with remarkably cumbrous devices; and the nozle or spout was about the size and shape of a very large parsnep with the point cut off.

Miss Mary now asked her sister if *she* had no curiosities to show the ladies? Miss Catherine modestly replied that she feared she had nothing the ladies would care to look at. Miss Mary assured us that sister Catherine had a box of extraordinary things, such as were not to be seen every day, and that they were universally considered as very great curiosities. Miss Catherine still seemed meekly inclined to undervalue them. My companion, who *had* seen the things repeatedly, begged that their Philadelphia visiter might be indulged with a view of these rarities—and, finally, after a little more coquetry, a sort of square band-box was produced, and Miss Catherine did the honors of her little museum.

She showed us the envelope of a letter addressed to her father by no less a person than Alexander Pope, and directed in the poet's own hand. The writing was clear and handsome, and had evidently been executed with a new pen, and with a desire that the superscription should look well. Next, were exhibited four commissions, each bearing the signature of a different British sovereign. The names of the royal personages were placed at the top of the document and not at the bottom. This, the old ladies told us was to show that royalty ought to go before every thing else. The first signature was that of Queen Anne, and headed the appointment of their grandfather to the government of the province of Massachusetts. I have never in my life seen any autograph so bad as that of "great Anne whom three realms obeyed"—if this was to be considered a fair specimen. It looked as if nobody had ever taught her to write, and had the appearance of being scratched on the paper, not with a *pen* but with a *pin* dipped in ink. I believe it is related of the Emperor Charlemagne (who pressed the seals of his missives with the hilt of his dagger) that he effected his signature by plunging his thumb into the ink, and making with it a large black spot or blot on the parchment. No doubt, being a man of sense, he took care that his dab or smear should always be of exactly the same shape and dimension, and so *unique* in its look as to preclude the possibility of counterfeits.

The next document shown us by Miss Catherine, was honored with the name of the First George—that sapient Elector of Hanover, whose powers of comprehension were so obtuse that he never could be made exactly to understand by what means he succeeded to the throne of England, and often said "he was afraid he was keeping some honest man out of his place." His majesty's pen-maker was palpably unworthy of holding that office, for, in this autograph, both up strokes and down were so thick that they looked as if done with the feather of the quill instead of its point.

Afterwards was displayed a commission signed by George the Second. Here the royal caligraphy seemed on the mend. The signature was well written, and his majesty's pen-provider was evidently fit for his station.

Last, was a paper bearing the name of George the Third, written in a fair and easy hand, but rather inferior to that of his predecessor, notwithstanding that the second of the Hanoverian monarchs had "never liked *b*ainting or *b*oetry in all his life, and did not know what good there was in either."

It is a most fallacious and illiberal hypothesis that the hand-writing is characteristic of the mind. And those who profess that theory frequently employ it as a vehicle for the conveyance of impertinent and unjust remarks.

We were next shown a small portion of moss gathered from the time-honored roof of Bradgate Hall, the mansion in which the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey first saw the light.

These relics of the departed great were followed by the exhibition of some little articles, only remarkable as specimens of mechanical ingenuity. Among them was a large deep-red mulberry, looking surprisingly like a real one.

"And now," said Miss Catherine, "I will show you the greatest curiosity of all." She then took out an inner pasteboard box that had been placed within the larger one, and setting it on the floor, produced, from a round hole in the lid, an artificial snake, that looked something like a very long, very close string of button-molds. By giving it some mysterious impulse, she set the reptile in motion, and caused it to run about in the neighborhood of our feet. We thought it best to be a little startled and a little frightened, and very greatly surprised at the ingenuity of the thing. After we had sufficiently enjoyed the sight, Miss Catherine attempted to replace her snake in the box, telling him it was time to go home. But he seemed rather refractory, and quite unwilling to re-enter his prison. "What"—said she—chastising him with two or three smart taps—"won't you go in.—Are *you* a rebel too!"—The serpent stood rebuked; and then obediently hurried back into his hole. And we laughed as in duty bound—also with some admiration at the old lady's slight of hand in managing the reptile.

Miss Mary, having completed the exhibition of her snake, now addressed Miss Mary, and proposed that her sister should show us an extraordinary trick, "which always astonished the ladies." To this Miss Catherine made some objection, lest we should have her taken up and hanged for a witch. On our promising not to do so, she took a scrap of white

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paper which she tore into four little bits, and then laid them in a row on the table. Having done this, she left the room, shutting the door closely after her, so as to convince us, that while remaining outside it was impossible for her to see or hear anything that was done in her absence. Miss Catherine now desired me to touch, with my finger, one of the bits of paper — any one I pleased. I touched the second — and Miss Mary was then called in by her sister, who said to her, as she entered, — "Be quick." — Miss Mary immediately advanced to the table, and unhesitatingly designated the second paper as that which I touched while she was out of the room. Being unacquainted with the trick, I was really surprised; and wondered how she could have guessed so correctly. The trick was several times repeated, and every time with perfect success.

After I had been thoroughly astonished, and declared my utter inability to fathom the mystery, the sisters explained to me its very simple process. The four bits of paper, arranged on the table in a row, denoted the four first letters of the alphabet. — When I touched the second, (which signified B,) Miss Catherine directed her sister to it by saying, as she returned to the room — "Be quick." — When I touched the third — D — Miss Mary, on her entrance, was saluted by her sister with the words — "Do you think you can tell?" — After I had touched the first paper, A, Miss Mary was asked — "Are you sure you can guess?" — and when I touched C, Miss Catherine said to Miss Mary, "Come and try once more." And thus, by commencing each sentence with the letter that had just been touched, she unfailingly pointed out to her sister the exact paper. To succeed in this little trick, there must, of course, be an understanding between the two persons that exhibit it: and to most of the uninitiated it appears very surprising. By adopting a similar plan of collusion, some of the professors of Mesmerism have contrived to obtain from their magnetized sleepers, replies which, to the audience, seemed truly astonishing.

We now arose to take our leave; and our attention was then directed to a square pine table standing by one of the windows, and covered with particularly uninviting specimens of pincushions, needle-books, emery-bags, &c. The old ladies informed us that this was a charity table, which they kept for the benefit of "the poor." I had thought that the Miss Byleses were their own poor. However, we gratified them by adding a trifling sum to their means of doing good: and I became the proprietor of the ugliest needle-book I had ever seen. But I magnanimously left the less ugly things to tempt the choice of those persons who really make an object of their purchases at charity tables. — "Dear good little me."

The Miss Byleses were very urgent in inviting me to repeat my visit, saying, that any time of the day after nine o'clock, they were always ready to see company, and would be happy to receive me and such friends as I might wish to bring with me. And they enumerated among their visiters, from other parts of the Union, some highly eminent personages.

While we were listening to the "more last words" of Miss Catherine, her sister slipped out into the very short passage that led to the house door, and then slipped back again. We, at last, paid our parting compliments, and Miss Mary escorted us to the front door, but seemed to find it locked, and seemed to find it impossible to unlock. This gave her occasion to say wittily — "The ladies will have to send home for their night-caps; as they are likely to be kept here all night." Luckily, however, this necessity was obviated, by the key yielding as soon as it was turned the right way: and finally Miss Mary Byles curtsied and smiled us out.

(To be concluded.)

THE EYES OF NIGHT.

BY MISS MARY SPENCER.

Night has eyes — sparkling eyes!
  Some soft, some bright;
The flashing fire ne'er dies
  From eyes of night.

Night has many wooers
  To watch her eyes,
To love her silent hours
  And mellow skies.

Night has a witching spell
  To bind the heart;
Its silent glances quell
  And awe impart.

A perfumed breath has Night:
  It wafts the sighs
Of flowers young and bright
  Around the skies.

Night has a breathing tone
  Like distant swell
Of softest music, thrown
  From fairy's knell.

Oh! how I love the Night!
  Its sparkling eyes —
Its softened shadowy light —
  Its melodies.

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THY NAME WAS ONCE A MAGIC SPELL.

BALLAD.

SUNG BY MR. DEMPSTER.

WRITTEN BY

THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

Philadelphia: JOHN F. NUNNS, 184 *Chesnut Street.*

Thy name was once the magic spell By which my heart was

bound, And bur - ning dreams of light and love, were wa - ken'd by that

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sound my heart beat quick, when stran - - - ger tongues with

i - - - - dle praise or blame, A - - - - - - woke its deep - est

thrill of life, To trem - - ble at thy name.

Long years, long years have pass'd away,
And alter'd is thy brow,
And we who met so fondly once,
Must meet as strangers now;
The friends of yore come round me still,
But talk no more of thee;
'T is idle e'en to wish it now —
For what art thou to me?

Yet still thy name, thy blessed name,
My lonely bosom fills,
Like an echo that hath lost itself,
Among the distant hills,
Which still with melancholy note,
Keeps faintly lingering on,
When the joyous sound that woke it first,
Is gone, for ever gone.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

In commencing, with the New Year, a New Volume, we shall be permitted to say a very few words by way of *exordium* to our usual chapter of Reviews, or, as we should prefer calling them, of Critical Notices. Yet we speak *not* for the sake of the *exordium*, but because we have really something to say, and know not when or where better to say it.

That the public attention, in America, has, of late days, been more than usually directed to the matter of literary criticism, is plainly apparent. Our periodicals are beginning to acknowledge the importance of the science (shall we so term it?) and to disdain the flippant *opinion* which so long has been made its substitute.

Time was when we imported our critical decisions from the mother country. For many years we enacted a perfect farce of subserviency to the *dicta* of Great Britain. At last a revulsion of feeling, with self-disgust, necessarily ensued. Urged by these, we plunged into the opposite extreme. In throwing *totally* off that "authority," whose voice had so long been so sacred, we even surpassed, and by much, our original folly. But the watchword now was, "a national literature!"—as if any true literature *could be* "national"—as if the world at large were not the only proper stage for the literary *histrio*. We became, suddenly, the merest and maddest *partizans* in letters. Our papers spoke of "tariffs" and "protection." Our Magazines had habitual passages about that "truly native novelist, Mr. Cooper," or that "staunch American genius, Mr. Paulding." Unmindful of the spirit of the axioms that "a prophet has no honor in his own land" and that "a hero is never a hero to his *valet-de-chambre*"—axioms founded in reason and in truth—our reviews urged the propriety—our booksellers the necessity, of strictly "American" themes. A foreign subject, at this epoch, was a weight more than enough to drag down into the very depths of critical damnation the finest writer owning nativity in the States; while, on the reverse, we found ourselves daily in the paradoxical dilemma of liking, or pretending to like, a stupid book the better because (sure enough) its stupidity was of our own growth, and discussed our own affairs.

It is, in fact, but very lately that this anomalous state of feeling has shown any signs of subsidence. Still it *is* subsiding. Our views of literature in general having expanded, we begin to demand the use—to inquire into the offices and provinces of criticism—to regard it more as an art based immoveably in nature, less as a mere system of fluctuating and conventional dogmas. And, with the prevalence of these ideas, has arrived a distaste even to the home-dictation of the bookseller-*coteries*. If our editors are not as yet *all* independent of the will of a publisher, a majority of them scruple, at least, *to confess* a subservience, and enter into no positive combinations against the minority who despise and discard it. And this is a *very* great improvement of exceedingly late date.

Escaping these quicksands, our criticism is nevertheless in some danger—some very little danger—of falling into the pit of a most detestable species of cant—the cant of *generality*. This tendency has been given it, in the first instance, by the onward and tumultuous spirit of the age. With the increase of the thinking-material comes the desire, if not the necessity, of abandoning particulars for masses. Yet in our individual case, as a nation, we seem merely to have adopted this bias from the British Quarterly Reviews, upon which our own Quarterlies have been slavishly and pertinaciously modelled. In the foreign journal, the review or criticism properly so termed, has gradually yet steadily degenerated into what we see it at present—that is to say into anything but criticism. Originally a "review," was not so called as *lucus a non lucendo*. Its name conveyed a just idea of its design. It reviewed, or surveyed the book whose title formed its text, and, giving an analysis of its contents, passed judgment upon its merits or defects. But, through the system of anonymous contribution, this natural process lost ground from day to day. The name of a writer being known only to a few, it became to him an object not so much to write well, as to write fluently, at so many guineas per sheet. The analysis of a book is a matter of time and of mental exertion. For many classes of composition there is required a deliberate perusal, with notes, and subsequent generalization. An easy substitute for this labor was found in a digest or compendium of the work noticed, with copious extracts—or a still easier, in random comments upon such passages as accidentally met the eye of the critic, with the passages themselves copied at full length. The mode of reviewing most in favor, however, because carrying with it the greatest *semblance* of care, was that of diffuse essay upon the subject matter of the publication, the reviewer (?) using the facts alone which the publication supplied, and using them as material for some theory, the sole concern, bearing, and intention of which, was mere difference of opinion with the author. These came at length to be understood and habitually practised as the customary or conventional *fashions* of review; and although the nobler order of intellects did not fall into the full heresy of these fashions—we may still assert that even Macaulay's nearest approach to criticism in its legitimate sense, is to be found in his article upon Ranke's "History of the Popes"—an article in which the whole strength of the reviewer is put forth *to account* for a single fact—the progress of Romanism—which the book under discussion has established.

Now, while we do not mean to deny that a good essay is a good thing, we yet assert that these papers on general topics have nothing whatever to do with that *criticism* which their evil example has nevertheless infected *in se*. Because these dogmatising pamphlets, which *were once* "Reviews," have lapsed from their original faith, it does not follow that the faith itself is extinct—that "there shall be no more cakes and ale"—that criticism, in its old acceptation, does not exist. But we complain of a growing inclination on the part of our lighter journals to believe, on such grounds, that such is the fact—that because the British

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Quarterlies, through supineness, and our own, through a degrading imitation, have come to merge all varieties of vague generalization in the one title of "Review," it therefore results that criticism, being everything in the universe, is, consequently, nothing whatever in fact. For to this end, and to none other conceivable, is the tendency of such propositions, for example, as we find in a late number of that very clever monthly magazine, Arcturus.

"But *now*" (the emphasis on the *now* is our own)— "But *now*," says Mr. Mathews, in the preface to the first volume of his journal, "criticism has a wider scope and a universal interest. It dismisses errors of grammar, and hands over an imperfect rhyme or a false quantity to the proof-reader; it looks *now* to the heart of the subject and the author's design. It is a test of opinion. Its acuteness is not pedantic, but philosophical; it unravels the web of the author's mystery to interpret his meaning to others; it detects his sophistry, because sophistry is injurious to the heart and life; it promulgates his beauties with liberal, generous praise, because this is its true duty as the servant of truth. Good criticism may be well asked for, since it is the type of the literature of the day. It gives method to the universal inquisitiveness on every topic relating to life or action. A criticism, *now*, includes every form of literature, except perhaps the imaginative and the strictly dramatic. It is an essay, a sermon, an oration, a chapter in history, a philosophical speculation, a prose-poem, an art-novel, a dialogue; it admits of humor, pathos, the personal feelings of auto-biography, the broadest views of statesmanship. As the ballad and the epic were the productions of the days of Homer, the review is the native characteristic growth of the nineteenth century."

We respect the talents of Mr. Mathews, but must dissent from nearly all that he here says. The species of "review" which he designates as the "characteristic growth of the nineteenth century" is only the growth of the last twenty or thirty years *in Great Britain*. The French Reviews, for example, which are *not* anonymous, are very different things, and preserve the *unique* spirit of true criticism. And what need we say of the Germans?—what of Winkelmann, of Novalis, of Schelling, of Göethe, of Augustus William, and of Frederick Schlegel?—that their magnificent *critiques raisonnées* differ from those of Kaimes, of Johnson, and of Blair, in principle not at all, (for the principles of these artists will not fail until Nature herself expires,) but solely in their more careful elaboration, their greater thoroughness, their more profound analysis and application of he principles themselves. That a criticism "*now*" should be different in spirit, as Mr. Mathews supposes, from a criticism at any previous period, is to insinuate a charge of variability in laws that cannot vary—the laws of man's heart and intellect—for these are the sole basis upon which the true critical art is established. And this art "*now*" no more than in the days of the "Dunciad," can, without neglect of its duty, "dismiss errors of grammar," or "hand over an imperfect rhyme or a false quantity to the proof-reader." What is meant by a "test of opinion" in the connexion here given the words by Mr. M., we do not comprehend as clearly as we could desire. By this phrase we are as completely enveloped in doubt as was Mirabeau in the castle of *If*. To our imperfect appreciation it seems to form a portion of that general vagueness which is the *tone* of the whole philosophy at this point:—but all that which our journalist describes a criticism to be, is all that which we sturdily maintain it *is not*. Criticism is *not*, we think, an essay, nor a sermon, nor an oration, nor a chapter in history, nor a philosophical speculation, nor a prose-poem, nor an art novel, nor a dialogue. In fact, it *can be* nothing in the world but—a criticism. But if it were all that Arcturus imagines, it is not very clear why it might not be equally "imaginative" or "dramatic"—a romance or a melo-drama, or both. That it would be a farce cannot be doubted.

It is against this frantic spirit of *generalization* that we protest. We have a word, "criticism," whose import is sufficiently distinct, through long usage, at least; and we have an art of high importance and clearly-ascertained limit, which this word is quite well enough understood to represent. Of that conglomerate science to which Mr. Mathews so eloquently alludes, and of which we are instructed that it is anything and everything at once—of this science we know nothing, and really wish to know less; but we object to our contemporary's appropriation in its behalf, of a term to which we, in common with a large majority of mankind, have been accustomed to attach a certain and very definitive idea. Is there no word but "criticism" which may be made to serve the purposes of "Arcturus?" Has it any objection to Orphicism, or Dialism, or Emersonism, or any other pregnant compound indicative of confusion worse confounded?

Still, we must not pretend a total misapprehension of the idea of Mr. Mathews, and we should be sorry that he misunderstood *us*. It may be granted that we differ only in terms—although the difference will yet be found not unimportant in effect. Following the highest authority, we would wish, in a word, to limit literary criticism to comment upon *Art*. A book is written—and it is only *as the book* that we subject it to review. With the opinions of the work, considered otherwise than in their relation to the work itself, the critic has really nothing to do. It is his part simply to decide upon *the mode* in which these opinions are brought to bear. Criticism is thus no "test of opinion." For this test, the work, divested of its pretensions as an *art-product*, is turned over for discussion to the world at large—and first, to that class which it especially addresses—if a history, to the historian—if a metaphysical treatise, to the moralist. In this, the only true and intelligible sense, it will be seen that criticism, the test or analysis of *Art*, (*not* of opinion,) is only properly employed upon productions which have their basis in art itself, and although the journalist (whose duties and objects are multiform) may turn aside, at pleasure, from the *mode* or vehicle of opinion to discussion of the opinion conveyed—it is still clear that he is "*critical*" only in so much as he deviates from his true province not at all.

And of the critic himself what shall we say?—for as yet we have spoken only the *proem* to the true *epopea*. What *can* we better say of him than, with Bulwer, that "he must have courage to blame boldly, magnanimity to eschew envy, genius to appreciate, learning to compare, an eye for beauty, an ear for music, and a heart for feeling." Let us add, a talent for analysis and a solemn indifference to abuse.

Stanley Thorn. By Henry Cockton, Esq., Author of "Valentine Vox, the Ventriloquist," etc., with Numerous Illustrations, designed by Cruikshank, Leech, etc., and engraved by Yeager. Lea and Blanchard: Philadelphia.

"Charles O'Malley," "Harry Lorrequer," "Valentine Vox," "Stanley Thorn," and some other effusions now "in course of publication," are novels depending for effect upon what gave popularity to "Peregrine Pickle"—we mean *practical joke*. To men whose animal spirits are high, whatever may be their mental ability, such works are always acceptable. To the uneducated, to those who read little, to the obtuse in intellect (and these three classes constitute the mass) these books are not only acceptable, but are the only ones which can be called so. We here make two divisions—that of the men who *can* think but who dislike thinking; and that of the men who either have not been presented with the materials for thought, or who have no brains with which to "work up" the material. With these classes of people "Stanley Thorn" is a favorite. It not only

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demands no reflection, but repels it, or dissipates it—much as a silver rattle the wrath of a child. It is not in the least degree *suggestive*. Its readers arise from its perusal with the identical ideas in possession at sitting down. Yet, *during* perusal, there has been a tingling physico-mental exhilaration, somewhat like that induced by a cold bath, or a flesh-brush, or a gallop on horseback—a very delightful and very healthful matter in its way. But these things are not *letters*. "Valentine Vox" and "Charles O'Malley" are no more "*literature*" than cat-gut is music. The visible and tangible tricks of a baboon belong not less to the *belles-lettres* than does "Harry Lorrequer." When this gentleman adorns his countenance with lamp-black, knocks over an apple-woman, or brings about a rent in his pantaloons, we laugh at him when bound up in a volume, just as we would laugh at his adventures if happening before our eyes in the street. But mere incidents, whether serious or comic, whether occurring or described—*mere incidents* are not books. Neither are they the basis of books—of which the idiosyncrasy is *thought* in contradistinction from *deed*. A book without action cannot be; but a book is only such, to the extent of its thought, independently of its deed. Thus of Algebra; which is, or should be, defined as "a mode of computing with symbols by means of signs." With numbers, as Algebra, it has nothing to do; and although no algebraic computation can proceed without numbers, yet Algebra is only such to the extent of its analysis, independently of its Arithmetic.

We do not mean *to find fault* with the class of performances of which "Stanley Thorn" is one. Whatever tends to the amusement of man tends to his benefit. Aristotle, with singular assurance, has declared poetry the most philosophical of all writing, (*spoudiotaton kai philosophikotaton genos*) defending it principally upon that score. He seems to think,—and many following him, have thought—that the end of all literature should be instruction—a favorite dogma of the school of Wordsworth. But it is a truism that the end of our existence is happiness. If so, the end of every separate aim of our existence—of every thing connected with our existence, should be still—happiness. Therefore, the end of instruction should be happiness—and happiness, what is it but the extent or duration of pleasure?—therefore, the end of instruction should be pleasure. But the cant of the Lakists would establish the exact converse, and make the end of all pleasure instruction. In fact, *ceteris paribus*, he who pleases is of more importance to his fellow man than he who instructs, since the *dulce* is alone the *utile*, and pleasure is the end already attained, which instruction is merely the means of attaining. It will be said that Wordsworth, with Aristotle, has reference to instruction with eternity in view; but either such cannot be the tendency of his argument, or he is laboring at a sad disadvantage; for his works—or at least those of his school—are professedly to be understood by the few, and it is the many who stand in need of salvation. Thus the moralist's parade of measures would be as completely thrown away as are those of the devil in "Melmoth," who plots and counterplots through three octavo volumes for the entrapment of one or two souls, while any common devil would have demolished one or two thousand.

When, therefore, we assert that these practical-joke publications are not "literature," because not "thoughtful" in any degree, we must not be understood as objecting to the thing in itself, but to its claim upon our attention as critic. Dr.—what is his name?—strings together a number of facts or fancies which, when printed, answer the laudable purpose of amusing a very large, if not a very respectable number of people. To this proceeding upon the part of the Doctor—or on the part of his imitator, Mr. Jeremy Stockton, the author of "Valentine Vox," we *can* have no objection whatever. His *books* do not please *us*. We will not read them. Still less shall we speak of them seriously as *books*. Being in no respect works of art, they neither deserve, nor are amenable to criticism.

"Stanley Thorn" may be described, in brief, as a collection, rather than as a series, of practical haps and mishaps, befalling a young man very badly brought up by his mother. He flogs his father with a codfish, and does other similar things. We have no fault to find with him whatever except that, in the end, he *does not* come to the gallows.

We have no great fault to find with *him*, but with Mr. Bockton, his father, much. He is a consummate plagiarist; and, in our opinion, nothing more despicable exists. There is not a *good* incident in his book (?) of which we cannot point out the paternity with at least a sufficient precision. The opening adventures are all *in the style* of "Cyril Thornton." Bob, following Amelia in disguise, is borrowed from one of the Smollet or Fielding novels—there are many of our readers who will be able to say *which*. The cab driven over the Crescent *trottoir*, is from Pierce Egan. The swindling tricks of Colonel Somebody, at the commencement of the novel, and of Captain Filcher afterwards, are from "Pickwick Abroad." The doings at Madame Pompour's (or some such name) with the description of Isabelle, are from "Ecarté, or the Salons of Paris"—a *rich* book. The Sons-of-Glory scene (or its *wraith*) we have seen—*somewhere*; while (not to be tedious) the whole account of Stanley's election, from his first conception of the design, through the entire canvass, the purchasing of the "Independents," the row at the hustings, the chairing, the feast, and the petition, is so obviously *stolen* from "Ten Thousand a-Year" as to be disgusting. Bob and the "old venerable"—what are they but feeble reflections of young and old Weller? The *tone* of the narration throughout is an absurd *echo* of Boz. For example—"'We've come agin about them there little accounts of ourn—question is do you mean to settle 'em or don't you?' His colleagues, by whom he was backed, highly approved of this question, and winked and nodded with the view of intimating to each other that in their judgment that was the point." Who so dull as to give Mr. Bogton any more credit for these things than we give the buffoon for the *rôle* which he has committed to memory?

That the work will prove amusing to *many* readers, we do not pretend to deny. The claims of Mr. Frogton, and not of his narrative, are what we especially discuss.

The edition before us is clearly printed on good paper. The designs are by Cruikshank and Leech; and it is observable that those of the latter are more effective in every respect than those of the former and far more celebrated artist.

The Vicar of Wakefield, A Tale. By Oliver Goldsmith, M. B. Illustrated with Numerous Engravings. With an Account of the Author's Life and Writings. By J. Aikin, M. D., Author of Select Works of the British Poets. D. Appleton and Co: New York.

This publication is one of a class which it behoves every editor in the country to encourage, at all times, by every good word in his power—the class, we mean of well printed and, especially, of well illustrated works from among the standard fictions of England. We place particular emphasis upon the mechanical style of these reprints. The criticism which affects to despise these adventitious aids to the enjoyment of a work of art is at best but *flourderie*. The illustration, to be sure, is not always in accordance with our own understanding of the text; and this

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fact, although we never hear it urged, is, perhaps, the most reasonable objection which *can* be urged against pictorial embellishment — for the unity of conception *is* disturbed; but this disturbance takes place only in very slight measure (provided the work be worth illustration at all) and its disadvantages are far more than counterbalanced by the pleasure (to most minds a very acute one) of comparing our comprehension of the author's ideas with that of the artist. If our imagination is feeble, the design will probably be in advance of our conception, and thus each picture will stimulate, support, and guide the fancy. If, on the contrary, the thought of the artist is inferior, there is the stimulus of contrast with the excitement of triumph. Thus, in the contemplation of a statue, or of an individual painting of merit, the pleasure derivable from the comments of a bystander is easily and keenly appreciable, while these comments interfere, in no perceptible degree, with the force or the unity of our own comprehension. We never knew a man of genius who did not confess an interest in even the worst illustrations of a good book — although we have known many men of genius (who should have known better) make the confession with reluctance, as if one which implied something of imbecility or disgrace.

The present edition of one of the most admirable fictions in the language, is, in every respect, very beautiful. The type and paper are magnificent. The designs are very nearly what they should be. They are sketchy, spirited cuts, depending for effect upon the higher merits rather than upon the minor morals of art — upon skilful grouping of figures, vivacity, *naïveté* and originality of fancy, and good drawing in the mass — rather than upon finish in details, or too cautious adherence to the text. Some of the scraps at the commencement are too diminutive to be distinct in the style of workmanship employed, and thus have a *blurred* appearance; but this is nearly all the fault we can find. In general, these apparent trifles are superb; and a great number of them are of a nature to elicit enthusiastic praise from every true artist.

The Memoir by Dr. Aikin is highly interesting, and embodies in a pleasing narrative, (with little intermixture of criticism upon what no longer requires it,) all that is, or need be known of Oliver Goldsmith. In the opening page of this Memoir is an error (perhaps typographical) which, as it *is* upon the opening page, has an awkward appearance, and should be corrected. We allude to the word "*protégée*," which, in the sense, or rather with the reference intended, should be printed *protégé*. This is a very usual mistake.

Tales and Souvenirs of a Residence in Europe. By a Lady of Virginia. Lea and Blanchard: Philadelphia.

Barring some trifling affectation, (apparent, for example, in heading a plain English chapter with the French *Pensées*,) this volume is very creditable to Mrs. Rives — for it seems to be well understood that the fair author, in this case, is the wife of the well-known Senator from Virginia.

The work is modestly prefaced, and disclaims all pretension. It is a mere re-gathering of sketches, written originally for the amusement of friends. A lady-like taste and delicacy (without high merit of any kind) pervade the whole. The style is somewhat disfigured by pleonasms — or rather, overburdened with epithets: a common fault with enthusiastic writers who want experience in the world of letters. For example:

"There is an *inexpressible* pleasure in gliding rapidly in a *little* car, over the *neat* but *narrow turnpike* roads, bordered by *hawthorn* hedges, looking out upon *bright* fields, clothed with the *richest* and most *exquisite* verdure, occasionally catching a glimpse of some *sequestered* cottage, with its *miniature gravel* walks, and *innumerable* flowers, which, at this season, in the *distant* land of the traveller, may have bloomed and passed away, but which here offer their *brilliant* tints, and *rich* perfume; while on the other hand some *proud* castle rises in *bold* relief against the *dappled* sky."

Of mere errors of grammar there are more than sufficient; and we are constrained to say that the very first sentence of the book conveys a gross instance of faulty construction.

"The gratification of friends must once more serve as an apology for permitting the following souvenirs to see the light."

Has the gratification of friends *ever before* served as an apology for permitting *the following* souvenirs to see the light?

The Poetical Works of Reginald Heber, Late Bishop of Calcutta. Lea and Blanchard: Philadelphia.

It was only a year ago that the poems of Heber were first given to the public in a collection, from which the present edition is a re-print; but, individually, the pieces here presented have been long and favorably known — with the exception of two or three lighter effusions, now first published.

The qualities of Heber are well understood. His poetry is of a high order. He is imaginative, glowing, and vigorous, with a skill in the management of his means unsurpassed by that of any writer of his time, but without any high degree of originality. Can there be anything in the nature of a "classical" life at war with novelty *per se?* At all events, few fine scholars, such as Heber truly was, are original.

The volume before us is *a study* for the poet in the depth and breadth of its execution. Few nobler poems were, upon the whole, ever penned than are "Europe," "The Passage of the Dead Sea," and the "Morte D'Arthur." The minor pieces generally are *very naïve* and beautiful. The Latin "Carmen Seculare" would not have disgraced Horace himself. Its versification is perfect. A sketch of the author's life would have well prefaced the edition, and we are sorry to miss it.

The Poetical Works of Lord Byron. Complete in one volume. J. B. Lippincott and Co: Philadelphia.

This is a duodecimo of six hundred and eight pages, including *all* the poetic works of Lord Byron. The type is, of course, small — a fine nonpareil — but very clear and beautiful; while the paper is of excellent quality, and the press-work carefully done. There is a good plate engraved by Pease from Saunders' painting of the poet at nineteen, and another (by the same engraver) of a design of Hucknall Church by Westall. The binding is neat and substantial; and the edition, on the whole, is one we can recommend. The type is somewhat too diminutive for weak eyes — but for readers who have no deficiency in this regard — or as a work of reference — nothing could be better.

As a literary performance it is scarcely necessary to speak of this compilation. We make objection, however, and pointedly, to the omission of the biographer's name. A sketch of the nature here inserted is worth nothing when anonymous. Nine-tenths of the value attached to a certain very rambling collection of Lives, depends upon our cognizance of their having been indited by Plutarch.

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Critical and Miscellaneous Essays. By Christopher North, (Professor Wilson.) In Three Volumes. Carey and Hart: Philadelphia.

This publication is well-timed—if, at least, there be any truth in the report, that Professor Wilson is about to visit this country. The reception of the man will thus be made a part of the perusal of his works. And very glorious works they are. No man of his age has shown greater versatility of talent, and few, of any age, richer powers of imagination. His literary influence has far exceeded that of any Englishman who ever existed. His scholarship, *if not profound*, is excursive; his criticism, *if not always honest*, is analytical, enthusiastic, and original in manner. His wit is vigorous, his humor great, his sarcasm bitter. His high animal spirits give a dashing, free, hearty and devil-may-care tone to all his compositions—a tone which has done more towards establishing his literary popularity and *dominion* than any single quality for which he is remarkable. The faults of Professor Wilson, as might be supposed from the traits of his merits, are many and great. He is frequently led into gross injustice through personal feeling—this is his chief sin. His tone is often *flippant.* His scholarship is questionable as regards extent and accuracy. His style is apt to degenerate, or rather *rush*, into a species of bombastic *periphrasis* and *apostrophe*, of which our own Mr. John Neal has given the best American specimens. His analysis, although true in principle (as is always the case with the idealist) and often profound, is nevertheless deficient in that calm breadth and massive deliberateness which are the features of such intellects as that of Verulam. In short, the *opinions* of Professor Wilson can never be safely adopted without examination.

The three beautiful volumes now published, will be followed by another, embracing the more elaborate criticisms of the author,—the celebrated critiques upon Homer, &c., which it has not been thought expedient to include in this collection.

Pocahontas, and Other Poems. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. *Harper and Brothers: New York.*

Some years ago we had occasion to speak of "Zinzendorf, and Other Poems," by Mrs. Sigourney, and at that period we found, or fancied that we found many points, in her general manner, which called for critical animadversion. At *no* period, however, have we been so rash as to dispute her claim to high rank among the poets of the land. In the volume now published by the Messieurs Harper, we are proud to discover *not one* of those more important blemishes which were a stain upon her earlier style. We had accused her of imitation of Mrs. Hemans—but this imitation is no longer apparent.

The author of "Pocahontas" (an unusually fine poem of which we may take occasion to speak fully hereafter) has also abandoned a very foolish mannerism with which she was erewhile infected—the mannerism of heading her pieces with paragraphs, or quotations, by way of text, from which the poem itself ensued as a sermon. This was an exceedingly inartistical practice, and one now well discarded.

The lesser pieces in the volume before us have, for the most part, already met our eye as fugitive effusions. In general, they deserve all commendation.

"Pocahontas" is a far finer poem than a late one on the same subject by Mr. Seba Smith. Mrs. Sigourney, however, has the wrong accentuation of Powhatan. In the second stanza of the poem, too, "harassed" is in false quantity. We speak of these trifles merely *en passant.*

Hereafter we may speak in full.

The Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford: Including Numerous Letters now first published from the Original Manuscripts. In Four Volumes. Lea and Blanchard: Philadelphia.

Horace Walpole has been well termed "the prince of epistolary writers," and his Letters, which in this edition are given chronologically, form a very complete and certainly a very *piquant* commentary on the events of his age, as well as a record, in great part, of the most important historical transactions from 1735 to 1797.

Prefixed to the collection are the author's "Reminiscences of the Courts of George the First and Second"—Reminiscences which have been styled "the very perfection of anecdote writing." There is, also, the "Life," by Lord Dover. The volumes are magnificent octavos of nearly 600 pages each, beautifully printed on excellent paper, and handsomely bound. It is really superfluous to recommend these books. Every man who pretends to a library will purchase them *of course.*

The Early English Church. By Edward Churton, M. D., *Rector of Crayke, Durham. With a Preface by the* Rt. Rev. L. Silliman Ives, M. D., *Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of N. Carolina. From the second London edition. D. Appleton and Co.: New York.*

The title of this volume does not fully explain its character. The aim of the writer, to use his own words, has been "by searching the earliest records of English history, to lay before the English reader a faithful picture of the life and manners of his Christian forefathers." This design, as far as we have been able to judge in a very cursory examination, is well executed.

The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe. By Daniel De Foe, *with a Memoir of the Author, and an Essay on his Writings. With Illustrations by* Grandville. *D. Appleton and Co.: New York.*

A magnificent edition—to our taste the *most* magnificent edition—of Robinson Crusoe. The designs by Grandville are in a very superb style of art—bold, striking, and original—the *drawing* capital.

Somerville Hall, or Hints to those who would make Home Happy. By Mrs. Ellis, *author of "Women of England," "Poetry of Life," etc. etc. D. Appleton and Co.: New York.*

This interesting volume is one of a series to be entitled "Tales for the People and their Children." To this series Miss Martineau and Mary Howitt will contribute.

Wild Western Scenes. Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4. By J. Beauchamp Jones. *Philadelphia: Drew and Scammell.*

Mr. Jones is a man of talent, and these descriptions of Wild Western Life evince it. We read each successive number with additional zest.

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HARPER'S FERRY.

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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HARPER'S FERRY.

The scenery of Harper's Ferry, Virginia, is perhaps the most picturesque in America. The view given in the accompanying engraving is taken from the Blue Ridge, from whence the tourist enjoys the finest prospect of this delightful spot.. Lofty as the summit is, and difficult as the ascent proves to the uninitiated, the magnificence of the view from the top of the ridge amply compensates the adventurer for his trouble. Immediately beneath your feet are seen the Potomac and Shenandoah enveloping the beautiful village of Harper's Ferry in their folds, and then joining, their waters flow on in silent beauty, until lost behind the gorges of the mountains. Far away in the distance stretch a succession of woody plains, diversified with farm-houses and villages, and gradually growing more and more indistinct, until they fade away into the summits of the Alleghanies. But we cannot do better than give President Jefferson's unrivalled description of this scene. "The passage," he says, "of the Potomac, through the Blue Ridge, is, perhaps, one of the most stupendous scenes in nature. You stand on a very high point of land; on your right comes up the Shenandoah, having ranged along the foot of the mountains a hundred miles to seek a vent, on your left approaches the Potomac, in quest of a passage also: in the moment of their junction, they rush together against the mountain, rend it asunder and pass off to the sea. The first glance of this scene hurries our senses into the opinion that the mountains were formed first, that the rivers began to flow afterwards, that, in this place particularly they have been dammed up by the Blue Ridge of mountains, and have formed an ocean which filled the whole valley,—that continuing to rise, they have at length broken over at this spot, and have torn the mountain down from its summit to its base. The piles of rock on each hand, but particularly on the Shenandoah—the evident marks of their disrupture and avulsion from their beds by the most powerful agents of nature, corroborate the impression. But the distant finishing which nature has given to the picture, is of a very different character; it is a true contrast to the foreground; it is as placid and delightful as that is wild and tremendous,—for the mountain being cloven asunder, she presents to your eye, through the cleft, a small closet of smooth blue horizon, at an infinite distance in the plain country, inviting you, as it were, from the riot and tumult roaring around, to pass through the breach and participate in the calm below. Here the eye ultimately composes itself, and that way, too, the road happens actually to lead. You cross the Potomac just above its junction, pass along its side through the base of the mountain for three miles, its terrible precipices hanging over you, and, within about twenty miles, reach Fredericktown and the fine country round that. This scene is worth a voyage across the Atlantic."

Enthusiastic as Jefferson is in this description, he does not exceed the truth. Foreigners have borne ample testimony to the splendor of the prospect from the top of the ridge at Harper's Ferry, admitting that there are few scenes in Europe which surpass it.

It is time to do justice to American scenery. Hundreds of our citizens annually cross the Atlantic for the purpose of visiting the scenery of Europe, under the mistaken supposition that their own country affords nothing to compensate them for the trouble of a visit. This ignorance is less general than formerly, but it still prevails to a considerable extent. Yet no country affords finer or more magnificent scenery than America. Go up the Hudson, travel along the banks of the Susquehanna, cross the Alleghanies or ascend the Catskill, loiter over the fairy-like waters of lake Horicon, and you will cease to believe that America affords no scenery to reward the traveller. We say nothing of Niagara or Trenton falls, or of the mountain scenery scattered all over the south. We say nothing of the vast prairies of the west, of the boundless melancholy expanse of the Mississippi, of the magnificent scenery on the route to St. Anthony's Falls. Let our people visit these before going abroad. Let them learn to do justice to the country of their birth.

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HARRY CAVENDISH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CRUIZING IN THE LAST WAR," "THE REEFER OF '76," ETC. ETC.

THE ESCAPE.

The night after the rescue of the passengers and crew of the brig was to me a restless one. I could not sleep. Hour after hour I lay in my hammock eagerly courting repose, but unable to find it, for the images of the past crowded on my brain, and kept me in a feverish excitement that drove slumber from my pillow. My thoughts were of my boyhood,—of Pomfret Hall,—of my early schoolmate—and of his little seraph-like sister, Annette. I was back once more in the sunny past. Friends whom I had long forgotten,—scenes which had become strangers to me,—faces which I once knew but which had faded from my memory, came thronging back upon me, as if by some magic impulse, until I seemed to be once more shouting by the brookside, galloping over the hills, or singing at the side of sweet little Annette at Pomfret Hall.

I was the son of a decayed family. My parents lived in honorable poverty. But, though reduced in fortune, they had lost none of the spirit of their ancestors. Their ambition was to see their son a gentleman, a man of education. I had accordingly been early put to school, preparatory to a college education. Here I met with a youth of my own age, a proud, high-spirited, generous boy, Stanhope St. Clair. He was the heir of a wealthy and ancient family, whose residence, not far from Boston, combined baronial splendor with classic taste. We formed a fast friendship. He was a year or two my senior, and being stronger than myself, became my protector in our various school frays; this united me to him by the tie of gratitude. During the vacation I spent a month at his house; here I met his little sister, a sweet tempered innocent fairy, some four or five years my junior. Even at that early age I experienced emotions towards her which I am even now wholly unable to analyze, but they came nearer the sentiment of love than any other feeling. She was so beautiful and sweet-tempered, so innocent and frank, so bright, and sunny, and smiling, so infinitely superior to those of her age and sex I had been in the habit of associating with, that I soon learned to look on her with sentiments approaching to adoration. Yet I felt no reserve in her society. Her frankness made me perfectly at home. We played, sung and laughed together, as if life had nothing for us but sunshine and joy. How often did those old woods, the quaintly carved hall, the green and smiling lawn ring with our gladsome merriment. We studied, too, together; and as I sat playfully at her feet, looking now on her book and now in her eyes, while her long silken tresses undulated in the breeze and frolicked over my face, I experienced sensations of strange pleasure unlike anything I had ever experienced. At length the time came when I was to leave this Eden. I remember how desolate I felt on that day, but how from pride in my sex I struggled to hide my emotions. Annette made no attempt to conceal her sorrow. She flung herself into my arms and wept long and bitterly. It was the grief of a child, but it filled my heart with sunshine, and dwelt in my memory for years.

I returned to school, but my playmate was always in my thoughts. In dream or awake, at my tasks or in play, loitering under the forest trees or wandering by the stream, in the noisy tumult of day or musing in the silent moonshine, the vision of that light-hearted and beauteous girl was ever present to my imagination. It may seem strange that such emotions should occupy the mind of a mere boy; but so it was. At length, however, St. Clair took sick, and died. How bitter was my grief at this event. It was the first thing that taught me what real sorrow was. This occurrence broke up my intimacy with the St. Clair family, for, young as I was, I could perceive that my presence would be a pain to the family, by continually reminding them of their lost boy. I never therefore visited Pomfret Hall again,—but often would I linger in its vicinity hoping to catch a glance of Annette. But I was unsuccessful. I never saw her again. Our spheres of life were immeasurably separated, the circles in which she moved knew me not. We had no friends in common, and therefore no medium of communication. God knew whether she thought of me. Her parents, though kind, had always acted towards me as if an impassable barrier existed betwixt the haughty St. Clairs and the beggared Cavendish, and now that their son was no more they doubtless had forgotten me. Such thoughts filled my mind as I grew up. The busy avocations of life interfered, my father died and left me pennyless, and, to ensure a subsistence for my mother and myself, I went to sea. The dreams of my youth had long since given way to the sad realities of life,—and of all the sunny memories of childhood but one remained. That memory was of Annette.

It is a common saying that the love of a man is but an episode, while that of a woman is the whole story

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of life, nor is it my purpose to gainsay the remark. The wear and tear of toil, the stern conflict with the world, the ever changing excitements which occupy him,—war, craft, ambition,—these are sufficient reasons why love can never become the sole passion of the stronger sex. But, though the saying is in general true, it has one exception. The first love of a man is never forgotten. It is through weal and woe the bright spot in his heart. Old men, whose bosoms have been seared by seventy years conflict with the world, have been known to weep at the recollection of their early love. The tone of a voice, the beam of an eye,—a look, a smile, a footstep may bring up to the mind the memory of her whom we worshipped in youth, and, like the rod of Moses, sunder the flinty rock, bring tears gushing from the long silent fountains of the heart. Nor has any after passion the purity of our first love. If there is anything that links us to the angels, it is the affection of our youth. It purifies and exalts the heart—it fills the soul with visions of the bright and beautiful—it makes us scorn littleness, and aspire after noble deeds. Point me out one who thus loves, and I will point you out one who is incapable of a mean action. Such was the effect which my sentiments for Annette had upon me. I saw her not, it is true,—but she was ever present to my fancy. I pictured continually to myself the approbation she would bestow on my conduct, and I shrunk even from entertaining an ignoble thought. I knew that in all probability we should never meet, but I thirsted to acquire renown, to do some act which might reach her ears. I loved without hope, but not the less fervently. A beggar might love a Princess, as a Paladin of old looked up to his mistress, as an Indian worshipper adored the sun, I loved, looked up to, and adored Annette. What little of fame I had won was through her instrumentality. And now I had met her, had been her preserver. As I lay in my hammock the memory of these things came rushing through my mind, and emotions of bewilderment, joy, and gratitude, prevented me from sleep.

I had seen Annette only for a moment, as the fatigue they had endured, had confined herself and companion to the cabin, during the day. How should we meet on the morrow? My heart thrilled at the recollection of her delighted recognition—would she greet me with the same joy when we met again? How would her father receive me? A thousand such thoughts rushed through my brain, and kept me long awake—and when at length I fell into a troubled sleep, it was to dream of Annette.

When I awoke, the morning watch was being called, and springing from my hammock I was soon at my post on deck. The sky was clear, the waves had gone down, and a gentle breeze was singing through the rigging. To have gazed around on the almost unruffled sea one would never have imagined the fury with which it had raged scarcely forty-eight hours before.

Early in the day Mr. St. Clair appeared on deck, and his first words were to renew his thanks to me of the day before. He alluded delicately to past times, and reproved me gently for having suffered the intimacy betwixt me and his family to decline. He concluded by hoping that, in future, our friendship—for such he called it—would suffer no diminution.

I was attending, after breakfast, to the execution of an order forwards, when, on turning my eyes aft, I saw the flutter of a woman's dress. My heart told me it was that of Annette, and, at the instant, she turned around. Our eyes met. Her smile of recognition was even sweeter than that of the day before. I bowed, but could not leave my duty, else I should have flown to her side. It is strange what emotions her smile awakened in my bosom. I could scarcely attend to the execution of my orders, so wildly did my brain whirl with feelings of extatic joy. At length my duty was performed. But then a new emotion seized me. I wished and yet I feared to join Annette. But I mustered courage to go aft, and no sooner had I reached the quarterdeck, than Mr. St. Clair beckoned me to his side.

"Annette," he said, "has scarcely yet given you her thanks. She has not forgotten you, indeed she was the first to recognise you yesterday. You remember, love, don't you?" he said, turning to his daughter, "the summer Mr. Cavendish spent with us at the Hall. It was you, I believe, who shed so many tears at his departure."

He said this gayly, but it called the color into his daughter's cheek. Perhaps he noticed this, for he instantly resumed in a different tone:

"But see, Annette, here comes the captain, and I suppose you would take a turn on the quarterdeck. Your cousin will accompany him,—Mr. Cavendish must be your *chaperon*."

The demeanor of Mr. St. Clair perplexed me. Could it be that he saw my love for his daughter and was willing to countenance my suit? The idea was preposterous, as a moment's reflection satisfied me. I knew too well his haughty notions of the importance of his family. My common sense taught me that he never had entertained the idea of my aspiring to his daughter's hand—that he would look on such a thing as madness—and his conduct was dictated merely by a desire to show his gratitude and that of his daughter to me. These thoughts passed through my mind while he was speaking, and when he closed, and I offered to escort his daughter, I almost drew a sigh at the immeasurable distance which separated me from Annette. Prudence would have dictated that I should avoid the society of one whom I was beginning to love so unreservedly, but who was above my reach. Yet who has ever flown from the side of the one he adores, however hopeless his suit, provided she did not herself repel him? Besides, I could not, without rudeness, decline the office which Mr. St. Clair thrust upon me. I obeyed his task, but I felt that my heart beat faster when Annette's taper finger was laid on my arm. How shall I describe the sweetness and modesty with which Annette thanked me for the service which I had been enabled to do her father and herself—how to picture the delicacy with which she alluded to our childhood, recalling the bright hours we had spent together by the little

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brook, under the old trees, or in the rich wainscoted apartments of Pomfret Hall! My heart fluttered as she called up these memories of the past. I dwelt in return on the pleasure I had experienced in that short visit, until her eye kindled and her cheek crimsoned at my enthusiasm. She looked down on the deck, and it was not till I passed to another theme that she raised her eyes again. Yet she did not seem to have been displeased at what I had said. On the contrary it appeared to be her delight to dwell with innocent frankness on the pleasure she had experienced in that short visit. The pleasure of that half hour's promenade yet lives green and fresh in my memory.

We were still conversing when my attention was called away by the cry of the look-out that a sail was to be seen to windward. Instantly every eye was turned over the weather-beam, for she was the first sail that had been reported since the gale. An officer seized a glass, and, hurrying to the mast-head, reported that the stranger was considered a heavy craft, although, as yet, nothing but his royals could be seen. As we were beating up to windward and the stranger was coming free towards us, the distance betwixt the two vessels rapidly decreased, so that in a short time the upper sails of the stranger could be distinctly seen from the deck. His topgallant-yards were now plainly visible from the cross-trees, and the officer aloft reported that the stranger was either a heavy merchantman or a frigate. This increased the excitement on deck, for we knew that there were no vessels of that grade in our navy, and if the approaching sail should prove to be a man-of-war and an Englishman, our chances of escape would be light, as he had the weather-gauge of us, and appeared, from the velocity with which he approached us, to be a fast sailer. The officers crowded on the quarter-deck, the crew thronged every favorable point for a look-out, and the ladies, gathering around Mr. St. Clair and myself, gazed out as eagerly as ourselves in the direction of the stranger. At length her top-sails began to lift.

"Ha!" said the captain, "he has an enormous swing—what think you of him, Mr. Massey?" he asked, shutting the glass violently, and handing it to his lieutenant.

The officer addressed took the telescope and gazed for a minute on the stranger.

"I know that craft," he said energetically, "she is a heavy frigate,—the Ajax,—I served in her some eight years since. I know her by the peculiar lift of her top-sails."

"Ah!" said the captain; "you are sure," he continued, examining her through his glass again; "she does indeed seem a heavy craft and we have but one chance—we should surely fight her?"

"If you ask me," said the lieutenant, "I say no!—why that craft can blow us out of the water in a couple of broadsides; she throws a weight of metal treble our own."

"Then there is but one thing to do—we must wear, and take to our heels—a stern chase is proverbially a long one"

During this conversation not a word had been spoken in our group; but I had noticed that when the lieutenant revealed the strength of the foe, the cheek of Annette for a moment grew pale. Her emotion however continued but a moment. And when our ship had been wore, and we were careering before the wind, her demeanor betrayed none of that nervousness which characterized her cousin.

"Can they overtake us Mr. Cavendish?" said her companion. "Oh! what a treacherous thing the sea is. Here we were returning only from Charleston to Boston, yet shipwrecked and almost lost,—and now pursued by an enemy and perhaps destined to be captured."

"Fear not! sweet coz," laughingly said Annette, "Mr. Cavendish would scarcely admit that any ship afloat could outsail THE ARROW, and you see what a start we have in the race. Besides, you heard Captain Smythe just now say, that, when night came, he hoped to be able to drop the enemy altogether. Are they pursuing us yet Mr. Cavendish?"

"Oh! yes, they have been throwing out their light sails for the last quarter of an hour—see there go some more of their kites."

"But will not we also spread more canvass?"

I was saved the necessity of a reply by an order from the officer of the deck to spread our studding-sails, and duty called me away. I left the ladies in the charge of Mr. St. Clair, and hurried to my post. For the next half hour I was so occupied that I had little opportunity to think of Annette, and indeed the most of my time was spent below in superintending the work of the men. When I returned on deck the chase was progressing with vigor, and it was very evident that THE ARROW, though a fast sailer, was hard pressed. Every stitch of canvass that could be made to draw was spread, but the stranger astern had, notwithstanding, considerably increased on the horizon since I left the deck. The officers were beginning to exchange ominous looks, and the faces of our passengers wore an anxious expression. One or two of the older members of the crew were squinting suspiciously at the stranger. The captain however wore his usual open front, but a close observer might have noticed that my superior glanced every moment at the pursuer, and then ran his eye as if unconsciously up our canvass. At this moment the cry of a sail rang down from the mast-head, startling us as if we had heard a voice from the dead, for so intense had been the interest with which we had regarded our pursuer that not an eye gazed in any direction except astern. The captain looked quickly around the horizon, and hailing the look-out, shouted

"Whereaway?"

"On the starboard-bow."

"What does he look like," continued Captain Smythe to me, for I had taken the glass at once and was now far on my way to the cross-trees.

"He seems a craft about as heavy as our own."

"How now?" asked the captain, when sufficient space had elapsed to allow the topsails of the new visiter to be seen.

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"She has the jaunty cut of a corvette,!" I replied.

A short space of time—a delay of breathless interest—sufficed to betray the character of the ship ahead. She proved, as I had expected, a corvette. Nor were we long left in doubt as to her flag, for the red field of St. George shot up to her gaff, and a cannon ball ricochetting across the waves, plumped into the sea a few fathoms ahead of our bow. For a moment we looked at each other in dismay at this new danger. We saw that we were beset. A powerful foe was coming up with us hand over hand astern, and a craft fully our equal was heading us off. Escape seemed impossible. The ladies, who still kept the deck, turned pale and clung closer to their protector's arm. The crew were gloomy. The officers looked perplexed. But the imperturbable calm of the captain suffered no diminution. He had already ordered the crew to their quarters, and the decks were now strewed with preparations for the strife.

"We will fight him," he said; "we will cripple or sink him, and then keep on our way. But let not a shot be fired until I give the order. Steady, quartermaster, steady."

By this time I had descended to the deck, ready to take my post at quarters. The ladies still kept the deck. but the captain's eye happening to fall on them, the stern expression of his countenance gave way to one of a milder character, and, approaching them, he said,

"I am afraid, my dear Miss St. Clair, that this will soon be no place for you or your fair companion. Allow me to send you to a place of safety. Ah! here is Mr. Cavendish, he will conduct you below."

"Oh! Mr. Cavendish," said Isabel, with a tremulous voice, "is there any chance of escape?"

Annette did not speak, but she looked up into my face with an anxious expression, while the color went and came in her cheek. My answer was a confident assertion of victory, although, God knows, I scarcely dared to entertain the hope of such a result. It reassured my fair companions, however, and I thought that the eyes of Annette at least expressed the gratitude which did not find vent in words.

"We will not forget you in our prayers," said Isabel, as I prepared to reascend to the deck, "farewell—may—may we meet again!" and she extended her hand.

"God bless you and our other defenders," said Annette. She would have added more, but her voice lost its firmness. She could only extend her hand. I grasped it, pressed it betwixt both of mine, and then tore myself away. As I turned from them, I thought I heard a sob. I know that a tear-drop was on that delicate hand when I pressed it in my own.

When I reached the deck, I found Mr. St. Clair already at his post, for he had volunteered to aid in the approaching combat. Nor was that combat long delayed. We were now close on to the corvette, but yet not a shot had been fired from our batteries, although the enemy was beginning a rapid and furious cannonade, under which our brave tars chafed like chained lions. Many a tanned and sun-browned veteran glared fiercely on the foe, and even looked curiously and doubtingly on his officers, as the balls of the corvette came hustling rapidly and more rapidly towards us, and when at length a shot dismounted one of our carriages and laid four of our brave fellows dead on the deck, the excitement of the men became almost uncontrollable. At this instant, however, the corvette yawed, bore up, and ran off with the wind on his quarter. Quick as lightning Captain Smythe availed himself of the bravado.

"Lay her alongside, quartermaster," he thundered.

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the old water-rat, and during a few breathless moments of suspense we crowded silently after the corvette. That suspense, however, was of short duration. We were now on the quarter of the enemy. The captain paused no longer, but waving his sword, he shouted "FIRE," and simultaneously our broadside was poured in, like a hurricane of fire, on the foe. Nor during ten minutes was there any intermission in our fire. The combat was terrific. The men jerked out their pieces like playthings, and we could soon hear over even the din of the conflict, the crashing of the enemy's hull and the falling of his spars. The rapidity and certainty of our fire meanwhile seemed to have paralysed the foe, for his broadsides were delivered with little of the fury which we had been led to expect. His foremast at length went by the board. The silence of our crew was now first broken, and a deafening huzza rose up from them, shaking the very welkin with the uproar.

"Another broadside, my brave fellows," said Captain Smythe, "and then lay aloft and crowd all sail—I think she'll hardly pursue us."

"Huzza, boys, pour it into her," shouted a grim visaged captain of a gun, "give her a parting shake, huzza!"

Like a volcano in its might—like an earthquake reeling by—sped that fearful broadside on its errand. We did not pause to see what damage we had done, but while the ship yet quivered with the discharge the men sprang aloft, and before the smoke had rolled away from the decks our canvass was once more straining in the breeze and we were rapidly leaving our late enemy. When the prospect cleared up we could see her lying a hopeless wreck astern. The frigate which, during the conflict, had drawn close upon us, was now sending her shots like hailstones over us, but when she came abreast of her consort she was forced to stop, as our late foe by this time had hung out a signal of distress. We could see that boats, laden with human beings, were putting off from the corvette to the frigate, which proved that our late antagonist was in a sinking condition. Before an hour she blew up with a tremendous explosion.

I was the first one to hurry below and relieve the suspense of Annette and her cousin by apprising them of our success. A few hours repaired the damage we had sustained, and before night-fall the frigate was out of sight astern. So ended our first conflict with our enemy.

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THE TWO DUKES.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

(Continued from page 56.)

The artisan whom we left mounted on Lord Dudley's charger was, much against his inclinations, swept onward by the crowd, till he found himself heading, like a single item of cavalry, upon the body of Somerset men now drawn up directly before him. He had no power to change his course or dismount from the conspicuous situation which placed him in full view of both parties, and which, under all the circumstances, was rather annoying to a man of his retiring and modest nature. Still he exerted himself to restrain the onward course of his charger with one hand, while the other was bent in and the fingers clenched together over the edge of his sleeve with a prudent regard for the diamond ring and the emeralds which had been so hastily bestowed there. All at once he gave a start that almost unclenched the grasp upon his sleeve and jerked the bridle with a vehemence which brought the red and foaming mouth of the spirited animal he bestrode down upon his chest with a violence that sent the foam flying like a storm of snowflakes over his black shoulders and mane. The proud and fretted creature gave an angry snort and recoiled madly under this rough treatment. With burning eyes and a fiercer toss of the head he recovered himself and leaped into the midst of a body of armed horsemen which that moment formed a line across the street, just above St. Margaret's, and backed by an armed force, was slowly driving the mob inch by inch from the ground they had occupied.

The plunge was so sudden and furious that a slightly built but stern and aristocratic man, who rode in the centre of his party, was almost unhorsed by the shock, and a great deal of confusion was created among the horses and people thus forced back upon those eagerly pressing toward the church. The man, who had been so nearly flung from his saddle, fiercely curbed his plunging horse, and pressing his feet hard in the broad stirrups, regained his position, but with a pale face and eyes flashing fire at the rude assault which he believed to have been purposely made upon his person.

"What, ho! take yon caitiff in charge," he shouted, pointing sternly with his drawn sword toward the artisan, "or cleave him to the earth a base leader of a rabble as he seems."

Instantly the fiery and still restive charger was seized by the bit, a dozen hands were laid upon the pale and frightened being who crouched upon his back, and he was drawn face to face with Somerset, the Lord Protector of England.

There was something in the abject and insignificant figure of the artisan which made the stern anger levelled at him by the haughty man before whom he was forced almost ludicrous. This thought seemed to present itself to the Lord Protector, for his mouth relaxed into a contemptuous smile as he gazed upon his prisoner, and letting his sword drop as if it had been a riding whip, he gave a careless order that the man should be secured, and was about to move forward when his eye fell upon the rich housings of Lord Dudley's charger. At first a look of surprise arose to his face, which gradually bent his brow into a heavy and portentous frown. Once more lifting his sword, he pointed toward the horse, demanding in a stern voice of the artisan, how he came there, and so mounted?

"May it please your highness," faltered the artisan, resuming something of his natural audacity when he saw that there was a chance of extricating himself by craft rather than blows,—"May it please your highness, the horse belongs to my good Lord of Dudley whom I left but now among the rioters yonder. They lack a leader and cannot spare him yet, or he would vouch for my honesty and care which I have taken to bestow myself and the good horse into safe quarters without meddling hand or foot in this affray."

"And how came Lord Dudley or his charger at St. Margaret's?" said Somerset, frowning still more heavily, "answer the truth now—how came your lord here?"

The artisan seemed at a loss how to reply; but when the Protector grew impatient, he shook his head with a look of shrewd meaning, and said that his lord had ridden forth to seek a fair lady in the morning who had promised him a meeting somewhere in the neighborhood, but that being called upon by the mob, he had led the rioters for a time in their attack upon the workmen, and at last had joined them on foot, consigning the charger to his, the artisan's care, and that was all he knew of the matter.

"Think ye this varlet speaks truth," said Somerset, bending to a nobleman who rode at his left hand,

"or does he make up this tale of the lady to screen the premeditated share his master has taken in this riot?"

"He has a lying face," replied the person thus consulted, "the look of an unwashed dog, and but for the charger which speaks for itself, and the cry which arose but now from the heart of the mob, I should doubt."

"Nay, it must be true, traitor as he looks," exclaimed Somerset, abruptly interrupting the other, "how could I expect aught else from a Warwick? root and branch they are all alike ambitious and full of treachery. Take this man in charge!" he called aloud to those about him, "and see that he find no means of escape. And now on, my good men, that we may face this young traitor in the midst of his rabble followers—a glorious band to be led on by a Warwick!" he added, tossing a scornful glance over the rude throng which was beginning to give way before the long pikes of his men.

The artisan, who had been allowed to sit freely on his horse while under examination, was again seized at the command of Somerset; but this time he refused to submit tamely to the hands laid upon him. In the struggle his fingers were torn from their hold on his sleeve, and the stolen jewels fell sparkling upon the long black mane of the charger. Before he could free his hands and snatch them up, they were observed and secured by one of the men to whom he had been consigned, who approached the Lord Protector, as he finished his scornful comment on the rioters, and laid them in his hand, informing him how they had been obtained.

Somerset glanced carelessly at the jewels, and was about to return them, saying,

"We will attend to it all anon; keep strict guard of the wretch and see that he does not escape."

He had dropped part of the gems into the messenger's hand again, when his eye fell upon the ring; instantly the color flashed up to his forehead, and he examined the stones with an intense interest, amounting almost to agitation, for they circled his own family crest, and not many hours before he had seen them on the hand of his youngest and favorite daughter. He cast a keen glance on the man who had brought the jewels to him, as if to ascertain if he had discovered the crest, and then quietly reaching forth his hand he took the emeralds, examined them closely, and forcing his horse up to the artisan, motioned that those around him should draw back. He was obeyed so far as the crowd would permit, and then drawing close to the prisoner, with a face almost as white and agitated as his own, he demanded in a low severe voice how he came in possession of the jewels?

"How did I come in possession? May it please your highness, as an honest man should. The ring was given me by a fair lady for good service rendered in bringing her and her sweet-heart together; and as for the green stones there, which may be of value and may not, there is no gold about them; and I have my doubts, for in these cases I have always found the lady most liberal of the party—for the emeralds—why my young master was generous as well as the lady—and well he might be, for I had much ado to bring them together, besides fighting through the crowd, and caring for the horse, and helping my lord to make a passage for his light-o-love."

"Hound! speak the word again and I will cleave thee to the earth, if it be with my own sword, loth as I am to stain it so foully!" said Somerset in a voice of intense rage.

"I did but answer the question your highness put," replied the artisan cringingly.

"Peace!" commanded the Protector. After a moment, he said with more calmness, but still in the low and stern voice of concentrated anger—

"Know you the lady's name who gave you this ring?"

"My lord called her Jane, or Lady Jane, which may be the true name and may not—such light-o'—I crave your highness' pardon—such ladies sometimes have as many names as lovers—and this one may be Lady Jane to my lord, and Mistress Jane, or Mary, or—"

"Enough," interrupted the Protector—"and this ring was given by the—a lady to reward thee for bringing her to an interview with Lord Dudley. How happened it that thy services were required?"

"Well, as near as I can understand the matter," replied the artisan, somewhat reassured by the low calm tone of his questioner, though there was something in the stern face that made his heart tremble, he knew not why, "the lady, whoever she be, was to have met my lord somewhere near the church yonder, but when he came to meet one person, behold a whole parish of hotheaded people had taken possession, so instead of a love passage he consoled himself by turning captain of the riot, and played the leader to a marvel, as your highness may have heard by the clamorous outcry with which he was cheered by the mob. I am but an humble man and content me with looking on in a broil, so as I bestowed myself to a safe corner, behold the fair lady of the ring had taken shelter there also, and at her entreaties, urged in good sooth by a host of tears and those sparklers almost as bright, she won me to give my lord an inkling of her whereabouts, so as much for the bright tears as the gems I fought my way through the mob and whispered a word in the eagle's ears, which soon brought him from his war flight to the dove cot, whereupon he gave me charge of the horse here, and, taking the lady under his arm, went—"

"Whither, sirrah, whither did he take her?" said the Lord Protector, in a voice that frightened the man, for it came through his clenched teeth scarcely louder than a whisper, and yet so distinct that it fell upon his ear sharply amid all the surrounding din."

"I lost sight of them in the crowd, for this strong-bitted brute was enough to manage without troubling myself with love matters. They were together, I had my reward, and that is the long and short of the matter," replied the artisan, mingling truth and falsehood with no little address, considering the state of terror into which he had been thrown.

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"And thou art ignorant where she is now?" inquired Somerset, still in a calm constrained voice.

"Even so, your highness. Lord Dudley has doubtless nestled his dove into some safe nook hereabouts, while he leads on the rioters near the church. I heard them shouting his name just as your lordly followers seized my mettlesome beast by the bit. So there is little fear that he will not be found all in good time."

The Lord Protector turned away his head and wheeled his horse around without speaking a word, but his followers were struck by the fierce deep light that burned in his eyes and the extraordinary whiteness of his face. The artisan took this movement as a sign of his own liberation, and, glad to escape even with the loss of his plunder, he gathered up the bridle and was about to push his way from a presence that filled him with fear and trembling.

The Lord Protector's quick eye caught the motion, and, as if all the passions of his nature broke forth in the command, he thundered out—

"Seize that man and take good care that he neither speaks nor is spoken to. God of Heaven!" he added, suddenly bending forward with all the keen anguish of a father and a disgraced noble breaking over his pale features as they almost touched the saddle-bow—"Father of Heaven, that the honor of a brave house should lie at the mercy of a slippery knave's tongue!"

These words, spoken in a low stifled voice, were lost amid the din of surrounding strife; but instantly that pale proud head was lifted again and turned almost fierce upon his followers. The naked sword flashed upward, and a shout, like that of a wounded eagle fierce in his death-struggle, broke upon his white lips and rang almost like a shriek upon the burthened air.

"On to the church—on, on through the mob—trample them to the earth till we stand face to face with the leader!"

Instantly the men with their long pikes made a rush upon the multitude. The horsemen plunged recklessly forward, crushing the unarmed people to the earth, and trampling the warm life from many a human heart beneath the hoofs of their chargers.

It was the cry and struggle which arose from this onset that reached the Lord Dudley in the dim and solemn quietude of St. Margaret's church. It was this which made the Lady Jane spring wildly upon the altar where she had been extended so weak and helpless, put back the hair from her face and listen, white and breathless as a statue, for another sound of her father's voice like the one shrill war-cry that had cut to her heart like a denunciation.

Lord Dudley hurried down the aisle again, for there was something in the wild terror of her look that made him forgetful of everything but her. As his foot was lifted upon the first step of the altar, the tumult increased around the church till its foundation seemed tottering beneath the levers of a thousand fiends, all fierce and clamorous for a fragment of the sacred pile. There was a sound of heavy weapons battering against the entrance. Shout rang upon shout—a terrible crash—the great arched window was broken in. A fragment of the stone casement fell upon the baptismal font, forcing it in twain and dashing the consecrated water about till the censers and velvet footcloths were deluged with it. A storm of painted glass filled the church—whirled and flashed in the burst of sunshine, thus rudely let in, and fell upon the white altar-stone, and the scarcely less white beings that stood upon it, like a shower of gems shattered and ground to powder in their fall. Then the door gave way, and those who had kept guard rushed in with uplifted hands, and faces filled with terrible indignation, beseeching Lord Dudley to arouse himself and come to their aid against the tyrant who even then was planting his foot upon the ashes of their dead.

It was no time for deliberation or delay; the foundation of the church shook beneath their feet, a body of armed men hot with anger and chafed by opposition thundered at the scarcely bolted entrance. Perhaps the brave blood which burned in Dudley's veins, urged him on to the step which now seemed unavoidable. Still he would have died, like a lion in his lair, rather than become in any way the leader of a mob, but he could not see that bright and gentle being, so good and so beloved, perish by the violence of her own father. He snatched her from the altar where she stood, and bearing her to a corner of the church most distant from the entrance, forced her clinging arms from his neck, pressed his lips hurriedly to her forehead, and rushed toward the door, followed by the men who had hitherto guarded it. The effort proved a useless one. The doors were blocked up by a phalanx of parishioners, and he could not make himself known or force a passage out. The brave band was almost crushed between the walls of the church and the Lord Protector, who, with his horsemen, had driven them back, step by step, till they were wedged together, resolute but almost helpless from want of room.

"To the window—stand beneath that I may mount by your shoulders," exclaimed Dudley to the men who surrounded him.

Instantly the group gathered in a compact knot beneath the shattered window. Lord Dudley sprang upon the sort of platform made by their shoulders, and thence, with a vigorous leap to the stone sill where he stood, exposed and unarmed before the people—his cloak swaying loosely back from his shoulder—his cap off and his fine hair falling in damp heavy curls over his pale forehead.

A joyful shout and a fierce cry burst from the multitude and mingled together as he appeared before them. A world of flashing eyes and working faces was uplifted to the window, and for a moment the strife raging about the church was relaxed, for men were astonished by his appearance there, almost in open rebellion, face to face with the Lord Protector.

"Bring that man to the earth dead," shouted Somerset, pointing toward the young nobleman, "and then set fire to the building, to-morrow shall not see a single stone in its place."

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A shower of deadly missiles flew around the young noble, but he sprang unhurt into the midst of the throng, which made way for him to pass till he stood front to front with the man who had just commanded his death. Somerset turned deadly pale, and, clenching his teeth with intense rage, lifted his sword with both hands, as if to cleave the youth through the head.

"My Lord Duke," said Dudley, in a manner so calm that it arrested the proud nobleman's hand, though his weapon was still kept uplifted, "I do beseech your grace draw the soldiers away; the parishioners are furious, and I am convinced will defend the church till you trample an entrance over their dead bodies."

Dudley spoke respectfully and as a son to his parent, but with much agitation, for everything that he held dear seemed involved in the safety of the church. He knew that estrangement existed between the duke and his own noble father, but up to that moment had no idea that his personal favor with Somerset was in the least impaired. He had not believed that the command levelled against his life was indeed intended for him, and was therefore both astonished and perplexed when the duke bent his face bloodless and distorted with rage close down to his and exclaimed,

"Dastard and traitor! where is my child?"

"She is yonder within the church," replied Dudley with prompt and manly courage. "Safe, thank God! as yet, but if this fierce assault continue she must perish in the ruin!"

"So shall it be," replied the Protector fiercely. "Let her life and her shame be buried together."

"Her shame, my Lord Duke," said Dudley, laying his hand on Somerset's bridle-rein, and meeting the stern glance fixed on him with one full of proud feeling. "Another lip than yours had not coupled such words with the pure name of Jane Seymour, and lived to utter another. But you are her father."

"Ay, to my curse and bitter shame be it said, I *am* her father," replied the duke, "and have power to punish both the victim and the tempter. Your conduct, base son of a baser father, shall be answered for before the king, but first stand by and see your weak victim meet the reward of her art."

As he spoke, Somerset grasped the youth by his arm, and hurling him among his followers, shouted, "secure the traitor, or if he resist cut him down. Now on to the attack. A hundred pounds to the first man who forces an entrance to the church. Set fire to it if our strength be not enough, and let no one found there éscape alive."

The confusion which followed this order was instant and tremendous. The mob rushed fiercely upon the Protector in a fruitless effort to rescue Lord Dudley, while the soldiers sprang forward upon the building, and half a score were seen clambering like wild animals along the rough stone-work toward the windows, for still the mob kept possession of the door.

The group which we left within the church hearing this command, looked sternly into each other's faces, and their leader—he who had adm[...] his companion—was aided by his frie[...] within the shattered window just as [...] of a clambering assailant was raised above the sill. The sexton, for the man held that office in the church, planted one foot upon the soldier's fingers, where they clung with a fierce gripe upon the stone, and stooping down he seized the poor fellow by both shoulders, bent him back till his body was almost doubled, and then with hands and foot spurned him from the wall with a violence that hurled him many paces into the crowd. Another and another shared the fate of this unfortunate man, and there stood the sexton, unharmed, guarding the pass like a lion at bay, and tearing up fragments of stone to hurl at the soldiers whenever he was not compelled to act on the defensive; but his situation soon became very critical, for his station was the point of general attack, and Somerset's voice was still heard fiercely ordering his men to fire the building; for a moment the shower of missiles hurled from the soldiers beat him down, and he was forced to spring into the church among his companions again for shelter. The poor young lady heard the savage command of her parent, and, rushing to the men, frantically besought them to inform the Duke of Somerset his child was in the building, and that, she was certain, would save it from destruction. There was something in the helplessness and touching beauty of that young creature as she stood before them, wringing her hands, and with tears streaming down her pale cheek, that touched the men with compassion, or she might have perished by their hands when her connection with their oppressor was made known. They looked in each other's faces and a few rapid words passed between them. The sexton sprang once more upon the window, the rest turned upon the terrified lady and she was lifted from hand to hand, till at last they placed her by his side, trembling and almost senseless.

"Behold," cried the sexton, lifting the poor girl up before the multitude and flinging back the hood from her pale and affrighted features, that her father might recognise them, and feel to his heart, all the indignity and peril of her position. "Behold, I say, lift but another pike, hurl a stone but the size of a hazelnut against these walls, and this proud lady shall share them all side by side with the humble sexton. My Lord of Somerset," he shouted, grasping the lady firmly with one arm, as if about to fling her from the window, "Draw off your soldiers, leave these old walls, where we may worship our God in peace, or I will hurl your child into the midst of my brethren, that she may be trampled beneath their feet, even as you have crushed human limbs this day under your iron-shod war horses."

These words were uttered by a rude man, but excitement made him eloquent, and his voice rang over the crowd like the blast of a trumpet. When he ceased speaking, a silence almost appalling, after the previous wild sounds, fell upon the multitude. The horsemen stayed their swords, the soldiers stood with their pikes half lifted, and Somerset him-

self sat like one stupified by the sudden apparition of his child; among all that rude throng there was no hand brutal enough to lift itself against that beautiful and trembling girl, but many a glistening eye turned from her to the stern but now agonized face of the duke, anxious that he should draw off his men. He was very pale, his lip quivered for a moment, and then his face hardened again like marble.

"Her blood be upon thy head, young man," he exclaimed, bending his keen but troubled eyes on Lord Dudley, who stood vainly struggling with his captors; then lifting his voice he cried out,

"Tear down the church; neither wall of stone nor human being must stop our way!"

Still a profound silence lay upon the multitude. There was something horrible in the command that caused the coarsest heart to revolt at its cruelty. So still and motionless remained the throng that the faint shriek which died on the pale lips of that helpless girl as her father's command fell upon her ear, was distinctly heard even by the stern parent himself. He lifted his eyes to the place where she was kneeling, her hands clasped, her face like marble, and those eyes, usually so tranquil and dove-like, glittering with terror and fixed imploringly upon his face.

He turned away his head and tried to repeat his command, but the words died in his throat, and he could not utter them. Again her locked hands were extended, and her heart seemed breaking with wonder at his cruelty as she uttered the single word, "Father!"

That little word as it came like a frightened dove over the listening mob, settled upon the heart of that stern man, and awoke feelings which would not be hushed again. It was the first word his child had ever spoken. Her rosy infancy was before him—the sweet smile, the soft tiny hands clasped triumphantly together, when those syllables were mastered, seemed playing with his heart-strings, the same heart which had thrilled with so sweet a pleasure to her infant greeting. It was a strange thing that these memories should fall upon him when his passions were all aroused and amid a concourse of rough contending people, but the heart is an instrument of many tones, and nature sometimes hangs forth its sweetest music in singular places, and amid scenes that we cannot comprehend. The Lord Protector bent his head, for tears were in his eyes, and, like many a being before and since, he was ashamed of his better nature. At last he conquered his agitation, and in a loud firm voice, commanded his soldiers to withdraw, and pledged his knightly word to the rioters that the church should receive no farther injury.

The people were generally satisfied with this assurance, and began to disperse when they saw the soldiery filing away toward the river. The duke dismissed his followers at the door of St. Margaret's, saw Lord Dudley conducted from his presence under a strong guard, and then entered the church alone and much agitated. He found his child sitting upon a step of the altar, shivering as with cold, and with her face buried in her hands. She knew his step as he came slowly down the aisle, and lifted her dim eyes with a look of touching appeal to his face. It was stern, cold, and unforgiving. She arose timidly and moved with a wavering step to meet him. His face was still averted, but she reached up her arms, wound them about his neck, and swooned away with her cheek pressed to his, like a grieved child that had sobbed itself to sleep. Again the thoughts of her infancy came to his heart, and though it was wrung with a belief that she had been very blameable and had trifled with her proud name, she was senseless and could not know that he had caressed her as of old; so the stern man bent his head and wept, as he kissed her forehead.

(To be continued.)

MY BONNIE STEED.

BY ALEX. A. IRVINE.

My bonnie steed, with merry speed,
Away we gallop free,
The first to drink the morning breeze,
Or brush the dewy lea.
To hail the sun as o'er the hills
His slanting ray he flings,
Or hear the matin of the lark
That high in heaven rings.

My bonnie steed, o'er noontide mead
We've swept in canter gay,
Through woodland path have boldly dash'd,
Oh! what can check our way?
With hound and horn in jocund band
And hearts that smile at fear,
And flowing rein and gay halloo,
We've chased the flying deer.

My bonnie steed, with matchless speed
At eve we dash away,
The zephyrs laughing round our path
As children at their play.
And while in merry race and free,
Away, away we fly,
The thick stars shining overhead
Seem speeding swifter by.

My bonnie steed, my bonnie steed,
True friend indeed thou art,
And none are brighter in mine eye
Or dearer to my heart.
Let others smile on gallants gay
I mock the lover's creed,
Then onward press, away, away,
My bonnie, bonnie steed.

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ORIGINAL LETTER

FROM

CHARLES DICKENS.

[For the truly characteristic letter here published, and for the sketch which accompanies it, we are indebted to the obliging attention of Mr. John Tomlin of Tennessee.—With our own warm admiration of the writings and character of Dickens we can well understand and easily pardon the enthusiasm of our friend.]

In setting about that most difficult of all tasks, the sketching of the character of a living author, I feel that I cannot entirely keep clear of that weakness of the human mind, which praises the foibles of a friend and condemns the virtues of an enemy. There is no task more difficult of performance than the one I have imposed upon myself—no task but what can be more easily performed correctly, than the presentation to the world, in their nice distinctive shades, of living characters. To admire one is to praise him—and to cover all of his faults in the blindness of charity, is the weakness of our nature. It is scarcely possible then, Mr. Poe, for one like me, whose love is as strong as the faith of the martyr, when at the stake he expires, and whose hate is as deep as the depths of the sea, to shun the errors that almost every one has fallen into, who undertakes the task of sketching characters, *life-like*, of eminent living individuals.—To succeed partially is in my power, and in the power of almost every one, but to succeed wholly in introducing to the mind's eye the character as it really is, of any individual, is scarcely possible. I will not say that I am peculiarly fitted to shine in this province, nor will I say that I am equal to the task that I have voluntarily imposed upon myself—but I will say that everything I say will be said from a conviction of belief.

Nay, do not start and turn pale, gentle reader, when I tell you that "Boz," the inimitable "Boz," is the subject of the present sketch. It is indeed true that Charles Dickens, the great English author—he who lives in London amid the exciting scenes and struggles of this world's great Metropolis, is now about to be "talked off," by a backwoodsman—but he will do it with an *admiring* reverence, and a *most partial* discretion. I will not speak of his published works, for they have been numbered among our household gods,—nor of the genius of the mind that has made them such. So long as there is mind to appreciate the high conceptions of mind, and a taste to admire the purity of thought, so long will Charles Dickens live "the noblest work of God."

Charles Dickens as an author is too well known for me to say aught for or against him. It is only in his private capacity will I speak—only as Charles Dickens, the private man. Those social qualities of the nature so requisite in the making up of a good man, belong to him essentially and justly. He could not be Charles Dickens and have not those qualities of the soul which but few possess. Had all of us the true nobility of nature, all of us would be like him in spirit. There is in him a gentleness that commands our love as much as his genius has our admiration. The kindness of his nature is as great as his talent is pre-eminent. He could never be otherwise than "Boz" nor less than Charles Dickens—the being of all kindly feeling.

Dwelling in a little hamlet that is scarcely known beyond the sound of its church bell—and in a place that a few years ago, resounded only to the winds of the magic woods, or the moccasin tread of the Indian on the dry leaves,—I, a creature less known by far than my village, addressed a letter to "Boz," and, in answer from him, received the following letter:

"1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate.
Regent's Park, London.
Tuesday, Twenty-third February, 1841.

Dear Sir:—You are quite right in feeling assured that I should answer the letter you have addressed to me. If you had entertained a presentiment that it would afford me sincere pleasure and delight to hear from a warm-hearted and admiring reader of my books in the back-woods of America, you would not have been far wrong.

I thank you cordially and heartily, both for your letter, and its kind and courteous terms. To think that I have awakened a fellow-feeling and sympathy with the creatures of many thoughtful hours among the vast solitudes in which you dwell, is a source of the purest delight and pride to me; and believe me that your expressions of affectionate remembrance and approval, sounding from the great forests on the banks of the Mississippi, sink deeper into my heart and gratify it more than all the honorary distinctions that all the courts in Europe could confer.

It is such things as these that make one hope one does not live in vain, and that are the highest reward of an author's life. To be numbered among the household gods of one's distant countrymen and associated with their homes and quiet pleasures—to be told that in each nook and corner of the world's great mass there lives one well-wisher who holds communion with one in the spirit—is a worthy fame indeed, and one which I would not barter for a mine of wealth.

That I may be happy enough to cheer some of your leisure hours for a very long time to come, and to hold a place in your pleasant thoughts is the earnest wish of Boz.—And with all good wishes for yourself, and with a sincere reciprocation of all your kindly feeling, I am, Dear Sir,

Faithfully Yours,
Charles Dickens.

Mr. John Tomlin.

Can anything be more *unique*—or more sweetly beautiful than this letter? In it there is the poetry of

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feeling warmed into life by his sympathies with the "creatures of many thoughtful hours." The brain has never yet loosened from her alembic fountain, and dropped upon an author's page, thoughts more gem-like than those that we see sparkling like diamonds in his letter. Time in her ravages on the thoughts of the departed never harvested more sparkling things than what appears here from the granary of "Boz's" original mind. Throughout there is a tenderness breathing its seer-like influence on every thought, until it seems to become hallowed like the spirit-dream of a lover's hope.

The great difference between mankind is, that there is a feeling of kindness in the heart of some that is not possessed by others. To live in this world without conferring on others, benefits, is to live without a purpose. Of what value to our fellow creatures is mind, no matter how splendidly adorned, if it bestows no favors on them? The rich gems that lie buried in the caves of the oceans, are not in their secret caves intrinsically less valuable, but their value is really not known until they yield a profit.—Napoleon in his granite mind impressed no stamp of heaven on his countrymen. Hard as the winter of his Russian Service lived his life on the memory of man! Frozen tears as thickly as hail-drops from a thunder-shower fell from the eyes of his army to blight and wither the affections of civilized Europe. In his life he toiled for a name which he won at the sacrifice of the lives of millions, and perished a prisoner on a bleak and rocky isle of the ocean!—The splendid intellect of Byron, more dazzling than the sunbeam from a summer sky, by one untoward circumstance came to prey upon every good feeling of his heart—and what was he?—a misanthrope!—That ill-fated and persecuted star, P. B. Shelley, what could he not have been, had the genius of his high-toned feelings been directed aright?

With all of the genius of these three beings Charles Dickens has a good heart, with all of the philantrophy and patriotism of a Washington. How few indeed are the great men that have lived in any age or in any country whose social qualities of the heart have not been materially injured, and in many instances totally destroyed, by eccentric peculiarities. Sometimes these peculiarities are real, but mostly have they been assumed. To be as nature made us is hardly possible now with any being who has the least prospect of a brilliant career in the world of letters. When nature bestows her high endowments on the mind, the favored one immediately aspires to oddity, and often to insanity,—and makes a nondescript of his genius. To have the world's affability, and those social qualities of the heart that give so much of happiness and pleasure to our fellow creatures, is not considered by a man of genius as a thing at all worthy of possession, or as gifts adding one lustre to the character. Instead of being as they are, forming epochs in time and being bright exemplars in the annals of chroniclers, which nature intended them to do, they by the most odd monstrosities endeavor to mar the genial warmth of the feeling by misanthropic actions, and destroy from their very foundation the most kindly emotions.

To see one of our fellow creatures on whom nature has with an unsparing hand bestowed her best gifts, doing deeds unworthy the high standing of his parentage, and disgracing the purity of his privileges, is to the noble in spirit the source of its most feverish excitement. With the best of minds, organized artistically, Byron fell into habits so monstrously bad, that among the virtuous his name became a term used in denoting disgrace. No excuse can be offered for the man who has disgraced his name—no charity is so blind as not to see the stain.

In the world's history, as far back as the memory reaches into the past, we have seen the most brilliant minds, associated in connection with some of the worst qualities of the heart. There is occasionally some solitary instance, standing as some beautiful *relief* on the epoch of time, of beings whose splendid endowments of mind have not been more remarkable in their era of history for talent, than the generous breathings of the holy purity of heart have been for kindness. Such cases as these are few, and happen but seldom. In "Boz" these two qualities have met.

NYDIA, THE BLIND FLOWER-GIRL OF POMPEII.

BY G. G. FOSTER.

Thou beautiful misfortune! image fair
  Of flowers all ravished, yet their sweetness giving
To the rude hand that crushed them! thou dost wear
  Thy loveliness so meekly — thy love hiving
Within thy deepest heart-cells — that the air
  Pauses enamored, from thy breath contriving
To steal the perfume of the incensed fire
Which brightly burns within, yet burns without desire.

Thy life should be among the roses, where
  Beauty without its passion paints each leaf,
And gently-falling dews upon the air
  The light of loveliness exhale, and brief
And glorious, without toil, or pain, or care,
  They prideless bloom and wither without grief.
Thou shouldst not feel the slow and sure decay
Which frees ignoble spirits from their clay.

Farewell, thou bright embodiment of truth —
  Too warm to worship, yet too pure to love!
Thou shalt survive in thy immortal youth
  Thy brief existence — while thy soul above
Rests in the bosom of its God. No ruth,
  Or anguish, or despair, or hopeless love,
Again shall rend thy gentle breast — but bliss
Embalm in that bright world the heart that broke in this.

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THE DUELLO.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BROTHERS," "CROMWELL," ETC.

It was a clear bright day in the early autumn when the royal tilt-yard, on the Isle de Paris, was prepared for a deadly conflict. The tilt-yard was a regular, oblong space, enclosed with stout squared palisades, and galleries for the accommodation of spectators, immediately in the vicinity of the royal residence of the Tournelles, a splendid gothic structure, adorned with all the rare and fanciful devices of that rich style of architecture—at a short distance thence arose the tall gray towers of Nôtre Dame, the bells of which were tolling minutely the dirge for a passing soul. From one of the windows of the palace a gallery had been constructed, hung with rich crimson tapestry, leading to a long range of seats, cushioned and decked with arras, and guarded by a strong party of gentlemen in the royal livery with partizans in their hands and sword and dagger at the belt—at either end of the list was a tent pitched, that at the right of the royal gallery a plain marquee of canvass of small size, which had apparently seen much service, and been used in real warfare. The curtain which formed the door of this was lowered, so that no part of the interior could be seen from without; but a particolored pennon was pitched into the ground beside it, and a shield suspended from the palisades, emblazoned with bearings, which all men knew to be those of Charles Baron de La-Hirê, a renowned soldier in the late Italian wars, and the challenger in the present conflict. The pavilion at the left, or lower end, was of a widely different kind—of the very largest sort then in use, completely framed of crimson cloth lined with white silk, festooned and fringed with gold, and all the curtains looped up to display a range of massive tables covered with snow-white damask, and loaded with two hundred covers of pure silver!—Vases of flowers and flasks of crystal were intermixed upon the board with tankards, flagons, and cups and urns of gold, embossed and jewelled—and behind every seat a page was placed, clad in the colors of the Counts de Laguy—a silken curtain concealed the entrance of an inner tent, wherein the Count awaited the signal that should call him to the lists.—Strange and indecent as such an accompaniment would be deemed now-a-days to a solemn mortal conflict—it was then deemed neither singular nor monstrous—and in this gay pavilion Armand de Laguy, the challenged in the coming duel, had summoned all the nobles of the court to feast with him, after he should have slain, so confident was he of victory, his cousin and accuser, Charles Baron de La-Hirê. The entrances of the tilt-yard were guarded by a detachment of the King's sergeants, sheathed *cap-a-piè* in steel, with shouldered arquebuses and matches ready lighted—the lists were strewn with saw-dust and hung completely with black serge, save where the royal gallery afforded a strange contrast by its rich decorations to the ghastly draperies of the battle-ground. One other object only remains to be noticed; it was a huge block of black-oak, dinted in many places as if by the edge of a sharp weapon and stained with plashes of dark gore. Beside this frightful emblem stood a tall muscular gray-headed man, dressed in a leathern frock and apron stained like the block with many a gout of blood, bare-headed and bare-armed, leaning upon a huge two-handed axe, with a blade of three feet in breadth. A little way aloof from these was placed a chair, wherein a monk was seated, a very aged man with a bald head and beard as white as snow, telling his beads in silence until his ministry should be required.

The space around the lists and all the seats were crowded well nigh to suffocation by thousands of anxious and attentive spectators; and many an eye was turned to watch the royal seats which were yet vacant, but which it was well known would be occupied before the trumpet should sound for the onset. The sun was now nearly at the meridian, and the expectation of the crowd was at its height, when the passing bell ceased ringing, and was immediately succeeded by the accustomed peal, announcing the hour of high noon. Within a moment or two, a bustle was observed among the gentlemen pensioners—then a page or two entered the royal seats, and, after looking about them for a moment, again retired. Another pause of profound expectation, and then a long loud blast of trumpets followed from the interior of the royal residence—nearer it rang, and nearer, till the loud symphonies filled every ear and thrilled to the core of every heart—and then the King, the dignified and noble Henry, entered with all his glittering court, princes and dukes, and peers and ladies of high birth and matchless beauty, and took their seats among the thundering acclamations of the people, to witness the dread scene that was about to follow, of wounds and blood and butchery. All were arrayed in the most gorgeous splendor—all except one, a girl of charms unrivalled, although

* See the "False Ladye," page 27.

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she seemed plunged in the deepest agony of grief, by the seductive beauties of the gayest. Her bright redundant auburn hair was all dishevelled—her long dark eyelashes were pencilled in distinct relief against the marble pallor of her colorless cheek—her rich and rounded form was veiled, but not concealed, by a dress of the coarsest serge, black as the robes of night, and thereby contrasting more the exquisite fairness of her complexion. On her all eyes were fixed—some with disgust—some with contempt—others with pity, sympathy, and even admiration. That girl was Marguerite de Vaudreuil—betrothed to either combatant—the betrayed herself and the betrayer—rejected by the man whose memory, when she believed him dead, she had herself deserted—rejecting in her turn, and absolutely loathing him whose falsehood had betrayed her into the commission of a yet deeper treason. Marguerite de Vaudreuil, lately the admired of all beholders, now the prize of two kindred swordsmen, without an option save that between the bed of a man she hated, and the life-long seclusion of the convent.

The King was seated—the trumpets flourished once again, and at the signal the curtain was withdrawn from the tent door of the challenger, and Charles de La-Hirè stepped calmly out on the arena, followed by his godfather, De Jarnac, bearing two double-edged swords of great length and weight, and two broad-bladed poniards. Charles de La-Hirè was very pale and sallow, as if from ill health or from long confinement, but his step was firm and elastic, and his air perfectly unmoved and tranquil; a slight flush rose to his pale cheek as he was greeted by an enthusiastic cheer from the people, to whom his fame in the wars of Italy had much endeared him, but the flush was transient, and in a moment he was as pale and cold as before the shout which hailed his entrance. He was clad very plainly in a dark morone-colored pourpoint, with vest, trunk-hose, and nether stocks of black silk netting, displaying to admiration the outlines of his lithe and sinewy frame. De Jarnac, his godfather, on the contrary, was very foppishly attired with an abundance of fluttering tags and ruffles of rich lace, and feathers in his velvet cap. These two had scarcely stood a moment in the lists, before, from the opposite pavilion, De Laguy and the Duke de Nevers issued, the latter bearing, like De Jarnac, a pair of swords and daggers; it was observed, however, that the weapons of De Laguy were narrow three-cornered rapier blades and Italian stilettoes, and it was well understood that on the choice of the weapons depended much the result of the encounter—De Laguy being renowned above any gentleman in the French court for his skill in the science of defence, as practised by the Italian masters—while his antagonist was known to excel in strength and skill in the management of all downright soldierly weapons, in coolness, in decision, presence of mind, and calm self-sustained valor, rather than in slight and dexterity. Armand de Laguy was dressed sumptuously, in the same garb indeed which he had worn at the festival whereon the strife arose which now was on the point of being terminated—and forever!

A few moments were spent in deliberation between the godfathers of the combatants, and then it was proclaimed by De Jarnac, "that the wind and sun having been equally divided between the two swordsmen, their places were assigned—and that it remained only to decide upon the choice of the weapons!—that the choice should be regulated by a throw of the dice—and that with the weapons so chosen they should fight till one or other should be *hors de combat*—but that in case that either weapon should be bent or broken, the seconds should cry "hold," and recourse be had to the other swords—the use of the poniard to be optional, as it was to be used only for parrying, and not for striking—that either combatant striking a blow or thrusting after the utterance of the word "hold," or using the dagger to inflict a wound, should be dragged to the block and die the death of a felon."

This proclamation made, dice were produced, and De Nevers winning the throw for Armand, the rapiers and stilettoes which he had selected were produced, examined carefully, and measured, and delivered to the kindred foemen.

It was a stern and fearful sight—for there was no bravery nor show in their attire, nor aught chivalrous in the way of battle. They had thrown off their coats and hats, and remained in their shirt sleeves and under garments only, with napkins bound about their brows, and their eyes fixed each on the other's with intense and terrible malignity.

The signal was now given and the blades were crossed—and on the instant it was seen how fearful was the advantage which De Laguy had gained by the choice of weapons—for it was with the utmost difficulty that Charles de La-Hirè avoided the incessant lunges of his enemy, who springing to and fro, stamping and writhing his body in every direction, never ceased for a moment with every trick of feint and pass and flourish to thrust at limb, face and body, easily parrying himself with the poniard, which he held in his left hand, the less skilful assaults of his enemy. Within five minutes the blood had been drawn in as many places, though the wounds were but superficial, from the sword-arm, the face and thigh of De La-Hirè, while he had not as yet pricked ever so lightly his formidable enemy—his quick eye, however, and firm active hand stood him in stead, and he contrived in every instance to turn the thrusts of Armand so far at least aside as to render them innocuous to life. As his blood, however, ebbed away, and as he knew that he must soon become weak from the loss of it, De Jarnac evidently grew uneasy, and many bets were offered that Armand would kill him without receiving so much as a scratch himself. And now Charles saw his peril, and determined on a fresh line of action—flinging away his dagger, he altered his position rapidly, so as to bring his left hand toward De Laguy, and made a motion with it, as if to grasp his sword-hilt—he was immediately rewarded by a lunge, which drove

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clear through his left arm close to the elbow joint but just above it—De Jarnac turned on the instant deadly pale, for he thought all was over—but he erred widely, for De La-Hirè had calculated well his action and his time, and that which threatened to destroy him proved, as he meant it, his salvation—for as quick as light when he felt the wound he dropped his own rapier, and grasping Armand's guard with his right hand, he snapped the blade short off in his own mangled flesh and bounded five feet backward, with the broken fragment still sticking in his arm.

"Hold!" shouted each godfather on the instant—and at the same time De La-Hirè exclaimed, "give us the other swords—give us the other swords, De Jarnac—"

The exchange was made in a moment, the stilettoes and the broken weapons were gathered up, and the heavy horse-swords given to the combatants, who again faced each other with equal resolution, though now with altered fortunes. "Now De La-Hirè," exclaimed De Jarnac, as he put the well poised blade into his friend's hand—"you managed that right gallantly and well—now fight the quick fight, ere you shall faint from pain and bleeding!"—and it was instantly apparent that such was indeed his intention—his eye lightened, and he looked like an eagle about to pounce upon his foe, as he drew up his form to its utmost height and whirled the long new blade about his head as though it had been but a feather. Far less sublime and striking was the attitude and swordsmanship of De Laguy, though he too fought both gallantly and well. But at the fifth pass, feinting at his head, Charles fetched a long and sweeping blow at his right leg, and striking him below the ham, divided all the tendons with the back of the double edged blade—then springing in before he fell, plunged his sword into his body, that the hilt knocked heavily at his breast bone and the point came out glittering between his shoulders—the blood flashed out from the deep wound, from nose, and ears, and mouth, as he fell prostrate, and Charles stood over him, leaning on his avenging weapon and gazing sadly into his stiffening features—"Fetch him a priest," exclaimed De Nevers—"for by my halidome he will not live ten minutes."

"If he live *five*," cried the King rising from his seat—"if he live *five*, he will live long enough to die upon the block—for he lies there a felon and convicted traitor, and by my soul he shall die a felon's doom—but bring him a priest quickly."

The old monk ran across the lists, and raised the head of the dying man, and held the crucifix aloft before his glazing eyes, and called upon him to repent and to confess as he would have salvation.

Faint and half choked with blood he faltered forth the words—"I do—I do confess guilty—oh! double guilty!—pardon! oh God—Charles!—Marguerite!"—and as the words died on his quivering lips he sank down fainting with the excess of agony.

"Ho! there!—guards, headsman"—shouted Henry—"off with him—off with the villain to the block, before he die an honorable death by the sword of as good a knight as ever fought for glory!"

Then De La-Hirè knelt down beside the dying man, and took his hand in his own and raised it tenderly, while a faint gleam of consciousness kindled the pallid features—"May God as freely pardon thee as I do, oh my cousin!"—then turning to the King—"You have admitted, sire, that I have served you faithfully and well—never yet have I sought reward at your hand—let this now be my guerdon. Much have I suffered, even thus let me not feel that my King has increased my sufferings by consigning one of my blood to the headsman's blow—pardon him, sire, as I do—who have the most cause of offence—pardon him, gracious King, as we will hope that a King higher yet shall pardon him and us, who be all sinners in the sight of his all-seeing eye!"

"Be it so," answered Henry—"it never shall be said of me that a French King refused his bravest soldier's first claim upon his justice—bear him to his pavilion!"

And they did bear him to his pavilion, decked as it was for revelry and feasting, and they laid him there ghastly and gashed and gory upon the festive board, and his blood streamed among the choice wines, and the scent of death chilled the rich fragrance of the flowers—an hour! and he was dead who had invited others to triumph over his cousin's slaughter—an hour! and the court lackeys shamefully spoiled and plundered the repast which had been spread for nobles.

"And now," continued Henry, taking the hand of Marguerite—"Here is the victor's prize—wilt have him, Marguerite?—'fore heaven but he has won thee nobly!—wilt have her, De La-Hirè, methinks her tears and beauty may yet atone for fickleness produced by treasons such as his who now shall never more betray, nor lie, nor sin forever!—"

"Sire," replied De La-Hirè very firmly, "I pardon her, I love her yet!—but I wed not dishonor!"

"He is right," said the pale girl—"he is right, ever right and noble—for what have such as I to do with wedlock? Fare thee well!—Charles—dear, honored Charles!—The mists of this world are clearing away from mine eyes, and I see now that I loved thee best—thee only! Fare thee well, noble one, forget the wretch who has so deeply wronged thee—forget me and be happy. For me I shall right soon be free!"

"Not so—not so," replied King Henry, misunderstanding her meaning—"not so, for I have sworn it, and though I may pity thee, I may not be forsworn—to-morrow thou must to a convent, there to abide for ever!"

"And that will not be long," answered the girl, a gleam of her old pride and impetuosity lighting up her fair features.

"By heaven, I say forever," cried Henry, stamping his foot on the ground angrily.

"And I reply, not long!"

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DREAMS OF THE LAND AND SEA.

BY DR. REYNELL COATES.

SUNDAY AT SEA—A REVERY.

> "We could not pray together on the deep,
> Which, like a floor of sapphire, round us lay,
> Soft, solemn, holy!" HEMANS.

'Tis Sunday!—Far to the westward lie the regions of the Amazonians, and, in the east, the Caffre hunts the ostrich. From the south, the lonely island of Tristan d'Acunha looms high above the horizon. Although twenty-three miles of water intervene between us and the base of this extinct volcano, the spray of the long billows of the southern ocean rises in misty clouds above the perpendicular and rocky shores, shading the mountain with a pearly veil, widely different in color from the soft blue tint of distance.—Even from the mast-head, whither the desire of solitude has led me, the summits of three or four billows complete the range of vision; for, around the entire circuit of the earth, the eternal west winds sweep, with scarce a barrier to their action.

To those who are familiar with the Atlantic only—that comparatively diminutive expanse, which Humboldt has appropriately called "an arm of the sea,"—the extent of these mountain swells must appear almost incredible. It is not their height—for this is fixed within narrow limits by an immutable law—but their vast, unbroken magnitude, that awes the observer with the consciousness of infinite power. What are the proudest monuments of human strength and skill, dotting the surface of creation, when compared with these majestic waves, which are themselves but the ripple of a passing breeze.

Reclining in the main-top, above all living things except the wild sea bird—an antiquated volume on the Scandinavian mysteries in hand—I give myself up to solitary reflection.—Dark dreams of superstition!—and must the order and loveliness of this glorious world be terminated in one wild wreck—one chaos of hopeless ruin!—shall all the labors of creative goodness sink beneath the power of the unchained demon of destruction!

We move upon the hardened crust of a volcanic crater!—The solid pillars of the earth have given way once and again!—The stony relics of a former world forewarn proud man himself, that he too, with all his boastful race is hurrying to his doom!—All things have their cycles.

> "This huge rotundity we tread grows old!"

What a pitiful guide is the unaided light of human reason, when it grapples with the mysteries of creation! The good and great have lived in every land, and all have striven to elevate the soul of man above the grovelling passions and desires that link him with the brutes—pointing his attention to the future, and instilling a belief in other powers, by whose high hest our destiny is governed, and whose wise decrees will prove hereafter the reward of virtue and the scourge of vice.—Yet what have they accomplished!—Each forms a Deity, whose attributes are the reflection of the physical objects which surround him, or the echo of his own ill-regulated feelings!

In the bright regions of the East, where the unremitting ardor of the sun gives birth to an infinity of life, and the decaying plant or animal is scarce resolved into its elements, ere other forms start forth from its remains—*there*, the soul of man must wander from link to link in the great chain of Nature, till, purified by ages of distress, it merges into the very essence of the power supreme!—a power divided and engaged in an eternal contest with itself! a never-ceasing war between the principles of Good and Evil!

In those distant regions of the North, where winter rules three-quarters of the year, and the orb of day, with look askance, but half illuminates man's dwelling and his labors—where verdure, for a few days, clothes the hills with transitory grace; but all that seeks support from vegetable aliment is endowed with fleetness like the reindeer, or migrates, in the icy season, to more genial climes with the wild duck and the pigeon;—in that gloomy circle, where the frozen earth scarce yields a foot in depth to all the warming influence of summer, and men, curtailed of half the sad resource spared even in the primeval curse, swept with their robber hordes the provinces of their more fortunate neighbors until the iron art of war barred up the avenues to these precious granaries;—in that inhospitable region where dire necessity inters the living infant with the departed mother, and resigns the aged and decrepit to starvation!—the Parent of Good is a warrior armed, compelled to struggle fruitlessly with Fate, until, with Thor's dread hammer in his hand, he yields, and breathes his last beneath the arm of liberated Locke!

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All! all contention!—Our very nature refuses credence in annihilation! Then—

> "When coldness wraps this suffering clay,"
> "Ah! whither flies the immortal mind!"

Is there no place of rest?—no truth in the visions which haunt us as the sun declines, and the rich hues of evening fade away—when the spirits of those we have loved "sit mournfully upon their clouds," gazing, with a chastened melancholy which refines but cannot darken the calm bliss of Paradise, upon the ceaseless, bootless turmoil of their once cherished friends! Mythology presents us with no brighter future than the wild riot of the Hall of Odin, the lethean inanity of Hades, or the sensual and unmanly luxury of the Moslem Bowers of the Blest.

But hark! A manly voice, speaking of a loftier philosophy, rises upon the clear air from the very bowels of the vessel.

"And the earth," it cries, "was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep: and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."

Slowly and in measured cadence poured forth, from the lips of one who felt the truths he uttered, the exposition of the order of creation and the high destinies of the creature. 'Tis a layman's effort, clothed in language suited to the rude ideas of simple-minded men:—I am not of his faith,—and cannot crowd my thoughts within the narrow compass of our wooden walls:—aloft in air, my temple is the canopy of heaven!—my hymn—the wild tone of the ocean-wind with the low rushing of the billows!—the symphony of Nature!—yet, as the words of prayer ascend upon the gale, my own thoughts follow them.—I know them for the pure aspiration of the heart,—the breathing of a contrite spirit!—They are registered above!

All is still!—But, again, the harmony of many voices strikes the ear. A hymn of praise from the wide bosom of the southern ocean!—No hearer but the spirit to whose glory these sweet notes are tuned! The distance, and the deadening influence of the narrow hatches, render words inaudible; but, such as this, their tenor might have been.

> Being of almighty power,
> On the wide and stormy sea,
> In thy own appointed hour,
> Here, we bow our hearts to thee!
>
> What is man, that he should dare
> Ask of Thee a passing thought?
> Ruling ocean, earth, and air,
> Thou art all—and he is naught!
>
> Like a mote upon the earth!
> (Earth—a mote in space to Thee!)
> What avails his death or birth?
> What, his hopes or destiny!
>
> Yet, a spirit Thou hast given
> To thy creature of the clay,
> Ranging free from Earth to Heaven,
> Heir of an eternal day!
>
> In thy image Thou hast made,
> Not the body, but the mind!
> That shall be defiled—decayed!
> This to loftier fate consigned,
>
> Shall, above the tempest roar,
> Viewless, gaze on all below,
> And, its mundane warfare o'er,
> Calmly watch Time's ceaseless flow!
>
> Aid us! Father! with thy power!
> (Without Thee our strength is naught!)
> Thus, in Nature's dreaded hour,
> We may own the peaceful thought,
>
> That, our blinded efforts here,
> May not mar Thy great design,
> And each humble work appear
> Worthy of a child of Thine!

The voices have ceased.—The service, in which all the company except the helmsman and myself had joined, is ended; and, one by one, the officers of the vessel, followed by the watch on duty, in their well blanched trousers and bright blue jackets, appear on deck; their sobriety of mien, and cheerfulness of countenance speaking volumes in favor of the benign influence of Christianity, even when acting upon what are erroneously considered by many, the worst materials.

ROSALINE.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

> Thou look'dst on me all yesternight,
> Thine eyes were blue, thy hair was bright
> As when we murmured our trothplight
> Beneath the thick stars, Rosaline!
> Thy hair was braided on thy head
> As on the day we two were wed,
> Mine eyes scarce knew if thou wert dead—
> But my shrunk heart knew, Rosaline!
>
> The deathwatch tickt behind the wall,
> The blackness rustled like a pall,
> The moaning wind did rise and fall
> Among the bleak pines, Rosaline!
>
> My heart beat thickly in mine ears:
> The lids may shut out fleshly fears,
> But still the spirit sees and hears,
> Its eyes are lidless, Rosaline!
>
> A wildness rushing suddenly,
> A knowing some ill shape is nigh,
> A wish for death, a fear to die,—
> Is not this vengeance, Rosaline?
> A loneliness that is not lone,
> A love quite withered up and gone,
> A strong soul trampled from its throne,—
> What would'st thou further, Rosaline!

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'Tis lone such moonless nights as these.
Strange sounds are out upon the breeze,
And the leaves shiver in the trees,
And then thou comest, Rosaline!
I seem to hear the mourners go,
With long black garments trailing slow,
And plumes anodding to and fro,
As once I heard them, Rosaline!

Thy shroud it is of snowy white,
And, in the middle of the night,
Thou standest moveless and upright,
Gazing upon me, Rosaline!
There is no sorrow in thine eyes,
But evermore that meek surprise,—
Oh, God! her gentle spirit tries
To deem me guiltless, Rosaline!

Above thy grave the robin sings,
And swarms of bright and happy things
Flit all about with sunlit wings,—
But I am cheerless, Rosaline!
The violets on the hillock toss,
The gravestone is o'ergrown with moss,
For Nature feels not any loss,—
But I am cheerless, Rosaline!

Ah! why wert thou so lowly bred?
Why was my pride galled on to wed
Her who brought lands and gold instead
Of thy heart's treasure, Rosaline!
Why did I fear to let thee stay
To look on me and pass away
Forgivingly, as in its May,
A broken flower, Rosaline!

I thought not, when my dagger strook,
Of thy blue eyes; I could not brook
The past all pleading in one look
Of utter sorrow, Rosaline!
I did not know when thou wert dead:
A blackbird whistling overhead
Thrilled through my brain; I would have fled
But dared not leave thee, Rosaline!

A low, low moan, a light twig stirred
By the upspringing of a bird,
A drip of blood,—were all I heard—
Then deathly stillness, Rosaline!
The sun rolled down, and very soon,
Like a great fire, the awful moon
Rose, stained with blood, and then a swoon
Crept chilly o'er me, Rosaline!

The stars came out; and, one by one,
Each angel from his silver throne
Looked down and saw what I had done:
I dared not hide me, Rosaline!
I crouched; I feared thy corpse would cry
Against me to God's quiet sky,
I thought I saw the blue lips try
To utter something, Rosaline!

I waited with a maddened grin
To hear that voice all icy thin
Slide forth and tell my deadly sin
To hell and Heaven, Rosaline!
But no voice came, and then it seemed
That if the very corpse had screamed
The sound like sunshine glad had streamed
Through that dark stillness, Rosaline!

Dreams of old quiet glimmered by,
And faces loved in infancy
Came and looked on me mournfully,
Till my heart melted, Rosaline!
I saw my mother's dying bed,
I heard her bless me, and I shed
Cool tears—but lo! the ghastly dead
Stared me to madness, Rosaline!

And then amid the silent night
I screamed with horrible delight,
And in my brain an angel light
Did seem to crackle, Rosaline!
It is my curse! sweet mem'ries fall
From me like snow—and only all
Of that one night, like cold worms crawl
My doomed heart over, Rosaline!

Thine eyes are shut: they nevermore
Will leap thy gentle words before
To tell the secret o'er and o'er
Thou could'st not smother, Rosaline!
Thine eyes are shut: they will not shine
With happy tears, or, through the vine
That hid thy casement, beam on mine
Sunfull with gladness, Rosaline!

Thy voice I nevermore shall hear,
Which in old times did seem so dear,
That, ere it trembled in mine ear,
My quick heart heard it, Rosaline!
Would I might die! I were as well,
Ay, better, at my home in Hell,
To set for ay a burning spell
'Twixt me and memory, Rosaline!

Why wilt thou haunt me with thine eyes,
Wherein such blessed memories,
Such pitying forgiveness lies,
Than hate more bitter, Rosaline!
Woe's me! I know that love so high
As thine, true soul, could never die,
And with mean clay in church-yard lie—
Would God it were so, Rosaline!

SONNET.

If some small savor creep into my rhyme
Of the old poets, if some words I use,
Neglected long, which have the lusty thews
Of that gold-haired and earnest hearted time,
Whose loving joy and sorrow all sublime
Have given our tongue its starry eminence,—
It is not pride, God knows, but reverence
Which hath grown in me since my childhood's prime;
Wherein I feel that my poor lyre is strung
With soul-strings like to theirs, and that I have
No right to muse their holy graves among,
If I can be a custom-fettered slave,
And, in mine own true spirit, am not brave
To speak what rusheth upward to my tongue. J. R. L.

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MRS. NORTON.*

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

In the last edition of Mrs. Norton's poems, the unrivalled burine of Lewis has attempted to trace the form and lineaments of the authoress—one of the most perfect specimens of female loveliness that ever furnished an idea to the painter or inspiration to the poet. Affliction, which has graven such deep lines into her heart, has not yet effaced the beauty of her countenance, or impaired the perfection of her form. We have, in the engraving before us, the full maturity of that gorgeous beauty, which, in its infancy, commanded the unqualified admiration of the most severe and fastidious critics, that ever sat in the Court of Fashion. We have still spared to us, that full and voluptuous bust—the arm that statuaries delight to chisel, and a neck that would have crazed Canova, while it rivals in whiteness, the purest Carrara of his studio. But it is the more minute and delicate lines of her beauty that have been swept by the touch of grief. Her countenance is sad and subdued; her full and flexible lip is no longer played upon by ever-varying smiles, and her eye, which once beamed with every expression, from the twinkle of arch simplicity to the flash of an insulted Jewess, has now settled into the melting, mournful, appealing gaze of heart-breaking sorrow.

When we consider that a form so peerless, is the dwelling place of a most brilliant and gifted spirit—that a countenance so winning and expressive is but the reflex of a pure and exalted soul,—that her eye is moistened by the swelling fountain beneath—that lips whose mute beauty is so persuasive, are the oracles of "thoughts that breathe and of words that burn," we can no longer discredit the miracles, which, in all ages, female loveliness has wrought, the devotion and the sacrifices it has wrung from the stern and selfish spirit of man. We are at no loss for the reason, why the Greeks of old raised altars to incarnate Beauty, why heroes bent their knees at her feet, and purchased trophies with their blood that they might suspend them in her temples.

If such endowments melt us into fealty, when, like the distant stars, they shine above our reach and our aspirations,—if such a being commands our respectful yet ardent love, when moving in a sphere we never can approach, exacting homage from a thousand hearts, and raised as much above our sympathy as our position—what strength of affection, what full, free, unreserved devotion is enlisted in her service, when she is brought *near* to us by sorrow, when the sympathy of the humblest may be a balm to the wounded spirit of the highest, when innocence is assailed in *her* form, her character defamed, her honor maligned, her "life's life lied away!"

It must be known to most of our readers, that, incited by the political enemies of Lord Melbourne, the husband of Mrs. Norton commenced legal proceedings against that nobleman, alleging at the same time, the infidelity of his own wife. No means, which personal hatred or political bigotry could employ, were left untried, to sustain the accusation, and the fate of this unfortunate lady became involved with the triumph or the overthrow of Cabinets. All the arts, which were so successfully used to blacken the memory and hurry to an early grave the illustrious consort of George the Fourth, were revived against Mrs. Norton. Servants were bribed, spies were employed, key-holes searched, perjury encouraged, letters forged, surmises whispered about as facts, and doubts magnified into certainties, that the lady might be convicted and the minister crushed. The whole life, conduct, and conversation of the victim were subjected to the most searching scrutiny, her letters and private papers, her diary even—the communings of an imaginative woman with her own soul—were placed in the hands of dexterous and sophistical attorneys, that they might be tortured into proofs of guilt. Acts which the most rigid duenna would not have named—indiscretions, the outgushings of a heart conscious of its own purity, the confiding conduct of innocence, and the licentiousness of her grandfather, were the strong proofs of adultery which counsel had the impudence to present to an English Jury. On the testimony of bribed witnesses, perjured coachmen and lubricious chambermaids, they sought to impeach the unsullied honor of a British matron; to fix stain on the pure lawn of a seraph by evidence which would not have sullied the flaunting robes of a Cyprian. Need it be said that the result of such an infamous attempt was the complete and triumphant vindication of the accused? But the acquittal of a Jury can be no reparation to a woman whose honor has been publicly assailed. Female virtue must not only be above reproach, but beyond suspicion, and the breath of calumny is frequently as fatal to it as the decrees of truth. The

* The Dream and other poems, by the Honorable Mrs. Norton—Dedicated to Her Grace, the Duchess of Sutherland.

"We have an human heart
All mortal thoughts confess a common home."
Shelley.

London. Henry Colburn, Publisher, Great Marlborough street, 1840.

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verdict of "not guilty," is no bar to the malignity of scandal-loving human nature; there remain the cavil, the sneer, the "damning doubt," the insolent jest. She is separated by an impassable gulf from her only lawful protector; she can fly to no other without shame; she is placed in the most ambiguous position in society—that of an *unmarried* wife; fettered by all the restraints, watched with all the jealousy, but entitled to none of the privileges of the conjugal tie. And, in addition to all this, she becomes a bereaved mother; for the "righteous law entrusts the children to the exclusive guardianship of the father." Such is the position which a combination of most untoward circumstances has forced upon a lady who has every claim upon the protection, the respect, the admiration and the love of mankind.

We have dwelt thus long upon the domestic infelicity of Mrs. Norton, for the purpose of illustrating the influence which it has had in modifying her genius, and accounting for the undercurrent of deep melancholy which is discernible in many of her pieces, and for the outbreaks of passionate sympathy with the peculiar sorrows and sufferings of her own sex, which distinguish all of her more recent productions. Not alone, however, is Mrs. Norton in her misfortunes. She is but one of a large sisterhood, who, finding the waters poisoned that rill from "affection's springs," have sought to relieve their thirst from the "charmed cup" of Fame, who, in the deep and bitter fountains of unrequited love, in the gulfs of their own woe, have gathered pearls to deck the brow of female genius. The mournful song of Hemans, of Tighe and of Landon, had scarcely died away, before the lips of a fourth were touched with live coals from the same furnace of affliction. Indeed, domestic infelicity is so often connected with the developement of the poetical faculty in woman, is so frequently the cause which first awakens those deep and vivid emotions which are the essence of poetry, is so universally the concomitant and the burthen of female song, that the relation between the two is well worthy of philosophic investigation.

It seems to us that the effect is a very manifest result of the cause. The female mind is distinguished from that of the sterner sex, by its more delicate organization, by its keener sensibility, by its stronger and more sensitive affections; by its inferiority in mere strength of intellect, clearness of understanding, and range of observation. Her vision, therefore, though nicer, more accurate and susceptible, within its own range, takes in but a very small portion of that poetic realm which stretches from "heaven to earth, and from earth to heaven." She is consequently more entirely introversive than man, and draws whatever she communicates more from within than from without. She does not derive her inspiration, she does not form her genius, from a wide and accurate survey of human passions. The emotions which gave birth to such creations as Satan, Prometheus, Shylock, Manfred; the frightful visions which glare from the lurid page of Dante's Inferno; the wide range of incident, description and passion which distinguish the poetry of Scott and Southey—it would be unnatural and unreasonable to expect from the delicate and peace-loving nature of woman. Her heart could never "bide the beatings" of such storms. She can, at the most, but love ardently, hope lastingly, and endure faithfully; and when she sings she can be but the oracle of her own heart. When her hopes are baffled, when her household gods are scattered, when despair takes up its abode within her breast these emotions become vocal, and she sings of yearning love, of deathless affections, of unshaken constancy, of patient endurance, of self-sacrificing devotion. As by the law of her nature, so by her position in society, the cultivation of her affections must be by far the most prominent object of her life, as well as her most reliable source for enjoyment.

In man's life love is but an episode; in woman's it is the entire action of the piece. With him it is but one act in the drama, with her it is the beginning, middle, and end. Man's warfare with the world is like the battle array of the Romans—they had their first, second, and third rank. If the first was defeated it fell back into the intervals of the second, and both together renewed the attack; if vanquished again they were received into the wider intervals of the third, and the whole mass united made a more impetuous onset. Thus with man, if unsuccessful in Love he rallies on Ambition; if again defeated, he falls back with accumulated energy upon Avarice—the peculiar passion of old age. Not so with woman; upon her success as a wife and a mother, her whole happiness is risked. In her encounter with the world she has no passion in reserve; she concentrates her whole force into one line and trusts herself and her fortune upon the success of a single charge. If unfortunate in this venture, she has no place for retreat except the recesses of her own heart. Can we wonder, then, that disappointment in what she values the most, the utter blight of her hopes, affections driven back upon her heart, and trust betrayed, should excite those strong and fervent emotions which will not "down" at mortal bidding, but express themselves in song? or, that the wing of her spirit while brooding over the ruin of her peace, should gather strength for poetic flight?

We do not know where we could have found a more complete illustration of these views than in the history of Mrs. Norton. The blow which blighted the fair promise of her spring, found her a poetess of some celebrity. She had given to the world many pieces, imbued with the warm sensibility, the pure, ardent, and devoted love of woman; but nothing which in sincerity, strength, fervor and truthfulness of passion, can compare with the "Dream"—gushing as it does from the heart of the betrayed wife and abandoned mother. We had intended to speak at some length of the characteristics of Mrs. Norton's genius, but we believe that the same end will be accomplished more to the edification of our readers, by giving a short analysis of this beautiful poem.

The story of the piece, is brief and simple, and was undoubtedly suggested to her mind by the association of contrast. We are presented with a widowed mother watching

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"her slumbering child,
On whose young face the sixteenth summer smiled."

And we have the following exquisite family piece presented—"*O matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior.*"

"So like they seem'd in form and lineament,
You might have deem'd her face its shadow gave
To the clear mirror of a fountain's wave;
Only in this they differ'd; that, while one
Was warm and radiant as the summer sun,
The other's smile had more a moonlight play,
For many tears had wept its glow away;
Yet was she fair; of loveliness so true,
That time which faded, never could subdue;
And though the sleeper, like a half blown rose,
Show'd bright as angels in her soft repose,
Though bluer veins ran through each snowy lid,
Containing sweet eyes by long dark lashes hid—
Eyes that as yet had never learnt to weep,
But woke up smiling like a child from sleep;—
Though fainter lines were pencill'd on the brow,
Which cast soft shadow on the orbs below;
Though deeper color flush'd her youthful cheek,
In its smooth curve more joyous and less meek,
And fuller seem'd the small and crimson mouth,
With teeth like those that glitter in the south,—
She had but youth's superior brightness, such
As the skill'd painter gives with flattering touch,
When he would picture every lingering grace,
Which once shone brighter in some copied face;
And it was compliment when'er she smiled
To say, "Thou'rt like thy mother, my fair child."

Over such a child the mother hangs with devoted fondness, with sweet recollections of her infancy, and

"of the change of time and tide
Since Heaven first sent the blessing by her side,"

and with mournful anticipations, of what would befall the fledged bird, when it should grow impatient of the nest. The child at length awakes—

"And when her shadowy gaze
Had lost the dazzled look of wild amaze,

she relates her dream to the mother.

"Methought, oh! gentle mother, by thy side
I dwelt no more as now, but through a wide
And sweet world wander'd, nor even then alone;
For ever in that dream's soft light stood one,—
I know not who,—yet most familiar seem'd
The fond companionship of which I dream'd!
A Brother's love is but a name to me;
A Father's brighten'd not my infancy,
To me in childhood's years no stranger's face
Took from long habit friendship's holy grace;
My life hath still been lone, and needed not,
Heaven knows, more perfect love than was my lot
In thy dear heart; how dream'd I then, sweet Mother,
Of any love but thine, who knew no other!"

Dear little innocence! you have much to learn. Thy "shadow and herself" wander together by the "blue and boundless sea," the shore is covered with flowers and "tangled underwood" and "sunny fern." The ocean, "the floating nautilus," the "pink-lipped" shells—

"And many color'd weeds
And long bulbous things like jasper beads,"

and ships with "swelling sails unfurled," dance before her in this delightful vision until—

"The deep spirit of the wind awoke,
Ruffling in wrath each glassy verdant mound,
While onward roll'd the army of huge waves,
Until the foremost with exulting roar,
Rose proudly crested o'er his brother slaves,
And dashed triumphant to the groaning shore."

The ocean finally passes from her sleeping vision and the winged travellers fly into a different scene—

"We look on England's woodland fresh and green,"

and a beautiful picture is presented of the rural scenery of Great Britain, until the scene changes again to some romantic resting place of the dead, to some *Père la Chaise*, or Laurel Hill, or Mount Auburn, to a—

"heath
Where yew and cypress seemed to wave
O'er countless tombs, so beautiful, that death
Seemed here to make a garden of the grave."

And as the fair one wanders over the "mighty dead," over "warriors," and "sons of song" and orators—

"whose all persuading tongue
Had moved the nations with resistless sway,"

and "pale sons of science"—

"He who wandered with me in my dream
Told me their histories as we onward went,
Till the grave shone with such a hallowed beam,
Such pleasure with their memory seem'd blent
That, when we looked to heaven, our upward eyes
With no funereal sadness mock'd the skies."

We are ourselves getting rapidly to envy that "fellow" who is "wandering with her." In our opinion she will soon be able to answer her own *näive* question about love. Her companion leads her, with admirable discernment, as we think, into a glorious "old library." What better place could he have selected to impress the heart of an imaginative and appreciating "little love?" If the cemetery and those "histories" did not explain to her the novel psychological emotion about which she consulted her mother, what occurs in the library certainly will. For see how the youth plays with the susceptibilities of a girl of "sixteen"—

"We sate together: *his most noble head*
Bent o'er the storied tome of other days,
And still he commented on all we read,
And taught me what to love and what to praise.
Then Spencer made the summer day seem brief,
Or Milton sounded with a loftier song,
Then Cowper charmed, with lays of gentle grief,
Or rough old Dryden roll'd the hour along,
Or, in his varied beauty dearer still,
Sweet Shakspeare changed the world around, at will;
And we forgot the sunshine of that room
To sit with Jacques in the forest gloom;
To look abroad with Juliet's anxious eye
For her gay lover 'neath the moonlight sky;
Stand with Macbeth upon the haunted heath,
Or weep for gentle Desdemona's death;
Watch on bright Cydnus' wave, the glittering sheen,
And silken sails of Egypt's wanton Queen;
Or roam with Ariel through that island strange,
Where spirits and not men were wont to range,
Still struggling on through brake and bush and hollow,
Hearing the sweet voice calling "Follow! follow!"

Nor were there wanting lays of other lands,
For these were all familiar in his hands:
And Dante's dream of horror work'd its spell,—
And Petrarch's sadness on our bosoms fell,—
And prison'd Tasso's—he, the coldly loved,
The madly-loving! he, so deeply proved
By many a year of darkness, like the grave,
For her who dared not plead, or would not save,
For her who thought the poet's suit brought shame,
Whose passion hath immortalized her name!
And Egmont, with his noble heart betrayed,—

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And Carlo's haunted by a murder'd shade.—
And Faust's strange legend, sweet and wondrous wild,
Stole many a tear:—Creation's loveliest child!
Guileless, ensnared, and tempted Margaret,
'Who could peruse thy fate with eyes unwet?'"

If such a quantity of poetry and such poetry—Spencer, Milton, Dryden, Cowper, Shakspeare, Dante, Tasso and Gœthe did not enlighten the "young innocent," respecting the emotions with which she regarded the "fond companion of her dreams," we do not know to whom to commend her for instruction. But we must hurry on with the story; the pair wander over Italy, and a picture is presented, of mountain and vale, of orange and myrtle groves, of grottoes, fountains, palaces, paintings, and statues that would "create a soul" under the ribs of a utilitarian. We were inclined to think that he of "the most noble brow," entrapped the young affections of the dreamer in the "old library," but we do not believe that she breathed the delicious confession into his ear until they reached the sunny clime of Italy. It was the unrivalled music of that land which unsealed her lips.

"We sate and listened to some measure soft
From many instruments; or faint and lone
(Touch'd by his gentle hand or by my own)
The little lute its chorded notes would send,
Tender and clear; and with our voices blend
Cadence so true, that when the breeze swept by
One mingled echo floated on its sigh!
And still as day by day we saw depart,
I was the living idol of his heart:
How to make joy a portion of the air
That breathed around me seemed his only care.
For me the harp was strung, the page was turned;
For me the morning rose, the sunset burn'd;
For me the Spring put on her verdant suit;
For me the Summer flowers, the Autumn fruit;
The very world seemed mine, *so mighty strove*
For my contentment that enduring love."

But the slumbers of the dear girl are at length broken, she discovers that it is *but a dream*, and thus repines over the contrast.

"Is all that radiance past—gone by for ever—
And must there in its stead for ever be
The gray, sad sky, the cold and clouded river,
And dismal dwelling by the wintry sea?
Ere half a summer altering day by day,
In tiesle brightness, here, hath passed away!
And was that form (whose love might well sustain)
Naught but a vapor of the dreaming brain!
Would I had slept forever."

The "mournful mother" now speaks. And how sweetly come from her lips the lessons of piety and resignation. She gently rebukes her daughter, contrasts the world which fancy paints with the stern realities of existence, and distils into the opening mind of the child the wisdom which her own sad experience had taught.

"Upbraid not Heaven, whose wisdom thus would rule
A world whose changes are the soul's best school:
All dream like thee and 'tis for mercy's sake
That those who dream the wildest soonest wake;
All deem Perfection's system would be found
In giving earthly sense no stint or bound;
All look for happiness beneath the sun,
And each expects what God hath given to *none*."

It is in this part of the argument that we discover the fervor, strength, and pathos that the lessons of experience impart. It is here that Mrs. Norton teaches in song what she has herself learnt in suffering. If the following is not poetry it is something that moistens the eye very much like it.

"Nor ev'n does love whose fresh and radiant beam
Gave added brightness to thy wandering dream,
Preserve from latter touch of ills unknown,
But rather brings strange sorrows of its own.
Various the ways in which our souls are tried;
Love often fails where most our faith relied.
Some wayward heart may win, without a thought,
That which thine own by sacrifice had bought;
May carelessly aside the treasure cast
And yet be madly worshipped to the last;
Whilst thou forsaken, grieving, left to pine,
Vainly may'st claim his plighted faith as thine;
Vainly his idol's charms with thine compare,
And know thyself as young, as bright, as fair.
Vainly in jealous pangs consume thy day,
And waste the sleepless night in tears away;
Vainly with forced indulgence strive to smile,
In the cold world heart-broken all the while;
Or from its glittering and unquiet crowd,
Thy brain on fire, thy spirit crushed and bow'd,
Creep home unnoticed, there to weep alone,
Mock'd by a claim which gives thee not thy own;
Which leaves thee bound through all thy blighted youth
To him, whose perjured heart hath broke its truth;
While the just world beholding thee bereft,
Scorns—not his sin—but *thee*, for being left!

* * * * * *

"Those whom man, not God, hath parted know,
A heavier pang, a more enduring woe;
No softening memory mingles with *their* tears,
Still the wound rankles on through dreary years,
Still the heart feels, in bitterest hours of blame
It dares not curse the long familiar name;
Still, vainly free, through many a cheerless day,
From weaker ties turns helplessly away,
Sick for the smile that bless'd its home of yore,
The natural joys of life that come no more;
And, all bewildered by the abyss, whose gloom
Dark and impassible as is the tomb,
Lies stretch'd between the future and the past,—
Sinks into deep and cold despair at last.
Heaven give thee poverty, disease or death,
Each varied ill that waits on human breath,
Rather than bid thee linger out thy life
In the long toil of such unnatural strife.
To wander through the world unreconciled,
Heart-weary as a spirit-broken child,
And think it were an hour of bliss like Heaven
If thou could'st die—forgiving and forgiven,—
Or with a feverish hope, of anguish born,
(Nerving thy mind to feel indignant scorn
Of all thy cruel foes who 'twixt thee stand,
Holding thy heart-strings with a reckless hand,)
Steal to his presence now unseen so long,
And claim *his* mercy who hath dealt the wrong!
Within the aching depths of thy poor heart
Dive, as it were, even to the roots of pain
And wrench up thoughts that tear thy soul apart,
And burn like fire through thy bewildered brain.
Clothe them in passionate words of wild appeal
To teach thy fellow creatures *how to feel*.—
Pray, weep, exhaust thyself in maddening tears,—
Recall the hopes, the influences of years,—
Kneel, dash thyself upon the senseless ground.
Writhe as the worm writhes with dividing wound,
Invoke the heaven that knows thy sorrow's truth,
By all the softening memories of youth—
By every hope that cheered thine earlier day—
By every tear that washes wrath away—
By every old remembrance long gone by—
By every pang that makes thee yearn to die;
And learn at length how deep and stern a blow
Near hands can strike, and yet no pity show!
Oh! weak to suffer, savage to inflict,
Is man's commingling nature; hear him now
Some transient trial of his life depict,
Hear him in holy rites a suppliant bow;
See him shrink back from sickness and from pain,
And in his sorrow to his God complain—
'Remit my trespass, spare my sin,' he cries,
'All-merciful, All-mighty, and All-wise:
Quench this affliction's bitter whelming tide,
Draw out thy barbed arrow from my side;'—

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And rises from that mockery of prayer
To hate some brother-debtor in despair."

From what deep fountains of suffering must these lines have been drawn! What days, weeks, months of deferred hope, of doubt, and of final despair are recorded here!

What life-drops from the minstrel wrung
Have gushed with every word?

The mother at length ceases, and the spirited girl shrinking from the picture of life which has been presented to her, thus replies:—

"If this be so, then mother, let me die
Ere yet the glow hath faded from my sky!
Let me die young; before the holy trust,
In human kindness crumbles into dust;
Before I suffer what I have not earned
Or see by treachery my truth returned;
Before the love I live for fades away;
Before the hopes I cherish'd most decay;
Before the withering touch of fearful change
Makes some familiar face look cold and strange,
Or some dear heart close knitted to my own,
By perishing, hath left me more alone!
Though death be bitter, I can brave its pain
Better than all which threats if I remain,
While my soul, freed from ev'ry chance of ill,
Soars to that God whose high mysterious will,
Sent me, foredoom'd to grief, with wandering feet
To grope my way through all this fair deceit."

The mother then breaks forth in a beautiful strain, inculcating confidence in God and submission to his will. We have never heard a homily from any pulpit that has taught these lessons with one half the force and eloquence of these beautiful lines. If any of our readers, in the midst of sorrow, suffering or despair, are inclined to forget that there is "another and a better world," we advise them to learn patience under tribulation from the lips of Mrs. Norton. We wish we could quote them—but we cannot—we have already transcended our limits and can only give the beautiful and touching end of this "sad and eventful history.

"There was a pause; then with a tremulous smile,
The maiden turned and pressed her mother's hand:
'Shall I not bear what thou hast borne erewhile!
Shall I, rebellious, Heaven's high will withstand?
No! cheerly on, my wandering path I'll take;
Nor fear the destiny I did not make:
Though earthly joy grow dim—though pleasure waneth—
This thou hath taught thy child, that God remaineth!'"

"And from her mother's fond protecting side
She went into the world, a youthful bride."

Fain would we linger longer among the brilliant creations of Mrs. Norton's genius; but, like her own beautiful sleepers, our "dream" is broken, and we must return from fairy-land to encounter "the rude world."

THE VEILED ALTAR,

OR THE POET'S DREAM.

BY MRS. R. S. NICHOLS.

I BENT me o'er him as he lay upon his couch,
Deep sleep weighed down the curtains of his eyes,
Forever and anon the seraph seemed to touch
His dreaming soul with radiance of the skies!
I bent me o'er him then, for mighty thoughts did seem
To pant for utterance, as he sighed for breath,
And strove to speak—for in that dark and fearful dream
He passed the portals of the phantom Death!

"The chains that clogged my spirit's pinions roll
Powerless back to earth—a vain, base clod,
And awe-inspiring thoughts brood o'er my soul,
As angels hover round the ark of God!
I see before me in the distance far
A mystic altar veiled, and part concealed
Amid the tresses of a burning star,
Whose mysteries from earth are ever sealed!

"It gleams—that fountain of mysterious light
At holy eve, far in the western sky,
And angels smile, when man ascends by night
To read in it his puny destiny!
A something bears me onward towards the throne
With speed which mocks the winged lightning's glance!
And here, amid the stars' eternal home
I stand, with senses steeped as in a trance!

"I feel a power, a might within my soul
That I could wrest from angels, themes for song!
My earth-freed spirit soars and spurns control,
While deep and chainless thoughts around me throng!
I know the veil is pierced—the altar gained—
I bend me lowly at its foot sublime;
Yet false inspirers, who on earth have feigned
The God, depart from this eternal clime!"

He woke—and swift unto the land of misty sleep
His dreams rolled back, and left him still on earth,
But ever after did the Poet's spirit keep
This deep, unchanging, mystic, second birth!

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THE LADY'S CHOICE.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes." *Merchant of Venice.*

"I WANT to ask you a question, Mildred, but I am afraid you will deem it an impertinent one."

"Ask me what you please, dear Emily, and be assured that you shall receive a frank reply; we have known and loved each other too long to doubt that affection and not mere idle curiosity prompts our mutual inquiries respecting each other's welfare during our separation."

"When I bade farewell to my native land, Mildred, I left you surrounded by a wide circle of admirers; you were beautiful and rich,—these gifts alone would have won you many a suitor,—but you were also possessed of the noblest qualities of heart and mind, and were as worthy to be loved as to be admired. How has it happened then that from among the many who sought your hand, you selected one so—so—"

"I understand you, Emily,—so misshapen and ugly, you would say; it is precisely because I possessed a little more heart and soul than usually belongs to a fashionable belle."

"What do you mean, Mildred? when I parted from you I thought you were more than half in love with the handsome Frank Harcourt."

"And you return to find me married to his crooked cousin."

"I did not know Mr. Heyward was related to your quondam admirer."

"Ah, I see I must tell the whole story; 'wooed an' married an' a'' is not enough for you; I must relate all the particulars which led to such an apparently whimsical choice."

"You remember me doubtless as the *enfant gâtée* of society; the spoiled child of doating parents, and the flattered votary of fashion. My web of life, unbroken by a single sombre thread, seemed woven only of rose-color and gold. My mirror taught me that the world spoke truth, when it assigned to me the brightest of all womanly gifts: experience showed me my superiority in mind over the well dressed dolls of society: and the earnestness of my affection for the friends of my youth, convinced me that many stronger and deeper emotions still lay latent within my heart. Yet with all these gifts, Emily, I narrowly escaped the fate of a fashionable flirt. I could not complain, like Voltaire, that 'the world was stifling me with roses,' but I might have truly said, that the incense offered at the shrine of my vanity was fast defacing, with its fragrant smoke, the fine gold that adorned the idol. Selfishness is a weed which flourishes far more luxuriantly beneath the sunshine of prosperity than under the weeping skies of adversity; for, while sorrow imparts a fellow-feeling with all who suffer, happiness too often engenders habits of indulgence, utterly incompatible with sympathy and disinterestedness. Wherever I turned I was met by pleasant looks and honied words, everybody seemed to consider me with favor, and I was in great danger of believing that the world was all sincerity and Miss Mildred all perfection. The idea that I shone in the reflected glitter of my father's gold never occurred to me. Too much accustomed to the appliances of wealth to bestow a thought upon them; entirely ignorant of the want and consequently of the value of money, I could not suppose that other people prized what to me was a matter of such perfect indifference, or that the weight of my purse gave me any undue preponderance in the scale of society. Proud, haughty and self-willed as I have been, yet my conscience acquits me of ever having valued myself upon the adventitious advantages of wealth. Had I been born in a hovel I still should have been proud:—proud of the capabilities of my own character,—proud because I understood and appreciated the dignity of human nature,—but I should have despised myself if, from the slippery eminence of fortune, I could have looked with contempt upon my fellow beings.

"But I was spoiled, Emily, completely spoiled. There was so much temptation around me,—so much opportunity for exaction and despotism that my moral strength was not sufficient to resist the impulses of wrong. With my head full of romantic whims, and my heart thrilling with vague dreams of devoted love and life-long constancy; a brain teeming with images of paladin and troubadour, and a bosom throbbing with vain longings for the untasted joy of reciprocal affection,—I yet condescended to play the part of a consummate coquette. But, no; if by coquetry be meant a deliberate system of machinations to entrap hearts which become worthless as soon as gained, then I never was a coquette, but I certainly must plead guilty to the charge of thoughtless, aimless, mischievous flirtation. If the Court of Love still existed,—that court, which, as you know, was

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instituted in the later days of chivalry, and composed of an equal number of knights and dames, whose duty it was to try all criminals accused of offences against the laws of Love; if such a tribunal still existed, I think it might render a verdict of *wilful murder* against a *coquette*, while only *manslaughter* could be laid to the charge of the *flirt*. The result of both cases is equally fatal, but the latter crime is less in degree because it involves no *malice prepense*. Do not misunderstand me, Emily, I do not mean to exculpate the lesser criminal; for if the one deserves capital punishment the other certainly merits imprisonment for life, and, next to the slanderer, I look upon the coquette and habitual flirt as the most dangerous characters in society. Yet I believe that many a woman is imperceptibly led to the very verge of flirtation by a natural and even praiseworthy desire to please. The fear of giving pain when we suspect we possess the power, often gives softness to a woman's voice and sweetness to her manner, which, to the heart of a lover, may bear a gentler interpretation. Among the chief of our minor duties may be ranked that of making ourselves agreeable; and who does not know the difficulty of walking between two lines without crossing either? You think I am saying all this in exculpation of my past folly, and perhaps you are right.

"I was just nineteen, and in the full enjoyment of my triumphs in society, when I officiated as your bridesmaid. I must confess, Emily, that the marriage of such a pretty, delicate creature, as you then were, with a man full twice your age, in whose dark whiskers glistened more than one silver thread, and on whom time had already bestowed a most *visible crown*, seemed to me one of the marvels of affection for which I could not then account."

"Now you are taking your revenge, Mildred, for my saucy question respecting your husband; but if you can give as good a reason for your choice as I found for mine, I shall be perfectly satisfied."

"Let me gratify my merry malice, ladye fair; time has shown some little consideration for you in this matter, for, while he has left no deeper impress on your husband's brow, he has expanded the slender girl into the blooming, matronly-looking woman. You are now well matched, Emily, and your husband is one of the handsomest men of—*his age*."

The arch look of the speaker interpreted the equivocally-worded compliment, and, with a joyous laugh, Miss Heyward resumed:

"It was about the time of your marriage, and shortly before your departure for Europe, that I became acquainted with Frank Harcourt. You must remember his exceeding beauty. The first time I beheld him, Byron's exquisite description of the Appollo Belvidere rose to my lips:

> ———"In his delicate form,—a dream of Love
> Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose heart
> Longed for a deathless lover from above
> And maddened in that vision, is exprest
> All that ideal beauty ever blessed
> The mind with in its most unearthly mood."

His admirable symmetry of form, and a face of such perfect contour, such exquisite regularity of feature, that its semblance in marble might have been valued as a relic of Grecian ideal beauty, were alone sufficient to attract the admiration of such a lover of the beautiful as I always have been; but the charm of perfect coloring, the effect of light and shade was not wanting in this finished picture. His full dark eye sparkled beneath a snow-white forehead,—his cheek was bronzed by exposure and yet bright with health,—his lips were crimson and velvet-like as the pomegranate flower,—his teeth white as the ocean pearl,—his raven curls fell in those rich slight tendrils so rarely seen except on the head of infancy,—while the soft and delicate shadowing in his lip and chin resembled rather the silken texture of a lady's eyebrow, than the wiry and matted masses of hair usually cherished under the name of whiskers and moustache."

"You are quite impassioned in your description, Mildred; what would your husband say if he were to hear you?"

"He would agree with me in thinking that Frank Harcourt is the most beautiful specimen of humanity that ever presented itself to my admiring eyes."

"He has less jealousy then in his nature than most of his sex."

"A man has little cause to be jealous of a rival he has so utterly discomfited.

"Harcourt soon professed himself my admirer and need I say that his attentions were by no means displeasing to me. The buzz of admiration which met my ear whenever he appeared,—the delight with which ladies accepted his slightest civilities,—the manœuvres constantly practised to secure his society, all tended to render me vain of his homage. Had he been merely a beautiful statue,—a rich but empty casket, I should soon have become weary of my conquest. But Harcourt possessed a mind rather above mediocrity, fine taste, elegant manners, and, what was especially useful to him, great skill in decyphering character and consummate tact in adapting himself to its various peculiarities. When those beautiful lips parted only to utter the language of high-toned sentiment, or to breathe the impassioned words of Byron and Moore,—when those bright eyes glistened with suppressed tears at the voice of melancholy music, or sparkled with merry delight at the tones of gayety; when that fine person swayed itself with inimitable grace to the movements of the mazy dance, or bent its towering altitude with gentle dignity over the slight form of some delicate girl, it is not strange, that, even to my eyes, he should seem all that was noble and majestic in mind as well as person. Flattered by his courtly attentions, congratulated by my fashionable friends, and captivated by his brilliant qualities, my imagination soon became excited to a degree which bore a strong semblance to affection. He offered me his hand and was accepted. You look surprised, Emily; I thought you knew that I was actually engaged to him."

"Indeed I did not, Mildred, and I regret now to learn that such was the case. There is something to me very wrong,—I might almost say *disgraceful* in the disruption of such bonds; and the levity with

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which young ladies now *make* and *break* engagements, argues as ill for the morality of society, as does the frequency of bankruptcies and suspensions."

"I agree with you, Emily, and since it has become the fashion to consider the most solemn obligations only as a strait-laced garment which may be thrown off as soon as we can shut out society from our solitude,—since women pledge their hands without even knowing whether they have such an article as a *heart* to accompany it,—since men with equal ease *repudiate* their debts and their wives, I am afraid the next generation has little chance of learning morality from their parents. But sometimes, Emily, the sin is in *making* not in *breaking* the engagement. However, hear my story, and then judge.

"All the world knew that I was affianced to the handsome Frank Harcourt, and I was quite willing to enjoy my triumph as long as possible, before I settled myself down to the dull routine of domestic life. This disposition to defer my marriage might have led me to suspect the nature of my feelings, for no woman will ever shrink from a union with one to whom her soul is knit in the close bonds of affection. My lover was respectably connected, but had been educated for no profession and was not possessed of fortune. He had left his native village to find employment, and, as he hoped, wealth, in the busy mart of the Empire state. How he managed to satisfy my father, who, in the true spirit of an old Dutch burgomaster, looked upon every man as a rogue if he did not possess some visible occupation, I never could discover. He probably flattered his self-love by listening to all his schemes for the reformation of society; and, I am not sure that he did not draw up the constitution and by-laws of a certain association which my father wished to establish,—to be entitled a "Society for the Encouragement of Integrity among men of Business," and of which the old gentleman meant to constitute himself president.

"It was agreed that our marriage should take place at the expiration of a year, and my father (who was as fond of coincidents as a newspaper editor) declared that on the very day of our nuptials, the name of Harcourt should be added to the very respectable firm of Marchmont, Goodfellow & Co. About this part of the arrangement I cared very little. I enjoyed the present moment, and lavished my time, my thoughts and my feelings as foolishly as I did the gold with which my father supplied me. I was a mere child in my knowledge of the duties of life, and perhaps there never was one of my age to whom the word '*responsibility*' was so mystical a sound.

"I soon discovered that I had a serious rival in the affections of my future husband. Frank Harcourt loved himself far better than he did his mistress; and though his tact enabled him to avoid any offensive expression of this Narcissus-like preference, it was still very perceptible to me. Yet how could I blame him when I looked upon his handsome person? Indeed I often found myself quoting Pope's celebrated couplet, but with a difference,

> "If to his share a coxcomb's errors fall,
> Look in his face and you forget them all."

The truth was, that my vanity induced me to excuse his weakness. I was proud of exhibiting, as my lover, the man whom all admired; and I felt redoubled satisfaction in hearing him applauded by the very people who had already bestowed on me the meed of praise. I was even so foolish as to be vain of his costume, and although I knew that he wasted hours upon the adornment of his person, I delighted to see him appear attired in that manner, so peculiarly his own, which gave a graceful negligence to a toilet the most *soignée* and made a fanciful poet once style his dress "*an elegant impromptu.*" Like some other (so-called) impromptus, many a weary hour had been bestowed upon the task of making it *seem* extemporaneous.

The only one of Frank Harcourt's family with whom I then became acquainted, was his cousin Louis Heyward, and, among the whole circle of my acquaintances, there was no one whom I so cordially disliked. His form was diminutive and slightly misshapen, while his face would have been positively ugly, but for the effect of a pair of large, dark, soft eyes which seemed to speak a more fluent language than his lips. His manners were cold, quiet and indifferent; he mingled but little in society, and I think our well-filled library and my music alone induced him to conquer his reserve sufficiently to become one of my habitual visiters. To me he was always polite and gentlemanly but no more. He never flattered,—never even commended, though he often looked as if he would have censured, had he felt himself privileged to do so. Frank used to take great pains to bring him out into company, (Heaven forgive me if I wrong him in believing *now* that he wanted him as a foil to his own exceeding beauty,) but, excepting at our house, Louis was rarely seen in society. He had devoted himself to the gospel ministry, and, in order to support himself independently during the period of his theological studies, he had engaged to give instructions in some of the higher branches of education, at one of our principal schools. In fact Louis Heyward was only a poor student, a schoolmaster,—yet he dared to criticise the conduct of the flattered and spoiled Mildred Marchmont; and he alone,—of all the gifted and the graceful who bowed before her power,—he alone—the deformed, the unlovely—seemed to despise her influence."

"Pray how did you discover that he was actuated by such feelings? he surely did not venture to disclose them?"

"No, Emily; he was usually silent and abstracted in my presence. His relationship to Frank, placed him at once on a familiar footing in our family, and, we soon became accustomed to his somewhat eccentric manners. When not listening to my harp or piano, he was often occupied with a book, seeming utterly regardless of every one around him. But, often, when I have been sitting in the midst of an admiring circle of 'danglers' bestowing on one a smile, on another a sweet word, on another a trifling command, and, in short, playing off the thousand petty airs which belles are very apt to practise in order to claim the attentions of all around them,—I

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have stolen a glance at that cold, grave countenance, and there has been such severe expression in his speaking eyes,—such a smile of contempt on his pale lip, that I have blushed for my own folly even while I hated the cynic who made me sensible of it. I was constantly disputing with him about trifling matters of opinion, and I delighted in uttering beautiful fallacies, which I knew he would contradict. It was a species of gladiatorial game which I enjoyed because it was new and exciting. I had been so long accustomed to assent and flattery that it was quite refreshing to meet with something like opposition, which could arouse the dormant powers of my mind. The information with which my early reading had stored my memory,—the quickness of repartee which generally belongs to woman,—the readiness to turn the weapon of the assailant with a shield for our own weakness which is so very *feminine* a mode of argument,—all afforded a new gratification to my vanity, and while I heartily disliked the disputant, I yet eagerly sought the dispute. Louis at length discovered my motives for thus seeking to draw him into discussions, and, after that, no provocation could induce him to enter into a war of wit with me. In vain I uttered the most mischievous sophistries,—in vain I goaded him with keen satire; he smiled at my futile attempts, as if I were a petted child, but deigned me no reply. It was not until then that I estimated the treasures of his gifted mind, for when he no longer allowed himself to be drawn from his reserve,—when his fine conversational powers were no longer exerted, I felt I had lost a positive enjoyment which when in my possession I had scarcely thought of valuing.

"I happened one afternoon to be walking on the Battery with the two cousins, when we overtook an acquaintance who was unattended, except by a young brother. We immediately joined her, and, with a feeling of gratified vanity, (knowing that she had once diligently sought to attract Mr. Harcourt,) I stepped back, and taking the arm of Louis, left the lady in uninterrupted possession, *for a short time*, of my handsome lover. There was a mean and petty triumph in my heart at which I now blush, and, as I looked up into the face of my companion, after performing the manœuvre, I was almost startled at the stern contempt which was visible in his countenance."

"'Come, Mr. Heyward, do make yourself agreeable for once,' I exclaimed, with levity, 'do tell me you are flattered by my preference of your society.'

"'I never utter untruths,' was the cold reply.

"My first impulse was to withdraw my arm from his, but I restrained myself, and flippantly said:

"'You are as complimentary as usual, I perceive.'

"'Would you have me to feel flattered by being made the tool of your vanity, Madam?' said he, while his cheek flushed and his eye sparkled; 'do I not know that you only sought to gratify a malicious triumph over your less fortunate rival?'

"A denial rose to my lips, but my conscience forbade me to utter it. I was perfectly silent—yet, perhaps, there was something of penitence in my countenance, for he immediately added:

"'Good Heavens! Mildred,—Miss Marchmont, I mean—what capabilities of mind,—what noble characteristics of feeling you are daily wasting in society! How rapidly are the weeds of evil passion springing up amid the rich plants of virtue which are still rooted in your heart! How awful is the responsibility of one so nobly gifted as yourself!'

"'What do you mean, sir?' exclaimed I, startled at his earnestness.

"'Have you never read the parable of the unfaithful steward who hid his talent in the earth?' was his reply: 'God has given you beauty and mental power, and wealth and influence; yet what is your beauty but a snare?—What are your talents but instruments to gratify your vanity? Where is your wealth expended if not in ministering to your luxuries? What suffering fellow-being has ever been cheered by your sympathy?—or what weak and erring mortal has ever been strengthened in duty, or wakened to virtue by your influence?'

"I cannot describe how deeply I was shocked and pained at these impressive words. An emotion resembling terror seized me;—I was actually alarmed at the picture they abruptly presented to my view.

"Louis continued: 'forgive me, Miss Marchmont, if I have trespassed beyond the limits of decorum. I speak the language of *truth*,—a language you are but little accustomed to hear; but my conscience and my heart have long reproached my silence.'

"'You are a severe judge, Mr. Heyward,' said I, with a faint attempt at a smile; and just at that moment we were interrupted by some jesting remarks from the party who preceded us. No opportunity was afforded for renewing our conversation; but as we approached home, Louis lingered so as to secure a moment's time, and said in a low voice:

"'I will not ask you to forgive my frankness, Miss Marchmont, for something tells me that the time will come when you will not resent my apparent rudeness. I owe to you some of the happiest, and, it may be, some of the saddest moments of my life. Before we part, I would fain awaken you to a sense of your own true value, for amid all the frivolities which now waste your life, I have discovered that *you were born for better things*.' As he uttered these words, we found ourselves at my father's door, and with a cold bow he turned away.

"That night I was engaged to attend a brilliant ball, but my spirits were depressed, and my brow clouded by unwonted sadness. Whether wheeling in the giddy dance, or gliding with light words and lighter laugh amid the groups of pleasure-seeking guests, still the deep voice of Louis Heyward rung in my ears; and the words '*you were born for better things*,' seemed written upon everything that I beheld.

"'You are *triste* to-night, *ma belle*,' said Frank Harcourt, as he placed me in the carriage to return home: 'I shall be quite jealous of my crooked cousin, if a *tête-à-tête* with him has such power to dim your radiance.'

"Many a truth is uttered in the language of mockery. That walk with Louis had become an era in my life. How I longed to weep in solitude! The weariness

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and satiety which had long unconsciously possessed me,—the unsatisfied cravings for excitement, which had long been my torment, now seemed to me fully explained. Louis Heyward had unfolded to me the truth,—he had revealed the secret of my hidden discontent, when he told me *I was born for better things*. I had '*placed my happiness lower than myself*,' and therefore did I gather only disappointment and vexation. Why did I not utter these thoughts to my affianced lover? Why did I not weep upon his bosom and seek his tender sympathy? Because I instinctively knew that he would not understand me. The charm which enrobed my idol was already unwinding, and I had learned that there were many subjects on which there could exist no congenial sentiments. For the first time in my life, I began to reflect; and, with reflection, came remorse for wasted time and ill-regulated feelings. Like the peasant girl in the fairy tale, mine eyes had been touched with the ointment of disenchantment, the illusion which had made life seem a scene of perfect beauty and happiness was dispelled forever, and I now only beheld a field where thorns grew beneath every flower, and a path where duties were strewn far more thickly than pleasures.

"A circumstance which soon after occurred confirmed my melancholy impressions. Do you remember little Fanny Rivers whom my mother took while yet a child, with the intention of making her my confidential servant and dressing-maid? She was about my age, and had grown up to be very pretty,—with one of those sweet, innocent, child-like faces, which are always so lovely in woman. Soon after your marriage she abruptly left my service, and much to my regret I was unable to obtain any trace of her. At the time of which I have just spoken, however, I received a note from her. She was sick and in distress, and she requested from me some pecuniary aid. I did not receive the appeal with indifference, and instead of merely sending her assistance I determined to seek her in person. I found her residing with a relative, a poor washerwoman, and as I sat by the sick bed of the young invalid, I for the first time beheld, with my own eyes, the actual life of poverty. Hitherto I had been lavish of money in charity, from a thoughtless and selfish wish to avoid the sight of suffering, but now I learned to sympathise with the poor and unhappy. Poor Fanny was dying with consumption, and daily did I visit her humble apartment, led thither as much by my morbid and excited feelings as by my interest in the failing sufferer. But it was not till she was near her death-hour that she revealed to me her painful story. Never shall I forget her simple words:

"'I used to think ma'm, that nothing was so desirable as fine clothes, and when I saw you dressed in your beautiful silks and satins, I used to cry with envy because I was only a servant. As I grew older this wicked feeling increased, and often when you had gone to a party, I have locked myself in your dressing-room, and put on your laces, and flowers and jewels, just to see how I should look in such fine dress. I felt very proud when the large glass showed me that I looked just like a lady; but it only made me more envious and unhappy. At last my hour of temptation came. One,—whose name I have sworn never to reveal,—came to me with promises of all that I had so long wanted. He offered me silk dresses, and plenty of money, and said I should have servants to wait on me if I would only love him. He was so handsome, and he brought me such costly presents,—he talked to me so sweetly and pitied me so much for being a servant when I ought to be a lady, that I could not refuse to believe him. He told me I should be his wife in the sight of Heaven, and he ridiculed what he called my old-fashioned notions, until he made me forget the prayers which my poor mother taught me and the Bible which she used to read to me. I was vain and so I became wicked. I sold my happiness on earth and my hopes of Heaven hereafter, for the privilege of wearing fine clothes; for indeed, Miss Mildred, I never was happy after I left your house.'

"I sought to learn no more of poor Fanny's history, Emily; I scarcely heard the tale of her subsequent desertion and destitution. My conscience was awakened, and fearfully did she knell in my ears my own condemnation. 'Who made ye to differ?' asked my heart, as I gazed on this victim to vanity and treachery. Who taught this fallen creature to value the allurements of dress beyond the adornment of innocence? Who sowed in her bosom the seeds of envy and discontent, and nurtured them there until they bore the poisoned fruit of sin? Was I guiltless of my brother's blood? Had not I been the *first* tempter of the guileless child? Here, then, was an evidence of my influence;—how fatally exercised!

"Emily, have repented in tears and agony of spirit:—I have prayed that this weight of blood-guiltiness might be removed from my soul; and I humbly trust my prayer has not been in vain:—but even now my heart sickens at the recollection of the being whom my example first led astray. It was at the bedside of the dying girl,—when my spirit was bowed in humble penitence—that the words of religious truth first impressed themselves upon my adamantine heart. I had listened unmoved to the promises and denunciations of the gospel, when uttered from the pulpit; but now, the time, the place, the circumstance gave them tenfold power. I visited Fanny Rivers daily, until death released the penitent from her sufferings, and then, I fell into a deep melancholy from which nothing could arouse me, and for which no one could account.

"Frank Harcourt was annoyed and vexed at this change. He earnestly pressed our immediate marriage, and talked about a trip to Paris as an infallible cure for my '*nervous excitement*.' But in proportion as my better feelings were awakened, my attachment to him decreased, until I actually shrunk from a union with him. He now appeared to me frivolous in his tastes, and the light tone with which he spoke of moral duties, though often listened to as an idle jest, in calmer times, now offended and disgusted me. In vain I tried to recall my past feelings. In vain I gazed upon his exquisite face and watched

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the movements of his graceful form, in the hope of again experiencing the thrill of pleasure which had once been awakened by his presence. The flame had been kindled at the unholy shrine of vanity, and already the ashes of perished fancies had gathered over it to dim its brightness. I could no longer cheat myself into the belief that I loved Frank Harcourt. He was still as glorious in beauty,—still the idol of society; but the spell was broken, and I looked back with wonder to my past delusion.

"You will ask where, during all these changes, was Louis Heyward. The very day after the conversation which had so awakened my remorse of conscience, he bade me farewell, having been summoned to take charge of a small congregation, and to 'build up a church in the wilderness.' I would have given much for his counsel and his sympathy, but he was far away, absorbed in noble duties, and had probably ceased to remember with interest, the being whom his *one true word* had rescued from destruction. I was exceedingly wretched, and saw no escape from my unhappiness. The approach of the period fixed upon for my marriage only added to the horror of my feelings, and I sometimes fancied I should be driven to madness.

"But the *dénouement*,—a most unexpected one—came at length. The aunt of poor Fanny, who was very grateful for my attentions to the unhappy girl, accidentally heard that I was on the point of marriage with Mr. Harcourt, and, instigated no less by revenge than by a sense of gratitude to me, she revealed to me the *name* which Fanny had *sworn*, and she had *promised* to conceal. You can imagine the rest, Emily. With the indignant feeling of insulted virtue and outraged womanhood, I instantly severed the tie that bound me to him. Did I not do right in breaking my engagement?

"More than two years passed away. I had withdrawn from the follies, though not from the rational enjoyments of society; and, having joined myself to the church, I endeavored to live in a manner worthy of my profession. Alas! all my good deeds were insufficient to make amends for my wasted years and baleful example. The world ceased, at last, to wonder and ridicule my sudden reformation, (which they kindly attributed to my lover's fickleness,) and I was beginning to enjoy the peace of mind, always attendant on the exercise of habitual duty, when I was surprised by the intelligence that Louis Heyward had been chosen to succeed the deceased pastor of our church. The day when he preached his first sermon for us will long live in my remembrance. Associated, as he was, with my brightest and my darkest hours, I almost feared to see him, lest the calm of my feelings should be disturbed by painful recollections. But he now appeared before me in a new and holier light. He was a minister of truth unto the people, and as I watched the rich glow of enthusiasm mantling his pale cheek, and the pure light of zeal illumining his dark eyes, I thought there was indeed 'a beauty in holiness.'

"Do not think I was in love with our young pastor. I fancied that my heart was dead to such impressions, and it was only with quiet friendship that I greeted him when he renewed his acquaintance with her whom he had once known as the glittering belle of a ball-room. I saw him frequently, for I now understood the value of wealth and influence when they could be made subservient to the interests of religion and humanity. My purse as well as my time was readily bestowed for the good of others. Always in extremes, I was in danger of running into the error of fanaticism, and I owe it to Louis that I am now a rational, and I trust, earnest Christian. But a long time elapsed after this renewal of our intercourse before I was permitted to read the volume of his heart. It was not until he was well assured that the change which he beheld was the result, not of temporary disgust with the world, but of a thorough conviction of error, that he ventured to indulge the affections of his nature. He had loved me, Emily, during my days of vanity and folly. His cold, stern manner was a penance imposed upon himself, to expiate his weakness, and while he strove to scorn my levity, he was, in fact, the slave of my caprice. But he crushed the passion even in its bud, and forced himself to regard me only as his cousin's bride. Yet the glimpses of better feelings which sometimes struggled through every frivolity, almost overcame his resolution, and the conversation which first awakened me to reflection, was the result of a sense of duty strangely blended with the impulses of a hopeless passion.

"Perfect confidence now existed between us. My external life had been almost an unbroken calm, but my heart's history was one of change and tumult and darkness. Louis wept,—aye, wept with joy, when he learned that his hand had sown the good seed within my bosom. It is Madame de Stäel who says that 'Truth, no matter by what atmosphere it is surrounded, is never uttered in vain;' and I am a living proof that she is right. I have now been five years a wife; and, though my husband has not a face that limners love to paint and ladies to look upon,—though his form is not moulded to perfect symmetry, and his limbs lack the graceful comeliness of manly strength,—in short,—though he is a *little, ugly, lame man*, yet I look upon him with a love as deep as it is enduring, for the radiant beauty of his character has blinded my feeble eyes to mere personal defects. Frank Harcourt was the sculptured image,—the useless ornament of a boudoir, but Louis,—my own Louis is the unpolished casket,—rude in its exterior, but enclosing a pearl of price,—the treasure of a noble spirit."

"And what has become of your former lover?"

"He is the ornament of Parisian saloons; living no one knows how, but suspected to be one of that class, termed in England, '*flat-catchers*,' lending the aid of his fine person and fascinating manners to attract victims to the gaming-table. He is said to be as handsome as ever,—dresses well, and is the admiration of all the young ladies as well as the dread of all the mammas who are on the watch to avoid '*ineligibles*.' And now that you have heard my story, Emily, are you still surprised at my choice?"

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THE BLUE VELVET MANTILLA.

BY MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN.

"I do admire
Of womankind but one." *John Gilpin.*

"So then, Julius, you are at last a lawyer, out and out?—how did you pass your examination?"

"Just to please myself, uncle, I wasn't stumped once."

"Bravo! I am glad to hear it; that was exactly following my example. Before I got through, they tried hard to pose me, but I was an overmatch for them. I would have made a capital lawyer, Julius, had I chosen to practise."

"What a pity you did not, uncle!"

"Yes, that's what all my friends say, and that, if I had not been too rich to need it, they would have given me all the business in their power,—every cent's worth of it. Many of them wish that I had been poorer, that I might have been of greater service to the public."

"What kind friends you must have, sir!"

"You rascal! I see that you are laughing at me. However, I intend to take you for my raw material, and make of you everything that I have failed to be myself. In the first place, you are to rise to the height of the profession here, in this very city, to make amends for my not having attained the station."

"But the opposite reason to yours will forbid my accomplishing that, my dear sir,—too light a purse, is, in the generality of cases, a greater obstacle than one too heavy."

"An ingenious lawyer, to presume that, when I employ you to do my work for me, I expect you to go upon your own means! why, my worshipful attorney, you must live here with me, in my own house, and make use of my own purse. It is my place to pay the expenses."

"Dear uncle! how kind you are! how generous! —I can never be sufficiently grateful—"

"Spare your eloquence to plead my causes for me! —we lawyers know how much speeches ought to go for, so I want none of them here, just now. Am I not telling you that you are to work for me in return? —and I wish you to fulfil another of my duties towards society."

"Anything in the world, uncle, after all the kindness—"

"Poh! it 's not any uncommon task I wish you to undertake. It is only to marry a wife and to raise a family. You may imitate me in everything but in being an idler, and an old bachelor."

"Why, everybody thinks you, sir, the happiest, most independent, most contented old bachelor in the world. Quite an enviable person."

"I am not at all to be envied, Julius. As to being happy,—that's all a sham. I have never been contented since they called me an old bachelor. No, no,—you must have a wife. I have picked one out for you."

"Indeed! pray who is she, uncle?"

"One of the loveliest girls in the city,—your cousin Henrietta Attwood."

"Etty Attwood! the pretty little second-cousin who used to come sometimes to visit us when I was a boy! I remember her well;—the most beautiful, sweetest tempered child in the world; with bright brown eyes, and flaxen ringlets curling over her shoulders and down to her waist! if she is as charming a woman as she was a child, I have not the shadow of an objection. I used to call her my little wife then, and the first poetry I ever perpetrated, was some stanzas addressed to her on her birthday."

"Yes, she has shown them to me more than once; she remembers you as well as you do her, and often inquires of me about her cousin and old playfellow, Julius Rockwell."

"But do you think she would have me, uncle?"

"Why shouldn't she?—you are plaguy good-looking,—you know that well enough,—very much like what I was at your age; you have sense plenty,— that is, if you are not a degenerate shoot of your family; if you have not, you must acquire it; you have formed no bad habits, I hope;—if you have, I must cane them out of you. And Etty will do whatever I bid her,—I know she will. She is aware that I was looking for you, and will expect you to call to see her immediately."

"I shall be delighted to do so; can you take me this evening, uncle? But how does it happen that she is in the city. Her parents, I believe, reside in the country still."

"She is with her aunt, Mrs. Attwood, a rich widow, who having married off all her own daughters, has begged a share of her time for the sake of her company. She is very much of a belle, but if you manage properly, you and she will make a match of it in less than six months, or my name is not Herman Holcroft. You must then live with me. I begin to feel lonesome as I grow old, and, you perceive, I have house-room for twenty more."

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"My dear uncle, you are too kind!"

"Stop a moment! remember it is only on condition you bring Etty with you; I don't know that I would like any one else. So I will go with you, and introduce you to-night. I was afraid you would have to wait to be provided with a new suit, but am agreeably disappointed. You look not only genteel but fashionable. Your country tailors must be on the march of improvement."

"Oh! since steam-engines are so abundant, no one need be behind the fashions, unless he chooses;—but, uncle,—look here, quick!—Ah! she has gone around that corner!"

"Who?—what is it?" asked the old bachelor, hastily rising from his superb, damask covered rocking-chair, to approach the window.

"A young lady,—the loveliest, brightest—"

"Pho!" returned Mr. Holcroft, sinking again into his cushions with a look of disappointment; "why I see thousands of lovely, bright-looking girls passing here every day, and so it has been for the last twenty years. That, I suppose, is one reason why I have not married. I never could get one pretty face fixed in my heart, before a hundred others presented themselves to drive it away."

The windows of the apartment, in which the gentlemen sat, opened upon one of the most noted thoroughfares on this side of the Atlantic, which at that hour, was crowded by an unusually brilliant throng of the fair and the gay, called out by the bright sunshine of a clear December afternoon, to exhibit, each, her new assortment of winter finery. During the foregoing dialogue, young Rockwell had not been so much occupied as to be unable to throw an occasional glance into the street, and the one which preceded his exclamation, had been met by a pair of radiant eyes, with an expression so cordial and familiar, that he was quite startled,—and the more easily, that they belonged to one of the most beautiful faces and one of the richest costumes that he had noticed on the crowded pavé. "I could never have seen her before,—no, I never did,"—said he to himself, and the passage of Moore so generally known to the sentimental and romantic youths, who sigh in our language, came into his mind:—

> "As if his soul that moment caught
> An image it through life had sought;
> As if the very lips and eyes,
> Predestined to have all his sighs,
> And never be forgot again,
> Sparkled and smiled before him then."

"That is a favorite excuse with you old bachelors," said he, at length, remembering that a reply might be expected to his uncle's last observation; "but this young lady,—*such* a face could not be easily driven away! I wonder who she can be?—perhaps you know her,—she is evidently one of your *élite*, but I can't describe her; one thing I noticed, however, she had on a blue velvet —, what is the name of those new articles?—neither a cloak nor a shawl;—you understand what I mean, uncle."

"A mantilla, you blockhead!" replied the old bachelor, consequentially, as if proud of being so far read in women's gear.

"Yes, a mantilla,—a blue velvet mantilla, worked in yellow figures."

"Embroidered in gold color, or straw, or canary, or lemon, the ladies say," returned Mr. Holcroft, in a tone of correction; "there are plenty of blue velvet mantillas, and how am I to know which you mean?"

Julius admitted that it might be rather difficult, and looked out of the window with renewed interest, while his uncle kept up a rambling discourse which required no reply. In a few moments the blue mantilla again appeared, another witching glance was thrown upon him, and snatching up his hat, without a word of explanation or excuse, he darted from the room. Immediately after, a fine looking young man entered, and was saluted by the name of Elkinton, by Mr. Holcroft, who sat wondering at his nephew's sudden disappearance.

"Has Rockwell arrived, Mr. Holcroft?" asked the visiter.

"Yes,—did you not meet him at the door?—he reached this an hour or two ago, and has just bolted out as if life and death depended on his speed. I suppose he saw something wonderful in the street. These rustics, when they come to town, are always on the stare for novelties. A fire-bell startles them as much as an earthquake would us. But won't you sit down?—he will be back again in a few minutes, no doubt."

"Thank you, I have not time to wait. I merely called in to see if he had come. Perhaps I may find him in the street."

Meanwhile Julius was eagerly tracing the fair unknown, and unpractised as he was in threading the mazes of a city crowd, he found little difficulty in gaining upon the light, quick step he followed. But at length, as he joyfully held, his good genius befriended him. She was stopped by a distinguished looking girl, whose tall figure, dark eyes, and black hair, contrasted strongly with her own rather *petite* proportions, hazel eyes and ringlets of light brown. He came up in time to hear the lady of his pursuit say to the other, "I half expect visiters this evening, but should they not call, I shall go certainly. I believe it is the Vandenhoffs' benefit, and, no doubt, a treat may be looked for."

Just then a carriage drew up to the curbstone, and an elderly lady called from it, "I have half a notion to make you both walk home;—I have been driving up and down street for an hour, expecting to meet you. Get in,—quick!"

The steps were let down, and the black-eyed damsel was handed in. Her companion was about to follow, when, glancing over her shoulder, she beheld our hero. She paused, half-smiled, blushed, and springing into the carriage, was driven off, and out of sight in a moment, while Julius stood transfixed where she left him. He was aroused by a hand laid on his arm, and turning, he exclaimed, somewhat abashed at being found in a position so equivocal, "Is it possible, Elkinton!"

"My dear Rockwell! I am rejoiced to see you! I

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almost passed without recognising you; I could scarcely have expected to meet you, fresh from the country, standing in a brown study, in the most crowded square of the city!"

The two young men had been classmates at college, and though a regular correspondence had not been kept up between them, they were always the warmest of friends whenever they chanced to meet. They turned to walk together towards Mr. Holcroft's.

"Pray, Elkinton, do you know any lady who wears a blue velvet mantilla?" asked Julius as soon as politeness allowed him to introduce an extrinsic subject.

"Very probably I may, but I never recollect ladies by their dress, as I seldom pay the slightest attention to it. What sort of a lady do you mean?"

"A young, very beautiful one, with bright complexion, clear hazel eyes and sunny tresses."

"I know several such,—you may see plenty of them passing any hour; but what about her?"

"Oh, nothing! only I saw her in the street and was struck with her appearance."

"Pshaw! you will be struck ten times a minute if you are on the look-out for beauty. For my part, I have given up looking at the ladies in general."

"Then it must be because you are engrossed by one in particular."

"Right, and I'll introduce you to her for old acquaintance sake. Don't you remember our standing argument, that neither of us would marry without a communication to, and a consultation with, the other?"

"Of course," replied Julius abstractedly; "I must try to find out who she is."

"You shall know all about her, my Julius, and become acquainted with her, as soon as you are at leisure, I should like to have your impression of my choice," returned Elkinton cordially; of course alluding to his own lady love; "but I have not time to talk longer, just now. I'll call to see you in the morning."

"Stay, at which house are the Vandenhoffs to perform to-night?" asked Julius, detaining him.

Elkinton named the theatre and hurried away.

On returning to his uncle, there being visiters present, no questions were asked about his absence, and when they were again alone, the old gentleman desired him to have himself in readiness to call on his cousin, Miss Attwood, after tea. With some hesitation, he excused himself. "Perhaps you would like to go to see the Vandenhoffs, as this is their last night," said Mr. Holcroft, presuming that to be his objection; "if so, by going early to visit Etty, we may have a chance to take her along, if she is not engaged. You need not mind being out of etiquette, as I shall propose it myself."

Still Julius demurred about the visit, and added, "It was my intention to go to the theatre, but I should prefer going alone."

"Going alone!" repeated the old gentleman, looking at him scrutinizingly; "that is altogether wrong, Julius. A young man should not, if possible, appear at a place of amusement, which ladies are sanctioned to attend, without having one along. They are a protection from improper associations, and add greatly to the respectability of one's appearance. On the present occasion, your attendance on Henrietta Attwood will establish your standing in society at once. She is certainly one of the most admired girls in the city."

"No doubt of it, uncle; but for my part I never admired dumpy girls."

"Dumpy girls?—what do you intimate by that, sir? why Etty has one of the most perfect figures I ever saw! she is a very sylph."

"Indeed! when she was a child, she was very short and fat. At any rate, she must have white hair,—she formerly had,—and I have no great partiality for 'lint white locks.'"

"White hair! what the plague has got into the fellow? she has no such thing. An hour or two ago you were all anxiety that I should take you to see her, and you seem ready to decline going altogether."

"Excuse me, uncle, but really I don't feel in the humor for ladies' society this evening."

"Oh, very well, sir; consult your own pleasure," replied the old bachelor in a tone of pique, and took his tea in silence.

Julius noticed it, but though sorry to displease him, was ashamed to confess his motive for wishing to go alone, and, after a few minutes of constraint, in the drawing-room, he set off for the theatre.

He arrived early, and selecting a place which commanded a view of the whole house, he kept his eyes in constant motion from door to door, with the purpose of scanning every group that entered, a feat not easy to accomplish, as an unusual number were thronging the house. At length, a round of applause, on the rising of the curtain, distracted his attention, for a moment, and on again turning round, he beheld in a box near him, the identical blue velvet mantilla, accompanied by an elderly gentleman, and the tall brunette. The best acting of the season was all lost upon him, the one object alone chaining his eyes and his thoughts. She, too, evidently perceived him, while surveying the audience. At the end of the first act, and several times afterward, she met his gaze, with conscious blushes, and an apparent effort to repress a smile. He also fancied that some communication on the subject passed between her and her companions.

The play at length was over, and the party rose to go. Julius pushed through the crowd until he found himself beside them. In the press, the mantilla became unfastened, and, unperceived, by its owner, a gentleman set his foot upon it. "The lady's mantilla, sir!" said our hero, eagerly catching it up. She nodded her thanks with looks half downcast, and confusedly taking it from his hand, wrapped it around her and, in a few minutes, they had reached the door. The old gentleman handed his fair charges into a carriage in waiting, and, saying that he would walk, ordered the servant to drive on.

"Have a hack, sir?" asked a coachman.

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"Yes,—follow that carriage," replied Julius, and springing in, was driven into one of the most fashionable streets of the city. The carriage stopped before one of the handsomest houses in it, and he saw the ladies alight and enter the door. Then discharging his coach, he reconnoitered the house and square, to know them again, and congratulating himself on his discovery, he returned to his uncle's.

Mr. Holcroft had recovered, in some degree, from his displeasure against the morning, and with a return of his usual manner, he questioned his nephew upon the quality of the past night's entertainment.

"I can hardly tell, sir; that is,—I believe it was good, sir;" answered he with some incoherence.

"Why, my good fellow, I hope you are not so green as not to know whether a theatrical performance was good or the contrary!" said the old bachelor, staring at him, whereupon the young gentleman felt himself necessitated to be somewhat less abstracted.

After breakfast he took up his hat with unexpressed intention to visit the scene of his discovery, and half formed hopes, and his uncle, having observed that in a stroll through the city he might see some books, or other such matters, which he would like to possess, kindly proffered him funds to purchase them.

Julius thanked him, and answered that he was provided with a sum, naming it, amply sufficient for the expenses of the three or four weeks he had proposed for the length of his visit.

"Don't forget to be back again at twelve," said Mr. Holcroft; "against that time I shall want you to go with me to see your cousin Etty."

"Hang my cousin Etty!" thought Julius, but he said nothing, and, with a bow, he departed. On reaching the place where his thoughts had been all the morning, he examined the door, but could find no name, nor could he see a child or a servant within half a square, of whom he might have obtained information. But, crossing the street in his disappointment, he noticed on the first house before him, a large brass door-plate, inscribed "Boarding," and actuated by the first suggestion of his fancy, he rang the bell, and inquired if he could obtain lodgings for a short time.

"My rooms are all taken, sir,—that is, all the best apartments," replied the mistress of the mansion, presuming, from his appearance, that none but good accommodations would answer.

Julius paused a moment, but having gone so far, he concluded not to draw back. "I would be willing to put up with an inferior one, provided it is in the front of the house," said he.

"The small room, in the third story, over the entrance, is vacant," said the lady, hesitating to offer it.

"I'll take it, madam," he returned, and without farther question or examination, he hastened to have his baggage brought. This he executed without the knowledge of his uncle, the old gentleman having rode out after breakfast.

He felt half ashamed of his precipitancy, when he saw his trunks deposited in a chamber, so filled up by a narrow bed, a washstand and a single chair, that there was hardly space enough for them, but on approaching the window, he beheld the blue mantilla descending from the steps of the house opposite, and he regarded himself as fully compensated for the sacrifice.

"Who lives in the house immediately across the way?" asked he of the servant who was arranging the room.

"Mr. Lawrenson, sir,—that gentleman coming out." It was the old gentleman of the theatre.

"There are a couple of young ladies in the house, are there not?"

"Only one, sir, that I know of,—a great belle among the quality. The gentlemen call her the *beautiful* Miss Lawrenson."

Julius was satisfied. He knew the family by reputation, and to have attracted the attention, and commenced a flirtation of the eyes with a beauty so distinguished, he felt was an adventure to be pursued without respect to little inconveniences. He was strengthened in this sentiment by some of the gentlemen at the dinner-table stating, that one of the most prominent ornaments of the dress circle, at the theatre, the night before, was the beautiful Charlotte Lawrenson.

After dinner he watched long for the return of his fair neighbor, an occupation not the most comfortable, as there was no chimney in the room, and therefore no possibility of his having a fire; but she did not again appear, and recollecting that his uncle ought to be informed of his change of quarters, he proceeded to fulfil that duty. On his way he had some misgiving that the old gentleman would not receive his apprisal on the best of terms, and he was projecting some plausible excuse to satisfy him, when the result of his ingenuity was annihilated by his encountering, face to face, the lady of his thoughts,—his heart, as he believed. The same half-smile met him,—there might have been observed an additional expression of familiarity;—the same blush, and he would have turned to follow her again, but his sense of propriety had not so far left him, as to admit of the repetition,—particularly as there was no object to be gained by it. So, satisfied that from his close vicinity, he could have an opportunity of seeing her daily, and of taking advantage of any favorable accident for a better acquaintance, he entered the drawing-room of the old bachelor, who received him with an exclamation of "Where upon earth have you been all this day, Julius?"

"At my lodgings, sir," replied the youth, having come to the conclusion that it would be best to treat his desertion in the most matter of course way possible.

"Your lodgings!" repeated Mr. Holcroft, in astonishment.

"Yes, uncle; as I don't like to trouble my friends more than I can help, I decided upon taking boarding, and your absence, when I came to remove my baggage, prevented my informing you of it."

"What, after I had proposed your taking up your

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residence in my house, not only during your visit, but during my life time! I need a better excuse than that. Where have you gone?"

Julius named the place.

"One of the most expensive establishments in the city, and one frequented by dandies, *roués*, and *bon vivants*,—the very worst sort of society for a young man, who aspires to attaining eminence in one of the learned professions. You might, at least, have consulted me about a place proper for you, even though you had decided upon mortifying me by leaving my house. How long have you engaged to stay?"

"Only a week or two, uncle," replied Julius, devoutly hoping that no questions would be asked, which would compel him to confess that he had ensconsed himself in the worst apartment in the house.

"I waited dinner for you an hour, after having expected you for two or three to go with me to visit your cousin Etty. However, you can stay to tea, and go with me in the evening."

"Excuse me, dear sir,—I have a particular reason for declining."

"What! again?—how do you intend to dispose of yourself?"

"I—I shall stay in my own room, I believe, uncle."

"You vex and surprise me more and more, Julius. Independent of my earnest desire that you should see your cousin, your duty as a gentleman and as a relative requires that you should make her a visit, and the sooner it is done, the more it will be to your credit."

"The young lady in question being only my second-cousin, I cannot perceive that there is any duty connected with the matter. Second-cousins, except in cases of convenience, are seldom regarded as relatives at all."

"Whew! I presume that, after all that, I need not be surprised if you should propose to dissolve the connection between me and yourself! I, a queer, plain, old fellow, will hardly be likely to remain an *acknowledged* kinsman of one who declines the relationship of one of the loveliest girls that ever the sun shone upon!"

"My dear uncle, I meant no disrespect towards Miss Attwood, much less to you, but really, I have something to attend to, that will debar me from the pleasure of fulfilling your wishes, to-night. I will see you again in the morning. Good evening."

"I must keep a sharp watch on that youngster," said the old bachelor to himself; "he can't have formed an attachment at home, for he appeared delighted, at first, with my proposition for his settlement. As to his leaving my house, it strikes me that it was done for the purpose of escaping my *surveillance*. I must be careful as to what sort of habits he has formed, before I decide on carrying out my plans. I must go to see Etty this evening myself, and as she will expect some excuse for his not calling, I can tell her that he is diffident,—not used to ladies' society, or something that way. She has not been here for several days, I presume on his account; so I'll tell her that he has taken boarding at Mrs. W——'s. I have no notion of being cheated out of my only lady visiter by the ungrateful scamp." And the old gentleman carried his resolve into execution.

Julius had really told the truth in saying that he intended to remain at home that evening, but he would not for any thing in the world,—except, indeed, the heart under the blue velvet mantilla,—have acknowledged his reason for so doing. The fact was, he had concluded that no time was to be lost in pursuing his advantage, and that, as he had been the poet of his class at college, he might be inspired, if in solitude, to produce a metrical accompaniment for some pretty *gage d'amour*, to be sent the next morning. His muse not unpropitious, but cabin'd, confined, in his fireless dormitory, his ardour would, no doubt, have abated, had he not, by an occasional glance out of the window, been reminded, by the blue sky and its golden embroidery of stars, of the azure mantilla. Thus refreshed, whenever he found himself flagging, he completed his performance to his full satisfaction, and after copying it on paper perfumed and gilt,—with his washstand for a writing table,—he retired to dream the night into day.

In the morning, as soon as breakfast was over, he set off in quest of his intended gift, and seeing the gorgeous display of exotics, in the window of a celebrated florist, he stopped and selected flowers for a bouquet, the richest and rarest, without regard to cost, and ordering them to be sent immediately to his lodgings, he hastened to meet them there. He was stopped, however, in his course by his friend Elkinton.

"I am glad at the accident of meeting you," said the latter; "I called last evening and this morning at Mr. Holcroft's in expectation of your coming in,—the servants having told me yesterday that you had changed your residence. Where do you lodge?—your uncle was not at home, and, consequently, I did not ascertain."

Julius evaded an answer, afraid of exposing to any acquaintance how comfortless a place he had deposited himself in, and though they had now nearly reached it, he walked off in a contrary direction to avoid suspicion, talking all the while with much more animation than he would have been likely to do in his present state of feeling, if there had not been a strong motive to prompt him.

"Have you any engagement for this evening?" asked Elkinton; "if not, I will take you to see my *fiancée*, as I promised you the other day. I really wish to have your congratulations on my selection. All the fellows of my acquaintance regard me with envy;—you need not smile,—I say it without vanity or boasting."

Julius declined without offering an excuse.

"When will you go then?" persisted the intruder.

"I don't know,—in truth I go very little into ladies' society at present," replied Rockwell, with an air of *nonchalance*.

That his friend should be totally indifferent towards his mistress, is little less unpardonable to a lover, than that he should attempt to rival him in her affections; accordingly Elkinton, after replying coolly,

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"very well, I hold you to no appointment," bowed stiffly, and walked away.

Not giving his friend's change of deportment a thought, Julius hastened to his room, where the flowers had arrived before him, and folded his poetical billet-doux to send with them. How to direct it was the next question, and determining that it would be disrespectful, without his having an introduction, to address it to "Miss Lawrenson," he substituted, in place of her name, to "The Blue Velvet Mantilla." He then rang the bell, and giving the waiter who appeared, a liberal douceur to carry it across the street, and leave it for Miss Lawrenson, with the bouquet, he watched at the window until he saw it delivered to a servant at the door.

The other boarders having left the parlors, he took possession of one of the front windows with a newspaper in his hand, and watched every movement across the way. In a short time the tall brunette emerged from the doorway, but her companion of the sunny ringlets did not appear. After dinner she really did present herself,—he was on the watch again;—and he noticed that, before she reached the steps, she glanced across with apparent curiosity, from which he conjectured that she had discovered, by means of the servant, whence the offering had come. And then, when she turned to look again, after she had pulled the bell, he was confident that she recognised his figure at the window. Towards evening he tore himself from his loadstone long enough to saunter out with the object of paying his respects to his uncle, but the old gentleman not being in the house, he did not enter, and returning to his room, he busied himself, as the evening before, in writing verses for a future occasion.

Thus ended one day of folly, and the next was spent in a similar manner, except that he sent a costly English annual, as his second tribute, and, to his surprise and ecstasy, received, in return, by his messenger, a geranium leaf, enclosed in a sheet of rose-colored note-paper, in which was inscribed, in a dainty female hand, the single line,—"From the Blue Velvet Mantilla."

The third day, he sent a present equally elegant, and employed some of the most skilful members of a famous band to discourse their most elegant music under her window in the night, and he felt not a little flattered, secretly, to hear some of the boarders pronounce it the most delightful serenade ever heard, even in the neighborhood of Miss Lawrenson. But it would be tedious to follow him in his extravagances. He dispensed his flowers, and books, and music, and tasteful *bijoux* as prodigally as if he had possessed the purse of a Fortunio, until better than a week had passed. During this time he forced himself to call daily on his uncle, and daily declined a visit to his cousin, until the old gentleman, deeply offended, ceased to invite him to his house, and he for the same reason, ceased to go. Elkinton, too, met him once or twice, and, in remembrance of his want of courtesy, passed him with merely a nod, but what was all that, in comparison with the compensation he received from the lady of the mantilla?—sundry glances and blushes, when he chanced to meet her on the street; a wave of her scarf across the window, which could not have been accidental; and above all, two several notes, containing, each, familiar quotations, in her own delicate hand, as answers to some of his impassioned rhapsodies. A new incident, however, brought him somewhat to his senses.

One morning his messenger, on returning, presented him with a note, markedly different, from its bold penmanship, to the others, and on opening it, he read to the following effect.—

"The person, who, for a week past, has been so liberal of his favors to Miss C—— L——, is requested to call this afternoon, three o'clock, at No. 26, —— Hotel, and explain his conduct to one possessed of a right to demand it. Should he not comply, it will be presumed that he is unworthy of being treated as a gentleman, and he shall be dealt with accordingly."

"From whom did you receive this?" asked he of the servant.

"From Mr. Lawrenson's footman, sir, who always receives my messages; he said it was given to him by a gentleman who ordered him not to tell his name."

"Very well; that is sufficient," said Julius, with considerably more self-possession than if it had contained another quotation or geranium leaf.

What explanation should he make?—was he to meet a father, or a brother? whom? or, what? was he to be called upon to apologize, or to fight? or what was to be done? He could settle none of these questions to his satisfaction, and so he concluded to remain as unconcerned as possible, and be guided by the relative position and deportment of his challenger.

The appointed hour came, and found our hero at the house designated. He asked to be shown to No. 26, and, on rapping at the door, to his surprise, it was opened by Elkinton. The latter, also, looked surprised, but presuming that he had called to atone for his former unfriendliness, he invited him in, and seated him, with much cordiality. Julius looked around, and perceiving no other person in the room, took the letter from his pocket, and remarked—"There must be some mistake here. To confess the truth, Elkinton, I did not expect to find myself in your apartment. This note directed me to number 26, but it must be a mistake of the pew. However, as I am here, I would be very glad of your advice as a friend. Read this."

Elkinton glanced at the note, and, with a heightened color, returned, "There must, indeed, be some mistake. I am the writer of this, but you, certainly, cannot be the person for whom it was intended."

Julius started, but commanded himself to reply coolly,—"Judging from its import, it undoubtedly was destined for my hands."

Elkinton paced the room once or twice, and then, seating himself beside his visiter, remarked, "This is a delicate affair, Julius, but, as old friends, let us talk it over quietly. That there may be no misunderstanding, let us be certain that we both interpret these initials alike."

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"I presumed them to be those of Miss Lawrenson,—Charlotte Lawrenson," answered Julius.

"She, indeed, is the person meant, and to prove to you my right to interfere in this matter, she is the lady to whom I am engaged, of which I informed you,—who is affianced to be my wife in a few months."

Julius sprang to his feet, and turned pale as marble. To be thus flirted and betrayed!

"Now," pursued Elkinton, earnestly, "you will understand why I should have felt indignant at any one presuming to make such advances, as you have done, towards the lady in question, and you will not be surprised if I ask by what you were encouraged to persist in them, so assiduously."

"By the lady's own conduct," said Julius, with his usual impetuosity; "by her accepting my presents, which were invariably accompanied by expressions of admiration,—nay, of passion; by her noticing those expressions with answers, which, if not explicitly favorable, could not have been construed otherwise, as they were not reprobatory; by tokens of personal recognition from her house, and by conscious, and not discouraging looks, whenever we met in the street."

"Stay, Julius! these are serious charges, and such as no man could patiently listen to of his affianced wife. Your presents I know she received, for from her jestingly showing them to me, and pointing out the house from which they came, I was led to write the note in your hand, of which she is aware; but that a girl of Charlotte Lawrenson's dignity of character would answer love-letters from an entire stranger, and exchange coquettish glances with him in the streets, is more than I can credit."

"That is language, Elkinton, that I cannot and will not submit to," retorted Julius angrily; "if you must have proofs farther than the word of a man of honor, take these!" and he drew the notes from his bosom, where, in the most approved fashion of lovers, he had kept them secured day and night.

Elkinton snatched them, and after a scrutinizing examination replied, "I can say, almost positively, that not a word here is in her handwriting."

"No doubt, you find it very satisfactory to feel thus assured," said Julius, with a sarcastic smile.

"To save further dispute, by which neither of us can be convinced," returned Elkinton, endeavoring to be more composed," I will go directly to Miss Lawrenson, and ask an explanation from her, without which, I at least, cannot feel satisfied. If you shall be at leisure, I will call on you, or, if you prefer it, shall expect you here at eight this evening."

For particular reasons, unnecessary to specify, Julius chose the latter, and Elkinton, escorting him out with cold politeness, proceeded, in much perturbation, to the mansion of Mr. Lawrenson.

Our hero was punctual to his appointment in the evening, and found Elkinton impatiently awaiting him. "I have laid your representations before Miss Lawrenson," and, for your sake, am sorry that she disclaims their veracity. Though she again acknowledges having your presents in her possession, she denies having answered your notes, or even having opened them; denies ever having given you a mark of recognition, and denies that, to her knowledge, she ever saw you in the street."

Julius stood aghast. To have the truth so pointedly disowned, to have his word so plainly doubted, it was not to be borne. "Her retaining my love-tokens, I think, might be sufficient evidence to you that all is not exactly as you would desire," he replied indignantly, "a woman who encourages the advances of a total stranger, in everything but words, while betrothed to another, and then, to preserve his favor, denies the whole course of her conduct, is unworthy the notice of any man who calls himself a gentleman."

"One thing can yet be done," said Elkinton, repressing a furious answer; "let me have those notes, and, through them, Miss Lawrenson may probably be enabled to discover by whom they were produced. If that cannot be done, I shall hold you responsible for gross misrepresentations of her character;" and he strode out, leaving his rival in possession of his room.

Matters now wore a serious aspect. Should the lady make no confession, a challenge would be the consequence, and even should she vouchsafe to explain, it would be to make him a laughing stock by proving him quizzed, coquetted and jilted. If the first were to occur, it behoved him to prepare to leave the world; if the latter, at least to leave the city. And on his way homeward, he decided to put his affairs in order. He remembered that his landlady had sent in her bill that morning, requiring money for a pressing engagement, and that, having pretty well exhausted his funds in his expensive outlays for his fair enchantress, he had concluded to apply to his uncle for means to discharge it. Accordingly he stopped to inquire for him, but not finding him at home, he left on his secretaire a note, requesting the loan of the sum he required, and saying he would call for it in the morning. He then retired to his lodgings in such a state of excitement as it had not been his lot before to experience.

In the morning, when completing his toik breakfast, he heard the sound of a stick and ar sually heavy step on the stairs, and after a lou on the door, Mr. Holcroft, to his great surpris sented himself.

"So," said the old bachelor, seating himself side of the bed, the only chair being occupi Julius' collar and cravat, and looking arot astonishment, "a pretty exchange you have young gentleman, for the pleasant apartme which I welcomed you on your arrival!"

Julius saw that his ire was aroused, but unc conjecture why, and somewhat abashed at the biness of his surroundings, he could only st something about having found it impossible to the accommodation of a better room.

"And what are your reasons, young man, fo mitting to such discomforts and inconvenien You need not take the trouble to fabricate an a Your last night's demand for money has give

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full insight into your character and pursuits, and I have come to assert my tacit right as your mother's brother, and your nearest living relation, to use the power of a guardian, and remove you from scenes in which you are in a fair way to prove a disgrace to me and to the memory of your parents. On your arrival in the city, I laid before you my plans for your future benefit,—that you should make your home with me as my son, and my prospective heir, an offer which almost any young man would have considered extraordinary good fortune,—and suggested to you an alliance which, I felt confident, would secure your happiness. I was not such an old blockhead to expect you to marry your cousin without your own conviction that she would suit you, but merely named her to you as a woman who, to any reasonable man, would be a treasure, such as, I fear, you will never deserve to possess. Then, instead of calling on your cousin, as I requested, if only through civility to me,—you displayed a churlish indifference to female society, which young men of good principles and education seldom feel, and to escape from the watch and control which you supposed I would keep on your movements,—you clandestinely left my house. To be sure, you did make a show of respect, by coming occasionally to see me, but your abstracted manner, and entire silence as to your engagements and mode of spending the time, confirmed my suspicions that your amusements were such as you were ashamed to confess them to be. On one occasion, however, you committed yourself,—in naming the amount of funds you had brought with you,—quite sufficient for any young man of good habits for a month, situated as you are; and now, though I am perfectly willing to give you the sum you require, and as much in addition, as will take you away from temptation as far as you may choose to go, I demand in return, to know how your own has been spent."

Hurt, mortified and vexed at suspicions so unjust and injurious, Julius did not attempt to interrupt him, and against he concluded, had made up his mind to confess the whole truth, which he did, circumstantially and minutely.

"Can it be possible that my sister's son should have made such a fool of himself!" exclaimed the old gentleman, raising his hands in amazement, "that you should have given up the comforts of my house, and the pleasures of the agreeable society you would have met there, for this inconvenient dungeon in a boarding-house; squandered your money like a tragedy hero, and put yourself into a situation to shoot, or to be shot by, one of your best friends, all for the sake of a girl who was silly and impudent enough to cast a few coquettish glances at you in the street! truly! truly!—however, it is not quite so bad as I apprehended, certainly less unpardonable that you should play the idiot than to have turned out a gambler or *roué*, as I suspected. But just see how easily all this might have been avoided!—merely by your going with me to see your cousin, and falling in love with her, and thus putting yourself out of danger of becoming entangled in the snares of another. It is a lucky thing for you, my gentle Romeo, that we came to an understanding so soon, for I had made up my mind, partly, to marry Mrs. Attwood, the widow, right off, and as Etty would have been a sort of niece, to make her my heiress. What d'ye think of that? But there's your breakfast bell, and my carriage is waiting for me. Go down, and in half an hour I will call and take you home with me. In the meantime I will see Elkinton, and try if the matter can't be settled without pistols."

At the end of the half-hour Mr. Holcroft returned, and apprising Julius that he had made an appointment with Elkinton to meet him at eleven, he took him away, talking all the time with much spirit, evidently to engage and amuse the thoughts of the chagrined and disappointed lover. This seemed to have little effect, when, thinking of another expedient, he ordered his coachman to stop at the rooms of an eminent painter, where, he stated to Julius, he was getting some pictures executed, which he would like him to examine. He would take no refusal, and the young gentleman was obliged to alight and accompany him into the gallery. When they had reached it, he found no difficulty in recognizing the first piece pointed out to him as the portrait of his uncle himself, and after giving it the appropriate measure of approbation, he strolled away, on seeing the artist approach. With occasionally a cursory glance at them, he walked in front of a row of ladies and gentlemen, who smiled upon him from the canvass in a manner that, to his moodiness, appeared quite tantalizing, and, at length, an exclamation from him drew Mr. Holcroft to his side, who found him gazing pale and breathless upon a picture, the very counterpart, even to the blue velvet mantilla, of the one in his heart.

"Why, what's the matter?—whom do you recognize there?" asked the old bachelor.

"She,—herself,—the fair cause of my late—insanity;" answered he, with an unsuccessful effort to return the smile.

"Who?—that?—the original of that! Whew! ha! ha!" exclaimed the old gentleman with a stare and then a boisterous laugh; "and is it she, that you have allowed to put you on the road to Bedlam!—a dumpy little thing like that! ha! ha! But I see that I have frustrated my own intention, in bringing you here to compose you. Don't stand there in such an attitude, and looking so wo-begone, or Mr. —— will make a caricature of you; he has his keen eye fixed on you now, come along!" and Julius followed unwillingly down stairs, his uncle laughing all the way in a manner that was excessively provoking.

In a few minutes they had reached home. "I'll not get out," said the old bachelor, "just go in and amuse yourself, until I return, which will be shortly. Be sure that you wait for me, as I wish to be present at your interview with Elkinton."

Julius did as he was requested, and in due time his uncle returned. "Come now," said he, "I have no doubt that the young lady will make a confession, and that you will escape with your character untarnished except by folly. Then after we have got over our business with Elkinton, if it should be settled

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amicably, we will go to see your cousin Henrietta."

"My dear uncle! I beseech you do not propose my going to visit a lady, in my present frame of mind! I really should disgrace both myself and you. Make my excuses to Etty, and when I have returned to the city, after I shall have banished the remembrance of my disappointment by a few months in the country, I will endeavour to do everything that is proper."

"I forgot to tell you," said Mr. Holcroft, "that we are not to meet Elkinton at his lodgings, but in a private house; an arrangement made, I suspect, that Miss Lawrenson might be present, to make an explanation of her conduct. Here is the place, now."

Julius started, but the carriage stopped, and he followed his uncle in silence. They were ushered into an elegant drawing-room, and on an ottoman, in full view of the door, sat the blue velvet mantilla.— She bowed to Mr. Holcroft, and looked at Julius, as if quite prepared to confront him. The sight of her convinced him that he was not yet cured of his passion, but before he had had any time to betray it, his uncle took him by the arm, and said as he drew him forward, "Allow me, Julius, to present you to your cousin Henrietta Attwood."

"The most unnecessary thing in the world, Mr. Holcroft," returned the lady rising, "as I would have known my cousin Julius anywhere. He, however, I presume, would not have found it so easy to recognize me!" and looking into his face with a merry, ringing laugh, she approached him, and held out her hand.

Confounded by the many emotions that crowded upon him, Julius stood speechless, and almost afraid to touch it, when her laugh was echoed from the adjoining room and Elkinton appeared, accompanied by the dark-eyed damsel, whom our hero had seen as the companion of his cousin, and introduced her as Miss Lawrenson.

"My dear Rockwell," said he, heartily grasping Julius' hand, "I am delighted to meet you again as one of the most valued of my friends. We have good reason to congratulate each other that we did not fall victims to a stratagem, planned by these cruel nymphs, as cunning as ever was devised by Circe of old."

"Stop, stop, Elkinton!" interrupted the old bachelor, "as the merit of the *dénouement* is mine, I think I am entitled to make a speech to Julius."

"Not now, not here, before us! dear Mr. Holcroft!" exclaimed both the girls laughing and blushing, but as he showed signs of proceeding, they ran away, and left the gentlemen by themselves.

According to Mr. Holcroft's explanation, Henrietta had recognized her cousin on the day of his arrival, which fully accounted for her pleasant glances; and from his following her in the street, approaching her at the theatre, and tracing her to Mr. Lawrenson's, which that gentleman had observed, she presumed that she was equally known to him, and, of course, wondered that he did not avail himself of the easier method of renewing their acquaintance by means of his uncle. But on discovering, from Mr. Holcroft's representations, that she was mistaken, learning his change of residence, and receiving through Miss Lawrenson, his verses, in which she recognized his hand, she was struck with a clearer perception of the case, and she determined to engage in the flirtation, and pursue it until he should make her a visit, as a relation, and then have a laugh at his expense. Miss Lawrenson, in return for assisting her, by receiving his communications, claimed the privilege of having some amusement of her own out of the adventure, and to effect this, she made use of his beautiful gifts to excite the jealousy of Elkinton; they both, however, discovered that they had carried the game too far, and alarmed at the turn it had taken, had sent for Elkinton, an hour or two before, from Mrs. Attwood's, and made a full confession. There Mr. Holcroft had found him, when he called to inform Etty of his discovery in the picture-room, and of his nephew's difficulties, and there the grand finale was projected.

"It must have been my indistinct and unconscious recollection of my old play-fellow, after all," said Julius, "which so attracted me, and it was her getting out of the carriage at Mr. Lawrenson's and being there so often, which brought you into the drama, Elkinton."

"Yes, she is to be our bridesmaid, and, no doubt, she and Charlotte have a good many little matters to talk over;—that accounts for their being so much together. She stayed over night the time in question."

"Well, well, it is a mercy that in their confabulations they did not set you two blowing each other's brains out; and it would have been no wonder, Julius, if such a catastrophe had happened, to punish you for your disobedience," said the old bachelor, "now, if you had obliged me, like a dutiful nephew, by calling on your cousin, and acted a friend's part towards Elkinton, by going to see his sweetheart, everything would have ended properly without any of this trouble. But it is too often the case that people run after all sorts of shadows, and get themselves into all sorts of scrapes, in their search after happiness, when they could find it at once by quietly attending to their duties at home."

The young ladies returned, and, through delicacy towards them, no allusion was made to the subject just canvassed, but Julius, on returning with his uncle to dinner, declared his intention of offering himself to Etty that very evening, if he should find an opportunity. This the old gentleman expressly forbade, giving him a fortnight as a term of probation; but whether he was obeyed more closely in this than in his former requisitions, was, from certain indications, a matter of doubt.

At the end of the two weeks, there was a friendly contest between Rockwell and Elkinton, as to which must wait to be the groomsman of the other. It was left to the decision of Mr. Holcroft, who declared in favor of the latter, he having determined to serve in that capacity, towards his nephew himself.

He did so, in the course of a few months, and though Julius has not had time to rise, as his substitute, to the height of the profession, he has carried out the original plan so far as to have furnished the Holcroft mansion with a boy, athletic enough already to ride on his grand uncle's cane, and a girl, so ingenious as to have, occasionally, made a doll's cradle of his rocking chair.

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AGATHÈ.—A NECROMAUNT.

IN THREE CHIMERAS.

BY LOUIS FITZGERALD TASISTRO.

CHIMERA II.

A curse! a curse!—the beautiful pale wing
Of a sea-bird was worn with wandering,
And, on a sunny rock beside the shore
It stood, the golden waters gazing o'er,
And they were heaving a brown amber flow
Of weeds, that glittered gloriously below.

It was the sunset, and the gorgeous hall
Of heaven rose up on pillars magical
Of living silver, shafting the fair sky
Between dark time and great eternity.
They rose upon their pedestal of sun,
A line of snowy columns! and anon,
Were lost in the rich tracery of cloud
That hung along magnificently proud,
Predicting the pure starlight, that beyond
The East was armoring in diamond
About the camp of twilight, and was soon
To marshal under the fair champion moon,
That called her chariot of unearthly mist,
Toward her citadel of amethyst.

A curse! a curse!—a lonely man is there
By the deep waters, with a burden fair
Clasped in his wearied arms.—'Tis he; 'tis he
The brain-struck Julio and Agathè!
His cowl is back—flung back upon the breeze,—
His lofty brow is haggard with disease,
As if a wild libation had been pour'd
Of lightning on those temples, and they shower'd
A dismal perspiration, like a rain,
Shook by the thunder and the hurricane!

He dropt upon a rock, and by him placed,
Over a bed of sea-pinks growing waste,
The silent ladye, and he mutter'd wild,
Strange words, about a mother, and no child.
"And I shall wed thee, Agathè! although
Ours be no God—blest bride—even so!"
And from the sand he took a silver shell,
That had been wasted by the fall and swell
Of many a moon-borne tide into a ring—
A rude, rude ring; it was a snow-white thing,
Where a lone hermit limpet slept and died,
In ages far away.—"Thou art a bride,
Sweet Agathè! wake up; we must not linger."
He press'd the ring upon her chilly finger,
And to the sea-bird, on its sunny stone,
Shouted,—"Pale priest! that liest all alone
Upon thy ocean-altar, rise away
To our glad bridal!" and its wings of gray
All lazily it spread, and hover'd by
With a wild shriek—a melancholy cry!
Then swooping slowly o'er the heaving breast
Of the blue ocean, vanish'd in the west.
And Julio is chanting to his bride,
A merry song of his wild heart, that died
On the soft breeze through pinks beside the sea,
All rustling in their beauty gladsomely.

SONG.

A rosary of stars, love! we'll count them as we go
Upon the laughing waters, that are wandering below,
And we'll o'er the pearly moon-beam, as it lieth in the sea
In beauty and in glory, like a shadowing of thee!

A rosary of stars, love! a prayer as we glide
And a whisper in the wind, and a murmur on the tide!
And we'll say a fair adieu to the flowers that are seen,
With shells of silver sown in radiancy between.

A rosary of stars, love! the purest they shall be,
Like spirits of pale pearl, in the bosom of the sea;
Now help thee, virgin mother! with a blessing as we go,
Upon the laughing waters, that are wandering below

He lifted the dead girl, and is away
To where a light boat in its moorings lay,
Like a sea-cradle, rocking to the hush
Of the nurse waters; with a frantic rush
O'er the wild field of tangles he hath sped,
And through the shoaling waves that fell and fled
Upon the furrow'd beach.
The snowy sail
Is hoisted to the gladly gushing gale,
That bosom'd its fair canvass with a breast
Of silver, looking lovely to the west;
And at the helm there sits the wither'd one,
Gazing and gazing on the sister nun,
With her fair tresses floating on his knee—
The beautiful death-stricken Agathè!
Fast, fast, and far away, the bark hath stood
Out toward the great heaving solitude,
That gurgled in its deeps, as if the breath
Went through its lungs of agony and death!

The sun is lost within the labyrinth
Of clouds of purple and pale hyacinth,
That are the frontlet of the sister sky
Kissing her brother ocean; and they lie

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Bathing in blushes, till the rival queen,
Night, with her starry tiar, floateth in—
A dark and dazzling beauty! that doth draw
Over the light of love a shade of awe
Most strange, that parts our wonder not the less
Between her mystery and loveliness!

And she is there, that is a Pyramid
Whereon the stars, the statues of the dead,
Are imaged over the eternal hall,
A group of radiances majestical!
And Julio looks up, and there they be,
And Agathè, and all the waste of sea,
That slept in wizard slumber, with a shroud
Of night flung o'er his bosom, throbbing proud
Amid its azure pulses, and again
He dropt his blighted eye-orbs, with a strain
Of mirth upon the ladye:—"Agathè!
Sweet bride! be thou a queen and I will lay
A crown of sea-weed on thy royal brow!
And I will twine these tresses, that are now
Floating beside me, to a diadem:
And the sea foam will sprinkle gem on gem,
And so will the soft dews. Be thou the queen
Of the unpeopled waters, sadly seen
By star-light, till the yet unrisen moon
Issue, unveiled, from her anteroom,
To bathe in the sea fountains: let me say,
"Hail—hail to thee! thrice hail, my Agathè!"

The warrior world was lifting to the bent
Of his eternal brow magnificent,
The fiery moon, that in her blazonry
Shone eastward, like a shield. The throbbing sea
Felt fever on his azure arteries,
That shadow'd them with crimson, while the breeze
Fell faster on the solitary sail.
But the red moon grew loftier and pale,
And the great ocean, like the holy hall,
Where slept a seraph host maritimal,
Was gorgeous, with wings of diamond
Fann'd over it, and millions beyond
Of tiny waves were playing to and fro,
All musical, with an incessant flow
Of cadences, innumerably heard
Between the shrill notes of a hermit bird,
That held a solemn pæan to the moon.

A few devotional fair clouds were soon
Breath'd o'er the living countenance of Heaven,
And under the great galaxies were driven
Of stars that group'd together, and they went
Like voyagers along the firmament,
And grew to silver in the blessed light
Of the moon alchymist. It was not night,
Not the dark deathly shadow, that falls o'er,
The eye-lid like a curse, but far before
In splendor, struggling through a fall of gloom,
In many a myriad gushes, that do come
Direct from the eternal stars beyond,
Like holy fountains pouring diamond!

A sail! awake thee, Julio! a sail!
And be not bending to thy trances pale.
But he is gazing on the moonlit brow
Of his dead Agathè, and fondly now,
The light is silvering her bloodless face
And the cold grave-clothes. There is loveliness
As in a marble image, very bright!
But stricken with a phantasy of light
That is not given to the mortal hue,
To life and breathing beauty: and she too
Is more of the expressless lineament,
Than of the golden thoughts that came and went
Over her features, like a living tide
No while before.

A sail is on the wide
And moving waters, and it draweth nigh
Like a sea-cloud. The elfin billows fly
Before it, in their armories enthrall'd
Of radiant and moon-breasted emerald:
And many is the mariner that sees
That lone boat in the melancholy breeze,
Waving her snowy canvass, and anon
Their stately vessel with a gallant run
Crowds by in all her glory; but the cheer
Of men is pass'd into a sudden fear,
And whisperings, and shaking of the head.—
The moon was streaming on a virgin dead,
And Julio sat over her insane,
Like a sea demon! o'er and o'er again,
Each cross'd him, as the stately vessel stood
Far out into the murmuring solitude!

But Julio saw not; he only heard
A rushing, like the passing of a bird,
And felt him heaving on the foam, that flew
Along the startled billows: and he knew
Of a strange sail, by broken oaths that fell
Beside him, on the coming of the swell.

"They knew thou wert a queen, my royal bride!
And made obeisance at thy holy side.
They saw thee, Agathè! and go to bring
Fair worshippers, and many a poet-king,
To utter music at thy pearly feet.—
Now, wake thee! for the moonlight cometh sweet,
To visit in thy temple of the sea;
Thy sister moon is watching over thee!
And she is spreading a fair mantle of
Pure silver, in thy lonely palace, love!—
Now, wake thee! for the sea bird is aloof,
In solitude, below the starry roof:
And on its dewy plume there is a light
Of palest splendor, o'er the blessed night.
Thy spirit, Agathè!—and yet thou art
Beside me, and my solitary heart
Is throbbing near to thee: I must not feel
The sweet notes of thy holy music steal
Into my feverous and burning brain.—
So wake not! and I'll hush thee with a strain
Of my wild fancy, till thou dream of me,
And I be loved as I have lovéd thee:—

SONG.

'Tis light to love thee living, girl, when hope is full and fair
In the springtide of thy beauty, when there is no sorrow there—
No sorrow on thy brow, and no shadow on thy heart!
When, like a floating sea-bird, bright and beautiful thou art!

'Tis light to love thee living, girl—to see thee ever so,
With health, that, like a crimson flower, lies blushing in the snow;
And thy tresses falling over, like the amber on the pearl—
Oh! true, it is a *lightsome* thing, to love thee living, girl:

But when the brow is blighted, like a star at morning tide,
And faded is the crimson blush upon the cheek beside:
It is to love as seldom love, the brightest and the best,
When our love lies like a dew upon the one that is at rest,

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Because of hopes that fallen are changing to despair,
And the heart is always dreaming on the ruin that is there.
Oh, true! 'tis weary, weary, to be gazing over thee,
And the light of thy pure vision breaketh never upon me!

He lifts her in his arms, and o'er and o'er,
Upon the brow of chilliness and hoar,
Repeats a silent kiss:—along the side
Of the lone bark, he leans that pallid bride,
Until the waves do image her within
Their bosom, like a spectre—'tis a sin
Too deadly to be shadow'd or forgiven
To do such mockery in the sight of Heaven!
And bid her gaze into the startled sea,
And say, "Thy image, from eternity,
Hath come to meet thee, ladye!" and anon
He bade the cold corse kiss the shadowy one,
That shook amid the waters, like the light
Of borealis in a winter night!

And after, he did strain her sea-wet hair
Between his chilly fingers, with a stare
Of mystery, that marvell'd how that she
Had drench'd it so amid the moonlit sea.

The morning rose, with breast of living gold,
Like eastern phœnix, and his plumage roll'd
In clouds of molted brilliance, very bright!
And on the waste of waters floated light.—

In truth, 'twas strange to see that merry bark
Skimming the silver ocean, like a shark
At play amid the beautiful sea-green,
And all so sadly desolate within.

And hours flew after hours, a weary length,
Until the sunlight, in meridian strength,
Threw burning floods upon the wasted brow
Of that sea-hermit mariner; and now
He felt the fire-light feed upon his brain,
And started with intensity of pain,
And washed him in the sea;—it only brought
Wild reason, like a demon; and he thought
Strange thoughts, like dreaming men,—he thought how those
Were round him he had seen, and many rose
His heart had hated; every billow threw
Features before him, and pale faces grew
Out of the sea by myriads:—the self-same
Was moulded from its image, and they came
In groups together, and all said, like one,
"Be cursed!" and vanish'd in the deep anon.
Then thirst, intolerable as the breath
Of Upas, fanning the wild wings of death,
Crept up his very gorge,—like to a snake,
That stifled him, and bade the pulses ache
Through all the boiling current of his blood.
It was a thirst, that let the fever flood
Fall over him, and gave a ghastly hue
To his cramp'd lips, until their breathing grew
White as a mist and short, and like a sigh,
Heaved with a struggle, till it faltered by.
And ever he did look upon the corse
With idiot visage, like the hag Remorse
That gloateth over on a nameless deed
Of darkness and of dole unhistoried.
And were there that might hear him, they would hear
The murmur of a prayer in deep fear
Through unbarr'd lips, escaping by the half,
And all but smother'd by a maniac laugh,
That follow'd it, so sudden and so shrill,
That swarms of sea-birds, wandering at will
Upon the wave, rose startled, and away
Went flocking, like a silver shower of spray!
And aye he called for water, and the sea
Mock'd him with his brine surges tauntingly,
And lash'd them over on his fev'rous brow,
Volleying roars of curses,—"stay thee, now,
Avenger! lest I die; for I am worn
Fainter than star-light at the birth of morn;
Stay thee, great angel! for I am not shriven,
But frantic as thyself: Oh! Heaven! Heaven!
But thou hast made me brother of the sea,
That I may tremble at his tyranny:
Or am I slave? a very, very jest
To the sarcastic waters? let me breast
The base insulters, and defy them so,
In this lone little skiff.—I am your foe!
Ye raving, lion-like, and ramping seas,
That open up your nostrils to the breeze,
And fain would swallow me! Do ye not fly,
Pale, sick, and gurgling, as I pass you by?

"Lift up! and let me see, that I may tell
Ye can be mad, and strange, and terrible;
That ye have power, and passion, and a sound,
As of the flying of an angel round
The mighty world: that ye are one with time,
And in the great primordium sublime
Were cursed together, as an infant-twain,—
A glory and a wonder! I would fain
Hold truce, thou elder brother! for we are,
In feature, as the sun is to a star.
So are we like, and we are touch'd in tune
With lunacy as music; and the moon,
That setteth the tides sentinel before
Thy camp of waters, on the pebbled shore,
And measures their great footsteps to and fro,
Hath lifted up into my brain the flow
Of this mad tide of blood—ay! we are like
In foam and frenzy; the same winds do strike,
The same fierce sun-rays, from their battlement
Of fire! so, when I perish impotent
Before the might of death, they'll say of me,
He died as mad and frantic as the sea!

A cloud stood for the East, a cloud like night,
Like a huge vulture, and the blessed light
Of the great Sun grew shadow'd awfully;
It seemed to mount up from the mighty sea,
Shaking the showers from its solemn wings,
And grew, and grew, and many a myriad springs
Were on its bosom, teeming full of rain.
There fell a terrible and wizard chain
Of lightning, from its black and heated forge,
And the dark waters took it to their gorge,
And lifted up their shaggy flanks in wonder
With rival chorus to the peal of thunder,
That wheel'd in many a squadron terrible
The stern black clouds, and as they rose and fell
They oozed great showers; and Julio held up
His wasted hands, in likeness of a cup,
And drank the blessed waters, and they roll'd
Upon his cheeks like tears, but sadly cold!—
'Twas very strange to look on Agathè!
How the quick lightnings, in their elfin play,
Stream'd pale upon her features, and they were
Sickly, like tapers in a sepulchre!

(To be continued.)

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THE DAUGHTERS OF DR. BYLES.

A SKETCH FROM REALITY.

(Concluded from page 65.)

BY MISS LESLIE.

PART II.

Having thus become acquainted with the two Miss Byleses, and understanding that they were always delighted when strangers were brought to see them in a similar manner, I afterwards became the introducer of several friends from other cities, who successively visited Boston in the course of that summer, and who expressed a desire to pay their compliments to these singular old ladies.

In every instance, the same routine was pursued upon these occasions by the two sisters, and the practice of nearly half a century had, of course, made them perfect in it. I was told by a lady who had known the Miss Byleses long and intimately, and had introduced to them, at their house, not less than fifty persons, that she had never observed the slightest variation in their usual series of sayings and doings. And so I always found it, whenever I brought them a new visitor. Miss Mary always came to receive us at the front door,—and Miss Catharine always produced her own effect by not making her appearance, till we had sat sometime in the parlour. The attention of the stranger was always, in the same words, directed to the cornelian ring on their father's picture, and always the new guests were placed in the great carved chair, and the same wonder was expressed that "they should sit easy under the crown." Always did their visiter hear the history of "their nephew, poor boy, whom they had not seen for forty years." Always did Miss Catharine with the same diffidence exhibit the snake,—and always was the snake unwilling to re-enter his box, till he had been brought to obedience by a little wholesome chastisement. The astounding trick of the alphabetical bits of paper was unfailingly shown;—and, always when the visiters gave symptoms of departure, did Miss Mary slip out of the room, and lock the front door, that she might have an opportunity of repeating her excellent joke about the ladies night caps.

It was very desirable that all ladies and gentlemen, taken to see the Miss Byleses, should have sufficient tact to be astonished up to the exact point at the exhibition of their curiosities, that they should laugh, just enough, at their witticisms; and that they should humor, rather than controvert, their gratuitous manifestations of loyalty to the person they called their rightful king.

My friend Mr. Sully, (who was glad to have an opportunity of seeing Copley's portrait of Dr. Byles,) enacted his part *à merveille*;—or rather, it was no acting at all; but the genuine impulse of his kind and considerate feelings, and of his ever-indulgent toleration for the peculiarities of such minds as are not so fortunate as to resemble his own.

Another gentleman who was desirous of an introduction to the sisters, rather alarmed me by over-doing his part,—and, as I thought, being rather *too* much amazed at the curiosities; and rather too mirthful at the jokes,—and rather too warm in praising kings and deprecating presidents. But on this occasion, I threw away a great deal of good uneasiness, for I afterwards found that the Miss Byleses, spoke of this very gentleman as one of the most sensible and agreeable men they had ever seen,—and one who had exactly the right way of talking and behaving.

A lady who testified a wish to accompany me on a visit to the Miss Byleses, found little either to interest or amuse her,—the truth was, that being unable to enter the least into their characters, she looked very gravely all the time, and afterwards told me she saw nothing in them but foolishness.

I must do the Miss Byleses the justice to say, that they appeared to much less advantage on these the first visits of new people, than to those among the initiated, who took sufficient interest in them to cultivate an after-acquaintance. I went sometimes alone to sit an hour with them towards the decline of a summer afternoon,—and then I always found them infinitely more rational than when "putting themselves through their facings," to show off to strangers. In the course of these quiet visits, they told me many little circumstances connected with the royalist side of our revolutionary contest, that I could scarcely have obtained from any other source,—the few persons yet remaining among us that were tories during that eventful period, taking care to say as little about it as possible: and every one is so considerate as to ask them no questions on a subject so sore to them.

But with the daughters of Dr. Byles, the case was quite different. They gloried,—they triumphed, in the firm adherence of their father and his family to the royalty of England,—and scorned the idea of even now being classed among the *citoyennes* of a republic; a republic which, as they said, *they* had never acknowledged, and never would; regarding themselves still as faithful subjects to the majesty of Britain, whoever that majesty might be. Of the kings that they knew of, they had a decided preference for George the Third, as the monarch of their youthful

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days, and under whom the most important events of their lives had taken place. All since the revolution was nearly a blank in their memories;—they dated almost entirely from that period,—and since then, they had acquired but a scanty accession to the number of their ideas. From their visiters they learnt little or nothing, as they always had the chief of the talk to themselves. With English history, and with the writers of the first half of the last century they were somewhat conversant,—but all that had transpired in the literary and political world since the peace of '83, was to them indistinct and shadowy as the images of a dream not worth remembering. But they talked of what, to us, is now the olden time with a vividness of recollection that seemed as if the things had occurred but yesterday. In the coloring of their pictures, I, of course, made allowance for the predominant tinge of toryism, and who for a large portion of the lingering vanity, which I regarded indulgently, because it injured no one, and their self-satisfaction added to the happiness of these isolated old ladies. They once showed me, in an upper room, portraits of themselves at the ages of seventeen and eighteen, painted by Pelham, the brother-in-law, I believe, of Copley. The pictures were tolerably executed; and I think they *must* have been likenesses, for the faded faces of the octagenarian sisters still retained some resemblance to their youthful prototypes. The Miss Byleses were not depicted in the prevailing costume of that period. They had neither hoop-peticoats, stomachers, nor powdered heads,—both were represented in a species of non-descript garments, imagined by the painter,—and for head gear, Miss Catharine had her own fair locks in a state of nature,—and Miss Mary a thing like a small turban.

From their own account they must have been regarded somewhat in the light of belles by the British officers. They talked of walking on the Common arm in arm with General Howe and Lord Percy: both of whom, they said, were frequent visitors at the house, and often took tea and spent the evening there.

I imagined the heir of Northumberland, taking his tea in the old parlour, by the old fire-place, at the old tea-table,—entertained by the witticisms of Dr. Byles, and the prettinesses of his daughters; who, of course, were the envy of all the female tories of Boston, at least of those who could not aspire to the honor of being talked to by English noblemen. Moreover, Lord Percy frequently ordered the band of his regiment to play under the chesnut trees, for the gratification of the Miss Byleses, who then, as they said, had "God save the King" in perfection. By the bye, I have never heard either God save the king or Rule Britannia *well* played by an American band; though our musicians seem to perform the Marseillois *con amore*.

The venerable ladies told me that the intimacy of their family with the principal British officers became so well known, that in a short time they found it expedient to close their shutters before dark, as the lights gleaming through the parlor windows made the house of Dr. Byles, a mark for the Americans to fire at from their fortifications on Dorchester heights, in the hope that every ball might destroy a red-coated visitor. Also, that the cannon-shot, still sticking in the tower of Brattle-street church, was aimed by the Cambridge rebels at General Howe, who had established his head-quarters at the old Province House. Unpractised artillerymen as they then were, it is difficult to believe that, if the Province House was really their mark, they could have missed it so widely.

The Miss Byleses related many anecdotes of their father; some of which were new to me, and with others I had long been familiar. For the benefit of such of my readers as have not yet met with any of these old fashioned *jeux d'esprit* I will insert a few samples of their quality.

For instance, his daughters told me of the doctor walking one day with a whig gentleman, in the vicinity of the Common, where a division of the British troops lay encamped. His companion pointing to the soldiers of the crown—said—"you see there the cause of all our evils—"—But you cannot say that our evils are not *red-dressed*," remarked Dr. Byles, "Your pun is not a good one," observed his companion, "you have mis-spelt the word by adding another D."—"Well—" replied the clerical joker,—"as a doctor of divinity, am I not entitled to the use of two D's."

They spoke of their father's captivity in his own mansion. And one of them repeated to me the well known story of Dr. Byles coming out to the centinel who was on guard, in a porch that then ran along the front of the house, and requesting him to go to the street pump and bring a bucket of cold water, as the day was warm, and the doctor very thirsty. The soldier, it seems, at first declined; alledging his reluctance to violate the rules of the service by quitting his post before the relief came round. The doctor assured the man that *he* would take his place, and be his own guard till the water was brought. The centinel at last complied; and took the bucket and went to the pump,—first resigning his musket to Dr. Byles, who shouldered it in a very soldier-like manner, and paced the porch, guarding himself till the sentry came back,—to whom on returning his piece, he said,—"Now my friend, you see I have been guarded—re-guarded—and dis-regarded."

The Miss Byleses also referred to the anecdote of their father having once paid his addresses to a lady who refused him, and afterwards married the Mr. Quincy of that time, a name which then, as now, is frequently in Boston pronounced Quinsy. The doctor afterwards meeting the lady, said to her jocosely,—"Your taste in distempers must be very bad, when it has led you to prefer the Quinsy to Byles."

In front of the house was in former times a large deep slough, that had been suffered by the municipal authorities to remain there for several winters, with all its inconveniences, which in wet weather rendered it nearly impassable. One day, Dr. Byles observed from his window that a chaise, containing two of the select men, or regulators of the town, had been completely arrested in its progress by sticking fast in the

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thick heavy mud,—and they were both obliged to get out, and putting their shoulders to the wheel, work almost knee-deep in the mire before they could liberate their vehicle. The doctor came out to his gate, and bowing respectfully, said to them—"Gentlemen, I have frequently represented that slough to you as a nuisance to the street, but hitherto without any effect. Therefore I am rejoiced to see you *stirring* in the matter at last."

Certain fanatics who called themselves New-Lights had become very obnoxious to the more rational part of the community, and were regarded with much displeasure by the orthodox churches. A woman of this sect, who lived in the neighborhood, came in as usual, one morning, to annoy Dr. Byles, by a long argumentative, or rather vituperative visit. "Have you heard the news?" asked the doctor, immediately on the entrance of his unwelcome guest; he having just learnt the arrival, from London, of three hundred street lamps.

She replied in the negative.

"Well then,"—resumed the doctor,—"Not less than three hundred new lights have just arrived from England, and the civil authorities are going immediately to have them all put in irons."

The lady was shocked to hear of the cruel treatment designed for her sectarian brethren that had just come over, and she hastened away directly, to spread the intelligence among all her acquaintances, in the hope, as she said, that something might be done to prevent the infliction of so unmerited a punishment. And the doctor congratulated himself on the success of the jest by which he had gotten rid of a troublesome visiter.

A son of Dr. Byles, that retired to Halifax, must have probably inherited a portion of his father's mantle; for his sisters repeated to me one of his conundrums, the humor of which almost atones for its coarseness—"Why do the leaders of insurrections resemble men that like sausages?"—"Because they are fond of intestine broils."

The Miss Byleses told me much of the scarcity of provisions and fire-wood, throughout Boston, during the winter of 1775, when the British and their adherents held out the town against the Yankee rebels, as they called them—and who had invested it everywhere on the land side, taking especial care that no supplies should pass in. It was then that the old North Church was torn down by order of General Howe, that the soldiers might convert into fuel the wood of which it was built.

By the bye, Mrs. Corder, an aged and intelligent female, living at the North end, informed me that, when a little girl, she witnessed from her father's house on the opposite side of the way, the demolition of this church; and that she was terrified at the noise of the falling beams and of the wooden walls, as they battered them down, and at the shouting and swearing of the soldiers as they quarrelled over their plunder. Nevertheless, when the work of destruction was over, and the soldiers all gone, she and other children of the neighborhood ran out to scramble among the rubbish—and she found and carried home a little wooden footstool or cricket, that had evidently been thrown out from one of the demolished pews. I bought of my informant (who was in indigent circumstances) this humble and time-darkened relic, and it is now in possession of my youngest niece.

To return to the daughters of Dr. Byles.—They still lamented greatly over the privations endured that winter by the British army shut up and beleaguered in Boston; though certainly the same sufferings were shared by all the inhabitants that remained in the town.—And they grieved accordingly, to think that these inconveniencies finally compelled their English friends to take to their ships and depart.

Miss Mary Byles related to me, that on one occasion she had given to a hungry British soldier a piece of cold pork that had been left from dinner. A few evenings after, the same man knocked at the door, and requested to see one of the ladies—Miss Mary presented herself, and the grateful soldier slipped into her hand a paper containing a small quantity of the herb called by the whigs of that time "the detested tea;" and which it was then scarcely possible to obtain on any terms.

* * * * * *

Several years elapsed before I again was in Boston. In the interim, I heard something of the Miss Byleses from ladies who knew and visited them. I understood that, at length, they had found it impossible to prevent what they had so long dreaded, the opening of a street that would take in their little green lawn, their old horse-chesnut trees, and that part of their house that stood directly across the way. For this surrender of their property, they received from the city an ample compensation in money; also their house was made as good or rather better than ever besides being new roofed and thoroughly repaired. The despoiled sisters, though another and more comfortable residence was offered to them during the time of their destruction, as they termed it, steadily persisted in remainining on their own domain during the whole process of its dismemberment. Their house, as they said, was cut in half; that part which faced the end of Tremont street being taken away. They mourned over the departure of every beam and plank as if each was an old friend—and so they truly were. And deep indeed was the affliction of the aged sisters when they saw, falling beneath the remorseless axe, their noble horse-chesnut trees whose scattered branches, as they lay on the grass, the old ladies declared, seemed to them like the dismembered limbs of children. At this juncture, their grief and indignation reached its climax; and they excited much sympathy even among professed utilitarians. There were many indulgent hearts in Boston that felt as if the improvement of this part of the city might yet have been delayed for a few short years, till after these venerable and harmless females should have closed their eyes for ever upon all that could attach them to this side of the grave. And that even if the march of public spirit should in consequence have allowed itself to pause a little longer in

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this part of its road, "neither heaven nor earth would have grieved at the mercy."

Miss Mary Byles, who with more sprightliness had less strength of mind than her younger sister, never, as the saying is, held up her head again.—Her health and spirits declined from that time—she sunk slowly but surely; and after lingering some months, a few days of severe bodily suffering terminated all her afflictions, and consigned her mortal remains to their final resting-place beside her father. In the meantime she had lost her nephew, Mather Brown, the painter, who died at an advanced age in London and who was to have been the heir of all that his aunts possessed.

In addition to the rest of their little wealth, the Miss Byleses had in a sort of strong hold up stairs a chest of old-fashioned plate, no article of which was on any occasion used by them. Also, they retained some rare and valuable books that had belonged to their father, and a few curious and excellent mathematical instruments brought by him from England, and which the University of Harvard had vainly endeavoured to purchase from them. Among other articles was an immense burning-glass, said to be one of the largest in the world, and which the old ladies kept locked up in a closet, and carefully covered with a thick cloth, lest, as they said, it should set the house on fire.

* * * * * *

On a subsequent visit to the metropolis of the American east, I went to see the surviving Miss Byles; and when I reached the accustomed place I could scarcely recognize it. The main part of the old house was yet standing; but the loss of one end had given it quite a different aspect. There was no longer the green inclosure, the fence-gate, and the narrow path through the grass—the door opened directly upon a brick pavement and on the dusty street. To be sure there was a fresh-looking wooden door-step. New tenements had been run up all about the now noisy vicinity, which had entirely lost its air of quiet retirement. All was now symptomatic of bustle and business. The ancient dwelling-place of the Byles family had ceased to be picturesque. It had been repaired and made comfortable; but denuded of its guardian trees there was nothing more to screen from full view its extreme unsightliness. Above its weather-blackened walls (which the sisters would not allow to be painted, lest it should look *totally* unlike itself) the new shingles of the roof seemed out of keeping—I thought of all the poor ladies must have suffered during the transformation of their paternal domicile.

On knocking at the door, it was opened for me by an extremely good-looking neatly dressed matron, who conducted me into a room which I could scarcely believe was the original old parlor. The homely antique furniture had disappeared, and was replaced by some very neat and convenient articles of modern form The floor was nicely carpeted; there were new chairs and a new table,—a bed with white curtains and counterpane, and window-curtains to match.—Nothing looked familiar but the antique crown chair and the pictures.

I found Miss Catharine Byles seated in a rocking chair with a pillow at her back.—She looked paler, thinner, sharper, and much older than when I last saw her. She was no longer in a white short gown but wore a whole gown of black merino, with a nice white muslin collar and a regular day-cap trimmed with black ribbon.

Though glad to find her so much improved as to comfort, I take shame to myself when I confess that I felt something not unlike disappointment, at seeing such a change in the ancient lady and her attributes. The quaintness, and I may say the picturesqueness of the old mansion, and its accessories, and also that of its octogenarian mistress, seemed gone for ever. I am sorry to acknowledge that at the moment I thought of the French artist Lebrun, who meeting in the street an old tattered beggar-man with long gray locks and a venerable silver beard, was struck with the idea of his being a capital subject for the pencil, and engaged him to come to him next day and have his likeness transferred to canvass. The beggar came; but thinking that all people who sit for their pictures should look spruce, he had bedizened himself in a very genteel suit of Sunday clothes, with kneebuckles and silk stockings his face and hands nicely washed; his chin shaved clean; and his hair dressed and powdered; the whole man looking altogether as unpaintable as possible.—All artists will sympathize with the disappointed Lebrun, as he contemplated his beggar with dismay, and exclaimed"—oh! you are spoiled!—you are spoiled!" I suppose it is because I am a painter's sister, that I caught myself nearly on the point of making a similar ejaculation on seeing the new-modelling of Miss Catharine Byles, and her domicile.

But a truce with such unpardonable thoughts—Miss Catharine recognized me at once, and seemed very glad to see me. She soon began to talk about her troubles, and her sorrows, and alluded in a very affecting manner to the loss of her sister, who she said had died of a broken heart in consequence of the changes made in their little patrimony; having always hoped to die, as she had lived, in her father's house just as he had left it—"But the worst of all pursued Miss Catharine—"was the cutting down of the old trees.—Every stroke of the axe seemed like a blow upon our hearts. Neither of us slept a wink all that night. Poor sister Mary; she soon fretted herself to death. To think of our having to submit to these dreadful changes, all at once; when for ten years our dear father's spectacles, were never removed from the place in which he had last laid them down."

I attempted to offer a few words of consolation to Miss Catharine, but she wept bitterly and would not be comforted. "Ah!"—said she—"this is one of the consequences of living in a republic. Had we been still under a king, he would have known nothing about our little property, and we could have enjoyed it in our own way as long as we lived. There is one comfort, that not a creature in the states will be any the better for what *we* shall leave behind us—Sister and I have taken care of that. We have bequeathed every article to our relations in Nova Scotia since our nephew, poor boy, was so unfortunate as

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to die before us. In all our trials it has been a great satisfaction to us to reflect that when everything was changing around, grace has been given us to remain faithful to our church and king."

The loyal old lady then informed me that, on his accession to the throne, she had written a letter of congratulation to his Britannic Majesty, William the Fourth, whom she remembered having seen in Boston before the revolution, when he was there as Duke of Clarence and an officer in his father's navy. In this epistle she had earnestly assured him that the family of Dr. Byles always were, and always would be, most true and fervent in their devotion to their liege lord and rightful sovereign the king of England.—To have attempted to argue her out of this feeling, the pride and solace of her declining life, would have been cruel; and moreover entirely useless—I did not hint to her the improbability of her letter ever having reached the royal personage to whom it was addressed.

The old lady told me that her chief occupation now was to write serious poetry, and she gave me a copy of some stanzas which she had recently composed. The verses were tolerably good, and written in a hand remarkably neat, handsome, and steady.

* * * * * *

Miss Catharine Byles survived her sister Miss Mary about two years, and died of gradual decay in the summer of 1837. Her remains repose with those of her father and sister beneath the flooring of Trinity Church. They left the whole of their property to their loyalist relations in Nova Scotia, true to their long-cherished resolution that no republican should inherit the value of a farthing from them. The representative of the family is said to have come to Boston and taken possession of the bequest.

It is curious, as well as instructive, to contemplate the infinite varieties of human character, and the strange phases under which human intellect presents itself. The peculiarities of these two sisters strikingly evinced the lasting power of early impressions, almost always indelible when acting upon minds that have not been expanded by intercourse with the world. For instance—their steadfast, gratuitous and useless loyalty, cherished for monarchs whom they had never seen, and who had forgotten the very existence of Dr. Byles (if indeed they had ever remembered it) and who, of course, neither knew nor cared anything about his daughters; their rooted antipathy to the republic in which they lived, and where if they had not persisted in shutting their eyes they must have seen everything flourishing around them; the strict economy which induced them to deny themselves even the comforts of life, and their willingness to be assisted by the benevolent rather than render themselves independent by an advantageous disposal of their property. The almost idolatrous devotion with which they clung to the inanimate objects that had been familiar to them in early life, showed an intensity of feeling which was both pitied and respected by their friends, though reason perhaps would not have sanctioned its entire indulgence. By living so much alone, by visiting at no other house, by never going out of their native town, by perpetually thinking and talking over the occurrences of their youth, they had wrought themselves into a firm belief that no way was right but their own way, no opinions correct but their own opinions: and above all, that in no other dwelling-place but their paternal mansion was it possible for them to be happy or even to exist.

As a set-off to their weaknesses, their vanities and their prejudices, it gives me pleasure to bear testimony to the kindness of their deportment, the soft tones of their voices, and to the old-fashioned polish of their manners; which at once denoted them to be ladies, even in their short-gowns and petticoats.

Though, in the latter part of their lives, the daughters of Dr. Byles were subjected to the sore trial of seeing the little green lawn on which they had played when children converted into a dusty street, and the fine old trees (which would take a century to replace) demolished in a few minutes before their eyes: still they were both permitted to die beneath the same roof under which their existence had commenced. The house of their heavenly father has many mansions; and there, in their eternal abode, now that their mental vision has cleared, and their souls have been purified from the dross of mortality, they have learnt the futility of having set their hearts too steadfastly on a dwelling erected by human hands; and more than all, of fostering prejudices in favor of that system of government which, according to the signs of the times, is fast and deservedly passing away. Is it too much to hope that ere the lapse of another half century, not a being in the civilized world will render the homage of a bended knee, except to the King of Heaven.

SONNET.

A dream of love, too short, but ah, how dear!
Hath fled and left me sad and desolate.
Oft from my lids I dash the silent tear
And mourn as mourns the wood-dove for her mate,
Who on some branch of thunder-stricken oak
Wastes in complainings tremulous and low
Her gentle soul away. The charm is broke,
Which link'd me erst to joy. With pensive brow,
At midnight hour beneath the ruined pile,
Musing o'er change my vigil lone I keep.—
While streaming faint aslant the shattered aisle,
Soft on its moss the pillowed moonbeams sleep,
Or trim the flickering lamp and eager pore
On bard or sage in Hellas famed of yore. B. H. B.

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A FEW WORDS ABOUT BRAINARD.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Among all the *pioneers* of American literature, whether prose or poetical, there is *not one* whose productions have not been much over-rated by his countrymen. But this fact is more especially obvious in respect to such of these pioneers as are no longer living,—nor is it a fact of so deeply transcendental a nature as only to be accounted for by the Emersons and Alcotts. In the first place, we have but to consider that gratitude, surprise, and a species of hyper-patriotic triumph have been blended, and finally confounded, with mere admiration, or appreciation, in respect to the labors of our earlier writers; and, in the second place, that Death has thrown his customary veil of the sacred over these commingled feelings, forbidding them, in a measure, to be *now* separated or subjected to analysis. "In speaking of the deceased," says that excellent old English Moralist, James Puckle, in his "Gray Cap for a Green Head," "so fold up your discourse that their virtues may be outwardly shown, while their vices are wrapped up in silence." And with somewhat too inconsiderate a promptitude have we followed the spirit of this quaint advice. The mass of American readers have been, hitherto, in no frame of mind to view with calmness, and to discuss with discrimination, the true claims of the few who were *first* in convincing the mother country that her sons were not all brainless, as, in the plentitude of her arrogance, she, at one period, half affected and half wished to believe; and where any of these few have departed from among us, the difficulty of bringing their pretensions to the test of a proper criticism has been enhanced in a very remarkable degree. But even as concerns the living: is there any one so blind as not to see that Mr. Cooper, for example, owes much, and that Mr. Paulding, owes *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 Mr. Paulding nor Mr. Cooper *could* have written, are daily published by native authors without attracting more of commendation than can be crammed into a hack newspaper paragraph? And, again, is there any one so prejudiced as not to acknowledge that all this is because there is no longer either reason or wit in the query,—"Who reads an American book?" It is not because we lack the talent in which the days of Mr. Paulding exulted, but because such talent has shown itself to be common. It is not because we have *no* Mr. Coopers; but because it has been demonstrated that we might, at any moment, have as many Mr. Coopers as we please. In fact we are now strong in our own resources. We have, at length, arrived at that epoch when our literature may and must stand on its own merits, or fall through its own defects. We have snapped asunder the leading-strings of our British Grandmamma, and, better still, we have survived the first hours of our novel freedom,—the first licentious hours of a hobbledehoy braggadocio and swagger. *At last*, then, we are in a condition to be criticised—even more, to be neglected; and the journalist is no longer in danger of being impeached for *lese-majesté* of the Democratic Spirit, who shall assert, with sufficient humility, that we have committed an error in mistaking "Kettell's Specimens" for the Pentateuch, or Joseph Rodman Drake for Apollo.

The case of this latter gentleman is one which well illustrates what we have been saying. We believe it was some five years ago that Mr. Dearborn republished the "Culprit Fay," which then, as at the period of its original issue, was belauded by the universal American press, in a manner which must have appeared ludicrous—not to speak *very* plainly—in the eyes of all unprejudiced observers. With a curiosity much excited by comments at once so grandiloquent and so general, we procured and read the poem. What we found it we ventured to express distinctly, and at some length, in the pages of the "Southern Messenger." It is a well-versified and sufficiently fluent composition, without high merit of any kind. Its defects are gross and superabundant. Its plot and conduct, considered in reference to its scene, are absurd. Its originality is none at all. Its imagination (and this was the great feature insisted upon by its admirers,) is but a "counterfeit presentment,"—but the shadow of the shade of that lofty quality which is, in fact, the soul of the Poetic Sentiment—but a drivelling *effort to be fanciful*—an effort resulting in a species of hop-skip-and-go-merry rhodomontade, which the uninitiated feel it a duty to call ideality, and to admire as such, while lost in surprise at the impossibility of performing at least the latter half of the duty with any thing like satisfaction to themselves. And all this we not only asserted, but without difficulty *proved*. Dr. Drake has written some beautiful poems, but the "Culprit Fay," is not of them. We neither expected to hear any dissent from our opinions, nor did we hear any. On the contrary, the approving voice of every critic in the country whose *dictum* we had been accustomed to respect, was to us a sufficient assurance that we had not been very grossly in the wrong. In fact the public taste was then *approaching* the right. The

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truth indeed had not, as yet, made itself heard; but we had reached a point at which it had but to be plainly and boldly *put*, to be, at least tacitly, admitted.

This habit of apotheosising our literary pioneers was a most indiscriminating one. Upon *all* who wrote, the applause was plastered with an impartiality really refreshing. Of course, the system favored the dunces at the expense of true merit; and, since there existed a certain fixed standard of exaggerated commendation to which all were adapted after the fashion of Procrustes, it is clear that the most meritorious required *the least stretching*,—in other words, that, although all were much over-rated, the deserving were over-rated in a less degree than the unworthy. Thus with Brainard:—a man of indisputable genius, who, in any more discriminate system of panegyric, would have been long ago bepuffed into Demi-Deism; for if "M'Fingal," for example, is in reality what we have been told, the commentators upon Trumbull, as a matter of the simplest consistency, should have exalted into the seventh heaven of poetical dominion the author of the many graceful and vigorous effusions which are now lying, in a very neat little volume, before us.*

Yet we maintain that even these effusions have been overpraised, and materially so. It is not that Brainard has not written poems which may rank with those of any American, with the single exception of Longfellow—but that the general merit of our whole national Muse has been estimated too highly, and that the author of "The Connecticut River" has, individually, shared in the exaggeration. No poet among us has composed what would deserve the tithe of that amount of approbation so innocently lavished upon Brainard. But it would not suit our purpose just now, and in this department of the Magazine, to enter into any elaborate analysis of his productions. It so happens, however, that we open the book at a brief poem, an examination of which will stand us in good stead of this general analysis, since it is by this very poem that the admirers of its author are content to swear—since it is the fashion to cite it as his best—since thus, in short, it is the chief basis of his notoriety, if not the surest triumph of his fame.

We allude to "The Fall of Niagara," and shall be pardoned for quoting it in full.

> The thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain
> While I look upward to thee. It would seem
> As if God poured thee from his hollow hand,
> And hung his bow upon thine awful front,
> And spoke in that loud voice which seemed to him
> Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake
> The "sound of many waters," and had bade
> Thy flood to chronicle the ages back
> And notch his centuries in the eternal rocks.
>
> Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we
> That hear the question of that voice sublime?
> O, what are all the notes that ever rung
> From war's vain trumpet by thy thundering side?
> Yea, what is all the riot man can make
> In his short life to thy unceasing roar?
> And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to HIM
> Who drowned a world and heaped the waters far
> Above its loftiest mountains?—a light wave
> That breaks and whispers of its Maker's might.

**The Poems of John G. C. Brainard. A New and Authentic Collection, with an original Memoir of his Life. Hartford: Edward Hopkins.*

It is a very usual thing to hear these verses called not merely the best of their author, but the best which have been written on the subject of Niagara. Its positive merit appears to us only partial. We have been informed that the poet *had seen* the great cataract before writing the lines; but the Memoir prefixed to the present edition, denies what, for our own part, we never believed; for Brainard was truly a poet, and no poet could have looked upon Niagara, in the substance, and written thus about it. If he saw it at all, it must have been in fancy—"at a distance"—*εκας*—as the lying Pindar says he saw Archilocus, who died ages before the villain was born.

To the two opening verses we have no objection; but it may be well observed, in passing, that had the mind of the poet been really "crowded with strange thoughts," and not merely *engaged in an endeavor to think* he would have entered at once upon the thoughts themselves, without allusion to the state of his brain. His subject would have left him no room for self.

The third line embodies an absurd, and impossible, not to say a contemptible image. We are called upon to conceive a similarity between the *continuous* downward sweep of Niagara, and the momentary splashing of some definite and of course trifling quantity of water *from a hand;* for, although it is the hand of the Deity himself which is referred to, the mind is irresistibly led, by the words "poured from his hollow hand," to that idea which has been *customarily* attached to such phrase. It is needless to say, moreover, that the bestowing upon Deity a human form, is at best a low and most unideal conception.† In fact the poet has committed the grossest of errors in *likening* the fall to *any* material object; for the human fancy can fashion nothing which shall not be inferior in majesty to the cataract itself. Thus bathos is inevitable; and there is no better exemplification of bathos than Mr. Brainard has here given.‡

The fourth line but renders the matter worse, for here the figure is most inartistically shifted. The handful of water becomes animate; for it has a front

†The Humanitarians held that God was to be understood as having really a human form.—See Clarke's Sermons, vol. 1, page 26, fol. edit.

"The drift of Milton's argument leads him to employ language which would appear, at first sight, to verge upon their doctrine; but it will be seen immediately that he guards himself against the charge of having adopted one of the most ignorant errors of the dark ages of the church."—Dr. Sumner's Notes on Milton's "Christian Doctrine."

The opinion could never have been very general. Andeus, a Syrian of Messopotamia, who lived in the fourth century, was condemned for the doctrine, as heretical. His few disciples were called Anthropmorphites. *See Du Pin.*

‡It is remarkable that Drake, of whose "Culprit Fay," we have just spoken is, perhaps, the sole poet who has employed, in the description of Niagara, imagery which does not produce a bathetic impression. In one of his minor poems he has these magnificent lines—

> How sweet 'twould be, *when all the air*
> *In moonlight swims*, along the river
> To couch upon the grass and hear
> Niagara's everlasting voice
> Far in the deep blue West away;
> That dreamy and poetic noise
> We mark not in the glare of day—
> Oh, how unlike its torrent-cry
> When o'er the brink the tide is driven
> *As if the vast and sheeted sky*
> *In thunder fell from Heaven!*

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—that is, a forehead, and upon this forehead the Deity proceeds to hang a bow, that is, a rainbow. At the same time be "speaks in that loud voice, &c;" and here it is obvious that the ideas of the writer are in a sad state of fluctuation; for he transfers the idiosyncrasy of the fall itself (that is to say its sound) to the one who pours it from his hand. But not content with all this, Mr. Brainard commands the flood to *keep a kind of tally*; for this is the low thought which the expression about "notching in the rocks" immediately and inevitably induces. The whole of this first division of the poem, embraces, we hesitate not to say, one of the most jarring, inappropriate, mean, and in every way monstrous assemblages of false imagery, which can be found out of the tragedies of Nat Lee, or the farces of Thomas Carlyle.

In the latter division, the poet recovers himself, as if ashamed of his previous bombast. His natural instinct (for Brainard was no artist) has enabled him *to feel* that *subjects which surpass in grandeur all efforts of the human imagination are well depicted only in the simplest and least metaphorical language*—a proposition as susceptible of demonstration as any in Euclid. Accordingly, we find a material sinking in tone; although he does not at once, discard all imagery. The "Deep calleth unto deep" is nevertheless a great improvement upon his previous rhetoricianism. The personification of the waters above and below would be good in reference to any subject less august. The moral reflections which immediately follow, have at least the merit of simplicity; but the poet exhibits no very lofty imagination when he bases these reflections only upon the cataract's superiority to man *in the noise it can create*; nor is the concluding idea more spirited, where the mere difference between the quantity of water which occasioned the flood, and the quantity which Niagara precipitates, is made the measure of the Almighty Mind's superiority to that cataract which it called by a thought into existence.

But although "The Fall of Niagara" does not deserve all the unmeaning commendation it has received, there are, nevertheless, many truly beautiful poems in this collection, and even more certain evidences of poetic power. "To a Child, the Daughter of a Friend" is exceedingly graceful and terse. "To the Dead" has equal grace, with more vigor, and, moreover, a touching air of melancholy. Its melody is very rich, and in the monotonous repetition, at each stanza, of a certain rhyme, we recognise a fantastic yet true imagination. "Mr. Merry's Lament for Long Tom" would be worthy of all praise were not its unusually beautiful rhythm an imitation from Campbell, who would deserve his high poetical rank, if only for its construction. Of the merely humorous pieces we have little to say. Such things are not *poetry*. Mr. Brainard excelled in them, and they are very good in their place; but that place is not in a collection of *poems*. The prevalent notions upon this head are extremely vague; yet we see no reason why any ambiguity should exist. Humor, with an exception to be made hereafter, is directly antagonistical to that which is the soul of the Muse proper; and the omni-prevalent belief, that melancholy is inseparable from the higher manifestations of the beautiful, is not without a firm basis in nature and in reason. But it so happens that humor and that quality which we have termed the soul of the Muse (imagination) are both essentially aided in their development by the same adventitious assistance—that of rhythm and of rhyme. Thus the only bond between humorous verse and poetry, properly so called, is that they employ in common, a certain tool. But this single circumstance has been sufficient to occasion, and to maintain through long ages, a confusion of two very distinct ideas in the brain of the unthinking critic. There is, nevertheless, an individual branch of humor which blends so happily with the ideal, that from the union result some of the finest effects of legitimate poesy. We allude to what is termed "*archness*"—a trait with which popular feeling, which is unfailingly poetic, has invested, for example, the whole character of the fairy. In the volume before us there is a brief composition entitled "The Tree Toad" which will afford a fine exemplification of our idea. It seems to have been hurriedly constructed, as if its author had felt ashamed of his light labor. But that in his heart there was a secret exultation over these verses for which his reason found it difficult to account, *we know*; and there is not a really imaginative man within sound of our voice to-day, who, upon perusal of this little "Tree Toad" will not admit it to be one of the *truest poems* ever written by Brainard.

A DREAM OF THE DEAD.

BY G. HILL, AUTHOR OF "TITANIA'S BANQUET."

Who, when my thoughts at midnight deep,
  And senses drowned in slumber lie,
And star and moon their still watch keep,
  Is imaged to my sleeping eye?
The gems amid the braids that 'twine
  The dark locks from her pale brow thrown,
Faintly, as dews by eve wept, shine.
  Her cheek—its living tints are flown.

Sure I should know that fond, fixed gaze,
  Those hands whose fairy palms infold
Gently my own, the smile that plays
  Around those lips now pale and cold.
O! ever thus, as Night repeats
  Her silent star-watch, come to me!
More dear than all which living greets
  My waking eye, a dream of thee.

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THE DREAM IS PAST.

COMPOSED BY

STEPHEN GLOVER.

Philadelphia: John F. Nunns, 184 *Chesnut Street.*

Andante con Espressione,

dim

The dream is past, and with it fled, The hopes that once my passion fed; And

darkly die, mid grief and pain, The joys which gone come not a - gain. My soul in si - - lence

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and in tears, Has cherish'd now for many years, A love for one who does not know The

thoughts that in my bosom glow. Oh! cease my heart, thy throbbing hide, A - nother soon will

be his bride; And hope's last faint, but cheering ray, Will then for ev - er pass a-

- way.

They cannot see the silent tear,
That falls unchecked when none are near;
Nor do they mark the smother'd sigh
That heaves my breast when they are by.
I know my cheek is paler now,
And smiles no longer deck my brow,

'Tis youth's decay, 't will soon begin
To tell the thoughts that dwell within.
Oh! let me rouse my sleeping pride,
And from his gaze my feelings hide;
He shall not smile to think that I
With love for him could pine and die.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Barnaby Rudge; By Charles Dickens, (Boz) Author of "The Old Curiosity-Shop," "Pickwick," "Oliver Twist," etc. etc. With numerous Illustrations, by Cattermole, Browne & Sibson. Lea & Blanchard: Philadelphia.

We often hear it said, of this or of that proposition, that it may be good in theory, but will not answer in practice; and in such assertions we find the substance of all the sneers at Critical Art which so gracefully curl the upper lips of a tribe which is beneath it. We mean the small geniuses—the literary Titmice—animalculae which judge of merit solely by *result*, and boast of the solidity, tangibility and infallibility of the test which they employ. The worth of a work is most accurately estimated, they assure us, by the number of those who peruse it; and "does a book sell?" is a query embodying, in their opinion, all that need be said or sung on the topic of its fitness for sale. We should as soon think of maintaining, in the presence of these creatures, the *dictum* of Anaxagoras, that snow is black, as of disputing, for example, the profundity of that genius which, in a run of five hundred nights, has rendered itself evident in "London Assurance." "What," cry they, "are critical precepts to us, or to anybody? Were we to observe all the critical rules in creation we should still be unable to write a good book"—a point, by the way, which we shall not now pause to deny. "Give us *results*," they vociferate, "for we are plain men of common sense. We contend for fact instead of fancy—for practice in opposition to theory."

The mistake into which the Titmice have been innocently led, however, is precisely that of dividing the practice which they would uphold, from the theory to which they would object. They should have been told in infancy, and thus prevented from exposing themselves in old age, that theory and practice are in so much *one*, that the former implies or includes the latter. A theory is only good as such, in proportion to its reducibility to practice. If the practice fail, it is because the theory is imperfect. To say what they are in the daily habit of saying—that such or such a matter may be good in theory but is false in practice,—is to perpetrate a bull—to commit a paradox—to state a contradiction in terms—in plain words, to tell a lie *which is a lie at sight* to the understanding of anything bigger than a Titmouse.

But we have no idea, just now, of persecuting the Tittlebats by too close a scrutiny into their little opinions. It is not our purpose, for example, to press them with so grave a weapon as the *argumentum ad absurdum*, or to ask them why, if the popularity of a book be in fact the measure of its worth, we should not be at once in condition to admit the inferiority of "Newton's Principia" to "Hoyle's Games;" of "Ernest Maltravers" to "Jack-the-Giant-Killer," or "Jack Sheppard," or "Jack Brag;" and of "Dick's Christian Philosopher" to "Charlotte Temple," or the "Memoirs of de Grammont," or to one or two dozen other works which must be nameless. Our present design is but to speak, at some length, of a book which in so much concerns the Titmice, that it affords them the very kind of demonstration which they chiefly affect—*practical* demonstration—of the fallacy of one of their favorite dogmas; we mean the dogma that no work of fiction can fully suit, at the same time, the critical and the popular taste; in fact, that the disregarding or contravening of Critical Rule is absolutely essential to success, beyond a certain and very limited extent, with the public at large. And if, in the course of our random observations—for we have no space for systematic review—it should appear, incidentally, that the vast popularity of "Barnaby Rudge" must be regarded less as the measure of its value, than as the legitimate and inevitable result of certain well-understood critical propositions reduced by genius into practice, there will appear nothing more than what has before become apparent in the "Vicar of Wakefield" of Goldsmith, or in the "Robinson Crusoe" of De Foe—nothing more, in fact, than what is a truism to all but the Titmice.

Those who know us will not, from what is here premised, suppose it our intention, to enter into any wholesale *laudation* of "Barnaby Rudge." In truth, our design may appear, at a cursory glance, to be very different indeed. Boccalini, in his "Advertisements from Parnassus," tells us that a critic once presented Apollo with a severe censure upon an excellent poem. The God asked him for the beauties of the work. He replied that he only troubled himself about the errors. Apollo presented him with a sack of unwinnowed wheat, and bade him pick out all the chaff for his pains. Now we have not fully made up our minds that the God was in the right. We are not sure that the limit of critical duty is not very generally misapprehended. *Excellence* may be considered an axiom, or a proposition which becomes self-evident just in proportion to the clearness or precision with which it is *put*. If it fairly exists, in this sense, it requires no farther elucidation. It is not excellence if it need to be demonstrated as such. To point out too particularly the beauties of a work, is to admit, tacitly, that these beauties are not wholly admirable. Regarding, then, excellence as that which is capable of self-manifestation, it but remains for the critic to show when, where, and how it fails in becoming manifest; and, in this showing, it will be the fault of the book itself if what of beauty it contains be not, at least, placed in the fairest light. In a word, we may assume, notwithstanding a vast deal of pitiable cant upon this topic, that in pointing out frankly the errors of a work, we do nearly all that is critically necessary in displaying its merits. In teaching what perfection is, how, in fact, shall we more rationally proceed than in specifying what it *is not?*

The plot of "Barnaby Rudge" runs thus: About a hundred years ago, Geoffrey Haredale and John Chester were schoolmates in England—the former being the scape-goat and drudge of the latter. Leaving school, the boys become friends, with much of the old understanding. Haredale loves; Chester deprives him of his mistress. The one cherishes the most deadly hatred; the other merely contemns and avoids. By routes widely different both attain mature age. Haredale, remembering his old love, and still cherishing his old hatred, remains a bachelor and is poor. Chester, among other crimes, is guilty of the seduction and heartless abandonment of a gypsy-girl, who, after the de-

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sertion of her lover, gives birth to a son, and, falling into evil courses, is finally hung at Tyburn. The son is received and taken charge of, at an inn called the Maypole, upon the borders of Epping forest, and about twelve miles from London. This inn is kept by one John Willet, a burley-headed and very obtuse little man, who has a son, Joe, and who employs his *protégé*, under the single name of Hugh, as perpetual hostler at the inn. Hugh's father marries, in the meantime, a rich *parvenue*, who soon dies, but not before having presented Mr. Chester with a boy, Edward. The father, (a thoroughly selfish man-of-the-world, whose model is Chesterfield,) educates this son at a distance, seeing him rarely, and calling him to the paternal residence, at London, only when he has attained the age of twenty-four or five. He, the father, has, long ere this time, spent the fortune brought him by his wife, having been living upon his wits and a small annuity for some eighteen years. The son is recalled chiefly that by marrying an heiress, on the strength of his own personal merit and the reputed wealth of old Chester, he may enable the latter to continue his gayeties in old age. But of this design, as well as of his poverty, Edward is kept in ignorance for some three or four years after his recall; when the father's discovery of what he considers an inexpedient love-entanglement on the part of the son, induces him to disclose the true state of his affairs, as well as the real tenor of his intentions.

Now the love-entanglement of which we speak, is considered inexpedient by Mr. Chester for two reasons—the first of which is, that the lady beloved is the orphan niece of his old enemy, Haredale, and the second is, that Haredale (although in circumstances which have been much and very unexpectedly improved during the preceding twenty-two years) is still insufficiently wealthy to meet the views of Mr. Chester.

We say that, about twenty-two years before the period in question, there came an unlooked-for change in the worldly circumstances of Haredale. This gentleman has an elder brother, Reuben, who has long possessed the family inheritance of the Haredales, residing at a mansion called "The Warren," not far from the Maypole-Inn, which is itself a portion of the estate. Reuben *is a widower*, with one child, a daughter, Emma. Besides this daughter, there are living with him a gardener, a steward (whose name is Rudge) and *two* women servants, one of whom is the wife of Rudge. On the night of the nineteenth of March, 1733, Rudge murders his master for the sake of a large sum of money which he is known to have in possession. During the struggle, Mr. Haredale grasps the cord of an alarm-bell which hangs within his reach, but succeeds in sounding it only once or twice, when it is severed by the knife of the ruffian, who then, completing his bloody business, and securing the money, proceeds to quit the chamber. While doing this, however, he is disconcerted by meeting the gardener, whose pallid countenance evinces suspicion of the deed committed. The murderer is thus forced to kill his fellow servant. Having done so, the idea strikes him of transferring the burden of the crime from himself. He dresses the corpse of the gardener in his own clothes, puts upon its finger his own ring and in its pocket his own watch—then drags it to a pond in the grounds, and throws it in. He now returns to the house, and, disclosing all to his wife, requests her to become a partner in his flight. Horror-stricken, she falls to the ground. He attempts to raise her. She seizes his wrist, *staining her hand with blood in the attempt*. She renounces him forever; yet promises to conceal the crime. Alone, he flees the country. The next morning, Mr. Haredale being found murdered, and the steward and gardener being both missing, both are suspected. Mrs. Rudge leaves The Warren, and retires to an obscure lodging in London (where she lives upon an annuity allowed her by Haredale) having given birth, *on the very day after the murder*, to a son, Barnaby Rudge, who proves an idiot, who bears upon his wrist a red mark, and who is born possessed with a maniacal horror of blood.

Some months since the assassination having elapsed, what appears to be the corpse of Rudge is discovered, and the outrage is attributed to the gardener. Yet not universally:—for, as Geoffrey Haredale comes into possession of the estate, there are not wanting suspicions (fomented by Chester) of his own participation in the deed. This taint of suspicion, acting upon his hereditary gloom, together with the natural grief and horror of the atrocity, embitters the whole life of Haredale. He secludes himself at The Warren, and acquires a monomaniac acerbity of temper relieved only by love of his beautiful niece.

Time wears away. Twenty-two years pass by. The niece has ripened into womanhood, and loves young Chester without the knowledge of her uncle or the youth's father. Hugh has grown a stalwart man—the type of man *the animal*, as his father is of man the ultra-civilized. Rudge, the murderer, returns, urged to his undoing by Fate. He appears at the Maypole and inquires stealthily of the circumstances which have occurred at The Warren in his absence. He proceeds to London, discovers the dwelling of his wife, threatens her with the betrayal of her idiot son into vice and extorts from her the bounty of Haredale. Revolting at such appropriation of such means, the widow, with Barnaby, again seeks The Warren, renounces the annuity, and, refusing to assign any reason for her conduct, states her intention of quitting London forever, and of burying herself in some obscure retreat—a retreat which she begs Haredale not to attempt discovering. When he seeks her in London the next day, she is gone; and there are no tidings, either of herself or of Barnaby, *until the expiration of five years*—which bring the time up to that of the celebrated "No Popery" Riots of Lord George Gordon.

In the meanwhile, and immediately subsequent to the reappearance of Rudge; Haredale and the elder Chester, each heartily desirous of preventing the union of Edward and Emma, have entered into a covenant, the result of which is that, by means of treachery on the part of Chester, permitted on that of Haredale, the lovers misunderstand each other and are estranged. Joe, also, the son of the innkeeper, Willet, having been coquetted with, to too great an extent, by Dolly Varden, (the pretty daughter of one Gabriel Varden, a locksmith of Clerkenwell, London) and having been otherwise mal-treated at home, enlists in his Majesty's army and is carried beyond seas, to America; not returning until towards the close of the riots. Just before their commencement, Rudge, in a midnight prowl about the scene of his atrocity, is encountered by an individual who had been familiar with him in earlier life, while living at The Warren. This individual, terrified at what he supposes, very naturally, to be the ghost of the murdered Rudge, relates his adventure to his companions at the Maypole, and John Willet conveys the intelligence, forthwith, to Mr. Haredale. Connecting the apparition, in his own mind, with the peculiar conduct of Mrs. Rudge, this gentleman imbibes a suspicion, at once, of the true state of affairs. This suspicion (which he mentions to no one) is, moreover, very strongly confirmed by an occurrence happening to Varden, the locksmith, who, visiting the woman late one night, finds her in communion of a nature apparently most confidential, with a ruffian whom the locksmith knows to be such, without knowing the man himself. Upon an attempt, on the part of Varden, to seize this ruffian, he is thwarted by Mrs. R.; and upon Haredale's inquiring minutely into the personal appearance of the man, he is found to accord with Rudge. We have already shown that

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the ruffian was in fact Rudge himself. Acting upon the suspicion thus aroused, Haredale watches, by night, alone, in the deserted house formerly occupied by Mrs. R. in hope of here coming upon the murderer, and makes other exertions with the view of arresting him; but all in vain.

It is, also, at the conclusion *of the five years*, that the hitherto uninvaded retreat of Mrs. Rudge is disturbed by a message from her husband, demanding money. He has discovered her abode by accident. Giving him what she has at the time, she afterwards eludes him, and hastens, with Barnaby, to bury herself in the crowd of London, until she can find opportunity again to seek retreat in some more distant region of England. But the riots have now begun. The idiot is beguiled into joining the mob, and, becoming separated from his mother (who, growing ill through grief, is borne to a hospital) meets with his old playmate Hugh, and becomes with him a ringleader in the rebellion.

The riots proceed. A conspicuous part is borne in them by one Simon Tappertit, a fantastic and conceited little apprentice of Varden's, and a sworn enemy to Joe Willet, who has rivalled him in the affection of Dolly. A hangman, Dennis, is also very busy amid the mob. Lord George Gordon, and his secretary, Gashford, with John Grueby, his servant, appear, of course, upon the scene. Old Chester, who, during the five years, has become Sir John, instigates Gashford, who has received personal insult from Haredale, (a catholic and consequently obnoxious to the mob) instigates Gashford to procure the burning of The Warren, and to abduct Emma during the excitement ensuing. The mansion is burned, (Hugh, who also fancies himself wronged by Haredale, being chief actor in the outrage) and Miss H. carried off, in company with Dolly, who had long lived with her, and whom Tappertit abducts upon his own responsibility. Rudge, in the meantime, finding the eye of Haredale upon him, (since he has become aware of the watch kept nightly at his wife's,) goaded by the dread of solitude, and fancying that his sole chance of safety lies in joining the rioters, hurries upon their track to the doomed Warren. He arrives too late—the mob have departed. Skulking about the ruins, he is discovered by Haredale, and finally captured, without a struggle, within the glowing walls of the very chamber in which the deed was committed. He is conveyed to prison, where he meets and recognises Barnaby, who had been captured as a rioter. The mob assail and burn the jail. The father and son escape. Betrayed by Dennis, both are again retaken, and Hugh shares their fate. In Newgate, Dennis, through accident, discovers the parentage of Hugh, and an effort is made in vain to interest Chester in behalf of his son. Finally, Varden procures the pardon of Barnaby; but Hugh, Rudge and Dennis are hung. At the eleventh hour, Joe returns from abroad with one arm. In company with Edward Chester, he performs prodigies of valor (during the last riots) on behalf of the government. The two, with Haredale and Varden, rescue Emma and Dolly. A double marriage, of course, takes place; for Dolly has repented her fine airs, and the prejudices of Haredale are overcome. Having killed Chester in a duel, he quits England forever, and ends his days in the seclusion of an Italian convent. Thus, after summary disposal of the understrappers, ends the drama of "Barnaby Rudge."

We have given, as may well be supposed, but a very meagre outline of the story, and we have given it in the simple or natural sequence. That is to say, we have related the events, as nearly as might be, in the order of their occurrence. But this order would by no means have suited the purpose of the novelist, whose design has been to maintain the secret of the murder, and the consequent mystery which encircles Rudge, and the actions of his wife, until the catastrophe of his discovery by Haredale. The *thesis* of the novel may thus be regarded as based upon curiosity. Every point is so arranged as to perplex the reader, and whet his desire for elucidation:—for example, the first appearance of Rudge at the Maypole; his questions; his persecution of Mrs. R.; the ghost seen by the frequenter of the Maypole; and Haredale's impressive conduct in consequence. What *we* have told, in the very beginning of our digest, in regard to the shifting of the gardener's dress, is sedulously kept from the reader's knowledge until he learns it from Rudge's own confession in jail. We say sedulously; for, *the intention once known*, the *traces* of the design can be found upon every page. There is an amusing and exceedingly ingenious instance at page 145, where Solomon Daisy describes his adventure with the ghost.

> "It was a ghost—a spirit," cried Daisy.
> "Whose?" they all three asked together.
> In the excess of his emotion (for he fell back trembling in his chair and waved his hand as if entreating them to question him no farther) *his answer was lost upon all* but old John Willet, who happened to be seated close beside him.
> "Who?" cried Parkes and Tom Cobb—"Who was it?"
> "Gentlemen," said Mr. Willet, after a long pause, "you needn't ask. The likeness of a murdered man. This is the nineteenth of March."
> A profound silence ensued.

The impression here skilfully conveyed is, that the ghost seen is that of Reuben Haredale; and the mind of the not-too-acute reader is at once averted from the true state of the case—from the murderer, Rudge, living in the body.

Now there can be no question that, by such means as these, many points which are comparatively insipid in the natural sequence of our digest, and which would have been comparatively insipid even if given in full detail in a natural sequence, are endued with the interest of mystery; but neither can it be denied that a vast many more points are at the same time deprived of all effect, and become null, through the impossibility of comprehending them without the key. The author, who, cognizant of his plot, writes with this cognizance continually operating upon him, and thus *writes to himself* in spite of himself, does not, of course, feel that much of what is effective to his own informed perception, must necessarily be lost upon his uninformed readers; and he himself is never in condition, as regards his own work, to bring the matter to test. But the reader may easily satisfy himself of the validity of our objection. Let him *re-peruse* "Barnaby Rudge," and, with a pre-comprehension of the mystery, these points of which we speak break out in all directions like stars, and throw quadruple brilliance over the narrative—a brilliance which a correct taste will at once declare unprofitably sacrificed at the shrine of the keenest interest of mere mystery.

The design of *mystery*, however, being once determined upon by an author, it becomes imperative, first, that no undue or inartistical means be employed to conceal the secret of the plot; and, secondly, that the secret be well kept. Now, when, at page 16, we read that "the body of *poor Mr. Rudge, the steward, was found*" months after the outrage, &c. we see that Mr. Dickens has been guilty of no misdemeanor against Art in stating what was not the fact; since the falsehood is put into the mouth of Solomon Daisy, and given merely as the impression of this individual and of the public. The writer has not asserted it in his own person, but ingeniously conveyed an idea (false in itself, yet a belief in which is necessary for the effect of the tale) by the mouth of one of his characters. The case is different, however, when Mrs. Rudge is repeatedly denominated "the widow." It is the author who, himself, frequently so terms her. This is disingenuous and inartistical: accidentally so, of course. We speak of the matter merely by way of

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illustrating our point, and as an oversight on the part of Mr. Dickens.

That the secret be well kept is obviously necessary. A failure to preserve it until the proper moment of *dénouement*, throws all into confusion, so far as regards the *effect* intended. If the mystery leak out, against the author's will, his purposes are immediately at odds and ends; for he proceeds upon the supposition that certain impressions *do* exist, which do *not* exist, in the mind of his readers. We are not prepared to say, so positively as we could wish, whether, by the public at large, the whole *mystery* of the murder committed by Rudge, with the identity of the Maypole ruffian with Rudge himself, was fathomed at any period previous to the period intended, or, if so, whether at a period so early as materially to interfere with the interest designed; but we are forced, through sheer modesty, to suppose this the case; since, by ourselves individually, the secret was distinctly understood immediately upon the perusal of the story of Solomon Daisy, which occurs at the seventh page of this volume of three hundred and twenty-three. In the number of the "Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post," for May the 1st, 1841, (the tale having then only begun) will be found a *prospective notice* of some length, in which we made use of the following words—

That Barnaby is the son of the murderer may not appear evident to our readers—but we will explain. The person murdered is Mr. Reuben Haredale. He was found assassinated in his bed-chamber. His steward (Mr. Rudge, senior,) and his gardener (name not mentioned) are missing. At first both are suspected. 'Some months afterward,' here we use the words of the story—'the steward's body, scarcely to be recognised but by his clothes, and the watch and ring he wore —was found at the bottom of a piece of water in the grounds, with a deep gash in the breast where he had been stabbed by a knife. He was only partly dressed; and all people agreed that he had been sitting up reading in his own room, where there were many traces of blood, and was suddenly fallen upon and killed, before his master.'

Now, be it observed, it is not the author himself who asserts that *the steward's body was found*; he has put the words in the mouth of one of his characters. His design is to make it appear, in the *dénouement*, that the steward, Rudge, first murdered the gardener, then went to his master's chamber, murdered *him*, was interrupted by his (Rudge's) wife, whom he seized and held *by the wrist*, to prevent her giving the alarm—that he then, after possessing himself of the booty desired, returned to the gardener's room, exchanged clothes with him, put upon the corpse his own watch and ring, and secreted it where it was afterwards discovered at so late a period that the features could not be identified.

The differences between our pre-conceived ideas, as here stated, and the actual facts of the story, will be found immaterial. The gardener was murdered not before but after his master; and that Rudge's wife seized *him* by the wrist, instead of his seizing *her*, has so much the air of a mistake on the part of Mr. Dickens, that we can scarcely speak of our own version as erroneous. The grasp of a murderer's bloody hand on the wrist of a woman *enceinte*, would have been more likely to produce the effect described (and this every one will allow) than the grasp of the hand of the woman upon the wrist of the assassin. We may therefore say of our supposition as Talleyrand said of some cockney's bad French—*que s'il ne soit pas Francais, assurément donc il le doit être*—that if we did not rightly prophesy, yet, at least, our prophecy *should have been* right.

We are informed in the Preface to "Barnaby Rudge" that "no account of the Gordon Riots having been introduced into any work of fiction, and the subject presenting very extraordinary and remarkable features," our author "was led to project this tale." But for this distinct announcement (for Mr. Dickens can scarcely have deceived himself) we should have looked upon the Riots as altogether an afterthought. It is evident that they have no necessary connection with the story. In our digest, which carefully includes all *essentials* of the plot, we have dismissed the doings of the mob in a paragraph. The whole event of the drama would have proceeded as well without as with them. They have even the appearance of being *forcibly* introduced. In our compendium above, it will be seen that we emphasised several allusions to an interval of *five years*. The action is brought up to a certain point. The train of events is, so far, uninterrupted—nor is there any apparent need of interruption—yet all the characters are now thrown forward for a period of *five years*. And why? We ask in vain. It is not to bestow upon the lovers a more decorous maturity of age—for this is the only possible idea which suggests itself—Edward Chester is already eight-and-twenty, and Emma Haredale would, in America at least, be upon the list of old maids. No—there is no such reason; nor does there appear to be any one more plausible than that, as it is now the year of our Lord 1775, an advance of five years will bring the *dramatis personae* up to a very remarkable period, affording an admirable opportunity for their display—the period, in short, of the "No Popery" riots. This was the idea with which we were forcibly impressed in perusal, and which nothing less than Mr. Dickens' positive assurance to the contrary would have been sufficient to eradicate.

It is, perhaps, but one of a thousand instances of the disadvantages, both to the author and the public, of the present absurd fashion of periodical novel-writing, that our author had not sufficiently considered or determined upon *any* particular plot when he began the story now under review. In fact, we see, or fancy that we see, numerous traces of indecision—traces which a dexterous supervision of the complete work might have enabled him to erase. We have already spoken of the intermission of a lustrum. The opening speeches of old Chester are by far too *truly* gentlemanly for his subsequent character. The wife of Varden, also, is too wholesale a shrew to be converted into the quiet wife—the original design was to punish her. At page 16, we read thus—Solomon Daisy is telling his story:

"I put as good a face upon it as I could, and, muffling myself up, started out with a lighted lantern in one hand and the key of the church in the other"—at this point of the narrative, the dress of the strange man rustled as if he had turned to hear more distinctly.

Here the design is to call the reader's attention to a *point* in the tale; but no subsequent explanation is made. Again, a few lines below—

"The houses were all shut up, and the folks in doors, and perhaps there is only one man in the world who knows how dark it really was."

Here the intention is still more evident, but there is no result. Again, at page 54, the idiot draws Mr. Chester to the window, and directs his attention to the clothes hanging upon the lines in the yard—

"Look down," he said softly; "do you mark how they whisper in each other's ears, then dance and leap to make believe they are in sport? Do you see how they stop for a moment, when they think there is no one looking, and mutter among themselves again; and then how they roll and gambol, delighted with the mischief they've been plotting? Look at 'em now! See how they whirl and plunge. And now they stop again, and whisper cautiously together—little thinking, mind, how often I have lain upon the ground and watched them. I say—what is it that they plot and hatch? Do you know?"

Upon perusal of these ravings we, at once, supposed them to have allusion to some *real* plotting; and even now we cannot force ourselves to believe them not so intended. They suggested the opinion that Haredale himself would be implicated in the murder, and that the counsellings alluded to might be those of that gentleman with Rudge. It is by no means impossible that some such conception wavered in the mind of the author. At page 32 we have

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a confirmation of our idea, when Varden endeavors to arrest the murderer in the house of his wife—

"Come back—come back!" exclaimed the woman, wrestling with and clasping him. "Do not touch him on your life. *He carries other lives beside his own.*"

The *dénouement* fails to account for this exclamation.

In the beginning of the story much emphasis is placed upon the *two* female servants of Haredale, and upon his journey to and from London, as well as upon his wife. We have merely said, in our digest, that he was a widower, italicizing the remark. All these other points are, in fact, singularly irrelevant, in the supposition that the original design has not undergone modification.

Again, at page 57, when Haredale talks of "his dismantled and beggared hearth," we cannot help fancying that the author had in view some different wrong, or series of wrongs, perpetrated by Chester, than any which appear in the end. This gentleman, too, takes extreme and frequent pains to acquire dominion over the rough Hugh—this matter is particularly insisted upon by the novelist—we look, of course, for some important result—but the filching of a letter is nearly all that is accomplished. That Barnaby's delight in the desperate scenes of the rebellion, is inconsistent with his horror of blood, will strike every reader; and this inconsistency seems to be the consequence of the *afterthought* upon which we have already commented. In fact the title of the work, the elaborate and pointed manner of the commencement, the impressive description of The Warren, and especially of Mrs. Rudge, go far to show that Mr. Dickens has really deceived himself—that the soul of the plot, as originally conceived, was the murder of Haredale with the subsequent discovery of the murderer in Rudge—but that this idea was afterwards abandoned, or rather suffered to be merged in that of the Popish Riots. The result has been most unfavorable. That which, of itself, would have proved highly effective, has been rendered nearly null by its situation. In the multitudinous outrage and horror of the Rebellion, the *one* atrocity is utterly whelmed and extinguished.

The reasons of this deflection from the first purpose appear to us self-evident. One of them we have already mentioned. The other is that our author discovered, when too late, that *he had anticipated, and thus rendered valueless, his chief effect.* This will be readily understood. The particulars of the assassination being withheld, the strength of the narrator is put forth, in the beginning of the story, to *whet curiosity* in respect to these particulars; and, so far, he is but in proper pursuance of his main design. But from this intention he unwittingly passes into the error of *exaggerating anticipation.* And error though it be, it is an error wrought with consummate skill. What, for example, could more vividly enhance our impression of the unknown horror enacted, than the deep and enduring gloom of Haredale—than the idiot's inborn awe of blood—or, especially, than the expression of countenance so imaginatively attributed to Mrs. Rudge—"the capacity for expressing terror—something only dimly seen, but never absent for a moment—the shadow of some look to which an instant of intense and most unutterable horror only could have given rise?" But it is a condition of the human fancy that the promises of such words are irredeemable. In the notice before mentioned we thus spoke upon this topic—

This is a conception admirably adapted to whet curiosity in respect to the character of that event which is hinted at as forming the basis of the story. But this observation should not fail to be made—that the anticipation must surpass the reality; that no matter how terrific be the circumstances which, in the *dénouement*, shall appear to have occasioned the expression of countenance worn habitually by Mrs. Rudge, still they will not be able to satisfy the mind of the reader. He will surely be disappointed. The skilful intimation of horror held out by the artist, produces an effect which will deprive his conclusion of all. These intimations—these dark hints of some uncertain evil—are often rhetorically praised as effective—but are only justly so praised where there is no *dénouement* whatever—where the reader's imagination is left to clear up the mystery for itself—and this is not the design of Mr. Dickens.

And, in fact, our author was not long in seeing his precipitancy. He had placed himself in a dilemma from which even his high genius could not extricate him. He at once shifts the main interest—and in truth we do not see what better he could have done. The reader's attention becomes absorbed in the riots, and he fails to observe that what should have been the true catastrophe of the novel, is exceedingly feeble and ineffective.

A few cursory remarks:—Mr. Dickens fails peculiarly in pure narration. See, for example, page 296, where the connection of Hugh and Chester is detailed by Varden. See also in "The Curiosity-Shop," where, when the result is fully known, so many words are occupied in explaining the relationship of the brothers.

The effect of the present narrative might have been materially increased by confining the action within the limits of London. The "Notre Dame" of Hugo affords a fine example of the force which can be gained by concentration, or unity of place. The unity of time is also sadly neglected, to no purpose, in "Barnaby Rudge."

That Rudge should so long and so deeply feel the sting of conscience is inconsistent with his brutality.

On page 15 the interval elapsing between the murder and Rudge's return, is variously stated at twenty-two and twenty-four years.

It may be asked why the inmates of The Warren failed to hear the alarm-bell which was heard by Solomon Daisy.

The idea of persecution by being tracked, as by bloodhounds, from one spot of quietude to another is a favorite one with Mr. Dickens. Its effect cannot be denied.

The stain upon Barnaby's wrist, caused by fright in the mother at so late a period of gestation as one day before mature parturition, is shockingly at war with all medical experience.

When Rudge, escaped from prison, unshackled, with money at command, is in agony at his wife's refusal to perjure herself for his salvation—is it not *queer* that he should demand any other salvation than lay in his heels?

Some of the conclusions of chapters—see pages 40 and 100—seem to have been written for the mere purpose of illustrating tail-pieces.

The leading idiosyncrasy of Mr. Dickens' remarkable humor, is to be found in his *translating the language of gesture, or action, or tone.* For example—

"The cronies nodded to each other, and Mr. Parkes remarked in an under tone, shaking his head meanwhile, *as who should say 'let no man contradict me, for I won't believe him,'* that Willet was in amazing force to-night."

The riots form a series of vivid pictures never surpassed.

At page 17, the road between London and the Maypole is described as a horribly rough and dangerous, and at page 97, as an uncommonly smooth and convenient one.

At page 116, how comes Chester in possession of the key of Mrs. Rudge's vacated house?

Mr. Dickens' English is usually pure. His most remarkable error is that of employing the adverb "directly" in the sense of "as soon as." For example—"Directly he arrived, Rudge said, &c." Bulwer is uniformly guilty of the same blunder.

It is observable that so original a stylist as our author should occasionally lapse into a *gross* imitation of what, itself, is a gross imitation. We mean the manner of Lamb—a manner based in the Latin construction. For example—

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In summer time its pumps suggest to thirsty idlers springs cooler and more sparkling and deeper than other wells; and as they trace the spillings of full pitchers on the heated ground, they snuff the freshness, and, sighing, cast sad looks towards the Thames, and think of baths and boats, and saunter on, despondent.

The wood-cut *designs* which accompany the edition before us are occasionally good. The copper engravings are pitiably ill-conceived and ill-drawn; and not only this, but are in broad contradiction of the wood-designs and text.

There are many *coincidences* wrought into the narrative—those, for example, which relate to the nineteenth of March; the dream of Barnaby, respecting his father, at the very period when his father is actually in the house; and he dream of Haredale previous to his final meeting with Chester. These things are meant to *insinuate* a fatality which, very properly, is not expressed in plain terms—but it is questionable whether the story derives more, in ideality, from their introduction, than it might have gained of verisimilitude from their omission.

The *dramatis personae* sustain the high fame of Mr. Dickens as a delineator of character. Miggs, the disconsolate handmaiden of Varden; Tappertit, his chivalrous apprentice; Mrs. Varden, herself; and Dennis, a hangman—may be regarded as original caricatures, of the highest merit as such. Their traits are founded in acute observation of nature, but are exaggerated to the utmost admissible extent. Miss Haredale and Edward Chester are commonplaces—no effort has been made in their behalf. Joe Willet is a naturally drawn country youth. Stagg is a mere make-weight. Gashford and Gordon are truthfully copied. Dolly Varden is truth itself. Haredale, Rudge and Mrs. Rudge are impressive only through the circumstances which surround them. Sir John Chester is, of course, not original, but is a vast improvement upon all his predecessors—his heartlessness is rendered somewhat too amusing, and his end too much that of a man of honor. Hugh is a noble conception. His fierce exultation in his animal powers; his subserviency to the smooth Chester; his mirthful contempt and patronage of Tappertit, and his *brutal* yet firm courage in the hour of death—form a picture to be set in diamonds. Old Willet is not surpassed by any character even among those of Dickens. He is nature itself—yet a step farther would have placed him in the class of caricatures. His combined conceit and obtusity are indescribably droll, and his peculiar misdirected energy when aroused, is one of the most exquisite touches in all humorous painting. We shall never forget how heartily we laughed at his shaking Solomon Daisy and threatening to put him behind the fire, because the unfortunate little man was too much frightened to articulate. Varden is one of those free, jovial, honest fellows at charity with all mankind, whom our author is so fond of depicting. And lastly, Barnaby, the hero of the tale—in him we have been somewhat disappointed. We have already said that his delight in the atrocities of the Rebellion is at variance with his horror of blood. But this horror of blood is *inconsequential*; and of this we complain. Strongly insisted upon in the beginning of the narrative, it produces no adequate result. And here how fine an opportunity has Mr. Dickens missed! The conviction of the assassin, after the lapse of twenty-two years, might easily have been brought about through his son's mysterious awe of blood—*an awe created in the unborn by the assassination itself*—and this would have been one of the finest possible embodiments of the idea which we are accustomed to attach to "poetical justice." The raven, too, intensely amusing as it is, might have been made, more than we now see it, a portion of the conception of the fantastic Barnaby. Its croakings might have been *prophetically* heard in the course of the drama. Its character might have performed, in regard to that of the idiot, much the same part as does, in music, the accompaniment in respect to the air. Each might have been distinct. Each might have differed remarkably from the other. Yet between them there might have been wrought an analogical resemblance, and, although each might have existed apart, they might have formed together a whole which would have been imperfect in the absence of either.

From what we have here said—and, perhaps, said without due deliberation—(for alas! the hurried duties of the journalist preclude it) there will not be wanting those who will accuse us of a mad design to detract from the pure fame of the novelist. But to such we merely say in the language of heraldry "ye should wear a plain point sanguine in your arms." If this be understood, well; if not, well again. There lives no man feeling a deeper reverence for genius than ourself. If we have not dwelt so especially upon the high merits as upon the trivial defects of "Barnaby Rudge" we have already given our reasons for the omission, and these reasons will be sufficiently understood by all whom we care to understand them. The work before us is not, we think, equal to the tale which immediately preceded it; but there are few—very few others to which we consider it inferior. Our chief objection has not, perhaps, been so distinctly stated as we could wish. That this fiction, or indeed that any fiction written by Mr. Dickens, should be based in the excitement and maintenance of curiosity we look upon as a misconception, on the part of the writer, of his own very great yet very peculiar powers. He has done this thing well, to be sure—he would do anything well in comparison with the herd of his contemporaries—but he has not done it so thoroughly well as his high and just reputation would demand. We think that the whole book has been an effort to him—solely through the nature of its design. He has been smitten with an untimely desire for a novel path. The idiosyncrasy of his intellect would lead him, naturally, into the most fluent and simple style of narration. In tales of ordinary sequence he may and will long reign triumphant. He has a *talent* for all things, but no positive *genius* for *adaptation*, and still less for that metaphysical art in which the souls of all *mysteries* lie. "Caleb Williams" is a far less noble work than "The Old Curiosity-Shop;" but Mr. Dickens could no more have constructed the one than Mr. Godwin could have dreamed of the other.

Wakondah; The Master of Life. A Poem. George L. Curry and Co.: New York.

"WAKONDAH" is the composition of Mr. Cornelius Mathews, one of the editors of the Monthly Magazine, "Arcturus." In the December number of the journal, the poem was originally set forth by its author, very much "*avec l'air d'un homme qui sauve sa patrie.*" To be sure, it was not what is usually termed the *leading* article of the month. It did not occupy that post of honor which, hitherto, has been so modestly filled by "Puffer Hopkins." But it took precedence of some exceedingly beautiful stanzas by Professor Longfellow, and stood second only to a very serious account of a supper which, however well it might have suited the taste of an Ariel, would scarcely have feasted the Anakim, or satisfied the appetite of a Grandgousier. The supper was, or might have been, a good thing. The poem which succeeded it *is not;* nor can we imagine what has induced Messrs. Curry & Co. to be at the trouble of its republication. We are vexed with these gentlemen for having thrust this affair the second time before us. They have placed us in a predicament we dislike. In the pages of "Arcturus" the

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poem did not come necessarily under the eye of the Magazine critic. There is a tacitly-understood courtesy about these matters—a courtesy upon which we need not comment. The contributed papers in any one journal of the class of "Arcturus" are not considered as *debateable* by any one other. General propositions, under the editorial head, are rightly made the subject of discussion; but in speaking of "Wakondah," for example, in the pages of our own Magazine, we should have felt as if *making an occasion*. Now, upon our first perusal of the poem in question, we were both astonished and grieved that we could say, honestly, very little in its praise:—astonished, for by some means, not just now altogether intelligible to ourselves, we had become imbued with the idea of high poetical talent in Mr. Mathews:—grieved, because, under the circumstances of his position as editor of one of the *very* best journals in the country, we had been sincerely anxious to think well of his abilities. Moreover, we felt that to *speak ill of* them, under any circumstances whatever, would be to subject ourselves to the charge of envy or jealousy, on the part of those who do not personally know us. We, therefore, rejoiced that "Wakondah" was not a topic we were called upon to discuss. But the poem is republished, and placed upon our table, and these very "circumstances of position," which restrained us in the first place, render it a positive duty that we speak distinctly in the second.

And *very* distinctly shall we speak. In fact this effusion is a dilemma whose horns *goad* us into frankness and candor—"*c'est un malheur*," to use the words of Victor Hugo, "*d'où on ne pourrait se tirer par des periphrases, par des quemadmodums et des verumenimveros.*" If we mention it at all, we are *forced* to employ the language of that region where, as Addison has it, "they sell the best fish and speak the plainest English." "Wakondah," then, from beginning to end, is trash. With the trivial exceptions which we shall designate, it has no merit whatever; while its faults, more numerous than the leaves of Valombrosa, are of that rampant class which, if any schoolboy *could* be found so uninformed as to commit them, any schoolboy should be remorselessly flogged for committing.

The story, or as the epics have it, the argument, although brief, is by no means particularly easy of comprehension. The design seems to be based upon a passage in Mr. Irving's "Astoria." He tells us that the Indians who inhabit the Chippewyan range of mountains, call it the "Crest of the World," and "think that Wakondah, or the Master of Life, as they designate the Supreme Being, has his residence among these aerial heights." Upon this hint Mr. Mathews has proceeded. He introduces us to Wakondah standing in person upon a mountain-top. He describes his appearance, and thinks that a Chinook would be frightened to behold it. He causes the "Master of Life" to make a speech, which is addressed, generally, to things at large, and particularly to the neighboring Woods, Cataracts, Rivers, Pinnacles, Steeps, and Lakes—not to mention an Earthquake. But all these (and we think, judiciously) turn a deaf ear to the oration, which, to be plain, is scarcely equal to a second-rate Pink-Utunk stump speech. In fact, it is a bare-faced attempt at animal magnetism, and the mountains, &c., do no more than show its potency in resigning themselves to sleep, as they do.

Then shone Wakondah's dreadful eyes

—then he becomes *very* indignant, and accordingly launches forth into speech the second—with which the delinquents are afflicted, with occasional brief interruptions from the poet, in proper person, until the conclusion of the poem.

The *subject* of the two orations we shall be permitted to sum up compendiously in the one term "rigmarole." But we do not mean to say that our compendium is not an improvement, and a very considerable one, upon the speeches themselves,—which, taken altogether, are the queerest, and the most rhetorical, not to say the most miscellaneous orations we ever remember to have listened to outside of an Arkansas House of Delegates.

In saying this we mean what we say. We intend no joke. Were it possible, we would quote the whole poem in support of our opinion. But as this is *not* possible, and, moreover, as we presume Mr. Mathews has not been so negligent as to omit securing his valuable property by a copyright, we must be contented with a few extracts here and there at random, with a few comments equally so. But we have already hinted that there were really one or two words to be said of this effusion in the way of commendation, and these one or two words might as well be said now as hereafter.

The poem thus commences—

> The moon ascends the vaulted sky to-night;
> With a slow motion full of pomp ascends,
> But, mightier than the Moon that o'er it bends,
> A form is dwelling on the mountain height
> That boldly intercepts the struggling light
> With darkness nobler than the planet's fire,—
> A gloom and dreadful grandeur that aspire
> To match the cheerful Heaven's far-shining might.

If we were to shut our eyes to the repetition of "might," (which, in its various inflections, is a pet word with our author, and lugged in upon all occasions) and to the obvious imitation of Longfellow's Hymn to the Night in the second line of this stanza, we should be justified in calling it *good*. The "darkness nobler than the planet's fire" is *certainly* good. The general conception of the colossal figure on the mountain summit, relieved against the full moon, would be unquestionably *grand* were it not for the *bullish* phraseology by which the conception is rendered, in a great measure, abortive. The moon is described as "ascending," and its "motion" is referred to, while we have the standing figure continuously intercepting its light. That the orb would soon pass from behind the figure, is a physical fact which the purpose of the poet required to be left out of sight, and which scarcely any other language than that which he has actually employed would have succeeded in forcing upon the reader's attention. With all these defects, however, the passage, especially as an opening passage, is one of high merit.

Looking carefully for something else to be commended we find at length the lines—

> Lo! where our foe up through these vales ascends,
> Fresh from the embraces of the swelling sea,
> A glorious, white and shining Deity,
> Upon our strength his deep blue eye he bends,
> With threatenings full of thought and steadfast ends;
> *While desolation from his nostril breathes*
> *His glittering rage he scornfully unsheathes*
> *And to the startled air its splendor lends.*

This again, however, is worth only qualified commendation. The first six lines preserve the personification (that of a ship) sufficiently well; but, in the seventh and eighth, the author suffers the image to slide into that of a warrior unsheathing his sword. Still there is *force* in these concluding verses, and we begin to fancy that this is saying a very great deal for the author of "Puffer Hopkins."

The best stanza in the poem (there are thirty-four in all) is the thirty-third.

> No cloud was on the moon, yet on His brow
> A deepening shadow fell, and on his knees
> *That shook like tempest-stricken mountain trees*
> *His heavy head descended sad and low*
> *Like a high city smitten by the blow*
> *Which secret earthquakes strike and toppling falls*
> *With all its arches, towers, and cathedrals*
> *In swift and unconjectured overthrow.*

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This is, positively, not bad. The first line italicized is bold and vigorous, both in thought and expression; and the four last (although by no means *original*) convey a striking picture. But then the whole idea, in its general want of keeping, is preposterous. What is more absurd than the conception of a man's head descending *to his knees*, as here described—the thing could not be done by an Indian juggler or a man of gum-caoutchouc—and what is more inappropriate than the resemblance attempted to be drawn between a *single* head descending, and the *innumerable* pinnacles of a falling city? It is difficult to understand, *en passant*, why Mr. Mathews has thought proper to give "cathedrals" a quantity which does not belong to it, or to write "unconjectured" when the rhythm might have been fulfilled by "unexpected" and when "unexpected" would have fully conveyed the meaning which "unconjectured" does not.

By dint of farther microscopic survey, we are enabled to point out one, and alas, *only* one more good line in the poem.

Green dells that into silence stretch away

contains a richly poetical thought, melodiously embodied. We only refrain, however, from declaring, flatly, that the line is not the property of Mr. Mathews, because we have not at hand the volume from which we believe it to be stolen.

We quote the sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth stanzas in full. They will serve to convey some faint idea of the general poem. The Italics are our own.

VI.

The spirit lowers and speaks: "*Tremble ye wild Woods!*
Ye Cataracts! your *organ-voices* sound!
Deep Crags, in earth by massy tenures bound,
Oh, Earthquake, *level flat!* The peace that broods
Above this world, and steadfastly eludes
Your power, howl Winds and break; the peace that mocks
Dismay 'mid silent streams and voiceless rocks—
Through wildernesses, cliffs, and solitudes.

VII.

"Night-shadowed Rivers—lift your dusky hands
And clap them harshly *with a sullen roar!*
Ye thousand Pinnacles and Steeps deplore
The glory that departs; above *you* stands,
Ye Lakes with azure waves and snowy strands,
A Power that utters forth his loud behest
Till mountain, lake and river shall attest,
The puissance of a Master's *large commands*."

VIII.

So spake the Spirit with a wide-cast look
Of bounteous power and *cheerful* majesty;
As if he caught a sight of either sea
And all the subject realm between: then shook
His brandished arms; his stature scarce could brook
Its confine; *swelling wide, it seemed to grow*
As grows a cedar on a mountain's brow
By the mad air in ruffling breezes *took!*

IX.

The woods are deaf and will not be aroused—
The mountains are asleep, they hear him not,
Nor from deep-founded silence can be wrought,
Tho' herded bison on their steeps have browsed:
Beneath their banks in *darksome stillness* housed
The rivers loiter like a calm-bound sea;
In anchored nuptials to dumb apathy
Cliff, wilderness and solitude are spoused.

Let us endeavor to translate this gibberish, by way of ascertaining its import, if possible. Or, rather, let us state the stanzas, in substance. The spirit *lowers*, that is to say *grows angry*, and speaks. He calls upon the Wild Woods to tremble, and upon the Cataracts to sound their voices which have the tone of an organ. He addresses, then, an Earthquake, or perhaps Earthquake in general, and requests it to *level flat* all the Deep Crags which are bound by massy tenures in earth—a request, by the way, which any sensible Earthquake must have regarded as tautological, since it is difficult to level anything otherwise than *flat*:—Mr. Mathews, however, is no doubt the best judge of flatness in the abstract, and may have peculiar ideas respecting it. But to proceed with the Spirit. Turning to the Winds, he enjoins them to howl and break the peace that broods above this world and steadfastly eludes their power—the same peace that mocks a Dismay 'mid streams, rocks, et cetera. He now speaks to the night-shadowed Rivers, and commands them to lift their dusky hands, and clap them harshly *with a sullen roar*—and as *roaring* with one's *hands* is not the easiest matter in the world, we can only conclude that the Rivers here reluctantly disobeyed the injunction. Nothing daunted, however, the Spirit, addressing a thousand Pinnacles and Steeps, desires them to deplore the glory that departs, or is departing—and we can almost fancy that we see the Pinnacles deploring it upon the spot. The Lakes—at least such of them as possess azure waves and snowy strands—then come in for their share of the oration. They are called upon to observe—to take notice—that above them stands no ordinary character—no Pinnkitank stump orator, or anything of that sort—but a Power;—a power, in short, to use the exact words of Mr. Mathews, "that *utters forth* his loud behest, till mountain, lake and river shall attest the puissance of a Master's *large commands*." *Utters forth* is no doubt somewhat supererogatory, since "to utter" is of itself to emit, or send forth; but as "the Power" appears to be somewhat excited he should be forgiven such mere errors of speech. We cannot, however, pass over his boast about uttering forth his loud behest *till* mountain, lake and rivers shall obey him—for the fact is that his threat is *vox et preterea nihil*, like the countryman's nightingale in Catullus; the issue showing that the mountains, lakes and rivers—all very sensible creatures—go fast asleep upon the spot, and pay no attention to his rigmarole whatever. Upon the "large commands" it is not our intention to dwell. The phrase is a singularly mercantile one to be in the mouth of "a Power." It is not impossible, however, that Mr. Mathews himself is

—busy in the cotton trad
And sugar line.

But to resume. We were originally told that the Spirit "lowered" and spoke, and in truth his entire speech is a scold at Creation; yet stanza the eighth is so forgetful as to say that he spoke "with a wide-cast look of bounteous power and *cheerful* majesty." Be this point as it may, he now shakes his brandished arms, and, swelling out, seems to grow—

As grows a cedar on a mountain's top
By the mad air in ruffling breezes *took*

—or as swells a turkey-gobler; whose image the poet unquestionably had in his mind's eye when he penned the words about the ruffled cedar. As for *took* instead of *taken*—why not say *tuk* at once? We have heard of chaps vot vas tuk up for sheep-stealing, and we know of one or two that ought to be tuk up for murder of the Queen's English.

We shall never get on. Stanza the ninth assures us that the woods are deaf and will not be aroused, that the mountains are asleep and so forth—all which Mr Mathews might have anticipated. But the rest he could not have foreseen. He could not have foreknown that "the rivers, housed beneath their banks in *darksome stillness*," would "loiter like a calm-bound sea," and still less could he have been aware, unless informed of the fact, that "*cliff, wilderness and solitude would be spoused in anchored nuptials to dumb apathy!*" Good Heavens—no!—nobody could

have anticipated *that!* Now, Mr Mathews, we put it to you as to a man of veracity—what *does* it all mean?

As when in times to startle and revere.

This line, of course, is an accident on the part of our author. At the time of writing it he could not have remembered

To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

Here is another accident of imitation; for seriously, we do not mean to *assert* that it is anything more—

I urged the dark red hunter in his quest
Of pard or panther with a gloomy zest;
And while through darkling woods they swiftly fare
Two seeming creatures of the oak-shadowed air,
I sped the game and fired the follower's breast.

The line italicized we have seen quoted by some of our daily critics as beautiful; and so, barring the "oak-shadowed air," it is. In the meantime Campbell, in "Gertrude of Wyoming," has the *words*

—the hunter and the deer a shade.

Campbell stole the idea, from our own Freneau, who has the *line*

The hunter and the deer a shade.

Between the two, Mr. Mathews' claim to originality, at this point, will, very possibly, fall to the ground.

It appears to us that the author of "Wakondah" is either very innocent or very original about matters of versification. His stanza is an ordinary one. If we are not mistaken, it is that employed by Campbell in his "Gertrude of Wyoming"—a favorite poem of our author's. At all events it is composed of pentameters whose rhymes alternate by a simple and fixed rule. But our poet's deviations from this rule are so many and so unusually picturesque, that we scarcely know what to think of them. Sometimes he introduces an Alexandrine at the close of a stanza; and here we have no right to quarrel with him. It is not *usual* in this metre; but still he *may* do it if he pleases. To put an Alexandrine in the middle, or at the beginning, of one of these stanzas is droll, to say no more. See stanza third, which commences with the verse

Upon his brow a garland of the woods he wears,

and stanza twenty-eight, where the last line but one is

And rivers singing all aloud tho' still unseen.

Stanza the seventh begins thus

The Spirit lowers and speaks—tremble ye Wild Woods!

Here it must be observed that "wild woods" is not meant for a double rhyme. If scanned on the fingers (and we presume Mr. Mathews is in the practice of scanning thus) the line is a legitimate Alexandrine. Nevertheless, it cannot be *read*. It is like nothing under the sun; except, perhaps, Sir Philip Sidney's attempt at English Hexameter in his "Arcadia." Some one or two of his verses we remember. For example—

So to the | woods Love | runs as | well as | rides to the | palace;
Neither he | bears reve | rence to a | prince nor | pity to a | beggar,
But like a | point in the | midst of a | circle is | still of a | nearness.

With the aid of an additional spondee or dactyl Mr. Mathews' very odd verse might be scanned in the same manner, and would, in fact, be a legitimate Hexameter—

The Spi | rit lowers | and speaks | tremble ye | wild woods.

Sometimes our poet takes even a higher flight and drops a foot, or a half-foot, or, for the matter of that, a foot and a half. Here, for example, is a very singular verse to be introduced in a pentameter rhythm—

Then shone Wakondah's dreadful eyes.

Here another—

Yon full-orbed fire shall cease to shine.

Here, again, are lines in which the rhythm demands an accent on impossible syllables.

But ah winged *with* what agonies and pangs.
Swiftly before me *nor* care I how vast.
I see vis*ions* denied to mortal eyes.
Uplifted longer *in* heaven's western glow.

But these are trifles. Mr. Mathews is young and we take it for granted that he will improve. In the meantime what does he mean by spelling lose, *loose*, and its (the possessive pronoun) *it's*—re-iterated instances of which fashions are to be found *passim* in "Wakondah"? What does he mean by writing *dare*, the present, for *dared* the perfect?—see stanza the twelfth. And, as we are now in the catachetical vein, we may as well conclude our dissertation at once with a few other similar queries.

What do you mean, then, Mr. Mathews, by

A sudden silence *like a tempest* fell?

What do you mean by "a quivered stream;" "a shapeless gloom;" a "habitable wish;" "natural blood;" "oak-shadowed air;" "customary peers" and "thunderous noises?"

What do you mean by

A sorrow mightier than the midnight skies?

What do you mean by

A bulk that swallows up the sea-blue sky?

Are you not aware that calling the sky as blue as the sea, is like saying of the snow that it is as white as a sheet of paper?

What do you mean, in short, by

Its feathers darker than a thousand fears?

Is not this something like "blacker than a dozen and a half of chimney-sweeps and a stack of black cats," and are not the whole of these illustrative observations of yours somewhat upon the plan of that of the witness who described a certain article stolen as being of the size and shape of a bit of chalk? What do you *mean* by them we say!

And here notwithstanding our earnest wish to satisfy the author of Wakondah, it is indispensable that we bring our notice of the poem to a close. We feel grieved that our observations have been so much at random:—but at random, after all, is it alone possible to convey either the letter or the spirit of that, which, a mere jumble of incongruous nonsense, has neither beginning, middle, nor end. We should be delighted to proceed—but how? to applaud—but what? Surely not this trumpery declamation, this maudlin sentiment, this metaphor run-mad, this twaddling verbiage, this halting and doggrel rhythm, this unintelligible rant and cant! "Slid, if these be your passados and montantes, we'll have none of them." Mr. Mathews, you have clearly mistaken your vocation, and your effusion as little deserves the title of *poem*, (oh sacred name!) as did the rocks of the royal forest of Fontainebleau that of "*mes déserts*" bestowed upon them by Francis the First. In bidding you adieu we commend to your careful consideration the remark of M. Timon "*que le Ministre de l'Instruction Publique doit lui-même savoir parler Francais.*"

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The Young Widow

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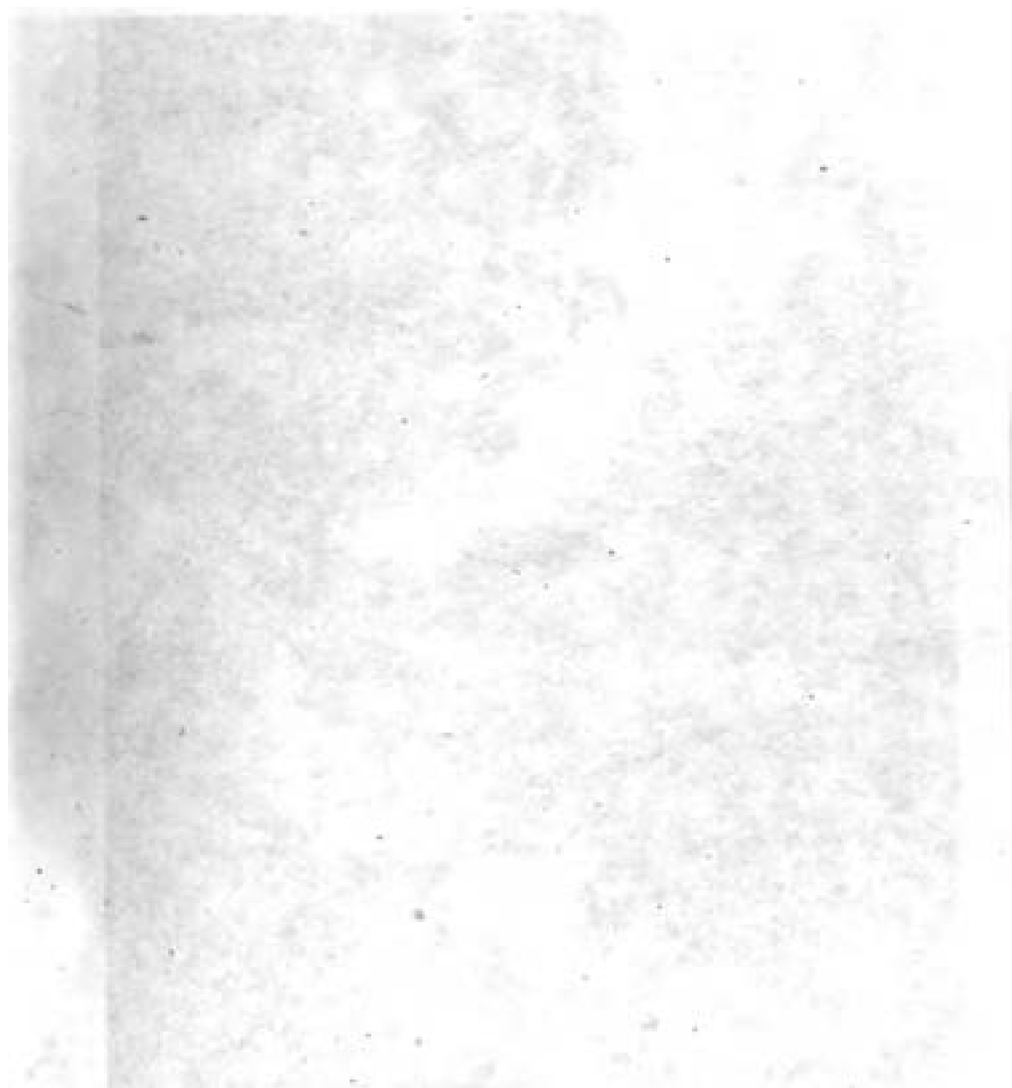

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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THE CROWNING OF POWHATAN.

The settlement at Jamestown was begun in 1606. Among the earliest of the adventurers was the chivalrous Captain Smith, whose life was a romance even in those romantic days. He soon came to be the leader of the colonists, and it was through his exertions that the settlement was kept up, amid privations and dangers almost incredible. The story of his capture by the Indians, and his preservation from death by Pocahontas, has become a national tradition, and poets have sung, orators declaimed, and novelists penned volumes to record the bravery of the Captain, and the love of the Indian maid. But, perhaps, nowhere is the story told with such effect as in the "Generall Historie" of the gallant Smith himself, a work published in 1624, and still to be met with in the libraries of the curious. The book is a rarity. It is adorned with maps,—not the most correct, to be sure—and with engravings setting forth the various perilous situations of the author, over which a book-worm would gloat for a month. The narrative is written in a plain, frank, unassuming style, and the author is always spoken of in the third person. To this book we are indebted for an account of the crowning of Powhatan, and our only regret is that our limits will not suffer us to give the quaint language of Smith.

This singular ceremony took place in 1608, and was performed at the instigation of the council at home, who sent over the necessary insignia by Capt. Newport from London. The object of the ceremony was to propitiate Powhatan, and induce him to guide the colonists to the country of the *Monacons*, whom the dreamy adventurers, exaggerating the casual hints of the Indians, had pictured to themselves as a people of boundless wealth. It is evident, from the "Generall Historie," that Smith did not approve of the measure, for he says appositely—"As for the coronation of Powhatan, and his presents of Basin and Ewer, Bed, Bedstead, Clothes, &c., and such costly novelties, they had been much better spared than so ill spent, for we had his favor much better only for a plain piece of copper." The measure had been resolved on at home, however, and Captain Smith had no alternative but to obey. Accordingly, he sent a messenger to Powhatan to come and receive his presents; but the Indian monarch, with the spirit of an Alexander, replied, "If your King have sent me presents, I also am a King, and this is my land: eight days I will stay to receive them. Your father is to come to me, not I to him." The Captain now sent the presents "a hundred miles by river," as he tells us, to Powhatan. Here a masked ball and other festivities came off, in which the Captain seems to have been quite a favorite with the Indian belles. At length the ceremony of the coronation was performed, but, if the bold Captain speaks aright, it must have been a sorry crowning. He says, "But a sore trouble there was to make him kneel to receive his crown, he neither knowing the majesty nor meaning of a crown, nor bending of the knee, endured as many persuasions, examples and instructions as enraged them all. At last, *by bearing hard on his shoulders*, he a little stooped, and those having the crown in their hands put it on his head, when by the warning of a pistol, the boats were prepared with such a volley of shot, that the King started up with a horrible fear, till he saw all was well." A graphic picture. A sturdy old republican was Powhatan, having no notion of their crown! We imagine we can see the perturbation of the good Captain and his followers when they found that the old warrior would not kneel, and the glee with which they regarded their success, when, by pressing hard on the royal shoulders, they surprised him into being duly crowned.

The honor, however, failed of its object. Powhatan would give no aid to the colonists in their designs on the Monacons, although that people was a sworn enemy to his race. He proudly said that he needed no ally—that he could conquer his foes alone. The only return he made for the gifts of the council was a present of an old pair of slippers and a mantle to Capt. Newport. The picture, by Chapman, graphically pourtrays the ceremony.

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GERMAN WRITERS.

HEINRICH HEINE.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Ludwig Börne, the well known author of *Letters from Paris*, once said, that Voltaire was only the John the Baptist of Antichrist, but that Heine was Antichrist himself. Perhaps he paid Heine too great a compliment; yet the remark is true so far as this, that it points him out as the leader of that new school in Germany which is seeking to establish a religion of sensuality, and to build a palace of Pleasure on the ruins of the church.

This school is known under the name of Young Germany. It is skeptical, and sensual; and seems desirous of trying again the experiment so often tried before, but never with any success, of living without a God. Heine expresses this in phrases too blasphemous or too voluptuous to repeat; and Gutzkow, his follower exclaims: "Let the only Priest, that weds our hearts, be a moment of rapture, not the church, with her ceremonies, and her servants with parted hair;" and again with a sigh: "Alas! had the world known nothing of God, it would have been happier!"

Thus the old and oft-repeated follies of mankind come up and are lived over again by young men, who despise the wisdom of the Past, and imagine themselves wiser than their own generation. Nor are these young men without their admirers and advocates. Madame Dacier, of classic memory, defended Sappho's morals, and in reply to the hereditary scandal against her, coldly said: "Sappho had her enemies." Nearly in the same way is Young Germany defended; and even theologians have not been wanting, to palliate, excuse and justify.

In this country, there are certain persons, who seem disposed to enact this same tragic farce; for we too, have our Young America, which mocks the elder prophets, and cries "Go up, bald-head!"—Young ladies read with delight such books as *Festus*, and think the *Elective Affinities* "religious almost to piety." Young men, who profess to be Christians, like the Pagan of Lafontaine, believe in God by a kind of patent-right,—*par bénéfice d' inventaire*. Nature, we are told, must not be interfered with in any way, at any time; and so much is said about this, that many respectable people begin to say with old Voss, "Dear Nature! thou seemest to me quite too natural!"

I do not, however, propose to discuss these points in the following sketch; nor to consider Heine's plans for regenerating society, which, at best, are but vague opinions thrown out recklessly and at random, like fire-brands, that set in a flame whatever light matter they fall upon. It is the Author only, that I shall attempt to sketch.

Henry Heine was born in 1797 at Düsseldorf on the Rhine; and studied at the Universities of Bonn, Berlin, and Göttingen. He afterwards resided in Hamburg, Berlin and Munich; and since 1530 has lived in Paris. His principal writings are *Buch der Lieder*, a collection of lyrical poems; two tragedies, *Almansor* and *Radcliff*; the four volumes of *Reisebilder*; the *Beiträge zur Geschichte der neuern schönen Literatur in Deutschland*; the *Französische Zustände*; and *Der Salon*,—the last two being collections of his various contributions to the German newspapers. The most popular of his writings is the *Reisebilder*, (Pictures of Travel.) The *Beiträge* has been translated into English, by Geo. W. Haven, under the title of *Letters auxiliary to the History of modern Polite Literature in Germany, Boston*, 1836. The same work, with many additions, has been published in Paris, under the title of *De l' Allemagne*.

The style of Heine is remarkable for vigor, wit and brilliancy; but is wanting in taste and refinement. To the recklessness of Byron he adds the sentimentality of Sterne. The *Reisebilder* is a kind of *Don Juan* in prose, with passages from the *Sentimental Journey*. He is always in extremes, either of praise or censure; setting at nought the decencies of life, and treating the most sacred things with frivolity. Throughout his writings you see traces of a morbid, ill-regulated mind; of deep feeling, disappointment and suffering. His sympathies seem to have died within him, like Ugolino's children in the tower of Famine. With all his various powers, he wants the one great power—the power of truth! He wants, too, that ennobling principle of all human endeavors, the aspiration "after an ideal standard, that is higher than himself." In a word, he wants sincerity and spirituality.

In the highest degree reprehensible, too, is the fierce, implacable hatred with which Heine pursues his foes. No man should write of another as he permits himself to do at times. In speaking of Schlegel, as he does in his *German Literature*, he is utterly without apology. And yet to such remorseless invectives, to such witty sarcasms, he is indebted in a great degree for his popularity. It was not till after he had bitten the heel of Hercules, that the Crab was placed among the constellations.

The following passages from the *Reisebilder*, will

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give the reader a general idea of Heine's style; exhibiting at once his beauties and defects—his poetic feeling—his spirit—his wit—his want of taste. The first is from his description of a *Tour to the Harz Mountains;* the second from his *Journey from Munich to Genoa.*

SCENE ON THE BROCKEN.

In the dining-room of the inn I found all life and motion; students from various Universities; some just arrived, are refreshing themselves, others are preparing for their departure, buckling their knapsacks, writing their names in the Album, receiving *Brocken-bouquets* from the servant girl; there is pinching of cheeks, singing, dancing, shouting; questions are asked, answers given,—fine weather,—footpath,—God bless you—good bye. Some of the departing are a little jolly, and take double delight in the beautiful view, because a man when he is drunk sees all things double.

When I had somewhat refreshed myself, I ascended the observatory, and found there a little gentleman with two ladies, one of them young, the other oldish. The young lady was very beautiful. A glorious figure,—upon her curling tresses a helm-like hat of black satin, with whose white feathers the wind sported;—her delicate limbs so closely wrapped in a black silk mantle, that the noble outlines were distinctly seen;—and her free, large eye quietly gazing forth into the free, large world.

I sought without more ado to engage the beautiful lady in conversation; for one does not truly enjoy the beauties of Nature, unless he can express his feelings at the moment. She was not intellectual, but attentive, sensible. Of a truth, most aristocratic features. I do not mean that common, stiff, negative aristocratic bearing, that knows exactly what must be let alone; but that rare, free, positive aristocratic bearing, which tells us clearly what we may do, and gives us with the greatest freedom of manners, the greatest social security. To my own astonishment, I displayed considerable geographical knowledge; told the curious fair one all the names of the towns that lay before us; found and showed her the same on my map, which I unfolded with true professional dignity, upon the stone table in the middle of the platform. Many of the towns I could not find, perhaps because I looked for them rather with my fingers, than with my eyes, which meanwhile were investigating the face of the gentle lady, and found more beautiful excursions there than *Schirrke* and *Elend*. It was one of those faces that never excite, seldom fascinate, and always please. I love such faces, because they smile to sleep my turbulent heart.

In what relation the little gentleman, who accompanied the ladies, stood to them I could not guess. He was a thin, curious-looking figure; a little head, sparingly covered with little grey hairs, that came down over his narrow forehead as far as his green dragon-fly eyes, his crooked nose projecting to a great length, and his mouth and chin retreating anxiously towards the ears. This funny little face seemed to be made of a soft, yellowish clay, such as sculptors use in forming their first models, and when the thin lips were pressed together, a thousand fine, semi-circular wrinkles covered his cheeks. Not one word did the little gentleman say; and only now and then, when the elderly lady whispered something pleasant in his ear, he smiled like a poodle-dog with a cold in his head.

The elderly lady was the mother of the younger, and likewise possessed the most aristocratic form and feature. Her eye betrayed a morbid, sentimental melancholy; about her mouth was an expression of rigid piety; and yet it seemed to me, as if once it had been very beautiful, had laughed much, and taken and given many a kiss. Her face resembled a *Codex palympsestus*, where, beneath the recent, black, monkish copy of a homily of one of the Fathers of the Church, peeped forth the half effaced verses of some ancient Greek love-poet. Both of the ladies, with their companion, had been that year in Italy, and told me all kinds of pretty things about Rome, Florence and Venice. The mother had a great deal to say of Raphael's paintings at St. Peter's; the daughter talked more about the opera and the *Teatro Fenice*.

While we were speaking it began to grow dark; the air grew colder, the sun sank lower, and the platform was filled with students, mechanics, and some respectable cockneys, with their wives and daughters, all of whom had come to see the sun set. It is a sublime spectacle, which attunes the soul to prayer. A full quarter of an hour stood we all solemnly silent, and saw how that beauteous ball of fire by slow degrees sank in the west; our faces were lighted by the ruddy glow of evening,—our hands folded themselves involuntarily;—it was as if we stood there, a silent congregation in the nave of a vast cathedral, and the Priest were elevating the Body of the Lord, and the eternal choral of Palestrina flowing down from the organ!

As I stood thus absorbed in devotion, I heard some one say close beside me;

"Generally speaking, how very beautiful nature is!"

These words came from the tender heart of my fellow lodger, the young shop-keeper. They brought me back again to my work-day mood, and I was just in the humor to say several very polite things to the ladies about the sunset, and quietly conduct them back to their room, as if nothing had happened. They permitted me to sit and talk with them another hour. As the earth itself, so revolved our conversation round the sun. The mother remarked, that the sun, sinking in vapors, had looked like a red, blushing rose, which the Heaven in its gallantry had thrown down upon the broad-spreading, white bridal veil of his beloved Earth! The daughter smiled, and expressed herself of the opinion, that too great familiarity with the appearances of nature weakened their effect. The mother corrected this erroneous view by a passage from Göthe's *Reisebriefen*, and asked me if I had read the *Sorrows of Werther*. I believe we talked also about Angola cats, Etruscan

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vases, Cashmire shawls, macaroni and Lord Byron, from whose poems the elderly lady, prettily lisping and sighing, recited some passages on sunsets. To the younger lady, who did not understand English, but wanted to read Byron, I recommended the translations of my fair and gifted country-woman, the Baronese Elise von Hohenhausen; and availed myself of the opportunity, as I always do with young ladies, to express myself with warmth upon Byron's ungodliness, unloveliness and unhappiness.

Reisebilder, Vol. I.

—

STREET MUSICIANS.

When I returned to the *Locanda della Grande Europa*, when I had ordered a good *Pranzo*, I was so sad at heart that I could not eat,—and that means a great deal. I seated myself before the door of the neighboring *Botega*, refreshed myself with an ice, and said within myself:

"Capricious Heart! thou art now forsooth in Italy—why singest thou not like the lark? Perhaps the old German Sorrows, the little serpents, that hid themselves deep within thee have come with us into Italy, and are making merry now, and their common jubilee awakens in my breast that picturesque sorrow, which so strangely stings and dances and whistles? And why should not the old sorrows make merry for once? Here in Italy it is indeed so beautiful, suffering itself is here so beautiful,—in these ruinous marble palaces sighs sound far more romantically, than in our neat brick houses,—beneath yon laurel trees one can weep far more voluptuously, than under our surly, jagged pines,—and gaze with looks of far sweeter longing at the ideal cloud-landscapes of celestial Italy, than at the ash-gray, German work-day heaven, where the very clouds wear the looks of decent burghers, and yawn so tediously down upon us! Stay then in my heart, ye sorrows! Nowhere will you find a better lodging. You are dear and precious to me; and no man knows better how to father and cherish you, than I; and I confess to you, you give me pleasure. And after all, what is pleasure? Pleasure is nothing else than a highly agreeable Pain."

I believe that the music, which, without my taking note of it, sounded before the *Botega*, and had already drawn round itself a circle of spectators, had melo-dramatically accompanied this monologue. It was a strange trio, consisting of two men, and a young girl, who played the harp. One of the men, warmly clad in a white shaggy coat, was a robust fellow, with a dark-red bandit-face, that gleamed from his black hair and beard, like a portentous comet; and between his legs he held a monstrous base-viol, upon which he sawed as furiously, as if he had thrown down a poor traveller in the Abruzzi, and was in haste to fiddle his windpipe in two. The other was a tall, meagre graybeard, whose mouldering bones shook in their thread-bare, black garments, and whose snow-white hair formed a lamentable contrast with his *buffo* song and his foolish capers. It is sad enough, when an old man must barter for bread the respect we owe to his years, and give himself up to buffoonery; but more melancholy still, when he does this before or with his own child! For that girl was the daughter of the old *Buffo*, and accompanied with the harp the lowest jests of her gray-headed father; or, laying her harp aside sang with him a comic duet, in which he represented an amorous old dotard and she the young coquettish *innamorata*. Moreover the girl seemed hardly to have passed the threshold of childhood; as if the child, before it had grown to maidenhood, had been made a woman, and not an honest woman. Hence that pallid, faded look, and the expression of nervous discontent in her beautiful face, whose proudly rounded features as it were disdained all show of compassion;—hence the secret sorrowfulness of the eyes, that from beneath their black, triumphal arches flashed forth such challenges;—hence the deep mournful voice, that so strangely contrasted with the laughing, beautiful lips, from which it fell;—hence the debility of those too delicate limbs, around which a short, anxious-looking robe of violet-colored silk, fluttered as low as it possibly could. In addition to this, gay, variegated satin ribbands flaunted from her faded straw hat, and emblematic of herself, her breast was adorned with an open rose-bud, which seemed rather to have been rudely torn open, than to have bloomed forth from its green sheath by its own natural growth. Still in this unhappy girl, in this Spring which Death had already breathed upon and blasted,—lay an indescribable charm, a grace, which revealed itself in every look, in every motion, in every tone. The bolder her gestures became, the deeper grew my compassion; and when her voice rose from her breast so weak and wonderous, and as it were implored forgiveness; then triumphed in my breast the little serpents, and bit their tails for joy. The Rose likewise seemed to look at me imploringly; once I saw it tremble and grow pale,—but at the same moment rose the trills of the girl so much the more laughingly aloft, the old man wooed still more amorously, and the red comet-face murdered his viol so grimly, that it uttered the most terrifically droll sounds, and the spectators shouted more madly than ever.

* * * *

The little harper must have remarked, that while she was singing and playing, I looked often at the rose upon her breast; and as I afterwards threw upon the tin plate, with which she collected her honorarium, a piece of gold, and not of the smallest, she smiled slily, and asked me secretly, if I wanted her rose.

* * * *

Think no evil, dear reader. It had grown dark, and the stars looked so pure and pious down into my heart. In that heart itself, however, trembled the memory of the dead Maria. I thought again of that night, when I stood beside the bed, where lay her beautiful, pale form, with soft, still lips—I thought again of the strange look the old woman cast at me, who was to watch by the dead body, and surrendered her charge to me for a few hours—I thought again

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of the night-violet, that stood in a glass upon the table, and smelt so strangely. Again I shuddered with the doubt, whether it were really a draft of wind, that blew the lamp out?—or whether there were a third person in the chamber!

Reisebilder, Vol. 3.

—

The minor poems of Heine, like most of his prose writings, are but a portrait of himself. The same melancholy tone,—the same endless sigh,—pervades them. Though they possess the highest lyric merit they are for the most part fragmentary;—expressions of some momentary state of feeling,—sudden ejaculations of pain or pleasure, of restlessness, impatience, regret, longing, love. They profess to be songs, and as songs must they be judged, and as German Songs. Then these imperfect expressions of feeling,—these mere suggestions of thought,—this "luminous mist," that half reveals, half hides the sense,—this selection of topics from scenes of every day life, and in fine this prevailing tone of sentimental sadness, will not seem affected, misplaced nor exaggerated. At the same time it must be confessed that the trivial and common-place recur too frequently in these songs. Here, likewise, as in the prose of Heine, the lofty aim is wanting; we listen in vain for the spirit-stirring note—for the word of power—for those ancestral melodies, which, amid the uproar of the world, breathe in our ears forevermore the voices of consolation, encouragement and warning. Heine is not sufficiently in earnest to be a great poet.

TO ONE DEPARTED.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Seraph! thy memory is to me
  Like some enchanted far-off isle
In some tumultuous sea—
Some ocean vexed as it may be
  With storms; but where, meanwhile,
Serenest skies continually
  Just o'er that one bright island smile.

For 'mid the earnest cares and woes
  That crowd around my earthly path,
(Sad path, alas, where grows
Not even one lonely rose!)
  My soul at least a solace hath
In dreams of *thee;* and therein knows
  An Eden of bland repose.

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

LINES WRITTEN BENEATH A MINIATURE.

By the splendor of thine eyes,
  Flashing in their ebon light
As a star across the skies
  On the sable noon of night!
By the glory of that brow,
  In its calm sublimity,—
With thee, or away, as now,
                I worship thee!

Sorrow has been thine, alas!
  Once thou wert a happy bride;
Joy is like a brittle glass;
  It was shivered at thy side.
Shall I love thee less for this?
  Only be as true to me,
And I'll glory in the bliss,
                The bliss of thee!

Are thy lashes wet with tears?
  Canst thou never more be gay?
Chase afar these foolish fears—
  I will kiss thy dread away!

We are parted—'till we meet,
  Time shall pass how wearily!
Yet I'll make each hour more fleet
                By thoughts of thee!

In the solitude of night,
  In the tumult of the day,
By the gloamin' fire's light,
  In the mazy dance and gay,
By the silver-sounding streams,
  Underneath the rustling tree,
In my waking, or in dreams,
                I'll think of thee!

When in ev'ry flower cup
  Fairies dance the night away,
When the queenly moon is up,
  Moving on her stately way,
When the stars upon the shore
  Silence e'en the sounding sea—
Ever till we part no more,
                I'll think of thee!   A. A. L.

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THE FRESHET.

A LEGEND OF THE DELAWARE.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

March hath unlocked stern Winter's chain,
  Nature is wrapp'd in misty shrouds,
And ceaselessly the drenching rain
  Drips from the gray sky-mantling clouds;
The deep snows melt, and swelling rills
Pour through each hollow of the hills;
The river from its rest hath risen,
And bounded from its shattered prison;
The huge ice-fragments onward dash
With grinding roar and splintering crash;
Swift leap the floods upon their way,
  Like war-steeds thundering on their path,
With hoofs of waves and manes of spray
  Restrainless in their mighty wrath.

Wild mountains stretch in towering pride
Along the river's either side;
Leaving between it and their walls
Narrow and level intervals.
When Summer glows, how sweet and bright
The landscape smiles upon the sight!
Here, the deep golden wheat-fields vie
With the rich carpets of the rye,
The buckwheat's snowy mantles, there,
Shed honied fragrance on the air;
In long straight ranks, the maize uprears
Its silken plumes and pennon'd spears,
The yellow melon, underneath,
Plump, ripening, in its viny wreath:
Here, the thick rows of new-mown grass,
There, the potato-plant's green mass;
All framed by woods—each limit shown
By zigzag rail, or wall of stone;
Contrasting here, within the shade,
The axe a space hath open laid
Cumber'd with trees hurl'd blended down,
Their verdure chang'd to wither'd brown;
There, the soil ashes-strew'd, and black,
Shows the red flame's devouring track;
The fire-weed shooting thick where stood
The leafy monarchs of the wood:
A scene peculiar to one land
Which Freedom with her magic wand
Hath touch'd, to clothe with bloom, and bless
With peace, and joy, and plenteousness.

The rains have ceas'd—the struggling glare
Of sunset lights the misty air,
The fierce wind sweeps the myriad throng
Of broken ragged clouds along,
From the rough saw-mill, where hath rung
Through all the hours, its grating tongue,;
The raftsman sallies, as the gray
Of evening tells the flight of day:
And slowly seeks with loitering stride,
His cabin by the river-side.

As twilight darkens into night,
Still dash the waters in their flight,
Still the ice-fragments, thick and fast,
Shoot like the clouds before the blast.

Beyond— the sinuous channel wends
Through a deep narrow gorge, and bends
With curve so sharp, the drifting ice,
  Hurl'd by the flood's tremendous might,
Piles the opposing precipice,
  And every fragment swells the height;
Hour after hour uprears the wall,
Until a barrier huge and tall
Breasts the wild waves that vain upswell
To overwhelm the obstacle:
They bathe the alder on the verge,
The leaning hemlock now they merge,
The stately elm is dwindling low
Within the deep engulfing flow,
Till curb'd thus in its headlong flight,
With its accumulated might,
The river turning on its track,
Rolls its wide-spreading volumes back.

Slumbers the raftsman—through his dream
Distorted visions wildly stream,
Now in the wood his axe he swings,
And now his sawmill's jarring rings;
Now his huge raft is shooting swift
Cochecton's white tumultuous rift,
Now floats it on the ebon lap
Of the grim shadow'd Water Gap,
And now it 's tossing on th swells
Fierce dashing down the slope of Wells,
The rapids crash upon his ear,
The deep sounds roll more loud and near,
They fill his dream—he starts—he wakes!
  The moonlight through the casement falls,
Ha! the wild sight that on him breaks,
  The floods sweep round his cabin-walls,
Beneath their bounding thundering shocks,
The frail log fabric groans and rocks;
Crash, crash! the ice-bolts round it shiver,
The walls like blast-swept branches quiver,
His wife is clinging to his breast,
The child within his arms is prest,
He staggers through the chilly flood
That numbs his limbs, and checks his blood,
On, on, he strives—the waters lave
Higher his form with every wave,
They steep his breast, on each side dash
The splinter'd ice with thundering crash
A fragment strikes him—ha! he reels,
That shock in every nerve he feels,
Faster, bold raftman, speed thy way,
The waves roar round thee for their prey,

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Thy cabin totters—sinks—the flood
Rolls its mad surges where it stood:
Before thy straining sight, the hill
Sleeps in the moonlight, bright and still,
Falter not, falter not, struggle on,
That goal of safety may be won,
Heavily droops thy wife with fear,
Thy boy's shrill shriekings fill thine ear;
Urge, urge thy strength to where out-fling
Yon cedar branches for thy cling.
Joy, raftman joy! thy need is past,
The wish'd for goal is won at last,
Joy, raftman joy! thy quick foot now
Is resting on the hill's steep brow:
Praise to high heaven, each knee is bending,
Each heart's warm incense is ascending,
Praise to high heaven, each humble prayer
Oh, finds it not acceptance there!

MARCHES FOR THE DEAD.

BY WM. WALLACE, AUTHOR OF "JERUSALEM," "STAR LYRA," ETC.

A MARCH for the DEAD—the *dreamless* DEAD
Of the tomb and the chancel aisle,
Where the cypress bends or the banner-spread
Waves round in the holy pile:—
Let the chimes be low as the awful breath
Of the midnight winds that creep,
With a pulse as faint as the step of Death,
O'er the chambers of the deep,
When the stars are in a solemn noon
Like o'er-wearied watchers there,
And a seraph-glory from the moon
Floats down through the sleeping air.

A march for the DEAD—the *lovely* DEAD
Whose voices still we hear,
Like a spirit-anthem, mournfully
Around a brother's bier:
Their eyes still beam, as of old, on ours—
And their words still cheer the soul—
And their smiles still shine, like star-lit bow'rs,
Where the tides of Being roll.
Then, oh! minstrel strike your sweetest lyre,
Let its notes to feeling true,
Be warm as the sacred Eastern fire,
But, still, as chastened too:
And SORROW there will incline her head,
While HOPE sits fondly by—
With *one* hand pointing to the Dead,
The *other* to the sky.

A march for the DEAD—the *holy* DEAD—
They hallowed every sod
Like the rainbows *resting on our earth—*
But soaring towards God.
But, oh! what a diapason there
From the thrilling chords should start!
Like the lightning leaping from its lair
To wither NATURE's heart?
Like the THUNDER when the TEMPEST's hand
Unveils his giant form,
And strikes, with all his cloudy band,
The organs of the storm?
Ah, no! Let the march be soft, but glad
As a Sabbath evening's breeze,—
For why should the heart of man be sad
When he thinks of these? *Of these?*

A march for the DEAD—the *awful* DEAD—
Like mountain peaks, sublime,
Which show, as they rise, some River's length,
They mark the stream of TIME.
How dread they appear as each lies in his tomb,
With the earthy worm revelling there—
While the grim, hairless skulls from the terrible gloom
Are gleaming so ghastly and bare.

Solemn and slow, with many a wail between,
Harp give thy song the deepest, grandest flow,
While yonder moon, so dim, so cold, serene,
Lights up the burial march of those below:
And from afar the billows of the Main
Send forth their long-drawn, melancholy moan—
Most fitting chorus, for this fearful strain
Breathed in the Temples of the NIGHT alone.

A march for the DEAD—the *mighty* DEAD,
Whose mind like oceans hurl'd
Along the trembling Alps, have shook
A myriad-peopled world.
They were the links of that mighty chain,
Which the heaven unites to man,
Since first from its realm the morning strain
Of the minstrel-stars began:
And along them have flashed for six thousand years
A flame to this lowly sod,
(Oh! holier far than the light of the spheres,)
From the mighty heart of God!
Yet once more, oh! Bard—yet once more re-illume
The song-god's olden fire,
And shed o'er the depths of the terrible tomb
The beauty of the lyre.
Give its full notes abroad—let its anthem ring out
Through the aisles of the blue-beaming air—
Wild, joyous and loud as the rapturous shout
When a great host of angels are there,
And the HEAVENS are all glad and wide-arching above,
Kiss the far-distant hills, like the warm lips of LOVE,
When she cradles the stars and the earth on her breast,
While the waters lie still in their sleep,
And the banners of Evening, unfurl'd in the west,
Pavilion her Deity's sleep.

It is well!—
Lo, the spell!
It shakes every shroud!
How they rise!—How they rise!—
The GREAT and the PROUD—
Each a God, as you see by their glorious eyes!
'Tis a terrible throng!—
And THOUGHT from her Pyramid splendidly bows
And sits like a glory-wreathed crown on their brows,—
As they thunder along.
HURRY ON! HURRY ON!—ye have not lived in vain
As we see by each radiant head!—
Oh, minstrel still utter that sonorous strain—
'Tis the march of *the mighty*—THE DEAD!

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THE TWO DUKES.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

(Continued from page 62.)

The princely pile, known as Somerset House, remains even to this day unfinished, and at the time of our story was, with the exception of one block, scarcely raised above its foundations. The large square court and every empty space, for many rods around its site, were cumbered with building materials. Piles of rude stone—beds of newly made mortar—window-sashes, with the lead and rich glass that composed them, crushed together from the carelessness with which they had been flung down—cornices with the gilding yet fresh upon them—great fragments of carved oak—beams of timber with flags of marble, and even images of saints, broken as they were torn from their niches, lay heaped together promiscuously and with a kind of sacriligious carelessness. That block of the building, which runs parallel with the river, alone was completed, while that portion of the square, which forms its angle on the strand, was built to the second story so far as the great arched entrance. But all the rest was only massed out by a line of rough stones sunk into the earth, and in places almost concealed by the heaps of rubbish which we have described.

Notwithstanding the unfinished state of his palace the Lord Protector had taken possession of that portion already completed, and from the sumptuous—nay, almost regal magnificence of its adornments, seemed determined to rival his royal nephew and king, in state, as he had already done in power.

We have been particular in describing the Lord Protector's residence, for, at the time our story resumes its thread, it contained the leading personages who rendered themselves conspicuous in the St. Margaret's riot.

Once more the gray of morning hung over the city of London, a faint hum of voices and the sound of busy feet rose gradually within its bosom. With the earliest glimmer a host of workmen came to their daily toil upon the palace, and were seen in the yet dim light swarming upon the heaps of material gathered in the court, and creeping, like ants drawn from their mound, along the damp walls and the scaffolding that bristled over them.

Though the hum and bustle of busy life swelled and deepened in the streets the light was not yet strong enough to penetrate the masses of heavy velvet which muffled three tall windows of a chamber overlooking the Thames, and a slope of rich, but trampled sward that rolled greenly down to its brink. So thick and deeply folded were the curtains that it was broad day in the streets, though the sun had not yet risen, before sufficient light penetrated the chamber to draw out the objects which it contained from the deep tranquil gloom that surrounded them. By degrees a soft, warm light came stealing through a fold or two of the crimson drapery as if a shower of wine were dashed against them, very faint and rich it was, but sufficient to reveal a mantelpiece of clouded marble surmounting an immense fire place at one end of the room—tall chairs of dark wood, heavily covered with cushions of crimson leather enveloped with gold, standing in solemn magnificence around, and a massive bed supported by immense posts of ebony, each carved like the stems of a great vine twisted together and coiling upward to the ceiling, where they branched off and twined together, a superb cornice of foliage cut from the polished wood, and intermingled with clusters of fruit so roundly carved that they seemed ready to break loose from the rich workmanship of tendrils and leaves which bedded them. The broad footboard was carved to a perfect net-work; its glittering black only relieved by the Somerset crest exquisitely emblazoned in the centre. The head was surmounted by a slab of broad ebony even more elaborately wrought than the other, more nicely touched and interworked like a specimen of Chinese ivory. In the centre, just over the pillows, a basket of golden apples gleamed through the delicate dark tracery, which seemed to prison it, and caught the first faint light that struggled through the windows. As this light deepened and grew stronger within the room, a counterpane of purple velvet sweeping over the bed began to glow, as if the grapes above were red, and had been shaken during the night over the lovely girl who lay in an unquiet slumber beneath it. The counterpane was disturbed and lay in purple waves over the bed—for the Lady Jane Seymour had started up more than once during the morning, and after gazing wildly about in the dim light, sunk to her pillow again, in that state of unquiet drowsiness, which is neither wakefulness nor repose. Now and then, as she seemed most soundly asleep, her lips moved with restless murmurs, and her fair brow

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was knitted as if in pain beneath the crushed lace of her night-coif. She was lying thus with closed eyes, and yet scarcely asleep, when a door opened, and the old woman who had escaped from the riot on the previous day, stole softly into the chamber, bearing in her arms a bundle of green rushes and a basket of flowers—humble things, but fresh and with the night dew yet upon them. She laid her burthen on the floor, and approaching the bed on tipt-toe, bent down and kissed the small hand which crept out from a fold of the counterpane, as if the beautiful sleeper had been half aware of her approach. More than once did the kind nurse bend over and caress her charge, but timidly and as if fearful of arousing her. At length she went to her basket, took a bunch of wild violets from the blossoms it contained and laid them upon the pillow. A faint smile beamed over that fair face as the perfume stole over it, and Lady Jane murmured softly as one who received pleasure in a dream.

The nurse hurried away, and untying her rushes, began to scatter them over the oaken floor. After casting down a few of the flowers upon the fragrant carpet, she selected others to fill an antique little vase which stood on a table richly wrought, like everything in the chamber, and surmounted by a mirror which hung against the wall, in a frame of ebony and gold, twined and drawn heavily together. The light was yet very dim, so the good nurse cautiously drew back a fold of the window-curtain. A sun-beam shot through and broke over the steel mirror plate, as if a golden arrow had been shivered there. A flood of light, more than she had intended to admit, filled the chamber and completely aroused the Lady Jane. She started up in her couch, gazed wildly upon her nurse, who stood almost terrified by what she had done, with the half filled vase suspended over the table, and then bending her head down upon her hand, seemed lost in thought, which ended in a fit of weeping.

"Nurse," she said at last, but without lifting her face.

The old woman set down her vase, and moving to the bed drew the young girl to her bosom, and putting back her night-cap, affectionately smoothed the bright hair gathered beneath it, with her hand.

"Tell me all that happened, good nurse," said the Lady at length, "I know that something is wrong, that I have been in strange places, and amid a host of people, but it all seems very long since, and strange, like the dreams that haunt one in sickness." She paused awhile, very thoughtfully, and resumed what she was saying.

"You were with me, and I remember now! they whirled you away in the crowd. There was a little evil looking man came to me after that. He rode by them. The church! the altar! that window! and Lord Dudley in the grasp of rude soldiers! Nurse—tell me, where is the Duke? where is my father? I must see my father! Go to him, and say that his daughter has been ill, very ill, and would speak with him before he rides forth for the morning. Go quickly, I am very well, and can robe myself."

As she uttered these hasty directions, the Lady Jane flung back the bed-drapery, and springing to the floor, snatched a robe from the chair to which it had been flung on the previous night, and thrusting her arms into the loose sleeves, began eagerly and with trembling fingers, to knot the silken cord which bound it to her waist. All at once her hands dropped from the task, and her exalted features contracted with a sudden and most painful thought.

"Do not go," she said in a stifled voice, but without lifting her face, "It was my father who bade them tear the church down upon me. It was he who flung Lord Dudley back among those bad men. Do not go."

The nurse, who had seemed reluctant to perform the mission desired of her, returned, and taking up her young lady's slippers, knelt down to place them on her feet, which were heedlessly pressing the chill floor, but putting the good woman gently aside, Lady Jane began to pace slowly up and down the apartment, sweeping the rushes with her loose robe, and crushing beneath her small white feet, the wild blossoms that had been scattered among them. At length she stopped suddenly and clasping her hands, turned a look full of wild anguish upon the good woman, who stood meekly by the bed, with the rejected slippers in her hand.

"Did you think that my father would ever have cursed *me*?" she said. "That he would revile the bravest and most noble being in all England, before a mob of riotous men; that he would let them seize him and trample me to the earth; *me*, his youngest child—who loved him so."

"Nay, sweet Lady—you have been ill, and all this is a feverish fancy. You should have seen with what tenderness my Lord The Duke, bore you up from the barge, in his own arms, and would not rest till we brought him word that you were safe in bed here, and asleep," replied the nurse.

Lady Jane shook her head and smiled sadly. "It was no dream," she said, "dreams are of the fancy, but such things as happened yesterday, sink into the soul, and will not pass away."

"And yet," replied the dame, "it was but now the Lord Duke took such care of your repose, my gentle Lady, that he forbade the workmen wielding a hammer or crowbar in the court, least your rest might be disturbed too early. I met him scarcely ten minutes since, on the way to his closet, where he is about to examine my Lord Dudley, and that strange looking man who was brought here on his lordship's horse, while the brave young gentleman came by water with a pack of soldiers at his heels. The Duke, your father, was in haste, but he took occasion to inquire after your welfare, and bade me observe that no one entered this chamber, or disturbed you in the least, till you were quite restored."

Lady Jane took the slippers from her attendant's hand, and hastily thrusting her feet into them, began to arrange her dress once more.

"Said you that Lord Dudley was with my father now?" she enquired, turning from the steel mirror, before which she was hurriedly twisting up her hair.

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"He may not have left his prisoner in the new rooms near the arch yet," replied the dame, "but I heard the Duke give orders that he should be brought out directly with that fellow in the sheep-skin cap. If we were but on the other side, nothing would be easier than to see them with the guard, filing through the court."

"And has my father gone so far? Lord Dudley imprisoned in our own dwelling with a felon knave like that?" murmured Lady Jane, folding her arms and looking almost sternly upon the floor, "alas, what is his offence, what is mine, that a parent, once so good and kind should deal thus cruelly with us!" Tears gathered in her eyes as she spoke, and advancing to the nurse she took her arm, and moved resolutely toward the door.

"Whither are you going my lady?" said the nurse, turning pale with apprehension.

"To my father," replied Lady Jane calmly, "I would learn the nature of my offence, and if accusation is brought against my affianced husband I would stand by his side. Do not turn pale and tremble, nurse, I am not the child which I went forth yesterday, though but a day older; intense suffering is more powerful than time, and I almost think that my youth has departed forever. Let us go!"

"I dare not," replied the old woman, "the duke has forbidden it."

"Am I also a prisoner, and in my father's house," demanded the lady, "well, be it so! When the falcon is caged the poor dove should but peck idly against her wires," and sitting down the unhappy girl folded her arms on the dressing table, where she wept in bitterness of heart. The noise of heavy feet passing along the corridor to which her chamber opened aroused her.

"It is the soldiers with Lord Dudley in charge," said the nurse in reply to her questioning look, "I will go and see." The good woman arose and softly opening the door looked out. Lady Jane gazed after her with intense earnestness. When she stepped into the passage and the sound of low voices came into the room the anxious young creature could restrain herself no longer, for the tones were familiar and made her heart thrill, burthened as it was with sorrow. She moved eagerly toward the door, and, as it was swung open by the returning nurse, caught one glance of Lord Dudley's face. It was stern and pale as death. He saw her and tried to smile, but the rude voice of a soldier bade him move on; he was hereby excited and the effort was lost in a proud curve of the lips, which chilled the unhappy young creature who gazed so breathlessly upon him. It was the first time that she had ever seen a shadow of bitterness on those lips, for her presence had always a power to bring sunshine to them in his sternest mood.

"Oh, what changes has one day brought," she murmured, burying her face once more upon the table, "my father's curse upon me—Dudley, my Dudley, estranged. My mother—alas! when has the morning dawned that her kiss failed to greet me. Now, on this wretched day," she broke off, locked the small hands which covered her face more firmly together, and again murmured, "Heaven help me, for I am alone!"

"No, not alone—is your old nurse of no account? If they have made her your jailor is she not a kind one?" said the good-hearted attendant, bending over her weeping charge. "Come, take heart, lady-bird, dark days cannot last forever; the stars, so beautiful and bright, are sometimes lost in black clouds, but they always find a time to shine out again. The duke cannot intend to deal harshly with you or he would never have appointed your own fond old nurse keeper to your prison. Besides, Lord Dudley will be set free directly, he bade me tell you that a messenger had been sent to the staunch old earl, his father, and that another night would not find him submitting to insult and confinement like the last."

Lady Jane ceased to weep, but still remained sad and thoughtful; she was troubled and grieved by the absence of her mother. It seemed as if every thing she loved had deserted her, save the good old nurse. But she was naturally a cheerful light-hearted creature, and storms must sweep over such hearts again and again before hope is entirely driven forth. She was even smiling with some degree of her old mischievous playfulness at the pompous way in which the good nurse flourished her badge of office, a huge key which had not yet been put in requisition, when the door was pushed gently open and a lady of mature but delicate loveliness entered the room. She was very pale. Her eyes, naturally dark and mild, were full of troubled light, and flushed a little, as if she had just been weeping. Her morning robe was slightly disordered, and the head dress of jewels and velvet, which ornamented, without concealing her beautiful hair, was placed a little too much on one side, a sure sign of agitation in one usually so fastidious regarding her toilet.

Lady Jane was still listening with a languid smile to the well-intended prattle of her nurse, and the door opened, so quietly that she was not apprised of her approach, till the duchess stood close by her side.

With a glad exclamation, and like an infant pining for its mother's presence, she started up with an affectionate impulse, and flung her arms around the lady, then bending her head back, and looking fondly in her face, murmured—

"Dear mother, have you come at last?"

The duchess bent her face to that of the affectionate creature clinging to her neck, but there was constraint in the action, and no kiss followed it. Her daughter felt this as a repulse, and gently unclasping her hands, stood without support, looking with a kind of regretful fondness in the face which had never dwelt frowningly on her before.

"Oh! mother, how can you look upon me thus—how have I deserved it!" she said at last, striving to check the tears which would spring to her eyes; "How is it that every one turns coldly from me. You, my kind and gentle mother,—you, that have never sent me to rest without a blessing, who scarce would let the light kiss my forehead till your lips

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had pressed it in the morning. You are growing distrustful like the rest. I did not think a mother's love would chill so easily—that *my* mother could even find it in her heart to look harshly on her child. Nay, mother,—dear, dear, mother, do not weep so—I did not think to grieve you thus deeply. Why do your lips tremble? Why do you wring my hand so? What wrong have I done? I entreat you tell me all—my heart will break unless you love me as of old."

The duchess was much affected, but still maintained the severity of manner which she had brought into the room, though it evidently cost her a strong effort to resist the appeal of her child. She sat down upon the bed, and, drawing Lady Jane before her, took the small hands, clasped together, in both hers, and looked searchingly into the soft brown eyes that met her gaze, not without anxiety, but still with a trustful fondness that would have disarmed a firmer heart than that which beat so full of generous and affectionate impulses in the bosom of that noble lady.

"Jane," she said at last, glancing at the slender fingers locked in her own, "where is the ring which I gave you on the duke's last birth-day?"

Lady Jane started at the question, and withdrawing her hand, cast a quick glance upon it, and then turned anxiously to the old woman.

"My careful nurse here, must have taken it from my finger as I slept," she said, doubtingly.

The old woman shook her head, and Lady Jane turned earnestly to her mother, perplexed alike by the loss of her ring, and the strange effect which it produced on the duchess.

"When did you wear it last?" enquired the lady.

The young lady mused for a few moments, and then mentioned the previous day as that when she remembered to have seen it on her finger.

"Ay, I remember well," said the nurse. "It was on my lady's hand when she lifted it to chide Richard for his outcry in the crowd. Just then I was carried off by the mob, and jostled about till it seemed a miracle that I ever reached the barge again. I mind now that Richard saw the ring also, for when we all met at the landing, and sat waiting, hour after hour, in hopes that some blessed chance would direct the poor lady how to find us, I would have gone back in search of her, but he forbade me, saying, that no harm would befall a lady of her high condition while she carried on her fingers the power to purchase protection; so, when the night closed in, we rowed down the river, just in time to see the sweet child borne to her chamber, more dead than alive, with the ill-treatment she had received."

The duchess turned her eyes earnestly on the nurse as she spoke, but if she thought to detect anything but an honest spirit of truth in those withered features, her scrutiny was unrewarded.

"How chanced it," she said, turning again to her daughter, "how chanced it that you were entangled in the mob near St. Margaret's, when you went forth to enjoy the morning breeze upon the river?"

Lady Jane looked surprised at the question, but answered it without hesitation.

"It was very early," she said, "and the air blew chill on the water, so I bade the men pull up at Westminster Bridge, intending to take a walk in the Park, and return home, but as we were crossing up from the river, the crowd came upon us, and in my terror I was separated from my attendants and sought shelter as I best could." Lady Jane then proceeded to inform her mother of the events which we have already described in two previous chapters; but she had been so dreadfully terrified that her narrative was confused, and though it possessed all the simplicity and force of truth, the disappearance of the ring still appeared a mystery, for she could in no way account for the manner in which it had left her possession, but stood pale and utterly overwhelmed with astonishment when informed of the charge brought against her by the artisan.

"And did my father believe this of me," she said, turning to the duchess in the anguish of an upright spirit unjustly accused. "I could not suspect any one I loved of a base thing! Yet has my father, whom I honored and worshipped so, not only condemned but reviled me in the presence of my affianced husband, and all on the word of a base man, more despicable far, than the rudest workman who breaks stone in his court yonder."

There was a newly aroused pride in the young girl's bosom that gave dignity to the words she uttered. A rich color broke over her cheek, and, for the first time, those soft eyes kindled with indignation as they fell upon her mother.

"Let me go," she continued, "let me stand face to face with my accuser. It is not well that the daughter of a noble house—the cousin of an English Monarch, should be tried and condemned, without hearing, on the word of a base varlet picked up amid the dregs of a mob."

The Duchess gazed upon the excited young creature before her with mingled feelings of surprise, regret, and, perhaps, some little share of anger, that she could so easily depart from the humility of her usual deportment, for though a fond parent, she had even been rigid in her exactions of deference and respect from her children. The love of a mother is very powerful, but the pride of a high-born Englishwoman, educated for her station, is, perhaps, the strongest feeling of her nature. The duchess felt the truth of all that her daughter had said, but she felt its boldness also, and her nice feelings were shocked by it.

"Your father had other reasons for doubting the integrity of Lord Dudley—for it would seem that this strange outbreak is occasioned as much by his imprisonment as your own," said the lady in a tone of grave reproof, dropping her daughter's hand. "We have good cause to fear that the earl, his father, has been tampering with the young king, and that he is using all secret means to supplant my noble lord in the power and station which he now fills. He has left no means untried to gain popularity in the city. That Lord Dudley has dared to appear against the Lord Protector, heading a mob almost in open rebellion, is proof that evil exists, and is spreading

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through the court. My lord has taken prompt measures, and in this should not be arraigned by his own child. If the Lord of Warwick and his son are still loyal to the Protector let them prove it before the king. But from this hour it is the duke's pleasure that the contract existing between the two houses be at an end forever."

Lady Jane stood perfectly motionless and pale as marble when her mother finished speaking, but after a moment she moved across the room and glided through the door without speaking a word, and, as if unconscious of the presence she had left.

"Poor young lady," muttered the nurse, wiping her eyes and casting a look, which would have been reproachful but for awe, upon the duchess—"her heart was almost broken before, but this will be the death of her."

"Peace, good dame, peace," said the Duchess of Somerset, in her usual calm and dignified manner. "My daughter must learn to make sacrifices when the honor of her house is concerned. From the first I acquitted her of all wrong intention regarding the diamond, and I deeply grieve at the annoyance it has produced both to her and us. But regarding Lord Dudley and his alliance with your young mistress—it can never be thought of again. Let it be your duty, good dame, as the most cherished attendant of my child, to reconcile her to the change."

With these words the Duchess of Somerset left the chamber just in time to see the Lady Jane disappear from the extreme end of the corridor which led to the duke's closet.

(To be continued.)

TO ISA IN HEAVEN.

BY THOMAS HOLLEY CHIVERS, M. D.

> Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,
> She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven!—*Young.*

Where is she now?
Oh! Isa! tell me where thou art?
If death has laid his hand upon thy brow,
Has he not touched my heart?
Has he not laid it in the grave with thine,
And buried all my joys?—Speak! thou art mine!

If thou wert dead,
I would not ask thee to reply;
But thou art living—thy dear soul has fled
To heaven, where it can never die!
Then why not come to me? Return—return,
And comfort me, for I have much to mourn!

I sigh all day!
I mourn for thee the livelong night!
And when the next night comes, thou art away,
And so is absent my delight!
Oh! as the lone dove for his absent mate,
So is my soul for thee disconsolate!

I long for death—
For any thing—to be with thee!
I did inhale, alas! thy dying breath,
That it might have some power on me
To make me what thou art!—but, thou art dead!
And I am here!—it strengthened me instead!

Joy there is none—
It went into the grave with thee!
And grief, because my spirit is alone,
Is all that comes to comfort me!
The very air I breathe is turned to sighs,
And all mine soul is melting from mine eyes!

I hear, at even,
The liquid carol of the birds;
Their music makes me think of thee in heaven,
It is so much like thy sweet words.
The brooklet whispers, as it runs along,
Our first love-story with its liquid tongue.

Wake, Isa! wake!
And come back in this world again!
Oh! come down to me, for my soul's dear sake,
And cure me of this trying pain!
I would give all that earth to man can be,
If thou wert only in this world with me!

Day after day
I seek thee, but thou art not near!
I sit down on thy grave in the cold clay,
And listen for thy soul!—oh! dear!
And when some withered leaf falls from the tree,
I start as if thy soul had spoke to me!

And so it is,
And so it ever more must be
To him, who has been robbed of all the bliss
He ever knew, by loving thee!
For misery, in thine absence, is my wife!
What joy had been, hadst thou remained in life!

It is now even;
The birds have sung themselves to sleep;
And all the stars seem coming out of heaven,
As if to look upon me weep!—
Oh! let me not look up to thee in vain,
But come back to me in this world again!

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MAY EVELYN.

BY FRANCES OSGOOD.

Beautiful, bewitching May! How shall I describe her? As the fanciful village-poet, her devoted adorer, declared;—"The pencil that would paint her charms should be made of sunbeams and dipped in the dewy heart of a fresh moss-rose." Whether this same bundle of beams and fragrant rose-dew would have done full justice to her eloquent loveliness, I cannot pretend to say—having never attempted the use of any brush less earthly than are made of hog's bristles, nor any color more refined than a preparation from cochineal. Her eyes were "blue as Heaven," the heaven of midsummer—when its warm, intense and glorious hue seems deepening as you gaze, and laughing in the joyous light of day. Her hair, I could never guess its true color; it was always floating in such exquisite disorder over her happy face and round white shoulders—now glistening, glowing in the sunshine, like wreaths of glossy gold, and now, in shadow, bathing her graceful neck with soft brown waves, that looked like silken floss, changing forever and lovely in each change. Blushes and dimples played hide and seek on her face. Her lip—her rich sweet lip was slightly curved—just enough to show that there was pride as well as love in her heart. She was, indeed, a spirited creature. Her form was of fairy moulding, but perfect though "petite!" and her motions graceful as those of the Alpine chamois.

Reader, if I have failed in my attempt to convey to you an image of youthful grace, beauty and sweetness, I pray you repair my deficiency from the stores of your own lively imagination, and fancy our dear May Evelyn the loveliest girl in the universe.

And now for her history. Her father, of an ancient and noble family, had married, in early life, a beautiful but extravagant woman, who died a few years after their union, leaving him with two lovely children and an all but exhausted fortune. On her death he retired from the gay world, and settled with his infant treasures in Wales, and there, husbanding his scanty means, he contrived to live in comfort if not in luxury. There, too, brooding over the changes of human life—the fallacy of human foresight, and the fickleness of human friendship, he became "a sadder and a wiser man." His two beautiful children, Lionel and May, were the idols of his heart, and well did they repay his love.

May's first serious trouble arose from hearing her father express one day his desire to purchase for Lionel a commission in the army. The boy was high-spirited and intelligent, and had cherished from childhood an ardent desire for military life; but there was no possibility of raising sufficient money for the purpose, without sacrificing many of their daily comforts.

At this time May was just sixteen; but there was in her face a childlike purity and innocence, which, combined with her playful simplicity of manner, made her appear even younger than she was. She hated study, except in the volume of nature; there indeed she was an apt and willing pupil. Birds and streams and flowers were her favorite books; but though little versed in the lore of her father's well-stored library—she had undoubted genius, and whenever she did apply herself, could learn with wonderful rapidity.

The only science, however, in which she was a proficient, was music:—for this she had an excellent ear and, when a mere child, ere her father's removal to Wales, had been under the tuition of a celebrated master. Her voice was rich, sweet and powerful, and her execution on the guitar, piano and harp, was at once brilliant and expressive. She had, also, a pretty talent for versifying, and often composed music for words, which, if not remarkable for power or polish, were certainly bewitching when sung by their youthful authoress.

During most of the day, on the morning of which Mr. Evelyn first mentioned his wishes with regard to Lionel, the sunny face of our heroine was clouded with sorrowful thought; but towards evening, as her father sat alone in his library, the door suddenly opened, and May, bounding in, her eyes beaming with enthusiasm, exclaimed—"Papa! papa! I have just thought—I know what I'll do!—I'll be a governess." Her father gazed at her in astonishment.

"A governess, May! What can have put such an idea into your head? Why should you be a governess?"

"Oh! for Lionel, you know. I can soon earn enough to buy his commission."

"And it is this then, my child," said Mr. Evelyn, tenderly, "that has so repressed your usual spirits!" But while he spoke seriously, he could scarcely repress a smile at the thought of the wild, childlike being before him, transformed into a staid, dignified teacher.

During the six weeks following, the devoted girl deprived herself of all her usual outdoor amusements, and, with wonderful energy applied, under her father's guidance, to study. At the end of that

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time, she laughingly declared that she knew a little of everything; but still her passion for birds and flowers was far greater than for books.

Ere the six weeks had well expired, she heard from some young friends, who were on a visit to Wales, from London, that the earl of ——— was in want of a governess for his four children. She begged them, on their return, to mention her. This they did, and with youthful exaggeration extolled her talents to the skies.

The Earl understanding that she was the accomplished and amiable daughter of an aged naval officer, saw, in his mind's eye, a learned lady of a certain age, who would, perhaps, prove a mother in kindness and usefulness to his orphan children, and gladly acceded to the desire of his young friends, that he should make trial of her.

The poor things were not aware what a little ignoramus they were recommending; for the youthful Lionel, who, sometimes took a peep into the library, and stared in surprise at the various apparatus for study, had boasted all over the village in which they resided, that his sister knew everything under the sun, and had mentioned, in corroboration of this sweeping declaration, that she was always poring over French, Spanish, Greek or Latin books. This, her enthusiastic young friends, who, by the way, had only known her a fortnight, took care to make the most of—and the result was, that May was considered, by the Earl, as a most fitting instructress for his children, and dreaded by them as a prim and severe restraint upon their hitherto unchecked amusements.

CHAPTER II.

It was the morning of the day on which the dreaded governess was expected, Julia, Elizabeth, Georgiana and William—the first 15, the second 10, the third 8, and the fourth 7 years of age, were at play in the garden of the Earl's country seat. They had heard awful things of governesses from some of their young companions, and the younger children had been whispering to each other their dread of the expected tyrant. They had, however, resumed their gambols, and forgotten the matter, with that charming versatility which makes them so interesting, when their nurse appeared with the news that the governess had arrived, and was waiting to be introduced to her young charge in the school-room. A sudden change was observable on the countenances of all. It was amusing to watch the expression on each of those young faces. Julia—the pensive and graceful Julia sighed, and bent her soft eyes sadly on the ground, as she instantly turned her steps towards the house. The little wilful and spirited Willie began to strut manfully backward and forward, declaring that the others might do as they liked, but that *he* would not go near the ugly old woman. Georgy pouted—and Lizzie burst into tears. At the sound of weeping, Julia turned back—soothed and cheered them all by turns—kissed away the tears of one sister—smoothed the other's frowning brow with her soft and loving hand, and laughed at Willie till he was fain to join in the laugh in spite of himself. She then desired them to follow her to the school-room—which they did—clinging to her dress, however, as if they expected to see a monster in the shape of a governess; but as they reached the flight of steps which led from the lawn to the house, their courage failed, and, leaving Julia to ascend alone, they suddenly and simultaneously turned to escape, and hurrying away, concealed themselves in the garden, where they soon resumed their sports.

In the meantime Julia had ascended the steps and stood gazing in silent astonishment through the glass door opening into the school-room. The object of her dread was there—but not as she had pictured her—a prim, severe old-maid. A girl apparently younger than herself, with a sweet glowing face, shaded by a profusion of lovely hair,—her straw bonnet flung on the floor, and her simple white dress looking anything but old-maidish—was stooping to caress their favorite dog, Carlo, while the pet-parrot sat perched on her shoulder, mingling his gorgeous plumage with her light brown curls, and crying with all his might, "old-maid governess! old-maid governess!" As our heroine raised her head, wondering at the strange salutation, (which, by the way, master Willie had been maliciously teaching him for some time previous,) her eyes encountered those of the smiling Julia, who, equally surprised and delighted at the scene, already saw, in Miss Evelyn, a friend after her own heart, such an one as she had long ardently desired.

At this critical moment, the good old nurse entered from the lawn, and seeing the mutual embarrassment of the parties, said simply to May—"This is your oldest pupil, madam." At the words "madam" and "pupil," both May and Julia tried hard to repress the smiles which would peep through their eyes and lips—in vain. The dimples on the cheek of the youthful governess grew deeper and deeper—Julia's dark eyes flashed through their drooping fringes more and more brightly, and, at length, the smothered merriment burst irresistibly forth. No sooner had the latter's eye caught the arch glance and her ear the musical laugh of May, than she sprang forward to clasp her readily extended hand, exclaiming, "I am sure you will be my friend!"

"That I will," said May, "if you won't call me 'old-maid governess' again."

"Old-maid governess, old-maid governess," screamed the parrot from his cage.

May began to look grave, and Julia, blushing with vexation, led her gently to the cage, outside of the door, and pointed to the bird in silence. "How stupid I was!" exclaimed May; "I quite forgot the parrot when I saw that beautiful dog. I do so love dogs—don't you?"

"Yes! but I love you better," said Julia, affectionately, throwing her arm around her new friend's neck, and sealing her avowal with a kiss.

At this moment, Willie was seen peeping and stealing slyly round the shrubbery—his roguish face

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subdued to as demure a look as it could possibly assume. For a moment he stared at the pair in amazement, and then clapping his hands, he shouted,

"Georgy! Lizzie! Georgy! come and see Julia kissing the governess!"

"Oh! you lovely boy!" exclaimed May—bounding down the steps, "I must have a kiss!" and away she flew after the little rosy rogue—he laughing so heartily as to impede his progress, till at last helpless, from very glee, he fell into her arms, and allowed her to kiss him half a dozen times before he remembered that she was the teacher so dreaded by them all. When he did recollect, he looked up half incredulously in her face.

"You are not old!" said he,—"no, nor yet prim, nor cross. I don't think you are so very ugly either, and maybe you don't know much after all. I say, governess, if you please, ma'am, can you spin a top?"

"No!" said May.

"Hurrah! I thought so—hurrah, Georgy! she don't know so much as I do now—hurrah! hurrah! I'll stand by her for one!" and, tossing his hat in the air, he sprang into the lap of May, who had sank into a low rustic seat, quite exhausted from her exercise—her cheeks glowing—her hair in disorder, and her lips parted with smiling delight.

By this time the two little girls, who had been peeping a long while, ventured, followed by Julia, to approach;—Georgiana leading, or rather dragging the shy but lovely little Lizzie in one hand, and holding in the other a freshly gathered rose-bud, which she timidly presented to our heroine, as if to bribe her not to be harsh with them. May stooped to kiss the intelligent face whose dark and eloquent eyes looked so pleadingly into hers; while Julia, who stood behind her, stole the rose from her hand. "Let me wreathe it in your hair," she said. At that moment, while she was yet engaged in her graceful task, the Earl suddenly appeared before them. It must be remembered that he had seen, from his library window, the before-mentioned chase, and rather curious to know who the beautiful visiter could be, (not having been apprised of Miss Evelyn's arrival,) he had followed them to the spot on which they were now assembled—May on the seat, parting the dark curls from Lizzie's bashful and downcast brow; Willie on her knee; Georgy gazing up in her face, and Julia placing the rose-bud in her hair. All started at the sudden appearance of the Earl. Willie sprang to his arms, and little Lizzie, afraid of every new comer, laid her curly head on the knee of her newly-found friend, and turned up her bright eyes inquiringly to her father's face.

"Do not let me disturb your play, my children," said the Earl. "I only come to remind you, that your governess will soon be here, and that you must welcome her with respect and attention. But, Julia, you must introduce me to this merry young friend of yours, who runs as if her heart were in her feet;" and so saying, he playfully patted the drooping head of the blushing and embarrassed girl, who, all this while, had been striving to hide her fears and her confusion by pretending to be deeply occupied in twisting Lizzie's silken ringlets round her little taper finger. The moment she had heard Willie exclaim, "papa!" all her former dread of that awful personage returned, and, with it, for the first time, a full sense of her own inefficiency to perform the task she had undertaken. His voice so deep and yet so sweet and playful, banished half her dread, but only increased her confusion.

Julia, however, came instantly to her relief, with a tact and delicacy uncommon in one so young—saying simply and seriously, "This is our governess, papa. Miss Evelyn, this is our dear papa."

The Earl started back,—tried to repress his smiles, bowed low to conceal them, and then taking her hand respectfully in his, bade her welcome to the castle.

The word "governess" had acted like a spell upon May's faculties; it restored her to a sense of the dignity of her situation, and rising instantly and drawing her beautiful form to its full height, she received and returned the compliments of the Earl with a graceful dignity and self-possession, that astonished him, as much as it awed the poor children. And when, in his courteous reply, he begged her pardon for his mistake, in a tone at once gentle and deferential, she found courage, for the first time, to raise her eyes. It was no stern, old, pompous nobleman, such as her fears had portrayed, who stood before her, but an elegant man, in the prime of life, with a noble figure and singularly handsome face, full of genius and feeling.

His dark eyes were bent upon her with a gaze of mingled curiosity and admiration; but, as they met hers, he recollected himself, and wishing her and his children good morning, and resigning Willie, as if it were a thing of course, to her arms, (a circumstance, by the way, which he could not help smiling at half an hour afterwards,) he passed on and left them.

And now came innumerable questions from all but the silent Georgy, who contented herself with nestling close to the side of our heroine as they wandered through the grounds—and gazing with her large soft eyes into her face, now dimpled with the light of mirth, now softening into tenderness, and now shadowed by a passing thought of "papa, and Lionel, and home."

"And oh!" said Lizzie, "you won't take away my doll and make me study all the time, will you?"

"No, indeed, darling! I would much rather help you dress your doll."

"And I may spin my top all day if I like—may I not?" asked Willie.

"Yes, if papa is willing."

"Oh! but papa told us to obey all your commands."

"Commands," thought May, "oh, dear, I shall never do for a governess!"

The day passed on in sport. Our heroine's duties were to commence on the next; but she would not allow her fears for the morrow to interfere with her present delight. In the meantime, the Earl, amid his important duties, was haunted all day by one bewitch-

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ing image;—a fair sweet face glanced brightly up from every book he opened, from every paper to which he referred; and, in his dreams that night, he led to the altar a second bride, more lovely, more beloved than the first.

CHAPTER III.

Early the next morning, as May sat teaching Willie to read, with a demure face, through which the rebel dimples would peep in spite of her assumed dignity; while Julia, with a look equally demure, was bending over an Italian book; Georgy drawing, and Lizzie hemming a wee bit 'kerchief for her doll—the Earl entered the school-room from the lawn.

Unseen, he paused at the open door to contemplate the lovely tableau within;—the governess in her pretty girlish morning dress, with her long ringlets shadowing half her face and neck, as she bent over the boy, pointing out to him the word;—Willie by her side—one hand holding the book, the other his top, kicking the chair impatiently—first with one foot, then with the other, and looking round every minute to see what his sisters were doing;—Georgy smiling as she drew; Lizzie sitting upright in her little chair, with a doll almost as large as herself on her lap, ever and anon trying the 'kerchief round its neck to see the effect; and the simple, modest Julia, looking even older than May, with her dark hair smoothly parted—raising at times her eyes with looks of loving sympathy to those of the youthful teacher.

It was indeed a sunny scene; but the silence was broken by the voice of Georgy requesting assistance in her drawing. The young governess rose, and taking her offered pencil, retouched the sketch in a few places, at the same time giving the child directions how to finish it. Suddenly the pencil trembled in her hand,—the sweet low voice stopped—went on——faltered—ceased again, and May burst into tears! The Earl had stolen behind them to watch the progress of the drawing. May had felt, rather than heard, his approach,—and confused by his presence, half suspecting her own deficiency in the art, yet afraid to discontinue her directions at once, her face suffused with blushes, she tried in vain to proceed. Little Lizzie saw her tears, and springing from her seat, climbed a chair to caress her, exclaiming, "Don't cry! papa won't hurt you! Papa loves you dearly—don't you, papa?"

Here was a situation! It was now the Earl's turn to color; but the artless and innocent May, who had as yet known only a father's and a brother's love, did not dream of any other in the present case; on the contrary, she was soothed by the affectionate assurances of the child, and, smiling through her tears, looked up confidingly in the Earl's face. Charmed with the childlike sweetness of her expression he could not resist taking her hand, with almost paternal tenderness, in his, while May, reassured by the gentleness of his manner, ventured to acknowledge her own ignorance, and to request his assistance in the sketch before them. This, to the delight of all, he willingly consented to give, and when, at two o'clock, the nurse came to take the children to dinner, she found May seated alone at the table, intent on a newly commenced drawing—the Earl leaning over her chair and instructing her in its progress—Julia singing "Love's Young Dream," and the three children gone no one knew where.

The next day, and the next, the Earl was still to be found in the school-room, sometimes spinning Willie's top, sometimes reading an Italian author aloud to his daughter and her governess—often sharing the book with the latter, and oftener still, blending his rich and manly voice with hers as she sang to the harp or piano. One day a visiter asked Willie how he liked his new governess? "Oh!" said the boy, "*papa* is governess now. May is only our sister, and we are all *so* happy!"

Thus passed a year—Julia and May daily improving under their indulgent and unwearied teacher—and imparting in their turn instruction to the younger branches of the family. May had confided to Julia all her little history. She had written often to her father, and had received many letters in return. From one of them she learned, to her great joy and surprise, that Lionel had received his commission from some unknown friend. At the same time, her father advised her, as she had engaged for a year, to be contented until the expiration of it. "Contented!"

The last day of the year had arrived—May had lately been so happy that she had forgotten to think of being separated from the family she loved so much.

On the morning of the day, the Earl was in his library, Julia making tea, and May on a low ottoman at his feet, reading aloud the morning paper. Suddenly she paused, dropped the paper, and covered her face with her hands. The Earl, alarmed, bent tenderly over her, and Julia was by her side in a moment.

"What is it, dear May?" she said.

"Oh, the paper—look at the paper, Julia!"

The Earl caught it up—"Where—tell me where to look, May?"

"At the date—the date!"

"The date—it is the first of June—and what then?"

"Oh! did I not *come* the first of June and must I not go to-morrow? I am sure I shall never do for a governess!" and she hid her face on Julia's shoulder, and wept afresh.

The Earl raised her gently—"Perhaps not; but you will do for something else, sweet May!"

"For what?" she asked earnestly—half wondering whether he could mean *housekeeper!*

"Come into the garden with me, dear, dear May, and I will tell you," he whispered in her ear.

At once the whole truth flashed upon her heart. "She loved—she was beloved!" She was no longer a child—that moment transformed her; and shrinking instantly from his embrace and blushing till her very temples glowed again—she said in a low and timid voice, "I think I had better go home

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to-morrow—perhaps to-day: my father will expect me."

"Julia," said the Earl, "run into the garden, love, and see to Willie—he is in mischief, I dare say." His daughter was out of sight in a moment. May stood shrinking and trembling, but unable to move. The Earl gazed, with a feeling bordering upon reverence, at the young girl, as she stood alone in her innocence. He drew slowly towards her—hesitated—again approached, and taking her hand with respectful tenderness, he said—"You know that I love you, May—how fondly—how fervently—time must show for language cannot:—will you—*say* you will be mine—with your father's consent, dear May—or say that I may hope!"

Her whole soul was in her eyes as she raised them slowly to his and dropped them instantly again beneath his ardent gaze "But—papa!" she murmured.

"We will all go together, and ask 'papa,' dearest; and now for a turn in the garden. You will not refuse now, love?" And May Evelyn, blushing and smiling, took his offered arm, wondering what "dear papa and Lionel" would say to all this.

It was a lovely evening in the early part of June, that, while Mr. Evelyn sat dozing in his arm chair and dreaming of his absent children, a light form stole over the threshold, and when he awoke, his gray hair was mingled with the glistening locks of his own beautiful and beloved May—his head resting on her shoulder, and her kiss warm upon his cheek!

"My Lord," said May, demurely, as she entered, with her father, the drawing-room in which the Earl awaited them—"papa is very glad that I have *given satisfaction*;—he thinks your visit a proof of it—although he could hardly have expected so much from his little ignoramus, as he will persist in calling me."

"My dear sir," said the Earl, cordially pressing the offered hand of his host, "she has given *so much satisfaction*, that I wish, with your consent, to retain her as *governess* for life, not for my children, but myself."

The reader has already foreseen the conclusion. Mr. Evelyn's consent was obtained;—Lionel was sent for to be present at the wedding;—the ceremony was quietly performed in the little church of the village;—and for many succeeding seasons in London, the graceful and elegant wife of the Earl of ——— was "the observed of all observers," "the cynosure of neighboring eyes."

AN EPISTLE TO FANNY.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Sweet Fanny, though I know you not,
And I have never seen the splendor
That flashes from your hazel eyes
To make the souls of men surrender;
Though, when they ask me how you look,
I'm forced to say "I never met her,"
I hope you will not deem it wrong
If I address to you a letter.

Here in mine own secluded room,
Forgetful of life's sober duty,
Lapped in the stillness of repose,
I sit and muse and dream of beauty;
I picture all that's fair and bright
Which poets sometimes call Elysian,
And, 'mid the shapes that round me throng,
Behold one soft, enchanting vision.

A lady—lovely as the morn
When Night her starry mansion closes,
And gentle winds with fairy feet
Toss the sweet dew from blushing roses—
A lady—to whose lip and cheek
Some twenty summer suns have given
Colors as rich as those that melt
Along the evening clouds of Heaven.

Her stature tall, her tresses dark,
Her brow like light in ambush lying,
Her hand—the very hand I'd give
The world to clasp if I were dying!
Her eyes, the glowing types of love,
Upon the heart they print their meaning—
How mild they shine as o'er them fall
Those lashes long their lustre screening!

Sweet Fanny, can you not divine
The form that floats before my dreaming,
And whose the pictured smiles I see
This moment on my canvass beaming?
You cannot! then I've failed indeed,
To paint a single look I cherish—
So, you may cast my lines aside,
And bid them like my memory perish.

My memory! what am I to thee,
Oh purest, gentlest, fairest, dearest!
Yes, *dearest*, though thy glance be cold
When first my humble name thou hearest.
Though I am nothing, thou to me
Art Fancy's best beloved ideal;
And well I know the form she paints
Is far less charming than the real.

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THE DOOM OF THE TRAITRESS.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CROMWELL," "THE BROTHERS," ETC.

A COLD and dark northeaster had swept together a host of straggling vapors and thin lowering clouds over the French metropolis—the course of the Seine might be traced easily among the grotesque roofs and gothic towers which at that day adorned its banks, by the gray ghostly mist which seethed up from its sluggish waters—a small fine rain was falling noiselessly and almost imperceptibly, by its own weight as it were, from the surcharged and watery atmosphere—the air was keenly cold and piercing, although the seasons had not crept far as yet beyond the confines of the summer. The trees, for there were many in the streets of Paris and still more in the fauxbourgs and gardens of the haute noblesse, were thickly covered with white rime, as were the manes and frontlets of the horses, the clothes, and hair, and eyebrows of the human beings who ventured forth in spite of the inclement weather. A sadder and more gloomy scene can scarcely be conceived than is presented by the streets of a large city in such a time as that I have attempted to describe. But this peculiar sadness was, on the day of which I write, augmented and exaggerated by the continual tolling of the great bell of St. Germains Auxerrois, replying to the iron din which arose from the gray towers of Nôtre Dâme. From an early hour of the day the people had been congregating in the streets and about the bridges leading to the precincts of the royal palace, the Chateau des Tournelles, which then stood—long since obliterated almost from the memory of men—upon the Isle de Paris, the greater part of which was covered then with the courts, and terraces, and gardens of that princely pile.

Strong bodies of the household troops were posted here and there about the avenues and gates of the royal demesne, and several large detachments of the archers of the prevôt's guard—still called so from the arms which they had long since ceased to carry—might be seen every where on duty. Yet there were no symptoms of an émeute among the populace, nor any signs of angry feeling or excitement in the features of the loitering crowd, which was increasing every moment as the day waxed toward noon. Some feeling certainly there was—some dark and earnest interest, as might be judged from the knit brows, clinched hands, and anxious whispers which every where attended the exchange of thought throughout the concourse—but it was by no means of an alarming or an angry character. Grief, wonder, expectation, and a sort of half doubtful pity, as far as might be gathered from the words of the passing speakers, were the more prominent ingredients of the common feeling, which had called out so large a portion of the city's population on a day so unsuited to any spectacle of interest. For several hours this mob, increasing as it has been described from hour to hour, varied but little in its character, save that as the day wore it became more and more respectable in the appearance of its members. At first it had been composed almost without exception of artisans and shop boys, and mechanics of the lowest order, with not a few of the cheats, bravoes, pickpockets, and similar ruffians, who then as now formed a fraternity of no mean size in the Parisian world. As the morning advanced, however, many of the burghers of the city, and respectable craftsmen, might be seen among the crowd; and a little later many of the secondary gentry and petite noblesse, with well-dressed women and even children, all showing the same symptoms of sad yet eager expectation. Now, when it lacked but a few minutes of noon, long trains of courtiers with their retinues and armed attendants, many a head of a renowned and ancient house, many a warrior famous for valor and for conduct might be seen threading the mazes of the crowded thoroughfares toward the royal palace.

A double ceremony of singular and solemn nature was soon to be enacted there—the interment of a noble soldier, slain lately in an unjust quarrel, and the investiture of an unwilling woman with the robes of a holy sisterhood preparatory to her lifelong interment in that sepulchre of the living body—sepulchre of the pining soul—the convent cloisters. Armand de Laguy!—Marguerite de Vaudreuil!

Many circumstances had united in this matter to call forth much excitement, much grave interest in the minds of all who had heard tell of it!—the singular and wild romance of the story, the furious and cruel combat which had resulted from it—and last not least, the violent, and, as it was generally considered, unnatural resentment of the King toward the guilty victim who survived the ruin she had wrought.

The story was in truth, then, but little understood—a thousand rumors were abroad, and of course no one accurately true—yet in each there was a share of truth, and the amount of the whole was, perhaps, less wide of the mark than is usual in matters of the kind. And thus they ran. Marguerite de Vaudreuil had been betrothed to the youngest of France's famous warriors, Charles de La-Hiré, who after a time fell—as it was related by his young friend and

* See the Duello, page 86.

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kinsman, Armand de Laguy—covered with wounds and honor. The body had been found outstretched beneath the surviver, who, himself desperately hurt, had alone witnessed, and in vain endeavored to prevent, his cousin's slaughter. The face of Charles de La-Hirè, as all men deemed the corpse to be, was mangled and defaced so frightfully as to render recognition by the features utterly hopeless—yet from the emblazoned surcoat which it bore, the well-known armor on the limbs, the signet ring upon the finger, and the accustomed sword clenched in the dead right hand, none doubted the identity of the body, or questioned the truth of Armand's story.

Armand de Laguy, succeeding by his cousin's death to all his lands and lordships, returned to the metropolis, mixed in the gayeties of that gay period, when all the court of France was revelling in the celebration of the union of the Dauphin with the lovely Mary Stuart, in after days the hapless queen of Scotland.

He wore no decent and accustomed garb of mourning—he suffered no interval, however brief, due to decorum at least if not to kindly feeling, to elapse before it was announced that Marguerite de Vaudreuil, the dead man's late betrothed, was instantly to wed his living cousin. Her wondrous beauty, her all-seductive manners, her extreme youth had in vain pleaded against the general censure of the court—the world! Men had frowned on her for awhile, and women sneered and slandered!—but after a little while, as the novelty of the story wore away, the indignation against her inconstancy ceased, and she was once again installed the leader of the court's unwedded beauties.

Suddenly, on the very eve of her intended nuptials, Charles de La-Hirè returned—ransomed, as it turned out, by Brissac, from the Italian dungeons of the Prince of Parma, and making fearful charges of treason and intended murder against Armand de Laguy. The King had commanded that the truth should be proved by a solemn combat, had sworn to execute upon the felon's block whichever of the two should yield or confess falsehood, had sworn that the inconstant Marguerite, who, on the return of De La-Hirè, had returned instantly to her former feelings, asserting her perfect confidence in the truth of Charles, the treachery of Armand, should either wed the victor, or live and die the inmate of the most rigorous convent in his realm.

The battle had been fought yesterday!—Armand de Laguy fell, mortally wounded by his wronged cousin's hand, and with his latest breath declared his treasons, and implored pardon from his King, his kinsman, and his God—happy to perish by a brave man's sword not by a headsman's axe. And Marguerite—the victor's prize—rejected by the man she had betrayed—herself refusing, even if he were willing, to wed with him whom she could but dishonor—had now no option save death or the detested cloister.

And now men pitied—women wept—all frowned and wondered and kept silence. That a young, vain, capricious beauty—the pet and spoiled child from her very cradle of a gay and luxurious court—worshipped for her charms like a second Aphrodite—intoxicated with the love of admiration—that such an one should be inconstant, fickle!—should swerve from her fealty to the dead!—a questionable fealty always!—and be won to a rash second love by the falsehood and treasons of a man, young and brave and handsome—falsehood which had deceived wise men—that such should be the course of events, men said, was neither strange nor monstrous! It was a fault, a lapse of which she had been guilty, which might indeed make her future faith suspected, which would surely justify Charles de La-Hirè in casting back her proffered hand, but which at the worst was venial, and deserving no such doom as the soul-chilling cloister.

She had, they said, in no respect participated in the guilt, or shared the treacheries of Armand—on the contrary—she, the victim of his fraud, had been the first to denounce, to spit at, to defy him.

Moreover it was understood that although de La-Hirè had refused her hand, several of equal and even higher birth than he had offered to redeem her from the cloister by taking her to wife of their free choice—Jarnac had claimed the beauty—and it was whispered that the Duke de Nevers had sued to Henry vainly for the fair hand of the unwilling novice.

But the King was relentless. "Either the wife of De La-Hirè—or the bride of God in the cloister!" was his unvarying reply. No farther answer would he give—no disclosure of his motives would he make even to his wisest councillors. Some indeed augured that the good monarch's anger was but feigned, and that deeming her sufficiently punished already he was desirous still of forcing her to be the bride of him to whom she had been destined, and whom she still, despite her brief inconstancy, unquestionably worshipped in her heart. For all men still supposed that at the last Charles would forgive the hapless girl, and so relieve her from the living tomb that even now seemed yawning to enclose her. But others—and they were those who understood the best mood of France's second Henry—vowed that the wrath was real; and felt, that, though no man could fathom the cause of his stern ire, he never would forgive the guilty girl, whose frailty, as he swore, had caused such strife and bloodshed.

But now it was high noon, and forth filed from the palace gates a long and glittering train—Henry and all his court, with all the rank and beauty of the realm, knights, nobles, peers and princes, damsels and dames—the pride of France and Europe. But at the monarch's right walked one, clad in no gay attire—pale, languid, wounded and warworn—Charles de La-Hirè, the victor. A sad deep gloom o'ercast his large dark eye, and threw a shadow over his massy forehead—his lip had forgot to smile! his glance to lighten! yet was there no remorse, no doubt, no wavering in his calm, noble features—only fixed, settled sorrow. His long and waving hair of the darkest chesnut, evenly parted on his crown, fell down on either cheek, and flowed over the broad plain collar of his shirt which, decked with no embroidery lace, was folded back over the cape of a plain black pour-

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point, made of fine cloth indeed, but neither laced nor passemented, nor even slashed with velvet—a broad scarf of black taffeta supported his weapon—a heavy double-edged straight broadsword, and served at the same time to support his left arm, the sleeve of which hung open, tied in with points of ribbon. His trunk-hose and his nether stocks of plain black silk, black velvet shoes and a slouched hat, with neither feather nor cockade, completed the suit of melancholy mourning which he wore. In the midst of the train was a yet sadder sight, Marguerite de Vaudreuil, robed in the snow-white vestments of a novice, with all her glorious ringlets flowing in loose redundance over her shoulders and her bosom, soon to be cut close by the fatal scissors—pale as the monumental stone and only not as rigid. A hard-featured gray-headed monk, supported her on either hand—and a long train of priests swept after with crucifix and rosary and censer.

Scarce had this strange procession issued from the great gates of les Tournelles, the death-bells tolling still from every tower and steeple, before another train, gloomier yet and sadder, filed out from the gate of the royal tilt-yard, at the farther end of which stood a superb pavilion. Sixteen black Benedictine monks led the array chanting the mournful *miserere*—next behind these, strange contrast!—strode on the grim gaunt form, clad in his blood-stained tabard, and bearing full displayed his broad two-handed axe—fell emblem of his odious calling!—the public executioner of Paris. Immediately in the rear of this dark functionary, not borne by his bold captains, nor followed by his gallant vassals with arms reversed and signs of martial sorrow, but ignominiously supported by the grim-visaged ministers of the law, came on the bier of Armand, the last Count de Laguy.

Stretched in a coffin of the rudest material and construction, with his pale visage bare, displaying still in its distorted lines and sharpened features the agonies of mind and body which had preceded his untimely dissolution, the bad but haughty noble was borne to his long home in the grave-yard of Nôtre Dâme. His sword, broken in twain, was laid across his breast, his spurs had been hacked from his heels by the base cleaver of the scullion, and his reversed escutcheon was hung above his head.

Narrowly saved by his wronged kinsman's intercession from dying by the headsman's weapon ere yet his mortal wounds should have let out his spirit—he was yet destined to the shame of a dishonored sepulchre—such was the King's decree, alas! inexorable.

The funeral train proceeded—the King and his court followed. They reached the grave-yard, hard beneath those superb gray towers!—they reached the grave, in a remote and gloomy corner, where, in unconsecrated earth, reposed the executed felon—the priests attended not the corpse beyond the precincts of that unholy spot—their solemn chant died mournfully away—no rites were done, no prayers were said above the senseless clay—but in silence was it lowered into the ready pit—silence disturbed only by the deep hollow sound of the clods that fell fast and heavy on the breast of the guilty noble! For many a day a headstone might be seen—not raised by the kind hands of sorrowing friends nor watered by the tears of kinsmen—but planted there, to tell of his disgraceful doom—amid the nameless graves of the self-slain—and the recorded resting places of well-known thieves and felons. It was of dark gray free-stone, and it bore these brief words—brief words, but in that situation speaking the voice of volumes.

Ci git Armand
Le Dernier Comte de Laguy.

Three forms stood by the grave—stood till the last clod had been heaped upon its kindred clay, and the dark headstone planted. Henry, the King! and Charles, the Baron De La-Hirê; and Marguerite de Vaudreuil.

And as the last clod was flattened down upon the dead, after the stone was fixed, De La-Hirê crossed the grave to the despairing girl, where she had stood gazing with a fixed rayless eye on the sad ceremony and took her by the hand, and spoke so loud that all might hear his words, while Henry looked on calmly but not without an air of wondering excitement.

"Not that I did not love thee," he said, "Marguerite! Not that I did not pardon thee thy brief inconstancy, caused as it was by evil arts of which we will say nothing now—since he who plotted them hath suffered even above his merits, and is—we trust—now pardoned! Not for these causes, nor for any of them—have I declined thine hand thus far—but that the King commanded, judging it in his wisdom best for both of us. Now Armand is gone hence—and let all doubt and sorrow go hence with him! Let all your tears, all my suspicions be buried in his grave forever. I take your hand, dear Marguerite—I take you as mine honored and loved bride—I claim you mine forever!"

Thus far the girl had listened to him, not blushingly, nor with a melting eye; nor with any sign of renewed hope or rekindled happiness in her pale features—but with cold resolute attention—but now she put away his hand very steadily, and spoke with a firm unfaltering voice.

"Be not so weak!" she said. "Be not so weak, Charles de La-Hirê!—nor fancy me so vain! The weight and wisdom of years have passed above my head since yester morning—then was I a vain, thoughtless girl—now am I a stern wise woman. That I have sinned is very true—that I have betrayed thee—wronged thee! It may be, had you spoke pardon yesterday—it might have been all well! It may be it *had been* dishonor in you to take me to your arms—but if to do so had been dishonor yesterday, by what is it made honor now? No! no! Charles de La-Hirê—no! no!—I had refused thee yesterday, hadst thou been willing to redeem me, by self-sacrifice, *then* from the convent walls!—I had refused thee *then*, with love warming my heart toward thee—in all honor! Force me not to reject thee *now* with scorn and hatred. Nor dare to think

that Marguerite de Vaudreuil will owe to man's compassion, what she owes not to love! Peace! Charles de La-Hirè—I say, peace! my last words to thee have been spoken, and never will I hear more from thee! And now, Sir King, hear thou—may God judge between thee and me, as thou hast judged. If I *was* frail and fickle, nature and God made woman weak and credulous—but made man *not* wise, to deceive and ruin her. If I sinned deeply against this Baron De La-Hirè—I sinned not knowingly, nor of premeditation! If I sinned deeply, more deeply was I sinned against—more deeply was I left to suffer!—even hadst thou heaped no more brands upon the burning. If to bear hopeless love—to pine with unavailing sorrow—to repent with continual remorse—to writhe with trampled pride!—if these things be to suffer, then, Sir King, had I enough suffered without thy *just* interposition!" As she spoke, a bitter sneer curled her lip for a moment; but as she saw Henry again about to speak, a wilder and higher expression flashed over all her features—her form appeared to distend—her bosom heaved—her eye glared—her ringlets seemed to stiffen, as if instinct with life "Nay!" she cried, in a voice clear as the strain of a silver trumpet—"nay! thou *shalt* hear me out—and thou didst swear yesterday I should live in a cloister cell forever!—and I replied to thy words *then*, 'not long!'—I have thought better *now*—and *now* I answer '*never!*' Lo here!—lo here! ye who have marked the doom of Armand—mark now the doom of Marguerite! Ye who have judged the treason, mark the doom of the traitress!" And with the words, before any one could interfere, even had they suspected her intentions, she raised her right hand on high, and all then saw the quick twinkle of a weapon, and struck herself, as it seemed, a quick slight blow immediately under the left bosom! It seemed a quick slight blow! but it had been so accurately studied—so steadily aimed and fatally—that the keen blade, scarcely three inches long and very slender, of the best of Milan steel, with nearly a third of the hilt, was driven home into her very heart—she spoke no syllable again!—nor uttered any cry!—nor did a single spasm contract her pallid features, a single convulsion distort her shapely limbs! but she leaped forward, and fell upon her face, quite dead, at the King's feet!

Henry smiled not again for many a day thereafter—Charles De La Hirè died very old, a Carthusian monk of the strictest order, having mourned sixty years and prayed in silence for the sorrows and the sins of that most hapless being.

THE STRANGER'S FUNERAL.

BY N. C. BROOKS.

A solitary hearse without mourner or friend wheeled by me with unceremonious speed. It filled my heart with feelings of the most chilling desolation, which were augmented perhaps by the peculiar gloom of the evening. I reached the rude grave in which the corpse was deposited, and learned from the menial who was performing the last rites that it was a young German of fine talents, with whom I had travelled a few months before, who, far from his home and friends, had fallen a victim to the prevailing epidemic.—LETTER OF A FRIEND.

No solemn bell pealed on the air,
  No train in sable gloom
Moved slow with the holy man of prayer
  To stand around his tomb;
The hearse rolled on without sign of love
  To the church, in lonely woe,
Where bent the solemn heavens above
  The opened grave below;
But he recked not of the heavens o'ercast,
  Or the yawning gulf of death;
For with him Earth's bitterness had passed,
  Ere passed his fleeting breath.

The stranger pressed a lonely bed,
  No smiles dispelled the gloom
Of the dark and funeral shades that spread
  Around his dying room;
And his heart with grief did melt,
  And he wandered in fevered dreams
To the home where the loved of his youth still dwelt,
  By the side of his own blue streams:
His heart for their voices yearned,
  And the warm tears fell like rain,
As his dying eyes to the home were turned
  That he ne'er should see again.

The stranger's griefs are o'er,
  And his body lies alone,
From his friends afar on a foreign shore
  Without a funeral stone;
And long shall voices call,
  And midnight tapers burn
For him that is bound in death's cold thrall,
  But he shall no more return:
He shall return no more
  From his lowly sleep in dust,
'Till the trump announce death's bondage o'er,
  And the "rising of the just."

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THE FIRST STEP.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"WELL met, Harry," exclaimed Edward Morton, as he encountered his friend Wilford in Broadway, "I have two questions to ask you. In the first place, what do you call that odd-looking vehicle in which I saw you riding yesterday? and in the second, who was that pretty little sister Ruth seated so demurely beside you?"

"My new carriage," said Harry, laughing, "having been invented by myself, has the honor to bear my name; it is called a Wilford; I will sell it to you cheap, if you like it, for that booby Danforth has ordered one of the same pattern, and I will never sport mine after he comes out with his."

"And so because a fool follows your lead you throw up your cards; you will have enough to do if you carry out that rule in all your actions. Thank you for your kind offer; but really I am neither rich nor fashionable enough to drive about town in such a Welsh butter-tub. Now, answer my second question; who is the lady;—has she been named in honor of the vehicle?"

"No, but she will probably bear the name of its inventor in due time."

"Can it be possible, Harry? have you really determined to turn Benedict before the pleasures of freedom have palled upon your taste? Have you seriously reflected upon all you are about to relinquish? Have you thought upon the pleasant *tête-à-têtes*, the agreeable flirtations, the many delicious 'love-passages' which the admired Harry Wilford is privileged to enjoy while he roves at large, but which will hereafter be denied to him who wears the clanking fetters of matrimony?"

"I have thought of every thing, Ned; and, to tell you the truth, I am beginning to get tired of the aimless, profitless life I now lead."

"And, therefore, you are going to turn merchant and marry; you will have a considerable amount to add to profit and loss by these experiments. Pray who is the enchantress that has woven so wondrous a spell of transformation?"

"She bears the primitive name of Rachel, and was both born and bred in the little village of Westbury, where, as I am told, a fashionably cut coat or one of Leary's hats would be regarded as a foreign curiosity. She has never stirred beyond the precincts of her native place until this spring, when she accompanied a newly married relative to our gay city. Indeed she has been kept so strictly within the pale of her society, that if her cousin had not fortunately married out of it, the lovely Rachel would probably have walked quietly to meeting with some grave young broad-brim, and contented herself with a drab bonnet all her life."

"So your inamorata is country bred. By Jupiter I shall begin to believe in the revival of witchcraft. Is she rich, Harry?"

"I see the drift of your question, Ned; but you are mistaken if you think I have looked on her through golden spectacles. She is an orphan with sufficient property to render her independent of relatives, but not enough to entice a fortune-hunter."

"Well, if any one but yourself had told me that Harry Wilford, with all his advantages of *purse* and *person*, had made choice of a little rusticated Quakeress to be his bride, I could not have believed it," said Morton; "pray do you expect this pretty Lady Gravely to preside at the exquisite dinners for which your bachelor's establishment has long been famous? or do you intend to forego such vulgar enjoyments for the superior pleasures of playing Darby to Mrs. Wilford's Joan in your chimney corner?"

"No quizzing, Ned," said Wilford, smiling, "Rachel has been well educated, and the staid decorum of the sect has not destroyed her native elegance of manner."

"But the *drab bonnet*, Harry:—can *you*, the pride of your tailor and the envy of your less tasteful friends,—*you*, the very prince of Broadway exquisites,—you, the American Brummel, who would as willingly have been caught picking a pocket, as wearing a glove two days, a hat two weeks, or a coat two months,—can you venture to destroy the reputation which you have acquired at such cost, by introducing a drab bonnet to the acquaintance of your be-plumed and be-flowered female friends?"

"Wait awhile, Edward; Rachel has not yet learned to admire the gayeties of our city; her eyes have been too long accustomed to the 'sober twilight gray,' and she is rather dazzled than pleased with the splendor of fashionable society, but she has too much of womanly feelings to continue long insensible to womanly vanity."

"Well, success to you, Harry, but let me beg you to lay an interdict on that ugly bonnet as soon as you have a right to exercise your marital authority."

Wilford laughed, and the two gentlemen parted;

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the one to fulfil an engagement with the pretty Quakeress, and the other to smoke a cigar, drink a mint julep, and laugh at his friend's folly.

Harry Wilford had been so unlucky as to come into possession of a large fortune as soon as he attained his majority. I am not in error, gentle reader, when I say he was *unlucky*, for daily experience bears witness to the fact, that in this country, at least in nine cases out of ten, a large inheritance is a great misfortune. The records of gay life in every large city prove that the most useless, most ignorant, most vicious, and often the most degraded among the youth, are usually the sons of plodding and hoarding parents, who have pawned health and happiness, aye, and sometimes *integrity*—the very life of the soul—to procure the gold which brings the destruction of their children. Wilford had passed through college with the reputation of being one of the most gifted and most indolent of scholars, while his eccentric fits of study, which served to give him the highest rank in his class, only showed how much more he might have done, if industry and perseverance had been allowed to direct his pursuits. Like his career in the university had been his course through life. With much latent energy of character he was too infirm of purpose to become distinguished either for virtue or talent. The curse of Ephraim seemed to have fallen upon the child of prosperity, and the impressive words of the ancient Patriarch: "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel," might have shadowed forth his destiny. His fine talents were wasted in empty witticisms; his classical taste only served to direct his lavish expenditure, and his really noble feelings were frittered away in hollow friendship, or in transitory attachments. Handsome, brilliant, and, above all, rich, he became the idol of a coterie, and intoxicated by the incense which smoked before him, he did not perceive that its subtle influence enervated all his nobler faculties. Yet Wilford had escaped the contagion of vice. The dark stain of criminal excess, which too often sullies the cloth of gold more deeply than it does the coat of frieze, had never fallen upon his garments. He could not forget the trembling hand which had been laid upon his infant head when he offered up his innocent prayers at a mother's knee. He remembered her dying supplication that her child might be kept "unspotted from the world," and her gentle face, beaming with unutterable purity and love, often interposed itself between his and his tempter, when his heart would have failed from very weakness.

Harry Wilford had completed his thirtieth summer and yet he was a bachelor. The artillery of bright eyes and brighter smiles had been levelled at him in vain; the gentler weapons of sweet words and soft glances had been equally ineffectual. His heart had been captured again and again, but it was a far easier task to *gain* than to *keep* it. Indeed it was like an ill-garrisoned border fortress, and generally surrendered at discretion to the first enemy that sat down before it, who was sure to be soon driven out in turn by another victorious assailant. He was too universal a lover, and until, like Apelles, he could unite in one woman the charms which he admired in twenty, there seemed little probability of his ever being won to wear the chain. The truth was, that of the many who courted the attentions of the handsome Mr. Wilford, there was none that seemed to have discovered the fine gold which lay beneath the surface of his character. The very exuberance of flowers and fruit which the soil produced, prevented one from expecting any hidden treasure, for it is not often that the precious things of earth are found beneath its gay adornments. We look for the diamond, not under the bank of violets but in the rugged bosom of the mountain, and thus Wilford's friends, content with the beautiful blossoms of fancy and wit which he lavishly flung around, suspected not the noble gifts of intellect which he possessed.

Wilford had frequently imagined himself in love, but something had always occurred to undeceive him and to resolve his pleasant fancies with very disagreeable facts. He had learned that the demon of selfishness often lurks under the form of an angel of light, and he began to distrust many of the fair beings who bestowed upon him their gentle smiles. He had received more than one severe lesson in human nature, and it was very soon after officiating as groomsman at the bridal of a lovely girl whose faith had once been pledged to him, that he first met the young and guileless Quakeress. There was something so pure and vestal-like in the delicate complexion, soft blue eye, and simply braided hair of the gentle Rachel, that Wilford was instantly charmed. His eye, so long dazzled with the gorgeous draperies, glittering jewels, and well-displayed beauties of fashionable belles, rested with a sense of relief on the sober French gray silk, and transparent lawn neckkerchief which so carefully shaded the charms of the fair rustic. He saw the prettiest of tiny feet peeping from beneath a robe of far more decorous length than the laws of fashion then allowed—the whitest of white hands were unadorned by a single jewel—and the most snowy of necks was only discovered by the swanlike grace which rendered it visible above its envious screen of muslin. Even in the society of Friends, where a beautiful complexion is almost as common to the females as a pair of eyes to each face, Rachel was remarkable for the peculiar delicacy of hers. It was not of that waxy, creamy tint, so often considered the true fashionable and aristocratic complexion, because supposed to be an evidence that the "winds of heaven" have never visited the face except through the blinds of a carriage; nor was it the flake-white and carmine-red which often claims for its possessor the reputation of a brilliant tincture of the skin. Even the old and worn-out similes of the lily and the rose, would have failed to give an idea of the delicate hues which added such a charm to Rachel's countenance, for the changing glow of her soft cheek, and the tracery of blue veins which adorned her snowy brow could never be imaged by a flower of the field. Harry Wilford thought he had never seen anything so exquisitely lovely, so purely fair, as that sweet face

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when in perfect repose, or so vividly bright as it seemed when lighted by the blush of modesty. There are some faces which require shadows to perfect their beauty; the eye, though bright, must flash beneath jetty lashes; the brow, though white, must gleam amid raven tresses or half the effect is lost. But Rachel's face, like that of joyous childhood, was all light. Her hair was silky and soft as an infant's, her eyes blue as the summer heaven, her lips like an opening rose-bud—it was a face like spring sunshine, all brightness and all beauty.

Rachel had been left an orphan in her infancy, and the relatives to whom she was indebted for her early nurture were among the straitest of a strait sect, consequently she had imbibed their rigid ideas of dress and manners. Indeed she had never wasted a thought upon the pomps and vanities of the 'world's people,' until she visited the gay metropolis. The sneers which her plain dress occasioned in the circle where she now moved, and the merry jibes which young and thoughtless companions cast upon her peculiar tenets of faith, aroused all the latent pride of her nature, until she actually felt a degree of triumph in exhibiting her quaint costume in society.

If Wilford had been charmed with her beauty, he was in raptures with her unsophisticated character. After ringing the changes on *sentiment* until his feelings were 'like sweet bells jangled out of tune,' it was absolutely refreshing to find a damsel who had never hung enraptured over the passionate pages of Byron, nor breathed the voluptuous songs of Moore, but who, in the simplicity of her heart, admired and quoted the gentle Cowper, as the prince of poets. "She has much to learn in the heart's lore," said Wilford to himself, "and what pleasure it will be to develope her innocent affections." So he offered his hand to the pretty Quakeress, and she, little versed in the arts of coquetry, modestly accepted the gift.

One morning Rachel sat by the window, looking out upon the gay throng in Broadway, when her cousin entered with a small packet in her hand.

"Here is something for you, Rachel, a love token I suppose," said Mrs. Hadley. Rachel blushed as she opened the envelope, but her color deepened to an almost angry hue when she unclosed a morocco box, and beheld an exquisite set of pearls.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Mrs. Hadley.

"I shall not keep them," said Rachel quietly.

"Not keep them! pray why?" asked her cousin.

"Because I should never wear them, and because Mr. Wilford has not kept his word with me. He promised never to interfere with what he called my style of dress, and I told him I would never lay aside my plain costume, though I was willing to modify it a little for his sake."

"Here he comes to answer for himself," said Mrs. Hadley as Wilford entered. "You are just in time," she continued, "for Rachel is very angry with you."

Rachel could not repress a feeling of pride and pleasure as she looked on the graceful form of her lover, who, taking a seat beside her, whispered "Are you indeed displeased with me, dearest? Pray what is my offence?"

She replied by placing in his hand the box of pearls.

"Do you then reject so simple an offering of affection, Rachel?" said Harry, "you should regard these gems not as the vain ornaments of fashion, but as the most delicate and beautiful productions of the wonderful world of ocean. Look, can any thing be more emblematical of purity, and as he spoke he placed a pearl rose upon the soft golden hair which was folded above her white forehead.

Rachel did look, and, as the large mirror reflected her beautiful face, she was conscious of an impulse, (almost her very first) of womanly vanity.

"I cannot wear them, Harry," said she, "necklace and bracelets would be very useless to one who never unveils either neck or arms, and such costly head-gear would be ill suited to my plain silk dress, and lawn cape."

Wilford had too much tact to press the subject. The box was consigned to his pocket, and the offence was forgiven.

"*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute*," said he, as he walked home, "my fifteen hundred dollars has been thrown away for the present; I must proceed more cautiously in my work of reform."

The morning fixed for the marriage at length arrived. Rachel was in her apartment, surrounded by her friends, and had just commenced her toilet, when a small parcel, accompanied by a delicate rose-colored note, was placed in her hands. She, of course, opened the note first; it was as follows:

"Forgive me, my sweet Rachel, if on this morning I venture to suggest a single addition to your simple dress. There are always idle persons standing about the church door on such an occasion as a wedding, and I am foolish enough to be unwilling that the careless eye of every indifferent spectator should scan the exquisite beauty of your face to-day. There is something extremely painful to me in the thought that the blushing cheek of my fair bride should be the subject of cold remark. Will you not, for my sake, dearest, veil the rich treasure of your loveliness for one brief hour? I know I am selfish in making the request, but for once forgive my jealousy, and shade your brightness from the stranger's gaze."

The parcel contained a Brussels lace veil of surpassing richness, so delicate in its texture, so magnificent in its pattern that Rachel could not repress an exclamation of pleasure at the sight.

Her toilet was at length completed. A dress of plain white satin, finished at the neck by a chemisette of simple lace, her hair folded plainly around her small head and plaited in a single braid behind:—such was the bridal attire of the rigid little Quakeress.

"And the veil, Rachel," whispered her cousin.

"Why, rather than shock Harry's delicacy," said she, half smiling, "I believe I will wear it, but I shall look very ridiculous in it."

The veil fell in rich folds nearly to her feet, and nothing could be imagined more beautiful than her whole appearance in this plain but magnificent costume.

"You want a pearl comb, or something of the

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kind, to fasten this veil properly," said one of the bridesmaids.

"What a pity you had not kept the box," whispered her cousin. Rachel smiled as she replied, "if I had ever dreamed of wearing such an unusual appendage as this perhaps I might have retained the rose at least."

Rachel had taken the *first* step when she consented to adopt the veil, the second would have cost her less trouble.

Immediately after the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Wilford set off for the Springs. A servant had preceded them with their baggage, and Rachel soon found herself in the midst of a more brilliant circle than she had yet seen. The day after their arrival she was preparing for a ride, and a crowd had collected on the piazza to admire Wilford's elegant equipage and fine blood-horses. But an unforeseen annoyance had occurred to disturb the bride's feelings. Attired in a dress of dark lavender-colored silk, she folded her white cashmere around her shoulders, and opened the band-box which contained her bridal hat. This had only been sent home on the morning of her marriage, and having been instantly forwarded with the other baggage, she had not yet seen it. How was she startled therefore to find, instead of the close cottage hat which she had ordered, as the nearest possible approach to her Quaker bonnet, a gay-looking French affair, trimmed with a wreath of lilies of the valley. What was to be done? it was impossible to procure another, and to despoil the bonnet of its flowers gave it an unfinished and slovenly appearance. Harry affected to condole with her, and finally persuaded her to wear it rather than expose herself to the charge of affectation by assuming her travelling calash.

"*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute,*" said he, to himself, as he saw the blush mantle her lovely cheek when she contemplated her reflection in the mirror.

"What shall I do?" exclaimed Rachel, "it does not half cover my head; I never wore such a flaunting, flaring thing in my life: I wish I had my veil, for I am actually ashamed of myself: ah, here it is, coz must have put it into the box, and I dare say it is she who has played me this trick about my bonnet."

So, throwing on her splendid veil to hide her unwonted finery, Rachel took her husband's arm and entered the carriage, leaving the gentlemen to admire her beauty and the ladies to talk about her magnificent Brussels.

Six months after her marriage Mrs. Wilford was dressing for a party; Monsieur Frisette had arranged her beautiful hair in superb ringlets and braids, and was just completing his task when the maid accidentally removing her embroidered handkerchief from the dressing-table discovered beneath it the box of pearls.

"Ah voilà Madame, de very ting—dat leetle rose vill just do for fix dese curl," said Monsieur.

As she continued her toilet she found that Madame M*** had trimmed the corsage of her dress in such a manner as to preclude the possibility of wearing either cape or scarf according to her usual habit. She could not appear with her neck quite bare, and nothing remained but to cover it with the massy medallions of her pearl necklace. In short, when fully dressed for the party, some good reason had been found for adopting every ornament which the box contained.

"Just as I expected," said Wilford, mentally, as he conducted her to the carriage, "Rachel has taken the *first step*, she will never put on the drab bonnet again."

* * * * * * *

Three years after the events just recorded, the fatal red flag of the auctioneer was seen projecting from one of the upper windows of a stately house, and crowds of the idle, the curious, and the speculating were entering the open door. It was the residence of Harry Wilford.

"Well, how things will turn out," said a fat, frowsy dame, as she seated herself on a velvet sofa and drew a chair in front of her to keep off the throng, "sit down Charlotte," continued she, addressing a newly married niece, "sit down and let us make ourselves comfortable until the auctioneer has done selling the kitchen furniture. Only think—the last time I was here before Mrs. Wilford had a great party, and the young folks all came in fancy dresses, and I sat on this very sofa. That is only three months ago, and now everything has gone to rack and ruin."

"How did it all happen?" asked a pleasant-looking woman who stood near.

"Oh, Mrs. Wilford was awfully extravagant, and her husband thought there was no bounds to his riches, so they lived too fast; 'burnt their candle at both ends,' as the saying is. They say Mrs. Wilford hurried on her husband's ruin, for he had been speculating too deeply, and was in debt, but his creditors would have waited if she had not given that last dashing party."

"How do you know that fact?" asked the other.

"Oh, from the best authority, my husband is one of the principal creditors," replied the dame with a look of dignity, "he told me the whole story as we were going to the party, and declared that he would not stand such dishonest dealings, so the very next morning he was down upon Mr. Wilford, and before twelve o'clock he had compelled him to make an assignment."

And it was among such people—men and women who would sit at the hospitable board with murder in their hearts—who would share in the festivities of a household even while meditating the destruction of that pleasant home—it was among such as these that Wilford had lived—it was for such as these that he had striven to change the simple habits and artless manners of his true-hearted Rachel. It was the dread laugh of such as these which had led him to waste her energies as well as his own in the pursuit of fashion and folly.

Wilford had succeeded even beyond his intentions in imbuing his gentle bride with a love for worldly

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vanities. His wishes delicately but earnestly expressed, together with the new-born vanity which her unwonted adornments engendered in the bosom of Rachel, gradually overcame her early habits. One by one the insignia of her simple faith were thrown aside. Her beautiful neck was unveiled to the admiring eye—her ungraceful sleeve receded until the rounded arm was visible in its full proportions—the skirt, following the laws of fashion, lost several degrees of longitude, until the beauty of Mrs. Wilford's foot was no longer a disputable fact. In short, in little more than two years after her marriage, her wealth, her beauty, her elegance of manners, and her costly dress made her decidedly a leader of ton. Wilford could not but regret the change. She was ever affectionate and devoted to him with all the earnestness of womanly tenderness, but he was ashamed to tell her that in obeying his wishes she had actually gone beyond them. He hoped that it was only the novelty of her position which had thus fascinated her, and yet he often found himself regretting that he had ever exposed her to such temptations.

But new and unlooked-for trials were in store for both. The estate of Mr. Wilford had always been managed by his uncle, a careful merchant, who, through the course of his whole life, had seemed to possess the Midas-like faculty of converting every thing he touched into gold; and satisfied that, as he was the old man's only heir, the property would be carefully husbanded, Wilford gave himself no trouble about the matter. But the mania for real estate speculation had now infected the whole nation. The old gentleman found himself the ridiculed of many a bold spirit who had dashed into the stream and gathered the gold dust which it bore along; he had long withstood the sneers of those who considered themselves wise in their generation, because they were pursuing a gambling scheme of wealth; but at length he could no longer resist the influence! He obtained the concurrence of his nephew, and thus furnished with double means struck boldly out from the safe haven where he had been ensconced. Every thing went on swimmingly for a time; his gains were immense—*upon paper*, but the tide turned, and the result was total wreck.

It was long ere Wilford became aware of his misfortunes. Accustomed to rely implicitly on his uncle's judgment, he reposed in indolent security until the tidings of the old man's bankruptcy and his own consequent ruin came upon him like a thunderbolt. He had been too long the child of prosperity to bear reverses with fortitude. He had no profession, no knowledge of business, nothing by which he could obtain a future livelihood; and now, when habits of luxury had enervated both mind and body he found himself utterly beggared. He brooded over his losses in moody bitterness of spirit long before the world became acquainted with his situation. He even concealed them from his wife, from that mistaken and cruel kindness which thinks to lighten the blow by keeping it long suspended. "How can I overwhelm her with sorrow and mortification by telling her we are beggars?" he cried, in anguish. "How can I bid her descend from the lofty eminence of wealth and fashion and retire to obscurity and seclusion? How can I be sure that she will bear the tidings with a patient spirit? I have sown within her young heart the seeds of vanity, and how can I hope to eradicate now the evils which have sprung from them? Her own little fortune is all that is now left, and how we are to live on that I cannot tell. Rachel cannot bear it—I know she cannot!"

His thoughts added new anguish to his regrets, and months of harrowing dread and anxiety passed away before Wilford could summon courage to face manfully his increasing misfortunes.

Mrs. Wilford had long intended to celebrate her husband's birthday by a brilliant party, and, quite unconscious of the storm which impended over her, she issued her cards nearly a month previous to the appointed evening. Harry Wilford knew that the party ought not to be given; he knew that it would bring discredit upon him, and perhaps censure upon his wife, for he was conscious that his affairs were rapidly approaching a fatal crisis; but he had not courage to own the truth. He watched the preparations for the party with a boding spirit; he looked sadly and fondly upon the brilliant attire of his young wife as she glided about the gorgeous apartments, and he felt that he was taking his last glance at happiness and comfort. The very next day his principal creditor, a fat, oily-faced, well-fed individual, remarkable for the regularity of his attendance, and the loudness of his responses at church—a man whose piety was carried to such lengths that in the fear lest his left hand should know the good which his right hand did, he was particularly careful never to do *any*—a man who would sit first at a feast and store up the careless sayings of convivial frankness to serve his own interest in the mart and the market-place—this man, after pledging him in the wine-cup and parting from him with the cordial grasp of friendship, met him with a legal demand for that which he knew would ruin him.

The fatal tidings could no longer be withheld from Mrs. Wilford, and she was roused from the languor which the fatigue of the preceding evening had left both on mind and body, by the tidings of her husband's misfortunes.

"It is as I feared," thought Wilford, as he observed her overwhelming emotion, "she cannot bear the degradation."

But he was mistaken. There is a hidden strength of character which can only be developed by the stroke of calamity, and such was possessed by Rachel Wilford. A moment, and but a moment, she faltered; then she was prepared to brave the worst evils of her altered fortunes. Wilford soon found that she had both mind to comprehend and judgment to counsel. Ere the morrow had passed half his sorrow was assuaged, for he had found comfort and even hope in the bosom of his young and devoted wife. There was only one thing over which she still deeply grieved, and this was her fatal party.

"Had you only confided in me, Harry," said she,

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"worlds would not have tempted me to place you and myself in so dishonorable a light. How could you see me so unconscious of danger and treading so heedlessly on the verge of ruin without withdrawing me from it? Your own good name, Harry, aye, and *mine* too, have suffered. Our integrity has been doubted."

"I did it for the best, Rachel; I would have spared you as long as possible."

"It was most ill-judged kindness, Harry; it has ruined you and deeply injured me. Believe me, a wife is infinitely happier in the consciousness that she possesses her husband's confidence, than in the discovery that she has been treated like a petted child; a being of powers too limited to understand his affairs or to be admitted to his councils."

Mrs. Wilford did not merely meet her reverses with fortitude. She was resolved to act as became a high-minded woman. Her jewels were immediately disposed of, not stealthily, and as if she dreaded exposure, but by going openly to the persons from whom they were purchased; and thus realizing at least two-thirds of their original cost. This sum she immediately appropriated to the payment of household debts; and with it she satisfied the claims of all those who had supplied them with daily comforts. "I could not rest," she said, "if I felt there was one person living who might say I wronged him out of the very bread I have eaten." The furniture was next given up—nothing was reserved—not even the plate presented by her own friends, nor the work-box, the gift of Harry. Lodgings quiet and respectable but plain and cheap were taken in a private boarding-house. Every vestige of their former splendor was gone, and when all was over, it was with a feeling of relief that the husband and wife sat down together to form plans for the future. The past seemed like a troubled dream. Scarcely six months had elapsed since their stately mansion had been the scene of joyous festivity, and the very suddenness with which distress had come seemed to have paralysed their sense of suffering.

"I received a proposal to-day, Rachel, which I would not accept without consulting you," said Harry, as they sat together in their neatly furnished apartment. "Edward Morton offers me the situation of book-keeper, with a salary of a thousand dollars per annum."

"Take it, by all means, dear Harry," said his wife, "constant employment will make you forget your troubles, and a thousand dollars," added she, with a bright smile, "will be a fortune to us."

"I suppose I had better accept his offer," said Wilford, gloomily, but it cuts down a man's pride to be reduced to the condition of a hireling."

"Do not make me ashamed of my husband, dear Harry," was the earnest reply, "do not suffer me to blush for the weakness and false pride which can think only of external show. We can live very comfortably on your salary, especially when we have the consciousness of integrity to sweeten our privations."

"You forget that you are not quite so much a beggar as your husband, Rachel. The interest of your twenty thousand dollars, added to my salary, will give us something more than the mere comforts of life."

"What do you mean, Harry?" asked his wife, turning very pale.

"Why you do not suppose I was scoundrel enough to risk your little property, Rachel; that was secured you by a marriage settlement, and no creditor can touch it unless you should assign it."

Rachel made no reply but fell into a long fit o musing.

It was but a few days after this conversation that Wilford, conquering his false pride, entered upon his duties in the counting-room of his old friend Morton. He returned early in the evening, wearied, sad, and dispirited, but his wife met him with a face so bright that he almost forgot the annoyances of the day.

"How happy you look, Rachel," said he, as she drew her chair beside his and laid her hand upon his arm.

"I am indeed happy, dear Harry, for I am now no richer than yourself."

"I don't understand you," replied Wilford with a puzzled look.

"You gave me a most unpleasant piece of news yesterday, Harry, when you told me that my paltry little fortune had been preserved from your creditors, and now I am happy in the consciousness that no such reproach can attach to us. I have been closeted with your lawyer this morning; he told me about twenty thousand dollars would clear off all claims against you, and by this time I suppose you are free."

"What have you done?"

"Handed over my marriage settlement to your assignees, Harry"—

"And reduced yourself to a bare subsistence, Rachel, to satisfy a group of gaping creditors who would swallow my last morsel if they knew I was left to starve."

"The debts were justly due, Harry, and I would rather that the charge of illiberality should attach to them than of dishonesty to us.

"You have never known the evils of poverty, my poor child," said Wilford, despondingly.

"Nor do I mean to experience them now, dear husband; you will not let me want for comforts, and you seem to forget that, though you have tried to spoil me, my early habits were those of economy and frugality."

"So you mean to adopt your simple Quaker habits again, Rachel," said Wilford, more cheerfully; "will they include the drab bonnet also?"

"No," returned the young wife, her face dimpled with joyous smiles, "I believe now that as much vanity lurked under my plain bonnet as ever sported on the wave of a jewelled plume; and yet," said she, after a moment's pause, "when I threw off my Quaker garb I took my first step in error, for I can trace all my folly, and extravagance, and waste of time to the moment when I first looked with pleasure in that little mirror at Saratoga."

"Well, well, dearest, your first step has not led you so far astray but that you have been able most

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nobly to retrace your path. I am poorer than I ever expected to be, yet richer than I could ever have hoped, for had I never experienced a reverse of fortune, I should never have learned the worth of my own sweet wife."

Harry Wilford was right, and the felicity which he now enjoys in his own quiet and cheerful home—a home won by his own industry and diligence—is well worth all the price at which it was purchased, even though it cost him his whole estate.

AGATHÈ.—A NECROMAUNT.

IN THREE CHIMERAS.

BY LOUIS FITZGERALD TASISTRO.

CHIMERA II. (Continued.)

The ship! that self-same ship, that Julio knew
Had passed him, with her panic-stricken crew,
She gleams amid the storm, a shatter'd thing
Of pride and lordly beauty; her fair wing
Of sail is wounded—the proud pennon gone!
Dark, dark she sweepeth like an eagle, on
Through waters that are battling to and fro,
And tossing their great giant shrouds of snow
Over her deck.—Ahead, and there is seen
A black, strange line of breakers, down between
The awful surges, lifting up their manes
Like great sea-lions. Quick and high she strains
Her foaming keel—that solitary ship!
As if, in all her frenzy, she would leap
The cursed barrier: forward, fast and fast—
Back, back she reels; her timbers and her mast
Split in a thousand shivers! A white spring
Of the exulting sea rose bantering
Over her ruin; and the mighty crew
That mann'd her deck, were seen, a straggling few,
Far scatter'd on the surges. Julio felt
The impulse of that hour, and low he knelt,
Within his own light bark—a pray'rful man!
And clasp'd his lifeless bride; and to her wan,
Cold cheek did lay his melancholy brow.—
"Save thou a mariner!" he starteth now
To hear that dying cry; and there is one,
All worn and wave-wet, by his bark anon,
Clinging, in terror of the ireful sea,
A fair-hair'd mariner! But suddenly
He saw the pale dead ladye by a flame
Of blue and livid lightning, and there came
Over his features blindness, and the power
Of his strong hands grew weak,—a giant shower
Of foam rose up, and swept him far along;
And Julio saw him buffetting the throng
Of the great eddying waters, till they went
Over him—a wind-shaken cerement!

Then terribly he laugh'd, and rose above
His soulless bride—the ladye of his love!
Lifting him up in all his wizard glee;
And he did wave, before the frantic sea,
His wasted arm.—"Adieu! adieu! adieu!
Thou sawest how we were; thou sawest, too,
Thou wert not so; for in the inmost shrine
Of my deep heart are thoughts that are not thine.
And thou art gone, fair mariner! in foam
And music-murmurs to thy blessed home—
Adieu! adieu! Thou sawest how that she
Sleeps in her holy beauty tranquilly:
And when the fair and floating vision breaks
From her pure brow, and Agathè awakes—
Till then, we meet not; so, adieu, adieu!"
Still on before the sullen tempest flew,
Fast as a meteor star, the lonely bark;
And Julio bent over to the dark,
The solitary sea, for close beside
Floated the stringed harp of one that died,
In that wild shipwreck, and he drew it home
With madness to his bosom: the white foam
Was o'er its strings; and on the streaming sail
He wiped them, running with his fingers pale,
Along the tuneless notes, that only gave
Seldom responses to his wandering stave!

TO THE HARP.

Jewel! that lay before the heart
Of some romantic boy,
And startled music in her home,
Of mystery and joy!

The image of his love was there;
And, with her golden wings,
She swept their tone of sorrow from
Thy melancholy strings!

We drew thee, as an orphan one,
From waters that had cast
No music round thee, as they went
In their pale beauty past.

No music but the changeless sigh—
That murmur of their own,
That loves not blending in the thrill
Of thine aerial tone.

The girl that slumbers at our side
Will dream how they are bent,
That love her even as they love
Thy blessed instrument.

And music, like a flood, will break
Upon the fairy throne
Of her pure heart, all glowing, like
A morning star, alone!

Alone, but for the song of him
That waketh by her side,
And strikes thy chords of silver to
His fair and sea-borne bride.

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Jewel! that hung before the heart
Of some romantic boy:
Like him, I sweep thee with a storm
Of music and of joy!

And Julio placed the trembling harp before
The ladye; till the minstrel winds came o'er
Its moisten'd strings, and tuned them with a sigh.
"I hear thee, how thy spirit goeth by,
In music and in love. Oh, Agathè!
Thou sleepest long, long, long; and they will say
That seek thee,—'she is dead—she is no more!'
But thou art cold, and I will throw before
Thy chilly brow the pale and snowy sheet."
And he did lift it from her marble feet,
The sea-wet shroud! and flung it silently
Over her brow—the brow of Agathè!

But, as a passion from the mooded mind,
The storm had died, and wearily the wind
Fell fast asleep at evening, like one
That hath been toiling in the fiery sun.
And the white sail dropt downward, as the wing
Of wounded sea-bird, feebly murmuring
Unto the mast—it was a deathly calm,
And holy stillness, like a shadow, swam
All over the wide sea, and the boat stood,
Like her of Sodom, in the solitude,
A snowy pillow, looking on the waste.
And there was nothing but the azure breast
Of ocean and the sky—the sea and sky.
And the lone bark; no clouds were floating by
Where the sun set, but his great seraph light,
Went down alone, in majesty and might;
And the stars came again, a silver troop,
Until, in shame, the coward shadows droop
Before the radiance of these holy gems,
That bear the images of diadems!

And Julio fancied of a form that rose
Before him from the desolate repose
Of the deep waters—a huge ghastly form,
As of one lightning-stricken in a storm;
And leprosy cadaverous was hung
Before his brow, and awful terror flung
Around him like a pall—a solemn shroud!—
A drapery of darkness and of cloud!
And agony was writhing on his lip,
Heart-rooted, awful agony and deep,
Of fevers, and of plagues, and burning blain,
And ague, and the palsy of the brain—
A weird and yellow spectre! and his eyes
Were orbless and unpupil'd, as the skies
Without the sun, or moon, or any star:
And he was like the wreck of what men are,—
A wasted skeleton, that held the crest
Of time, and bore his motto on his breast!

There came a group before of maladies,
And griefs, and Famine empty as a breeze,—
A double monster, with a gloating leer
Fix'd on his other half. They drew them near,
One after one, led onward by Despair,
That like the last of winter glimmer'd there,—
A dismal prologue to his brother Death,
Which was behind; and, with the horrid breath
Of his wide baneful nostrils, plied them on.
And often as they saw the skeleton
Grisly beside them, the wild phantasies
Grew mad and howl'd; the fever of disease
Became wild frenzy—very terrible!
And, for a hell of agony—a hell
Of rage, was there, that fed on misty things,
On dreams, ideas, and imaginings.

And some were raving on philosophy,
And some on love, and some on jealousy,
And some upon the moon, and these were they
That were the wildest; and anon alway
Julio knew them by a something dim
About their wasted features like to him!

But Death was by, like shell of pyramid
Among old obelisks, and his eyeless head
Shook o'er the wry ribs, where darkness lay
The image of a heart—she is away!
And Julio is watching, like Remorse,
Over the pale and solitary corse.

Shower soft light, ye stars, that shake the dew
From your eternal blossoms! and thou, too,
Moon! minded of thy power, tide-bearing queen!
That hast a slave and votary within
The great rock-fetter'd deep, and hearest cry
To thee the hungry surges, rushing by
Like a vast herd of wolves,—fall full and fair
On Julio as he sleepeth, even there,
Amid the suppliant bosom of the sea!—
Sleep! dost thou come, and on thy blessed knee
With hush and whisper lull the troubled brain
Of this death-lover?—still the eyes do strain
Their orbs on Agathè—those raven eyes!
All earnest on the ladye as she lies
In her white shroud. They see not, though they are
As if they saw; no splendour like a star
Is under their dark lashes: they are full
Of dream and slumber—melancholy, dull!

* * * * * * *

A wide, wide sea! and on it rear and van
Amid the stars, the silent meteors ran
All that still night, and Julio with a cry
Woke up, and saw them flashing fiercely by.

* * * * * * *

Full three times three, its awful veil of night
Hath Heaven hung before the blessed light;
And a fair breeze falls o'er the sleeping sea,
When Julio is watching Agathè!
By sun and darkness hath he bent him over—
A mad, moon-stricken, melancholy lover!
And hardly hath he tasted, night or day,
Of drink or food, because of Agathè!
He sitteth in a dull and dreary mood,
Like statue in a ruin'd solitude,
Bearing the brent of sunlight and of shade,
Over the marble of some colonnade.

The ladye, she hath lost the pearly hue
Upon her gorgeous brow, where tresses grew
Luxuriantly as thoughts of tenderness,
That once were floating in the pure recess
Of her bright soul. These are not as they were;
But are as weeds above a sepulchre,
Wild waving in the breeze: her eyes are now
Sunk deeply under the discolor'd brow,
That is of sickly yellow, and pale blue
Unnaturally blending. The same hue
Is on her cheek. It is the early breath
Of cold corruption, the ban-dog of death,
Falling upon her features. Let it be,

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And gaze awhile on Julio, as he
Is gazing on the corse of Agathè!

In truth, he seemeth like no living one,
But is the image of a skeleton:
A fearful portrait from the artist tool
Of madness—terrible and wonderful!

There was no passion there—no feeling traced
Under those eyelids, where had run to waste
All that was wild, or beautiful, or bright;
A very cloud was cast upon their light,
That gave to them the heavy hue of lead;
And they were lorn, lustreless, and dead!

He sate like vulture from the mountains gray,
Unsated, that had flown full many a day
O'er distant land and sea, and was in pride
Alighted by the lonely ladye's side.

He sat like winter o'er the wasted year—
Like melancholy winter, drawing near
To its own death. "Oh me! the worm at last
Will gorge upon me, and the autumn blast
Howl by!—Where?—where?—there is no worm to creep
Amid the waters of the lonely deep;
But I will take me Agathè upon
This sorrowful, sore bosom, and anon,
Down, down, through azure silence, we shall go,
Unepitaph'd, to cities far below;
Where the sea Triton, with his winding shell,
Shall sound our blessed welcome. We shall dwell
With many a mariner in his pearly home,
In bowers of amber weed and silver foam,
Amid the crimson corals; we shall be
Together, Agathè! fair Agathè!—
But thou art sickly, ladye—thou art sad;
And I am weary, ladye—I am mad!
They bring no food to feed us, and I feel
A frost upon my vitals, very chill,
Like winter breaking on the golden year
Of life. This bark shall be our floating bier,
And the dark waves our mourners; and the white,
Pure swarm of sunny sea birds, basking bright
On some fair isle, shall sorrowfully pour
Their wail of melancholy o'er and o'er,
At evening, on the waters of the sea,—
While, with its solemn burden, silently,
Floats forward our lone bark.—Oh, Agathè!
Methinks that I shall meet thee far away,
Within the awful centre of the earth,
Where, earliest, we had our holy birth!
In some huge cavern, arching wide below,
Upon whose airy pivot, years ago,
The world went round: 'tis infinitely deep,
But never dismal; for above it sleep,
And under it, blue waters, hung aloof,
And held below,—an amethystine roof,
A sapphire pavement; and the golden sun,
Afar, looks through alternately, like one
That watches round some treasure: often, too,
Through many a mile of ocean, sparkling through,
Are seen the stars and moon, all gloriously,
Bathing their angel brilliance in the sea!

"And there are shafted pillars, that beyond,
Are ranged before a rock of diamond,
Awfully heaving its eternal heights,
From base of silver strewn with chrysolites;
And over it are chasms of glory seen,
With crimson rubies clustering between,
On sward of emerald, with leaves of pearl,
And topazes hung brilliantly on beryl,
So Agathè!—but thou art sickly sad,
And tellest me, poor Julio is mad,—
Ay, mad!—was he not madder when he swore
A vow to Heaven? Was there no madness then,
That he should do—for why?—a holy string
Of penances? No penances will bring
The stricken conscience to the blessed light
Of peace.—Oh! I am lost, and there is night,
Despair, and darkness, darkness and despair,
And want, that hunts me to the lion-lair
Of wild perdition: and I hear them all—
All cursing me! The very sun-rays fall
In curses, and the shadow of the moon,
And the pale star-light, and the winds that tune
Their voices to the music of the sea,
And thou,—yes, thou! my gentle Agathè!—
All curse me!—oh! that I were never, never!
Or but a breathless fancy, that was ever
Adrift upon the wilderness of Time,
That knew no impulse, but was left sublime
To play at its own will!—that I were hush'd
At night by silver cataracts, that gush'd
Through flowers of fairy hue, and then to die
Away, with all before me passing by.
Like a fair vision I had lived to see,
And died to see no more!—it cannot be!
By this right hand! I feel it is not so,
And by the beating of a heart below,
That strangely feareth for eternity!"

He said, and gazing on the lonely sea,
Far off he saw, like an ascending cloud,
To westward, a bright island, lifted proud
Amid the struggling waters, and the light
Of the great sun was on its clifted height,
Scattering golden shadow, like a mirror;
But the gigantic billows sprung in terror
Upon its rock-built and eternal shore,
With silver foams, that fell in fury o'er
A thousand sunny breakers. Far above,
There stood a wild and solitary grove
Of aged pines, all leafless but their brows,
Where a green group of tempest-stricken boughs
Was waving now and then, and to and fro,
And the pale moss was clustering below.

Then Julio saw, and bent his head away
To the cold wasted corse of Agathè,
And sigh'd; but ever he would turn again
A gaze to that green island on the main.

The bark is drifting through the surf, beside
Its rocks of gray upon the coming tide;
And lightly is it stranded on the shore
Of purest silver shells, that lie before,
Glittering in the glory of the sun;
And Julio hath landed him, like one
That aileth of some wild and weary pest;
And Agathè is folded on his breast,
A faded flower! with all the vernal dews
From its bright blossom shaken, and the hues
Become as colorless as twilight air—
I marvel much, that she was ever fair!

(End of the second Chimera.)

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DREAMS OF THE LAND AND SEA.

TAKE ME HOME.

BY DR. REYNELL COATES.

"And all for thee! vile yellow fiend!"

I WAS wandering in the streets of a populous city—thousands crowded the thronged thoroughfares—jarring and jostling along,—each intent on his own petty schemes. Here, a merchant rushed onward with a rapid step—for it wanted but five minutes of three o'clock! If clouds had overspread his countenance an hour before, they had given place to a determined expression, that seemed to say, "safe till to-morrow, anyhow!" There, a belle flaunted in costly attire, with a curl on her lip and pride in her tread that spoke, more plainly than words, "conquest is my right! for my beauty and wealth are alike undisputed, I have but to smile and win!"

At one moment, my eye was attracted by a young couple in the spring-tide of their promise, associated by that magic feeling which comes over us but once in a life-time. At the next, it rested on a pair of unfortunates with locked arms but gloomy brows and half averted faces, convinced, by twenty years of bitter experience, that *it is wise to preserve appearances,* even when doing penance for that most common, but most fatal indiscretion of youth—an ill-assorted marriage!

A little girl, upon the door-step of an elegant mansion, stood gazing upon the passing crowd and the unbroken line of splendid equipages hurrying by, glancing her eye occasionally upward at the tall trees that shielded her from the sunshine, or the bright blue sky and fleecy vapor which seemed to rest upon their summits. The breezes of May waved the translucent ringlets athwart her snowy shoulders, while the leaves danced and rustled mirthfully in the wind, and a little bird, upon a neighboring bough, poured out its joyous song! The child threw back her head and laughed long and merrily: yet there was nothing in view to awaken laughter!

Guarded, and clad,—and nourished,—and incognisant of care,—the bounding pulse of youth felt keenly in every fibre,—existence itself, with her, became delight! and she laughed in the fulness of irrepressible joy—*that the skies were bright and the leaves were green!*—On the pavement beside her, a barefoot and ragged boy leaned for support against a post. Famine and fatigue were legibly stampt upon his sunken cheek and attenuated limbs. The sound of merriment awakened him, and he turned his dull eye in wonder upon the beautiful object before him!—But he comprehended it not!—joy was to him a stranger!

These, and a hundred other episodes in the selfish history of common life claimed, in turn, my attention;—and each might have furnished subject matter for a month of thought or a volume of moral deduction. But there was one group so peculiarly striking that it still dwells upon my memory with more than usual vividness of coloring.

In the most luxurious portion of the city, where palaces of marble and granite rose on every hand, and the very air was redolent of the incense of exotic flowers, a coach, dusty with travel, suddenly drew up before one of the most conspicuous residences. The liveried footman instantly threw open the door, and a delicate young girl, with a highly intellectual, but care-worn and sorrowful expression of countenance, began to descend the steps. But, before she could reach the pavement a masculine arm was projected from the vehicle to arrest her progress, and a voice, tremulous with age and grief, exclaimed, "No! no! not here! not here!—Why will you not take me home!—I must go home!—I am old and sick!—Do take me home at once!"

The attempt to draw the young lady back within the coach endangered her foot-hold, and courtesy obliged me to spring to her assistance, lest she should fall beneath the wheels. Adroitly lifting her from the carriage while the footman hastened to ring the bell, I obtained a view of all the parties interested in this little incident.

The half fainting girl, still leaning upon my arm, might have numbered about fourteen summers, and within the coach were two other individuals, in both of whom the same family traits were visible. One of these, a woman about thirty-five years of age, was evidently the mother. She was still beautiful, though strong traces of habitual thought and mental suffering were perceptible upon her brow. The other was a man of noble figure, probably advanced to seventy years, with locks of snowy whiteness, but dressed with a degree of richness and precision, not usually observed among the old. It was evident that he had been familiar with the world—that wealth and luxury were no novelties to him. The forms of society had been his study, if not the business of his life. Yet, what a satire upon the vulgar misconceptions of the means of happiness was the aspect of that face! The broad brow was furrowed with deep lines of mental distress. The boldly chiselled nose was thinned, rather by muscular con-

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traction than by age. The model of the lip still presented the curve of pride and habitual authority, contrasting most painfully with the tremor of helpless suspicion and childish anxiety.

"Why will you not take me home?" he exclaimed again—and his eye wandered restlessly from side to side, peering through the door and windows of the coach, as if in search of some object once familiar—with an expression of hopeless distress that it was difficult even to witness with fortitude.

To one familiar with large hospitals, the scene was clearly intelligible. Insanity from disappointed hope was mingled with the fatuity of premature old age.

Propriety would have dictated my immediate retreat, after the necessary care of the ladies in alighting; but perceiving that the united persuasions of mother and daughter were likely to fail in inducing the grandfather to quit the coach without too strongly inviting public attention towards a private misfortune, I felt bound to inquire, "May I not save you, madam! from some embarrassment by begging you to enter the house? I will engage myself to place your father under the protection of your roof, in a very few minutes, and without annoyance." Nothing insures such instantaneous confidence with the gentler sex as self-dependence in a man, and grave, though courteous authority of manner. The offer was accepted with a glance of mute thankfulness, and handing the ladies to the door, I returned to the carriage.

"Come, my dear sir," I said to the elderly gentleman, "allow me the pleasure of assisting you to alight! your horses are a little restive."

"No, sir!" he replied; "you are in league with them!—You lead me from place to place, and every where you tell me I am at home!—Oh! I shall never find it!—I wish to repose in my own house, and my own garden!—*my mother's house!*—and you bring me here and tell me *this* is my house!—Do you think I have grown so weak and imbecile as not to know the chamber where I was born?—the garden where I played when a child?—No!—I will not go in!—They are kind to me here, but I am not at home!—Do, take me home!—You seem to think that I cannot tell the difference between this great palace, with its rich carpets and its marble columns, and our own little cottage, with its arbor of grape-vines and wild-creepers, where my mother used to nurse me to sleep in the old carved rocking-chair!—Oh! take me home!"

Long habituated to the management of lunatics, I had learned to guide the tangled reins of a disordered mind, and found but little difficulty in persuading the old man to rest awhile in the parlor on the plea of examining whether his granddaughter, to whom he was much attached, had not received some injury by stumbling in her descent from the coach. Seating him upon an ottoman, it was easy, by the same innocent deception to withdraw to another apartment in company with the ladies: and there, after tendering any further services which their affliction might render desirable, I heard, with deep attention, the history of their woes.

Mr. A****, the old gentleman, was, as I had inferred, the father of the elder and the grandsire of the younger lady. At an early age he came into hereditary possession of a handsome capital, and a range of ample stores near the centre of the commercial mart of ——.

His mother, who was esteemed rich in those early times (soon after the revolutionary war) retained the family homestead in addition to her dower; and, in this venerable mansion, distant about a mile from the borders of the *then* small, but flourishing city, her son continued to reside; for he preferred the society of his remaining parent, and the quietude of rural life in the intervals of business, to the gayer scenes and more luxurious habits of the town. Thither, he soon conveyed a young and beautiful wife; and there his happiest years were spent in the midst of a family circle bound together by ties of the warmest affection.—Even their dead were gathered around them:—for the white monuments of their departed friends peered over the stone wall of the family grave-yard, from the grove of funereal pines behind the garden.

But this peaceful life of domestic enjoyment was not destined to continue. Within a few years subsequent to his marriage, there occurred one of those sudden revolutions in trade which periodically sweep, with the force of a deluge, over the commercial interests of our country.—Mr. A—— was ruined!—He became dependent upon the resources of his parent for the support of his wife; but pride would not permit him to grant the urgent request of his mother that he would share that support himself; and he fled his native country for a time, to woo the breeze of Fortune beneath other stars.

After two long years of toil and danger among the furs of the North-West, the hides of California, the *biche-le-mer* and birds-nests of the Eastern Archipelagoes, he arrived at the great *entrepot* of the Celestial Empire with a cargo insuring him an ample competence, just in time to receive intelligence of the death of his wife, leaving to his charge an only child! She had been the star of his destiny!—That star was set, and darkness enshrouded his soul!

Recovering from this terrible shock, he shunned the very idea of returning to the scene of his former happiness. She for whom he had braved the deep!—had toiled—had grappled with the sun of the tropics,—the ice of the pole—had left him desolate!—the infant, whom no parent welcomed to this world of trial, was a stranger to him!—one whom he had never beheld! and the only remaining link which bound him to his country was his affection for an aged mother.

But who is not aware that the noon of manhood—its mid-day strife and bustle—are unfavorable to the glow of filial affection? Maternal love,—the deepest—the purest—the least selfish of human emotions!—knows no ebb—no diminution on this side the grave! Time, which may sap or shatter every other sympathy, adds strength to this at every revolution of its fatal glass!

Not so the attachment of the offspring!—Like a

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delicate flower which sheds its fragrance freely on the morning or the evening air, but denies all sweetness to the bold glance of noon, this feeling flourishes only at the commencement and the close of our career. When, at length, in the decline of our energies, both mind and body verge once more towards the feebleness of infancy, how painfully the affections of earlier years flow back upon us!—Then would we gladly repose our aching temples—aching with the memory of many an unkind word or action—upon the bosom from which we first drew sustenance! and we yearn after a mother's love with a longing that will not be repressed!

It is not surprising that Mr. A——, thus suddenly cut off by death from her whose welfare had been the chief purpose of his life, should have buried his gloom in the cares of business. Such is the usual resource of those who bound their vision, as, alas! too many are prone to do! within the narrow limits of this sublunary theatre of action! For thirty years he pursued the search of wealth beneath the burning skies of India, with singleness of purpose and untiring zeal.

He remitted large sums, from time to time, for the convenience of a mother to whom he was ever dutiful, and a daughter that he had never seen; but his letters were cold and formal. His child was married,—he congratulated her. A grand-child was born to him;—he sent her his blessing. His daughter became a widow;—he condoled with her upon her loss. But nothing could arouse him from his bootless labor for superfluous gold!

At length, as age approached, he felt wearied with his monotonous existence. With the decline of his bodily powers came the desire for rest:—with the weakening of his mental energies, the longing for sympathy grew stronger and stronger. *He did not wish to die alone!* Dreams of his juvenile days came over him, and he sighed for the quietude of the old family mansion, and the warm welcome of his mother on his return from the cares of business. When the sudden twilight of the tropics sunk abruptly into night, he dreamed of the lingering glories of an American evening. When he heard the cry of the bramin kite, the harsh call of the adjutant crane, and the chattering of a thousand obscene birds retiring to their roosts, gorged with their horrible repast on the corpses that pollute the Ganges, he longed for the wild notes of the whip-poor-will, the rushing sound of the night-hawk, and the melancholy hooting of the owl, that render night musical in the bright green woods of his native land.

He knew that the growing city had swept far beyond the retreat of his earlier days—that many magnificent residences had risen over the site of his boyish play-grounds, and that even the relics of his dead had been removed from their original resting place, to make room for the house of the stranger. He had permitted—*he had even advised these changes*, but, he could not realize them! The old mansion with its broad elms, the garden, and the pine-grove with the monuments beneath its shade, were ever present to his mind, and his letters were painfully charged with allusions to scenes and persons whose existence was blotted from the page of history.

With every year, these feelings became more and more intense, until incipient childishness made its appearance, and he became affected with a confirmed nostalogia. At length he closed his concerns, remitted the unappropriated balance of his earnings, and launched himself once more upon the ocean, on his homeward route.

As he drew near his native shore, memory retraced more and more vividly, the scenes of other days, until his failing intellect began to confuse the present with the past, and, at times, he dreamed of once more welcoming the little circle of the loved and cherished, in the same old wainscotted parlor,—around the same wide, hospitable, antique fire-place, where he slept with head reclined upon his mother's knee when the presence of company obtained him the privilege of sitting up an hour beyond his usual bed time.

The vessel neared the port. The pilot, ever the first to welcome the wanderer home, ascended the deck and distributed the "papers" of the previous day. With one of these, Mr. A—— hastily retired to the cabin. Not even the blue hills of his native land, now full in sight, could wean him from the fatal record. His eye glanced rapidly over the leading article, but the struggle of contending candidates had no charm for him. He furtively regarded the items of foreign news;—was shocked at the long record of crimes and casualties made piquant and racy with details and comments which the purer manners of his early years would not have tolerated; and, for the first time in his life, he turned from the *price current* in disgust, but why did he start, turn pale, and tremble when his eye rested upon the ominous black lines that cross the final column of the second page? The identical paper is still preserved, and I extract the notice!—Read!

Died, suddenly, of apoplexy, on the 29th inst., in the 96th year of her age, Mrs. C—— A——, the venerable relict of the late Hon. W—— A——, and mother of Mr. H—— A——, the distinguished American merchant at ******.

The cup was full! There breathed not in the land of his birth one kindred being to unite him with the past!—His daughter!—she was a stranger! How should he recognise her in the stranger crowd!—The mind, already weakened, was crushed!—The cracked vase was shivered!

The moment the anchor dropped, he leaped into a boat, and hurried on shore. Calling the nearest coach he ordered it in haste and sternly, "To ——'s lane, half a mile from the turnpike gate of the —— road!"

The astonished driver stared as he replied, "There's no such lane now, sir! I heard of it when I was a boy, but it's all built up long ago, and I never knew even where it was!"

"Then drive me to my mother's," cried Mr. A——, in a voice almost of fury; and holding forth

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the paper, which had never left his hand, he pointed to the notice. An old man, standing by, struck by the haggard and maniacal look, perused the article and simply said, "Drive to the marble building, No. 20 —— Place."

The grieving survivers of the family of Mrs. A—— were sitting silently in the darkened parlor, on the morning after the funeral, when a loud appeal at the bell startled the whole household—so ill did it accord with the silence of grief brooding over all who had lived under the mild influence of the departed! A female attendant hurried to the door, and was instantly thrust to the wall by one who rushed furiously past her, crying aloud and wildly, "Where is my wife!—my mother!" Mr. A—— actually sprang into the presence of the ladies; for he was endowed for the moment with unnatural strength by the intensity of feeling. The figure of the elder lady, as she started to her feet in terror on the sudden intrusion, appeared to awaken some long dormant recollection, for he checked, on the instant, his precipitate advance, regarded her intently for a moment, and approaching gently, but before her alarm permitted her to move, he laid his hands upon her shoulders, and read her features with a steady and protracted gaze that seemed to search her very soul! "No! no!" he cried, "You are not my Jane!" and fainted at her feet.

—

In the cemetery of ——, where the eye stretches wide and far over beautiful wooded slopes and a broad expanse of water—rock, ravine, spire, hamlet, and the distant city—where all is peace, and the weary soul is tempted to covet the repose of those who wait beneath,—now rest the remains of Mr. A—.

"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well!"

Standing beside his grave, as the moon-beams flickered on the marble, contending with the shadows of o'erhanging leaves that rustled in the night-breeze, I thought how rapidly every haunt of my own bright, holiday youth was yielding to the inroads of another populous capital. The pond on which we used to ply the armed heel when winter ruled the year, has disappeared.—Its site is occupied with civic palaces. The shady glen where the winged hours of starry summer nights flew all unheeded by in converse with the loved who are no more, lies bare and sered beneath the August sun!—The very stream that wound so gracefully among the trees is dry!—The dews of heaven that fed its crystal sources fall now in vain upon a mountain mass of marble—column,—plynth and dome—rising in mockery of *posthumous benevolence*,—a long enduring witness of perverted trust! Where are the few and fondly cherished who shared the converse of those happy hours?—One lies deep in the coral groves of the Hesperides!—One fell a victim to a philanthropic spirit when the plague of Indoostan ravaged the vallies of the West!—Another!—Strangers tread lightly round his narrow house in the gardens of Pere-la-Chaise!—The last—

"Peace to thy broken heart and early grave!"

But why repeat these woes that are the lot of all?—Who is there that has learned the value of the baubles that entice us *here*—Wealth! Fame! Power! or sublunary Love!—but will join in the secret aspiration with which I left the silent resting-place of a perturbed spirit—"Take! oh! Take me home!"

WESTERN HOSPITALITY.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Hard by I've a cottage that stands near a wood,
  A stream glides in peace at the door,
Where all who are weary, 'tis well understood,
  Receive hospitality's store.
To cheer that the brook and the thicket afford,
  The stranger we freely invite:
You're welcome to come and partake at the board,
  And afterwards rest for the night.

The birds in the morning will sing from the trees,
  And herald the young god of day;
Then with him uprising, depart if you please,
  We'll set you refresh'd on your way.

Your coin for this service we sternly reject,
  No traffic for gain we pursue,
And all the reward that we wish or expect,
  We take in the good that we do.

Mankind are all travellers on life's rugged road,
  And myriads would wander astray
In seeking eternity's silent abode
  Did mercy not point out the way.
If all would their duty discharge as they should,
  To those that are helpless and poor,
The world would resemble my cot near the wood,
  And life the sweet stream at my door.

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THE LADY AND THE PAGE.

A STORY OF MOORISH SPAIN.

BY MARY S. PEASE.

Many years ago there dwelt, not far from Seville, in a castle so old it was a wonder what kept it from tumbling down, a Spanish hidalgo, remarkable for but two things—a very beautiful daughter, and the very strict manner in which he secluded her from the world. In every other respect this hidalgo was like other hidalgos, full of pride, sporting a pair of Spanish mustachios, and wearing a stiletto by his side.

The wonderful beauty of his daughter, the Doña Ysabel, had somehow—in spite of the seclusion in which she was kept—become proverbial, and the fame thereof had spread from Gibraltar to the Pyrenees. Not a caballero of that chivalric country but would have given his best steed for one glance from the eyes of the hidalgo's daughter—eyes which shrouded under their long lashes, were like diamonds shining across the midnight. Her hair was silky and soft, darker and more glossy than the raven's wing—and in such luxuriance did it grow that she might almost have hid herself in it, as did "the lady of the golden locks" in the fairy tale. Her face was fitful as an April day. It was the clear and faithful mirror to the warmest, purest heart in all Spain. And never did a young heart beat within a lighter and more graceful form than that of the Doña Ysabel.

The castle where the hidalgo resided with his daughter was built on a rocky eminence, in one of the wildest parts of the country. Tradition said it had been erected by a powerful and wealthy Moor, from whom it had been conquered by the strong arm of one of the present occupant's ancestors. The father of Ysabel had resided there but rarely until the death of his wife; but, after that event, he had retired almost broken-hearted to this wild retreat. Here, from early childhood, the Lady Ysabel had been brought up. Wanting the care of a mother, she had always been left to have her own way, and a more self-willed, impetuous sylph never dashed the dew from the wild flowers that grew so luxuriantly around the Moorish castle.

One day, when the Doña Ysabel had nearly attained her seventeenth year, the Count de Llenaro, her father, stood within the deep embrasure of the richly carved corridor, absorbed in thought. His eyes were fixed on the shadows that played so fancifully on the rocks below. A light step was heard and a fairy form entered the apartment.

"*Bella mi cara nina*, I was thinking of thee, I would speak with thee." And the gentle girl stood beside the proud lord. "What wouldst thou my father?" The maiden's voice was low and silvery soft. Her dark eye looked up into her father's with an expression soft and confiding as childhood. One little snow-white hand rested upon his shoulder, while the other nestled within his own.

"How old are you, Ysy?"

"I shall be seventeen come next Michaelmas."

"'Tis even as I thought. Thou art getting to be a great girl, Belle,—I have something to say to thee; wilt thou listen?"

"Dear papa, thy word is my law."

"Is it so?" and the father fixed his eyes upon the girl with a look so penetrating that her own eye fell, and the rich warm blood rushed from her young heart and burnt upon her brow.

Llenaro seated himself upon a low *turco*, and drawing his child towards him, he fondly kissed her glowing cheek.

"I fear, Belle," said he, putting back the world of curls that had fallen over her brow, "thy will hath never yet been broken. Thou art but a wild one." Count Alcaros fell into a long fit of musing. The silver breathing tones of the Doña's soft voice broke the stillness.

"What wouldst thou with thy child, papa? my birds, and young flowers, even now mourn my absence."

"And canst thou not give one hour unto thy father, Ysy? What will thy birds and flowers do when I bring thee a right noble bird, an eagle among birds, for thine own? Wilt thou then give up all others and love but only that?"

"What does my papa mean?" tremblingly replied the maiden.

"I mean that thou art to be a child no longer."

"But, papa, all my pretty birds and—"

"Thou shalt have a bird worth the whole, a right proud gallant bird. Ysy, dost thou remember the Marquis of Talavera?"

"What of him, dearest papa?"

"Dost thou remember him?"

"Yes, papa."

"This Marquis hath sought thee, Belle, in marriage, and I have said thou shalt be his bride."

The girl started to the ground in unfeigned surprise.

"Why, papa! he is old enough to be my grandfather, and besides, he is ugly enough to—"

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"He is just the age of thy father, Ysabel. His years will serve to guide thy wayward ones. He is all that is brave and noble, besides being one of the richest, and most powerful lords in Spain. You may know, Belle, how well I think of him—he is almost the only one of my many *friends*, that I admit into this our wild retreat."

"But, papa—"

"Nay, Belle, I will have no buts. It must be as I say."

"But, papa." The Count's brow darkened. "But, papa, I do not love him."

"Love—pah!"

"Papa, I *cannot* love him."

"Pah!"

"Papa, I *will not* love him!" and the Doña's eyes grew bright and large.

"Ysabel!"

"Dear papa,—I mean I cannot—" and the little lady burst into tears.

"Ysabel,—hear me—I have said thou shalt become the bride of the Marquis of Talavera. What I say I never unsay—that thou knowest. Two weeks from this. The day thou art seventeen—is the day decided upon. It *must, it shall be so!* Wilt thou do thy father's bidding, Belle?"

The girl answered not a word but her eye lit up and her little mouth was tightly compressed. Every line of her statue-like form expressed firmness and resolution.

"Wilt thou do thy father's bidding, Ysabel?" again demanded the Count.

"Thou hast ever been an indulgent father to me, never hast thou crossed my slightest wish, and now, father, I must say firmly *no!* I never can become the bride of him thou namest."

"Girl! thou shalt not even be consulted. Thou hast had thine own way seventeen years, *now* I will have mine. Thou shalt wed the Talavera if I have to drag thee to the altar. Nay, no fawning." The girl had twined her soft round arms about her father's neck—her eyes looked beseechingly into his. But he pushed her from him, saying—"Go to thy room, Ysabel, and there remain until thy reason comes to thee. Dost thou hear me?"

The Spaniard strode from the room, and the weeping lady sought, with a heavy heart, her own turret.

It was the first time her father had been unkind to her, and she threw herself down, on a low couch, in all that utter hopelessness of grief youth alone can feel. It was her first sorrow.

There came a soft rap at the door,—but she heeded it not;—and not until a hand, soft as woman's, held her own,—and a voice, whose deep, low tones were breathing music, whispered in her ear, did she know her father's handsome page was kneeling by her.

"Weep not, mi cara Ysabel," soothingly said he, "or rather let me share thy grief. I know it all—thy father hath told me, and sent me here to bring thee to reason, as he said. Can I do it sweet lady?" and the handsome page smiled.

It was wicked in him to smile when her heart was so full of grief—and so the lady thought. But she had learned to love, and when love is warm and new, all the loved one says or does is more than right.

> "Love flings a halo round the dear one's head,
> Faultless, immortal!"——

The Doña Ysabel loved her father's page,—loved him as an ardent-souled daughter of sunny Spain knows how to love. The father!—— he did not even dream of such wickedness. (If he had he could not have slept for at least six months)—the unpardonable wickedness of a daughter of his—his bright, beautiful Ysabel—the high born lady of Llenaro,—loving her father's page!—a nameless page!—and so he slept secure. The thought was too preposterous. And the Doña Ysabel loved. Love is all trustfulness, all watchfulness, all hopefulness. The page was handsome; the page was graceful, witty, accomplished. He was indeed an uncommon page;—and so thought the Doña's father,—and so thought her father's daughter. He could sing to the music of Ysabel's guitar, most divinely; he could dance, fence, was perfectly skilled in all horsemanship, moreover he was acquainted with all the then lore of bright Spain. He wrote poetry too; and sang the words of his own composing. In sooth he was a most marvellous page—a perfect paragon of a page;—and then his eye—why it was wilder than lightning shot from a midnight sky. The servants all feared and hated him. To Ysabel alone was he all that was gentle,—and to her father, for her sake. He was her teacher; her patient, faithful, untiring teacher. They drank together at the pure well of learning—a well too often untasted in those days of fair Spain.

"Weep not, sweetest; thy noble father would see thee wed with the Marquis of Talavera, and thou canst not love him. And it is for that thou weepest. Is it not so sweet lady?"

"I was happy," replied the sorrowing girl. "I did not dream of love, or that I had a heart. I only felt that I was happy. And now—"

"And now, my gentle Ysabel?"

"And now," said the Señorita, deeply blushing, "now I feel I have no heart to give."

"Bless thee, dearest, for those words. Ysabel hear me for I must speak. I love thee Ysabel—I am other than I seem. I am no hireling—I am the heir to a noble house. One year ago, having heard so much of thy wondrous beauty, and full of curiosity and daring, I contrived to get admitted into this castle as thy father's page. To see, is to love thee—but to be near thee day after day—to read thy gentle thoughts—to gaze in thy liquid, truthful, soul-beaming eyes—to feel thy soft hand within my own. Ysabel, a being cut from granite to see thee thus could not help loving thee. I love *a soul*—a soul thou hast sweet Ysabel—a reflecting, gentle, trustful, ardent, heart-ful soul. Ysabel I love thee, wilt thou love me?"

"Jose, I will, I do love thee"—and the girl's eyes were soft as she rested them in his.

He took her hand—her little, warm, white hand, and covered it with kisses. Then drawing her gently towards him, he clasped her silently to his

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heart. She nestled like a bird in his bosom—and rested her head there. At intervals a low sob swelled her little heart, like that of a wearied infant, worn out with much crying. At length her sighs came less and less frequent; and when the page bent over to gaze upon her face, she had sunk into a calm, gentle sleep. A bright tear still glistened on her silky lash—that long black fringe that reposed so quietly on her pale, fair cheek.

There is something inexpressibly touching in the quiet and calm repose of a beautiful girl. And when we feel that that youth and beauty is all we love on earth—that it is near us—nestling in sweet trust within our arms—our all—our own—life of our life—heart of our heart—soul of our soul—what other happiness can earth give more pure, more holy, more unalloyed?

The page Jose almost wished the Doña might never awake—but she did awake. And when she did, she looked up in his eyes and smiled. There was everything in that smile, love, hope, faith, gentleness, truth, trust, joy. It was a droll smile too; there was archness in it—Jose never forgot that smile!—Strange, that an outward symbol of the inner world can express so much.

The page attempted to kiss the bright smile into his own heart—but the lady's mood had changed. Half ashamed, half in sport, she broke from him with a laugh—her own peculiar laugh—bird-like in its silvery clearness; and like a bird, as wild, and sweet.

"Sit down, dear Ysabel—I would talk with thee calmly—wilt thou be mine? Ysabel, I love thee. Oh! how I love thee. Naught on earth is half so dear as thou—life—ten thousand lives, were they mine, would I give for thy love. Wilt thou be mine? my own?"

The girl put both her little hands in his—that was her only answer. And then the page drew her again to his heart and kissed her brow and lips. And then—and then—and then—why then, and there, right up before them—with curled lip and cloudy brow—stood the castle's lord!—the proud hidalgo!—the Count Alcaros de Llenaro!—the Doña Ysabel's father!—the handsome page's master!

"Ha!" exclaimed he, "is this the way ye obey my commands? Ah, I see! Thou'rt doing my bidding, sir page. Hast thou won the self-willed lady to think as I do? Away, girl!—Back, I say! Away with thee, page!"

Pale, drooping, quailing beneath her father's angry glance, the gentle girl silently twined her arms around his frame, and strove to kiss away the angry spot upon his brow.

"Back! Judas!" exclaimed he, pushing her rudely from him. "When thou hast learned to do thy father's wishes, *then* will he accept thy caresses."

Frightened—crushed—she shrunk within herself, like the sensitive plant at some rude touch, nor dared to raise her gentle eye to the fire-darting ones of her angry sire.

And the page?

The father glanced from the drooping form of his daughter to the unbending one of the presumptuous lover.

"And so, sir menial, thou art aspiring—we like ambition. Thou thinkest to love my daughter—the daughter of the noble house of Llenaro—good!"

"Count of Llenaro—hear me. I ask of thee thy daughter. My house, proud lord, is full as noble as thine own—perhaps more ancient. I am no page—I am the only son of ——"

"I will not even hear who thou art—wert thou the monarch of the universe, thou shouldst not wed my daughter. I have sworn she shall become the bride of the Talavera—I never recall an oath."

The group as they stood there would have made a picture for the pencil of a Salvator. The proud, determined figure of Llenaro, standing with his arms folded, looking lightning on the no less proud form of the handsome page, as he stood in the glow of his young manhood's strength and beauty. Then the shrinking form of the Doña Ysabel—slightly leaning forward, with clasped hands—her head partly raised—the speechless, imploring agony of her lovely face.

The room contributed not a little to the scene—all around was purely, beautifully feminine. The low damask ottomans—the bright eyed birds in their glittering gold cages—the rich, mellow paintings hanging around the room. Among them was her own soft eyed mother. The sweet, dreamy eyes of the Italian seemed to look down on the father of her daughter reproachfully for his harshness to that daughter. The parting beams of the sun, as he bade adieu to his love the fair earth, streamed in the room, gilding with their warm glow the expressive faces of the three. A ray more softened fell on the calm, angel face of the wife,—the mother.

"Alcaros de Llenaro, I entreat thee to listen to me. On my knees I supplicate thee to give me thy daughter. Doom her not to misery. She loves me. Think upon thy child's mother—on the love vows given and taken before thy child was born. When she—the mother, the wife, was all in all to thee. Thou *didst* love once, and she thou didst love, was the mother of the child thou'rt dooming to wretchedness—and now that mother looks down upon thee, imploring happiness on her child."

Alcaros glanced at the image of his wife. He fancied, as the warm, red sunlight fell upon it, the gentle eyes looked a reproachful gaze on him. He was not a hard-hearted man. Pride was his ruling passion. False pride it might have been; whether false or true, it fastened on him then, driving back the kindlier feelings the memory of his wife had roused within him. He checked the tear before it came to his eyes, and putting on a heavy frown—

"Rise, sir minion," said he, "I have told thee my daughter shall wed the Talavera—*and she shall!*"

"*Never!* as I live, never!" said the girl. "Never shall a Llenaro become the bride of the man she cannot love!—never!"

The lady looked her father's child—as though she had been born to be obeyed. The softness of

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mother had gone. Her slight, round figure, straight as a young Indian's, had risen to its full height. Her eyes dilated—those eyes, where shone her soul—those warm, black eyes, whose every glance kept time to the throbbings of her impulsive heart.

"Ysabel," said Llenaro, sadly, after a pause, "thou forgetest I am thy father."

"My father! dearest papa!—my own father, forgive me. Thou *art* my father! but do not," her tones were low and earnest, "oh! do not force this hated match on thy child. She will do anything—*all* thou wishest—but oh! do not seal her misery forever."

The count permitted the ardent caresses of the maiden, then putting her gently from him, he told her to remain in her turret. He had much to say to her. He would seek her when he was ready to tell her that he had to say. Then turning to Jose, he added, "Follow me, sir page, I have somewhat to say to thee also."

The maiden watched the receding forms of the two until they had disappeared, and then she murmured, "He spoke kindly to me," and *Hope* warmed her heart. A bright Hope! Hope the deceiver! What would the world be without thee, fairy Hope? Thou comest like a dream, whispering in our soul's ear thy witching fancies, until they seem realities—and the *is to be*, stands before us a living *now!* Great is thy power, fair Hope—and thou knowest it,—and so thou goest on deluding mortals,—making the dim shadowy perspective a glorious foreground. So, when our hearts feel sad and weary, and long to burst the chain that binds them to this dark earth, thou comest with the dews of heaven fresh glistening on thy lips—and tellest us fairy tales, and singest us fairy songs—and kissest our hearts with thy cool, dewy lips. And we believe thee, syren, and let thee deceive us again and again.

The Lady Ysabel rested her wild, black eyes—beaming with a thousand thoughts—upon her mother's picture, and kneeling before it, she clasped her little hands and implored her gentle mother to look down kindly on her daughter. "And, mother," continued she—her lute-like voice scarce audible—"ask *Him*, the mighty one—whose throne is in high heaven—to forgive thy erring child, if she forgets, in her love for the creature, the Creator. God forgive me if I love *him* more than I ought, for I cannot love him less."

The Lady Ysabel watched all that evening for her father, and the next day—and the next—and the next—and then her cheek began to pale, and her eye grew dim with weeping. For Hope had grown weary and fled. She could not dream either why the page came not—a little indignation mingled with her sorrow.

The duenna did all she could to restore her young lady to her right mind, as she said. At length she brought her a letter—saying—

"Take it, *mi* señorita, a holy friar gave it me for thee. Learn from it, Señorita Ysabel, to control thy too great grief. It is sinful and wrong to indulge in sorrow as thou dost."

The Lady Ysabel knew the writing—tremblingly she broke the seal, and read,

"*My gentle Ysabel*—Thy father hath forbidden me the castle, or ever to see thee again—but fear not, dearest, thy father cannot withstand thy gentleness—thy goodness. Thou wert not made to be unhappy—thou art too good—too kind—too true. God will not see thee made wretched. He watches over thee. He will not desert thee—and, dearest, remember there is one heart that beats for thee—and thee alone—whose every pulse is thine. Sunshine is midnight without the light of thine eyes to tell where shineth the sun, and when, gentlest, I would see thee, I would press thy hands upon my heart—that its wild throbbings might be stilled. I would look into the clear depths of thy truthful eyes, and learn there a lesson of calmness—of faith to bear, and hope to look beyond. Thy duenna, sweetest, more than mistrusts my disguise—but a golden bait has lured stronger minds than hers from the clear waters of truth. I cannot quit the castle grounds, for in it is all that is dear to me on earth. Write, dearest, if thou canst, to thine own

JOSE."

The lady sat before her scrutoire to write to him she loved, when she heard her father's step. She had only time to crumple his letter in her bosom as the father entered. Ever obedient to her heart's impulse, she sprang towards him, and throwing her white arms about his neck, she called him her dear, *dear* papa, and burst into tears.

"Calm thyself, my Ysabel. I would tell thee frankly why I ask thee to sacrifice thyself—to seal thy misery, as thou sayest." He led her gently to an ottoman, and seated himself beside her.

"Ysabel, wouldst thou see thy father penniless, homeless, a beggar?"

"Papa!" looked the wondering eyes of Ysabel.

"I repeat it, Ysy, wouldst thou see thy father resign all these fair acres, and starve a houseless beggar? Wouldst thou, Ysy?"

"What meanest thou, papa? in mercy tell me."

"If by one act of thine, it were in thy power to make thy father's happiness, wouldst thou not do that act?"

"Dear papa, thou knowest I would—but oh! tell me all. What am I to do? And yet I know—but *why?* tell me why"—

"Ysabel, by becoming his bride, thou canst save thy father from becoming a beggar."

The girl shuddered but said in a low calm voice,

"Father, tell me why—tell me *all*. Make a confidant of thy child. I can bear anything. See! I am calm."

"Ysabel, I will! in as few words as possible. A year ago, you may remember, Talavera was here. He has not been here since. A short time after that, his last visit, the page came—though it is not of him I would speak. We played—Talavera and I. At first I won—in the success of the moment I staked high—and lost. I still played on—every throw swept off acre after acre of the lands my fathers owned. Midnight saw me without a farthing—and without a foot of earth to call my own. Then came a bond. I signed it. It gave me back my broad lands—my wealth—but it deprived me of the only

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thing I had on earth to love—of you, my Ysabel! See! here is the bond."

The lady's heart was still—very still—so still it almost frightened her. Her cheek, lips, hands, were cold and bloodless. It seemed as though her blood had all gone to her heart—and frozen there! Her eye was passionless, it was so calm. She held the open paper before her, and without reading or seeing, she read and saw enough to know that the fair grounds and castle of Ysolo-Rosse—where she had lived from her infancy—where her father had loved her mother—were to go into the hands of the Talavera, unless she became his bride.

"Ysabel, I have sworn thou shalt be his bride, but I will recall my oath if thou sayest so. What is thy desicion?"

"I will wed him," replied the girl.

Llenaro clasped her to his heart, and kissing her cold brow, he added,

"The day thou art seventeen was the day decided upon—it will be here in a week. But if 't will be too soon, no doubt the Marquis will"—

"'Twill not be too soon."

"Ysabel, thou frightenest me, thou art so pale—I will not force thee into what would be thy unhappiness."

"Nay, papa, I had much rather be unhappy myself than to see thee so. But I will not be. To-morrow thou shalt see me more cheerful."

The wily lord had learned the way to make his daughter's will his own. He loved that daughter, and felt a father's pity for her. But he thought although she suffered then—and it pained him to the soul to see it—she would soon forget her youthful passion, and, as the wife of the Talavera, she would gradually learn to be happy. Her future husband was all that was noble and good—all this thought the father—and then he thought "the Castle of Ysolo-Rosse will still be mine." The father's conscience was *almost* quieted.

"I have forsworn playing, Belle," said he, sadly, "never, should I live forever, will another card pass through my hands. Ysabel, my darling child! do not look so sad,—seek the cool air, it will revive thee. Go and gather thy favorite wild flowers: they will divert thy mind from its sorrow. My noble, generous girl." He fondly kissed his child and then withdrew.

Ysabel left to herself mechanically sought the garden. She wandered over her favorite haunts, scarce knowing what she did. Her heart, her thoughts were still as the grave. She reached her bower—the little vine-clad bower, where the page and she had so often sat listening to the music of each other's voices. And there, on the very seat where they were wont to sit—was Jose! the page!

"Ysabel! beloved!" exclaimed he in unfeigned delight—and the girl was in his arms.

"Dearest, best, my gentle Ysabel! am I once more permitted to see thee?—to clasp thee to my heart? But, sweetest, how thou hast changed. How pale thou art. Go with me dearest, I will be thy father, brother, husband, friend. Leave this hated castle—now—speak, dear one, wilt thou go with me? Dear, *dear* Ysabel, tell me."

"Jose, I cannot—I have promised to become his bride!"

"But, dearest, they shall not force thee to do what thou dost not wish."

"Jose, I had my own free choice."

"And thou didst choose—"

"To become his bride."

"Will nothing induce thee to alter thy determination?"

"*Nothing!*"

"Good bye, Ysabel."

"Jose! Dear Jose—" but the page was gone.

The next morning found the lady Ysabel in the spot where the page had left her. Then followed many days of sickness. Her life was despaired of. Day after day she lay, pale, cold, insensible. Reason had forsaken her throne. Her sweet smiles were gone; and the speaking glances of her dewy eyes had fled. Her voice too—for she had not spoken since that night. Even the pulsations of her heart were silent. Life alone remained—life without its light. And how her father watched over her—and how bitterly he lamented, and cursed himself for having brought her thus. At length light shone in her eyes—the light of life. Morning dawned in upon the darkness of her soul.

"*Good bye, Ysabel,*" said she.

"My own child, what dost thou say?" asked the father, bending anxiously over her.

"Good bye, Ysabel—" and she looked up in her father's face and smiled.—*That smile!* it haunted him to his grave!

"Are you better, my own Ysabel? my dearest child?"

"Yes papa,—I am well. What a strange dream I have had. Ah! now I recollect—" and she sunk into a gentle sleep.

Day by day she gained health and strength. The father never left her side.

"Papa, said she one day, "will you let me see that paper again? you know the one I mean."

"No, my child, you never need see or think of it."

"Do let me take it, papa—you do not know how well and strong I am—do, dearest papa?" And the father was prevailed upon. She saw she could save her father from ruin, and her mind was made.

"How old am I, papa?"

"Three weeks ago saw you seventeen."

"Does tho—does my future husband know of my illness?"

"He has sent repeatedly to inquire after your health. His courier was here this morning."

"Will you send him word I am well—and am ready in two weeks from now to become his wife?"

"Are you in earnest, Ysabel?"

"Perfectly so."

"Is it of your own free will you speak?"

"It is, papa." And the father was deceived—perhaps too willingly so.

The Lady Ysabel was able now to revisit her favorite haunts. Every thing she saw brought the

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page vividly before her eyes. Sometimes an inscription on a tree—the walks, the flowers, the bower where last they met—all, all brought with them the memory of *him*. She strove to banish, as high treason to her happiness, all thoughts of him—and the firmness of her nature conquered. She familiarised herself to all the old spots where she had loved to be with him—and she thought she was happy—almost—happy.

The day at length came—clear—cloudless—sun-bright. And then the lady's heart misgave her—she said not a word, however, but let them deck her in her bridal gear, scarce knowing or caring what they did.

Evening came. The chapel was brilliantly lighted. The bright red wine flowed freely—and joy danced in all hearts, save one.

Ysabel was pale, very, very pale when she entered the chapel. The orange buds that wreathed her hair were not more pale.

The Talavera had not yet come. All was ready. The priest in his long flowing robes—the father—the bridesmaid—the guests; for the father had invited many a noble house to witness his daughter's nuptials. All were ready, and still the bridegroom came not. At length was heard a confused movement, and, in the midst of that joyous mass of life, the Marquis of Talavera had been thrown from his carriage, and the servants, in their fright and dismay, scarce knowing what they did, had borne him in his litter to the chapel.

The Lady Ysabel grew even more pale, as she looked upon the bier. There lay the lord who was to have been her husband! She gazed on him in a sort of nightmare fascination—a weight seemed taken from her heart—a feeling of relief mingled with the horror of the hour.

The Doña Ysabel enjoyed one short month of tranquillity—and then came news from the castle of Talavera. The will of the marquis had been read. He had bequeathed to his son and heir all his vast estates together with the Lady Ysabel, should he himself die before the marriage took place. The *bond* still held good!

A letter came from the young marquis to the count, demanding his daughter's hand in marriage. The letter was gracefully written, and told how he had long heard of the wondrous beauty of the Doña Ysabel, and how ardently he desired to become the possessor of it.

Again the lady yielded to her father's persuasion. The present marquis was young and handsome—so the objection of age was removed. All Spain knew he was noble, and brave—and all the bright-eyed daughters of Spain might well look envy on the favored Ysabel, that the young Talavera had chosen her.

He was then travelling in the interior of Europe. His letter was dated, Vienna. One year from the day of the elder Talavera's death was the day fixed upon to celebrate the bridals of the bravest cavalier and loveliest flower in all Spain.

Ysabel yielded, and tried to seem cheerful, but her step grew slower and slower, and her fair face paler and more pale. As her days went on did she each day lose some part of this earth, earthy. So very gradual was the change that neither her father nor those around her seemed to observe it. So passed seven months. Four months more were to find her a new home in the heart of the Talavera.

She daily visited the spot where she had last seen *him*, in the hope of—— she knew not what.

The Doña Ysabel was in her bower—neither reading, nor sewing, nor watching her flowers—but in a state of listlessness, half reclining on the cushioned seat, when suddenly her name was spoken! It was not her father's voice. The next instant saw the Doña close to the heart of the page, Jose! Neither spoke—the heart of each was too full for words—dull words cannot express our strongest emotions, when the heart is too big for utterance, speech is but a mockery. Words came at length, and the page told her how much anguish he had suffered, and how he could no longer stay away from her he loved. That he came, hardly expecting to see her, and if he did see her, he feared he should find her changed.

"And, dearest Ysabel, thou art changed—not in thy love—but thou art but the shadow of the Ysabel that in days syne, bounded so joyfully over these hills." He held up her hand—

> "It was so thin and transparent of hue,
> You might have seen the moon shine through!"

The Lady Ysabel told the page *all*. How that she had consented to become the bride of the young Talavera. The page learned the reason from her too, why she had consented to become the wife of one she could not love. He smiled when he heard that the Talavera must become master, either of the castle and property of Ysolo-Rosse, or of the lovely Lady Ysabel.

When Ysabel retired to rest that night, it was with a light heart. Day after day witnessed the meetings of the lady and the page—and day after day witnessed her returning bloom of face and buoyancy of heart. She was once more that glad, bright Ysabel as when the page first came to her father's castle.

The father, without inquiring the cause, saw his child happy and smiling, and he was satisfied. And she *was* happy and smiling—the smiles never left her little dimpled mouth—soon as one went another came. Even in her sleep, her joyous heart beamed from her face.

The morning came bright and sunshiny as it had done just one year before. The chapel was again illuminated—again were the guests assembled—and again, surrounded by her bridesmaids, came the Lady Ysabel into the chapel. But oh! what a different Lady Ysabel from the one of the year ago. The bridal wreath encircled her brow—and below that fair brow beamed out the *happiest* pair of eyes imaginable! What could it mean?

There was heard among the guests a universal murmur of admiration as she made her appearance. So

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beautiful, so bright, so radiant a being they had never seen. Her face appeared actually to *emit light*—so truly did the bright sunshine of her glad young heart shine through.

A slight movement at the great double door of the chapel—and the bridegroom, the Marquis of Talavera was announced!

Quite as great a sensation did the noble, manly figure of the young marquis create, as had the softer and more gentle one of the Lady Ysabel.

The father seemed struck dumb in sudden surprise!—at length, burst from his lips—"The page!"

Any of the old gossips of Spain will tell you the rest of the story—and what a joyous wedding there was—and how every one said there never was so well matched—so noble a pair, as Don Jose, Marquis of Talavera, and his gentle bride, Ysabel! They will tell you, too, that the honey-moon, instead of lasting but thirty-one days, did outlast thirty-one years!—and the love that was true to the sire could not but bless the son.

So endeth the story of "THE LADY AND THE PAGE."

FANCIES ABOUT A ROSEBUD,

PRESSED IN AN OLD COPY OF SPENSER.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

WHO prest you here? The Past can tell,
When summer skies were bright above,
And some full heart did leap and swell
Beneath the white new moon of love.

Some Poet, haply, when the world
Showed like a calm sea, grand and blue,
Ere its cold, inky waves had curled
O'er the numb heart once warm and true;

When, with his soul brimful of morn,
He looked beyond the vale of Time,
Nor saw therein the dullard scorn
That made his heavenliness a crime;

When, musing o'er the Poets olden,
His soul did like a sun upstart
To shoot its arrows, clear and golden,
Through slavery's cold and darksome heart.

Alas! too soon the veil is lifted
That hangs between the soul and pain,
Too soon the morning-red hath drifted
Into dull cloud, or fallen in rain!

Or were you prest by one who nurst
Bleak memories of love gone by,
Whose heart, like a star fallen, burst
In dark and erring vacancy?

To him you still were fresh and green
As when you grew upon the stalk,
And many a breezy summer scene
Came back—and many a moonlit walk;

And there would be a hum of bees,
A smell of childhood in the air,
And old, fresh feelings cooled the breeze
That, like loved fingers, stirred his hair!

Then would you suddenly be blasted
By the keen wind of one dark thought,
One nameless woe, that had outlasted
The sudden blow whereby 'twas brought.

Or were you pressed here by two lovers
Who seemed to read these verses rare,
But found between the antique covers
What Spenser could not prison there:

Songs which his glorious soul had heard,
But his dull pen could never write,
Which flew, like some gold-winged bird,
Through the blue heaven out of sight?

My heart is with them as they sit,
I see the rose-bud in her breast,
I see her small hand taking it
From out its odorous, snowy nest;

I hear him swear that he will keep it,
In memory of that blessed day,
To smile on it or over-weep it
When she and spring are far away.

Ah me! I needs must droop my head,
And brush away a happy tear,
For they are gone, and, dry and dead,
The rose-bud lies before me here.

Yet is it in no stranger's hand,
For I will guard it tenderly,
And it shall be a magic wand
To bring mine own true love to me.

My heart runs o'er with sweet surmises,
The while my fancy weaves her rhyme,
Kind hopes and musical surprises
Throng round me from the olden time.

I do not care to know who prest you:
Enough for me to feel and know
That some heart's love and longing blest you,
Knitting to-day with long-ago.

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IMAGINATION.*

It is so long a time since a poem of any serious pretensions has made its appearance before the British or American public, that we have almost ceased to look for new metrical productions, divided into books or cantos. We have been contented with the light, fugitive strains of the periodicals, and have not asked for grand overtures—such as used to absorb the whole interest of the reading public, twenty, thirty, fifty and more years ago. In the middle of the last century, a man, to be recognised as a poet, was required to issue some single work of a thousand lines. Quantity was more considered than quality; intellectual labor was judged of rather by the amount of its achievements than by their kind.

Poetry has at times been criticised by a different rule than Painting. That age never was, when an artist acquired a reputation in consequence of the number of his pictures: one gem of art has always been more highly esteemed than a million crystals. In all days past, as in the day present, it might be said of a single head by a master, small, faded, stained, yet beautiful through the rust of age,—"that little bit of canvass is worth more than a whole gallery of fresh portraits, though after living models, as beautiful as Aspasia, or as stately as Alcibiades." But a solitary brief poem was never so valued in comparison with a voluminous production. Even now, formed and polished as the public taste pretends itself to be, there lurks with us that prejudice which more highly ranks the author of a book of verses than the author of a sonnet. Though the book may be as negative in merit as the correct hand of gentle dullness could make it, and the sonnet as perfect as the best that Petrarch wrote, in the intensest glow of his love and his genius—except by the few, the former would be regarded as the more arduous, the more commendable performance.

The philosophy of this prejudice, is a sort of respect mankind entertains for a constant fulfilment of the original curse. We love to see hard work done or indicated. We look at a mass of printed leaves and exclaim, "Goodness! what an industrious individual the writer must have been! How much he has accomplished!" It may be that, upon examination, his work may have added nothing to the available stock of literature; it may be that it will prove useless lumber, destined to dust and obscurity in men's garrets, and not worth the corners it will encumber. "What of that? the author had to work hard to do it—didn't he?" Yes! such is the question put by people who seem to love labor for its own sake. They look upon men of talent very much in the same light that old Girard of Philadelphia considered poor people who existed by the employment of their arms and legs.

At a season of distress, some day-laborers applied to Girard for assistance. There was a huge pile of bricks lying in the vicinity of the house of Dives. "Take up those bricks," said he, "and place them yonder, and then I will pay you for the task." The men obeyed; the bricks—to use a verb for which we are indebted to Dr. Noah Webster and the Georgia negroes—were *toted* from one position to another, and the stipulated price demanded. Girard paid it cheerfully. "But," said the laborers, "what are we to do now? Must we be idle while we spend this money, and starve by and by? We shall come to you again in a week. Keep us employed—bid us perform another task." "Yes," said Girard. "Take up those bricks from the place where you have put them, and carry them back to the place whence you removed them." Pretty much as Girard used the poor *operatives* does the public treat the man of genius. Let him write the immortal sonnet, bright and beautiful, to be fixed hereafter, a star in the firmament of fame, and his contemporaries, in reply to his demand for praise, will say "What has he done? What book has he written? What is he the author of?"—They want to see work—honest labor, and plenty of it, though that labor be as useless as the *toting* of the bricks.

Not without some qualifications must these remarks be considered strictly true, with regard to the present age, or to our own country. There are facts to the contrary, though not sufficient to disprove the general truth of what we say. We have no poet, who is more generally, or more highly esteemed, than Halleck; and yet his truly great reputation has been built up on some four or six short pieces of verse. On the other hand, Mr. Sumner Lincoln Fairfield, has lumbered the bookseller's lofts with ream after ream of printed paper, and nobody but an occasional crazy reviewer, calls such a dunce, a poet. Nevertheless, we maintain the verity of the general observation, that those poets have heretofore been most esteemed, who have done the most work. It is downright astonishing, how much some of them did *do*. We look over their long poems, with a sentiment of wonder, and reverence, and we are awfully perplexed to determine, how vast a length of time it must have taken these modern Cheopses, to build their pyramids. Hamlet's account to Polonius, of the graybeard's book he was reading, appears to us a pretty comprehensive description of many of these vast metrical diffusions—"words, words, words."

*Imagination: a Poem in two parts, with other poems, by Louisa Frances Poulter, London: Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street.

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It exceeds our powers of conjecture, how the writers could have completed their whole task, so labors the line and so slow runs the verse. We have seen a sturdy blacksmith pound a piece of iron, for hours and hours, till it became as malleable as lead; we have seen a woodsawyer saw, and saw, and saw, up and down, down and up, till the very sight of him made us ready to drop with imaginary fatigue; thy still-beginning, never ending whirl, oh weary knife-grinder, have we also contemplated with feverish melancholy — still for the endurance of all these, have we been able satisfactorily to account; drilled by habit, ruled by habit, habit is to them a second nature. But for the perpetration of a long, tedious poem for the manufacture of verse after verse, the last drier and duller than the preceding, there is no possible manner of accounting. It is an infliction, which can be borne by neither gods, men nor columns. Your *mediocre* man may be forgiven for talking one into a paralysis, or writing prose, till every word acts like a mesmerist and puts you to sleep; but for his writing verses, there can be, there ought to be no forgiveness; he should be consigned to the cave of perpetual oblivion, and over its entrace should be inscribed, "Hope never enters here."

Were we to follow in the track of reviewers in the Quarterlies, who always seem to think it necessary to make a considerable preliminary flourish to the solemn common-places they are about to utter, we should observe that the foregoing remarks had been elicited by a work on our table, entitled "Imagination, a poem in two parts, with other poems, by Louisa Frances Poulter." But as the work did not call forth the remarks, we shall observe nothing of the kind. The moment we wrote the title of the poem, and saw that it consisted of nearly eleven hundred lines, we began to reflect that very few long poems had been written lately, and our pen scampered over the paper at a rail-road rate, till we reached the *dépôt* at the end of this paragraph.

Pausing here, we first look back over what we have said; it pleases us—let it stand, therefore, and let us now employ ourselves with reading Miss Poulter's poem in two cantos. We have not the slightest dread of it—no! it seems a pleasant land, of which we have had delightful glimpses in a transient survey. With these glimpses we mean to entertain the reader, besides giving him an idea of the face of the country.

In limine, we ought to confess ourselves amiable critics, when we are called upon to pronounce on the works of a female writer, and more particularly of one who is a new claimant for distinction. It is our desire to encourage the intellectual efforts of the gentle sex, if for no better purpose, at least for that of inciting women to assert their claims to the honors and the rewards of authorship. These pages are scrutinized by many a brilliant pair of eyes, ready to flash indignation upon the slightest disparagement of female genius. Far be it from us to evoke from those mortal stars any other beams than those of softness and serenity. Lovely readers! smile therefore upon this article as kindly as upon the prettiest story in the Magazine, and think well of him who seeks to win no better guerdon than your approbation.

Miss Poulter has put upon her title-page a striking passage in French from some essay of *Bernardin de St. Pierre*, which may be thus literally translated. "Tasso, while travelling with a friend, one day ascended a very high mountain. When he had reached the summit, he exclaimed: Seest thou these rugged rocks, these wild forests, this brook bordered with flowers, which winds through the valley, this majestic river, which rolls onward and onward till it bathes the walls of a hundred cities? Well, these rocks, these mountains, these walls, these cities, gods, men—lo! these are my poem!" On the page immediately preceding the principal poem in the volume, "Imagination," there appears the following from *Stewart's Outlines of Moral Philosophy*, "One of the principal effects of a liberal education is to accustom us to withdraw our attention from the objects of our present perceptions, and to dwell at pleasure on the past, the absent and the future. How much it must enlarge in this way the sphere of our enjoyment or suffering is obvious: for (not to mention therecollection of the past) all that part of our happiness or misery, which arises from our hopes or our fears, derives its existence entirely from the power of our imagination."

We are pleased with these quotations. They augur well for the original words that are to follow. They prepare the mind of the reader for something almost as good as they are. The talent, or rather tact of quoting well is no mean one; it is not possessed by many, scarcely possessed at all by those who say that a quotation should be as strictly appropriate as a title. It is enough that a quotation be one naturally appertaining to or suggestive *per se* of the subject matter. Mottoes, it should be remembered, are not texts, but simply prefixes, intended rather as ornaments than things of use. They are to books, chapters, and cantos, what jewels are to the clasps of a fair lady's girdle, not indispensable to the clasps, but decorating them. In the choice of the jewels and the style of their setting the taste of the wearer is manifested.

The reflection which first suggests itself to us after a consideration of this poem, is that the author preferred rather to indulge her inclination for roving from topic to topic, than to confine herself to any exact method. She does not so much consider the power of imagination or its effect upon life as she does the places and persons upon which this faculty of the mind would choose to expand itself. The single word, therefore, which constitutes the title, might be regarded as too pretensive, as demanding too much, more than it is within the capacity or education of the writer to give. Her modes of thought seem to be too independent of the influence of "Association," and it would confuse a philosophical thinker to follow the diversities of her fancy. Perhaps, however, the person who reads only to be amused, would derive more gratification from Miss Poulter's disregard of rules than were she more correct and less fervid.

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The poem opens with a picture of sunset after a storm, and this affords an apt and natural illustration for the Power of the Imagination. The first topic pursued is the fact that childhood is but little under the influence of Imagination, being led away by the pleasures of the present moment and apt to resign itself wholly to the object by which it is temporarily attracted. Illustrative of this is the following admirably drawn scene—

See, from his sheltering roof, the infant boy
Rush with delight, to snatch the promised joy;
Allowed for once to stray where'er he please,
And live one day of liberty and ease.
His frugal basket to his girdle hung,
His little rod across his shoulder flung,
With eager haste he starts at dawn of day,
Yet every trifle lures him from his way;
An opening rose, a gaudy butterfly,
Turn his light steps and fix his wandering eye;
He plucks ripe berries blushing in the hedge,
And pungent cresses from the watery sedge.
At length he gains the bank, and seeks to fill
His little scrip, and prove his infant skill;
He marks the fish approach in long array—
Then, stamps the ground, to see them glide away.
But lo! one speckled wanderer lurks behind,
'Mid the tall reeds that skirt the stream confined;
It comes—it bites—he finds himself possest
Of one small trout, less wary than the rest:
With trembling hands he grasps his finny spoil,
The rich reward of one long day of toil.
For some short moments yet he keeps his seat
Close to the brook, and laves his weary feet;
Wide from his face his auburn locks he throws,
That playful airs may fan his little brows;
Then upward springs, and hums a blithesome lay,
To cheat fatigue, and charm his lengthened way.
Hark! while across the verdant lawn he skips,
The half-told tale is muttered from his lips;
With bounding heart he shows his spotted prize,
And marks, exulting, the well-feigned surprise.
A second moment sees him locked in sleep,
And placid slumbers o'er his senses creep;
In dreams he rests along some river's side,
Where giant trout beneath clear waters glide.

The following figure illustrates the toilsome ascent of youth to Greatness:

So up yon cliffs that frown in stern array,
The hardy pilgrim climbs his painful way;
His form bends forward—see! how he expands
O'er each frail mountain-shrub his fearful hands;
Will it resist!—or, from the rocky steep,
Whirl him below unnumbered fathoms deep?
He grasps it firm—he keeps his dizzy ground—
Though blasts and foaming torrents roar around;
Soon from the summit, views, with raptured eye,
The lovely scenes that far extended lie;
The smiling hamlet; the deep-tangled grove;
The lake whose breast reflects the hills above;
The lowing herds that through green pastures stray,
Where limpid streams pursue their pebbled way.

After showing that imagination is most powerful in youth, and the different manner in which it operates upon men, leading some to public life, and some to retirement; after drawing a picture of domestic felicity, and dwelling upon the question whether the happiness derived from the indulgence of an ardent fancy is not ill exchanged for a reasonable view of human life,—the poet speaks of the moral influence of a fine imagination; and here occur these lines—

Shall the pale Autumn shed his leaves in vain,
Sear the green woods, and all their glories stain?
Shall Winter clouds and bitter frosts impart,
Yet force no saddening moral on the heart?
Oh! let the warning past one thought employ!
Have not our projects, marked by grief or joy,
And all that we call beauty, talent, worth,
Mimicked the transient fashion of the Earth?
The fragile bloom has withered in the storm—
The pride of better years now feeds the worm!

The next subject of contemplation is the death of a beloved and distinguished friend; afterwards the poet goes on to describe the influence of sublime scenery in awakening corresponding sensations in the mind. An address to the Deity is attempted: next it is shown that external beauties alone cannot soothe a wounded heart; a fact happily illustrated by the disappointment of Tasso on his return to his native Sorrento—

Tasso, the pride, the victim of the Great,
Who learned the value of their smile too late,
Had shone in courts resplendent, and beneath
A prison's wall had drawn his painful breath,
Sought his beloved Sorrento; for he fed
A wild delicious hope that bade him tread,
In search of peace, her groves, her spicy hills,
And woo the balsam her soft air distils.
Impetuous passion in his mind had wrought,
And trenched it deep with many a bitter thought;
Perchance the breeze that fans her rocky shore,
The mournful measure of the plashing oar,
Her blooming gardens that expanded lie,
Breathing their citron fragrance to the sky,
Her clustered almond trees, her sighing pines,
Her founts of crystal, and her palmy wines,
May lull its throb, its languid tone restore,
And charm it back to all it was before.

The poetess then describes the anguish he endured.

This is all that we can extract for the reader's recreation from the first Part or Canto of this meritorious poem, with the exception of a very touching ballad. The verses are supposed to be repeated by an Indian mother, over the grave of her departed child. Let us call them

THE INDIAN MOTHER'S LAMENT.

Twice falling snows have clad the earth;
  Twice hath the fly-bird weaved his nest;
Since first I smiled upon thy birth,
  And felt thee breathing on my breast.

Now snowy wreaths will melt away,
  And buds of red will shine around;
But, heedless of the sunny ray,
  Thy form shall wither in the ground.

Oft hath thy father dared the foe,
  And, while their arrows drank his blood,
And round him lay his brothers low,
  Careless 'mid thousand darts he stood.

But when he saw thee droop thy head,
  Thy little limbs grow stiff and cold,
And from thy lip the scarlet fled,
  Fast down his cheek the tear-drops rolled.

The land of souls lies distant far,
  And dark and lonely is the road;
No ghost of night, no shining star,
  Shall guide me to thy new abode.

Will some good Spirit to thee bring
  The milky fruits of cocoa-tree?
To shield thee stretch his pitying wing?
  Or spread the beaver's skin for thee?

Oh! in the blue-bird's shape descend,
  When broad magnolias shut their leaves!
With evening airs thy lisping blend,
  And watch the tomb thy mother weaves!

I've marked the lily's silken vest,
  When winds blew fresh and sunbeams shine
On Mississippi's furrowed breast,
  By many a watery wreath entwined.

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But soon they rippled down the stream,
To lave the stranger's distant shore;
One moment sparkled in the beam—
Then saw their native banks no more.

Of the second Part or Canto, the following is a brief analysis. The poet first addresses the Spirit of Ruin; then displays various forms of destruction—a shipwreck: the descent of an avalanche. The topics next treated are intellectual decay; the fatal effects of an ill-regulated and warm Imagination; the power of Love in youth; the influence of Imagination in our choice of life; the love of Fame; an active life necessary to a person of vivid Imagination; the thirst of some overcoming the love of life. Next occurs an apostrophe to the noble and patriotic and sainted spirits of the heroes of Switzerland and America—Arnold de Winkelried and George Washington. It is then shown that Imagination represents them as still living; the power of Imagination in old age is portrayed, and the poem concludes.

From this part, we regret that we have room but for two extracts; for these are of so excellent a character that the reader, like Oliver Twist, will be certain to ask for more.

Our first extract is a description of the life of an Alpine shepherd. The lines are eminently good.

Track thou my path where Alpine winters shed
Their lingering snows o'er bare St. Gothard's head,
Ghastly his savage aspect; there recline
Rocks piled on rocks, and shagg'd with stunted pine;
Yet touched with beauty, when the purple haze
Its softening shadows o'er their summit lays;
Then melts in air, while wandering sunbeams streak,
With tints of rose, each ridge and frozen peak.
From cliff to cliff hoarse cataracts pursue
Their shattered course; now stained with lovely hue,
Lovely, and yet more transient, while a ray
Athwart the shivered waters cuts its way;
Now whirling in black eddies, as they lash
The darkened precipice with hideous crash.
But see! with trees and freshest verdure bright,
A lonely valley starts upon the sight,
Whose peaceful hamlet clinging to their side,
And sweet retirements, beetling mountains hide.
Their fury spent, o'er dell and grassy knoll
The lucid streams in crystal bubbles roll,
Whose gentle gushings break the deep repose,
As down steep, pebbled banks, the current flows.
Here, free from Passion's storm and splendid Care,
A hardy race Life's simple blessings share.
Breathes there on Earth who boasts a happier lot,
Than the rude owner of yon smiling cot?
Sighs he for joys by Nature's hand denied?
Feels he a want by labor unsupplied?
The flock which oft his children's pranks disturb,
The goats delighting in the sprouted herb,
The sleepy cows aroused by sauntering flies,
His verdant paddock with sweet food supplies.
Vigorous from rest, not weak with slothful ease,
At dawn he scents the sharp reviving breeze;
With eager industry and rustic skill
First prunes his purple vine, then hastes to till
His garden, freshened by the chills of night,
Where many a grateful tribute cheers his sight;
The jasmine bent beneath his clustering bees,
The green retiring herb, the lofty trees,
That, gemmed with blooms and dew drops, on the air
Waft their sweet incense to the God of pray'r.
But noon advances, and he drives his flocks
Where spots of verdure brighten 'mid the rocks;
There spends the day; and, far above, inhales
The love of Freedom with his mountain gales.
Hark! to those sounds, which now the herds invite,
Slow pacing homeward from the dizzy height;
The shepherd's evening call—and in each dell
Tinkles the music of the pastoral bell.
His labor done, a frugal meal prepared
By her he loves, recruits his strength impaired;
Breathing a pious prayer he sinks to rest,
And rural visions charm his peaceful breast.

Our second, and last, extract is one the spirit and force of which every devotee of Freedom, every true American heart cannot fail to acknowledge.

Spirits of noble beings, who, arrayed
In mortal clothing, once a proud part played
Upon this nether orb! If ye retain
No human sense of honor, joy, or pain;
If, fixed in seats of blessedness, ye deem
Earth's goodliest pageantries an idiot's dream;
Yet in your bosoms not in vain was sown
Deep as Life's pulse the love of fair Renown;
For still as Age to fleeting Age succeeds,
Your track of Glory, your remembered deeds,
A spark of fire ethereal shall impart,
To rouse each godlike passion in the heart.
Still, gallant Arnold! while the Switzer fights
E'en to his blood's last drop, to guard his rights;
The right to tread his hills begirt with storm,
Free as the winds that brace his nervous form;
Your dying words, invincible he hears;
When with gored bosom, grasping Austria's spears,
To glorious death you singly forced the way,
And bade forever live red Sempach's day;
"The ranks are broken! charge! the cowards yield!
My little orphans, Oh my Country! shield."
And You! in whose unconquerable mind
The wide-expanded wish to serve Mankind
Ruled as a master-passion; whether laid
At ease, you wooed Mount Vernon's pleasant shade,
And the pure luxury of rural life;
Or plunged, reluctant, into desperate strife,
To breast the weight of tyrannous command,
And stamp the badge of Freedom on your Land;
Shall You, the meteor of a fickle day,
Blaze for one moment, strike, and pass away?
No—to her sons unborn shall cling your name,
Linked to their country's proudest hour of Fame;
Till private, public worth, to Ruin hurled,
Shall leave not e'en their shadow in the World;
Then must the Slave, the Patriot, share one lot—
And He, and Washington, shall be forgot.

From the remarks, with which this article began, it is clearly enough to be inferred that we are no admirers of long poems, unless they be of extraordinary and sustained merit. This praise cannot be awarded to Miss Poulter's production: We believe that we have taken pretty much all that is excellent, though a fine passage or two may be left in the exquisite volume which we have just now cut to pieces—not metaphorically, but literally. It was sad to destroy so charming a library book; but what were the exquisite typography and clear white paper of one of Saunders & Otley's editions, when compared with the amusement of the friends of Graham's Magazine? Nothing. Moreover, we should not have quoted so largely as we have, had we not felt assured of the fact that the volume to which we refer was the only copy of Miss Poulter's poem in America. Such works are not in the least likely to be reprinted here; and our readers would therefore know nothing about them, were it not for the pains we are happy to take in their behalf.

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HARRY CAVENDISH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CRUIZING IN THE LAST WAR," "THE REEFER OF '76," ETC. ETC.

A DASH AT A CONVOY.

It was the second night after our brush with the corvette, when a party, composed of Mr. St. Clair, his niece and daughter, together with several of the officers, stood at the side of the ship. It was a lovely evening. The moon was high in heaven, sailing on in cloudless splendor; her silvery light tipping the tops of the billows, and stretching in a long line of effulgence across the waters. A gentle breeze was singing, with a clear musical intonation, among the thousand tiny threads of the rigging. The water rippled pleasantly against the sides of the ship. Not far off lay a small rakish schooner, from which the sound of a bugle, borne gently on the night air, floated in delicious melody to our ears. The decks were noiseless. The quiet moon seemed as if, by some magic spell, she had hushed the deep into silence, for scarcely a sound rose up from the heaving waves, which, glittering now in the wake of the moon, and now sinking into sudden shadow, stretched away in the distance until they faded into the dim mystic haze of the distant seaboard. The whole scene was like a vision of romance.

The group which I have mentioned stood at the gangway of the ship. A boat was rocking gently below. The passengers, whom we had rescued from the brig, were about transferring themselves to the schooner lying-to a short distance off, which we had spoken about an hour before, and which proved to be a small privateer bound in for Newport. As we were off Block Island, and the run would consequently be a short one, Mr. St. Clair had resolved to avail himself of this opportunity to place his daughter and niece safely on shore. The party were now about to embark.

"I shall never forget your kindness," said Mr. St. Clair, addressing the captain, "and I am sure that my daughter and niece will give you their especial prayers, as the best return they can make for the obligations they owe you. And as for my friend, Mr. Cavendish—I hardly know how to express my thanks. You will come and see us," he continued, turning frankly to me, and taking both my hands, "Pomfret Hall will always open its doors gladly to welcome the preserver of its owner."

I promised that I would not forget it, and turned away to hide the emotion occasioned by the kind tone of Mr. St. Clair. As I moved away my eyes fell on Annette. Her gaze was fixed on me with an expression I shall never forget, but which I would have given the world to have been able to interpret. There was an expression of the deepest interest in that look, and the eyes, I fancied, were partially humid. As soon as she caught my gaze, she blushed deeply, and looked down. What meant that earnest gaze—this sudden embarrassment? Did she then really love me? My heart beat fast, my brain fairly swam around, my emotion, for an instant, almost overpowered me. I could, if no one had been present, have rushed to her feet and told my suit. But a moment's reflection changed the current of my thoughts. Perhaps she had noticed my feelings while her father had been speaking. If so, her subsequent emotion arose from being detected in observing me. I ran over everything which had happened since she had been on board, and could find nothing corroborating, directly, the idea that she loved me. Her manner had always been frank and kind; but what had she said or done to give me hope? As these thoughts rushed through my mind my towering hopes fell. The revulsion was extreme. I despaired now as much as I had exulted but a moment before. I was about to turn gloomily away, when the voice of Isabel called me. I looked up. She was beckoning me gayly toward her as she leaned on Annette's arm.

"Why, I declare, Mr. Cavendish," she said laughingly, "you seem to be determined to leave us depart without even saying 'adieu'—a pretty gallant you are, to be sure! Here is Annette really displeased at your coldness."

A look of silent reproach was the only reply of her cousin, who dared not raise her eyes to mine. With the vacillation of a lover my sentiments again underwent a change. Had Annette really been wondering at my coldness? How unjust then had been my suspicions. I advanced eagerly to her side. Yet when I had done so I knew not what to say. Isabel seemed not only to see my embarrassment but to enjoy it. She continued gayly—

"There, now, do your *devoir* like a gallant knight and soldier—coz, have you no glove or other favor for him to wear on his bosom in battle? Ah! me, the days of courtesy and chivalry have gone forever. But there I see uncle ordering down my package, I must see that he does not let it drop clumsily overboard," and she tripped laughingly away.

Left almost *tête-à-tête* with Annette—for every eye was that moment turned to the gangway where some

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of the passengers were already embarking, I yet felt unable to avail myself of an opportunity for which I had longed. A single word would decide my fate, and yet that word I could not pronounce. My boldness had all disappeared, and I stood before that fair girl equally agitated with herself. At length I looked up. She stole a furtive glance at me as I did so, and blushed again to the very brow. I took her hand, it was not withdrawn. Words of fire were already on my lips when her father turned toward us, saying—

"Annie, my love, they wait for you—Mr. Cavendish, a last good-bye"—and as he spoke every eye was turned toward us. The precious moment was past. I could do nothing but lead Annette forward. Yet I ventured to press her hand. My senses deceived me, or it was faintly, though very faintly, returned. I would have given worlds, if I had them, for the delay of a minute, that I might learn my fate from the lips of that fair girl. But it was not to be. We were already in the centre of the group. Mr. St. Clair took his daughter and lifted her into the chair, and in another moment her white dress fluttered in its descent to the boat. My heart died within me. The golden moment had passed, perhaps forever; for when should we meet again? New scenes, new friends would in all probability drive me from Annette's remembrance before we should next see each other. These thoughts filled my mind as I leaned over the bulwark and waved my hand while the boat put off. Mr. St. Clair stood up in the barge and bowed in return, while I thought I could see, through the shadowy moonlight, the fair hand of Annette returning my parting adieus.

I watched the receding figures until they reached the schooner, and even after they had ascended the deck, and the two vessels had parted each on its own way, I continued gazing on the white dress of Annette until I could no longer detect the faintest shadow of it. When at length it disappeared totally in the distance, I felt a loneliness of the heart, such as no language can express. To a late hour I continued pensively walking the deck, unable to shake off this feeling, and it was only a gay remark of one of my messmates that finally aroused me from my abstraction. I shook off my pensiveness by an effort, laughed gayly in reply, and soon sought my hammock, as my spirits would not permit me much longer to carry on this double game.

For a week we cruized in the track of the homeward bound fleet from the West Indies, but without success. During this time Annette was constantly in my thoughts. Her last look—that gentle pressure of her hand thrilled through every vein, as often as they recurred to me. Never could I forget her—would she continue to think of me?

More than a week had passed, as I have said, since we had parted from the St. Clairs, yet still we had not spoken a sail. At length one day, when I had the morning watch, the lookout hailed from the cross-trees, that a sail was down on the seaboard to leeward. Chase was instantly given to the stranger. The breeze was fresh, and we were in consequence soon close enough to discern the character of our neighbor. She had not from the first appeared to avoid us, and no sooner did we show our colors, than she ran up the ensign of France. We were going on different tacks, and, as we approached, both ships lay-to for a moment's conversation. The French merchantman was a noble ship, and as she came up gallantly towards us, her long bowsprit sunk far down into the trough of the wave, and then, with a slow swan-like motion she rose on the ensuing swell until her bows were elevated almost clear of the water, while the bright copper dripping with brine glistened gloriously in the sunbeams.

The Frenchman backed his topsails as he drew near, and the two vessels stood head on, while we sent a boat on board. The merchantman proved to be upon her homeward passage, and had consequently no intelligence from Europe to furnish us. But the French skipper told us what was far more interesting to us. He mentioned that he had, but the day before, fallen in with the homeward bound English fleet, from the West Indies, amounting to some sixty sail. The fleet was convoyed by four men-of-war. Our captain, however, resolved to have a dash at the convoy. He conceived the daring project of cutting off a portion of the fleet, under the very batteries of the men-of-war. The French skipper wished us a "*bon voyage*," and the two vessels parted company.

We cracked on all sail, during the whole of the day and night. The next morning, at the dawn of day, our lookout descried the English fleet, on our larboard-side. Luckily, we had the weather-gauge. We kept crowding on our canvass, however, during the whole forenoon, and as we gained on the convoy, we saw sail after sail rising in the seaboard, until the whole horizon was dotted with them, and the lookout reported more than fifty, in sight. By this the men-of-war had caught the alarm, and were firing guns to keep their flock around them. The dull sailers, however, fell rapidly behind. This forced one of the English frigates to leave the advance, and run astern of the fleet. During the whole day we kept coquetting to windward of the fleet, but no demonstrations against us were made on the part of the men-of-war.

"A cowardly set, by the Lord Harry," said our old boatswain, who often beguiled a dull hour with a yarn, "here are we giving them a chance for a fair stand-up fight, and the cowardly lubbers haven't the pluck to come up and take or give a thrashing. I can't stand such sneaking scoundrels—by St. George," and the old fellow energetically squirted a stream of tobacco-juice from his mouth, as if from a force-pump.

"We'll have a brush with them, nevertheless, Hinton," said I, "or I know nothing of the captain. He has got his eye on more than one rich prize in that fleet, and depend upon it, he'll make a dash for it before long."

"Ay! ay! you're right," answered the boatswain "and he'll do it, too, before two bells have struck in the morning watch."

The night shut in squally and dark. The fleet was

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some three miles to leeward, for during the whole day we had carefully maintained the weather-gauge. As the darkness increased we lost sight of the enemy's ships, but their numerous lights glistening like stars along the sea-board, still pointed out to us their position. The wind was uncertain, now coming in fitful puffs, and then blowing steadily for a quarter of an hour, when it would again die away and sweep in squalls across the waste of waters. Scud clouds began to fly across the face of the heavens, obscuring the few stars, and giving a wild and ominous appearance to the firmament. Down to the west the seaboard was covered by a dense bank of clouds, out of which occasionally a flash of lightning would zigzag, followed by a low hoarse growl of distant thunder. It was evident that a tempest was raging, far down in that quarter. On the opposite horizon, however, the sky was nearly free from clouds, only a few fleecy vapors being discernible in that quarter, through which the bright stars twinkled clear and lustrous. The English fleet lay between these two opposite quarters of the horizon—the right wing of the convoy stretching down almost into the utter darkness in that direction, and the left wing skirting along the horizon to the eastward. Along the whole expanse of seaboard, more than fifty lights were now glittering, like so many fire-flies winging through the gloom along the edge of a forest, on a summer eve. The scene was one of surpassing novelty, and drew forth the admiration even of our veteran tars. Now and then the vapors in the east would clear entirely away, leaving the firmament in that direction, sparkling with thousands of stars; and then again the murky shroud would enclose them in nearly total darkness. Occasionally, as if in contrast to this, a brighter flash of lightning would gleam, or a louder burst of thunder roll up from the dark bank of clouds enclosing the tempest to the westward.

The night had scarcely settled down before the ship's course was altered and we bore down upon the fleet—taking the precaution, however, to put out all the lights on board except the one at the binnacle. Meantime the men were called to quarters, the tompions of the guns removed, the ammunition served out, pikes, cutlasses and fire arms distributed among the crew, and every preparation made for action. As we drew nearer to the convoy the darkness of the night increased, until, at length, we could see but a few fathoms ahead into the gloom. The eastern firmament now became wholly obscured. Not a star shone on high to guide us on our way. Had it not been for the long line of lights sparkling along the seaboard, betraying the positions occupied by the various vessels in the convoy, we should have possessed no guide to our prey,—and nothing but the confidence felt by the enemy in his superior force could have induced him to continue his lights aboard, when otherwise he might have run a chance of dropping us in the darkness. But he never dreamed of the bold swoop which we projected, into the very midst of his flock. He would as soon have thought of our blockading the Thames, or burning the English fleet at Portsmouth.

The plan of Captain Smythe was indeed a bold one. Bearing right onwards into the very centre of the fleet, he intended to cut off one of the wings from the main body, and then board and take possession of as many of the merchantmen as he could carry in the obscurity. We judged that the men-of-war were in the van, with the exception of a frigate which we had seen before nightfall hovering in the rear of the fleet to cover the lagging merchantmen. This frigate, however, we supposed to be on the extreme right of the enemy. We therefore bore down for the opposite extremity of the fleet.

For more than an hour, while, with every rag of canvass abroad, we were hastening to overtake the enemy, scarcely a word was spoken by the crew,—but each man remained at his station eagerly watching the gradual diminution of the distance betwixt us and the convoy. Indeed silence was, in some measure, necessary to the success of our plot. Even the orders of the officers therefore were given and executed with as little bustle as possible. As the darkness increased we noticed that the lights ahead began to diminish in number, and it was not long before we became satisfied that the foe had at length awoke to the probability of our being in the vicinity. At length scarcely more than half a dozen lights could be seen. These we judged to belong to the men-of-war, being kept aloft for the convoy to steer by.

The difficulty of our enterprise was now redoubled, for, if the darkness should increase, there would be great danger of a collision with one or another of the fleet. This peril, however, we shared in common with the merchantmen composing the convoy. Our only precaution consisted in doubling our lookouts.

Another hour passed, during which we steered by the lights of the men-of-war. By the end of that period we had run, according to our calculation, into the very heart of the fleet, leaving a man-of-war broad on our larboard beam, a mile or two distant. This latter vessel we fancied to be the frigate which had been hovering towards nightfall in the rear of the fleet. Our anxiety now increased. We were surrounded, on every side, by the vessels of the convoy, and the obscurity was so profound that we could not see a pistol shot on any hand. Our progress, meantime, was continued in utter silence. The only sound we heard was the singing of the wind through the rigging, the occasional cheeping of a block, or the rushing of the water along our sides. Suddenly, however, I thought I heard a sound as of the bracing of a yard right over our starboard bow.

"Hist!" I said to the boatswain, who happened that moment to be passing, "hist! do you hear that?"

The old fellow stopped, listened a moment, and then shaking his head, said

"I hear nothing. What did *you* hear?"

"Hark! there it goes again," I said, as the sound of a sail flapping against a mast came distinctly out of the gloom.

"By St. George, you are right," exclaimed the old

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water-rat, "ay! ay! young ears are arter-all the sharpest!"

He had scarcely spoken before the tall masts of a ship, like a spectre rising through the night, lifted themselves up out of the obscurity in the direction whence the sound had proceeded, and instantaneously we heard the tramping of many feet on the decks of the stranger, the rapid orders of the officers, the running of ropes, the creaking of yards, and the dull flapping of sails in the wind. At the same time a voice hailed,

"Luff up or you'll be into us," and then the same voice spoke as if addressing the helmsman on board the stranger, "up with your helm—around, around with her—my God! we'll be afoul."

The consternation of the British skipper was not without cause. No sooner had Capt. Smythe discovered our proximity to the stranger, than he formed the determination of running her aboard, taking her by a sally of our brave fellows, and then, after throwing into her a party sufficiently strong to maintain possession of her, keeping on his way. During the minute therefore that elapsed betwixt the discovery of the merchantman, and the hail of her affrighted skipper, the boarders had been called away and the quartermaster ordered to run us bows on to the quarter of the stranger. Instead of luffing, therefore, we kept straight on in our course, and as a score of lanterns were instantly shown on board both ships, sufficient light was thrown over the scene to guide us in our manœuvre. As the English ship wore around, bringing the wind on her starboard quarter, our helm was jammed to port, and swinging around almost on our heel we shot upon the foe, striking her in the stern galley, which we crushed as we would have crushed an egg-shell. The English ship was heavily loaded, and in consequence our bowsprit ran high above her decks, affording a bridge on which our brave tars might easily pass on board. At the moment we struck, the captain dashed forward, and summoning the boarders to follow him, had leaped, sword in hand, into the centre of the enemy's crew, before her skipper had ceased giving orders to the perplexed seamen, who were running to and fro on her decks, in the vain hope of preventing any damage resulting to them from this collision, with, as they thought, a sister vessel. The consternation of the master may well be conceived when he found his ship in possession of an enemy. For some minutes he imagined it to be a jest, for he could not conceive how any foe would have the audacity to cut him out from the very heart of the fleet. His rueful countenance when he discovered his error, I shall never forget, nor the bad grace with which he consented to be transferred with a portion of his men to THE AURORA. In less than five minutes, however, this necessary precaution had been carried into effect, and a prize crew left in possession of the merchantman. The officer in command was ordered to haul out of the fleet, and gain a position as speedily as possible to windward. Then the two ships were parted, and we stood away as before on the larboard tack, while the prize braced sharp up, hauled her bowlines, and went off close into the wind's eye.

"By Jove," said a reefer, elated with the part he had acted among the boarders, for he had been one of the first to step on the decks of the merchantman, "by Jupiter, but that was neatly done—eh! don't you think so, Hinton, my old boy?"

"Shut your dead-lights, you young jackanapes," growled the old boatswain, by no means pleased with such a salutation, "and keep your tongue for cheering against the enemy: you'll have enough of it to do yet before you turn in. Avast! there! I say," he continued, perceiving that the youngster was about to interrupt him, "go to your post, or I'll report you, you young whelp. None of your blarney, as your thick-tongued Irish messmate would say—away with you."

When Hinton's ire was up the safest plan was to retreat, for he would brook no retort unless from the captain or lieutenant. Over the young reefers, especially those who were in disfavor with him, he domineered with a rod of iron. The youngster who had forgotten for a moment, in the elation of his first victory, the awe in which he held the boatswain, was recalled by these words to a sense of the authority of the old tar, and he shrunk accordingly away, disdaining to reply.

"Ay! go, you varmint," chuckled Hinton, as the reefer walked to his post, "and give none of your long shore palaver to a man who had learned before you were born to hold his tongue before an enemy as his first duty. Isn't it so, Mr. Cavendish?"

I was a great favorite of the old fellow, and always made a point of humoring him, so I nodded an assent to his remark, although I was tempted to ask him how long since he had forgotten this important duty of silence. I restrained, however, my question, and the smile which would fain have preceded it: and listened for several minutes in return for this complaisance to a long philippic on the part of the old fellow, against what he chose to call the almost universal presumption of midshipmen. From this tirade, however, the boatswain condescended to exempt me. How long he would have dilated upon this favorite subject, I know not; but, at this moment, a hail came out of the gloom ahead, and every eye was instantly attracted in the direction from which the voice proceeded.

"Ship ahoy!" shouted a herculean voice, "what craft is that?"

The tone of the speaker betrayed a latent suspicion that all was not right with us. Indeed he must have been so close to us in our late encounter with the merchantman, that he necessarily heard many things to awaken his doubts. As he spoke, too, the tall figure of a heavy craft loomed out from the obscurity, and while we were yet speculating as to the answer the captain would make, a dozen lanterns flashing through as many open port-holes, revealed that our neighbor was a man-of-war.

"What ship is that?" thundered the voice again, "answer, or I'll fire into you!"

Our dauntless captain waved his hand for the bat-

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teries to be unmasked, and springing into the mizzen rigging, while a neighboring battle-lantern now disclosed to the night, flung its light full upon his form, he shouted in an equally stentorian voice—

"This is THE AURORA—commissioned by the good commonwealth of——"

"Give it to the canting rebel," roared the British officer, breaking in on this reply, "fire—for God and St. George—FIRE!"

"Ay! fire my brave boys," thundered our leader, "one and all, for the old thirteen—FIRE!"

From the moment when the enemy had disclosed his lighted ports, our gallant tars had been waiting, like hounds in the leash, for the signal which was to let them loose upon the foe. The silent gesture of the captain, when he sprung into the mizzen rigging, had been intuitively understood by the crew, and the orders of the proper officers were scarcely waited for, before the ports were opened, the battle lanterns unmasked, the guns run out, and the whole deck changed, as if by magic, from a scene of almost Egyptian darkness to one of comparative light. Nor were the men less ready to discover the moment when to open their fire. The first word of the British officer's haughty interruption had scarcely been spoken, when the gunners began to pat their pieces and squint knowingly along them, so that, when the command to fire was given, our whole broadside went off at once, like a volcano, and with deadly effect. Every gun had been accurately aimed, every shot was sent crashing into the foe. Not so the enemy. Although the British captain had certainly viewed us with suspicion, his crew had apparently thought us deserving of little caution; and the reply of our leader, and the order of their own to fire, took them, after all, with surprise. Nearly a minute accordingly elapsed before they delivered their broadside, and then it was done hurriedly and with little certainty of aim. The first fire is always more effective than the ensuing six; and the advantage of the surprise was decided; for while we could hear the crashing of timbers, and the shrieks of the wounded, following our discharge, the shot of the enemy passed mostly over our heads, and, in my vicinity, not a man of our crew was killed. One poor fellow, however, fell wounded at the gun next to mine.

"Huzza!" roared Hinton, leaping like a lion to fill the place of the injured man, "they've got their grog already. Have at 'em, my brave fellows, again, and revenge your messmate. Never mind, Jack," he said, turning to the bleeding man, "every one must have a kick sometime in his life, and the sooner its over, my hearty, the better. Bouse her out, shipmates! Huzza for old Nantucket—the varmints have it again on full allowance!"

For ten minutes the fight was maintained on our side without cessation. The enemy, at first, rallied and attempted to return our broadsides promptly, but the injuries she had suffered from our first discharge had disheartened her men, and, when they found the spirit with which we maintained our fire, they soon gave up the contest and deserted their arms. Still, however, the enemy did not strike. One or two of her forward guns were occasionally and suddenly discharged at us, but all systematic resistance had ceased in less than five minutes.

By this time, however, the whole fleet was in an uproar. Lights were flashing in every quarter of the horizon, and, as the darkness had been clearing away since our brush with the merchantman, our lookout aloft could see through the faint, misty distance, more than one vessel bearing down toward us. The majority, however, of the fleet, seemed to be struck with a complete panic, and, like a flock of startled partridges, were hurrying from us in every direction. It soon became apparent that the ships, bearing down upon us, were armed; and before we had been engaged ten minutes with our antagonist, no less than three men-of-war, from as many quarters of the horizon, had opened a concentric fire on us, regardless of the damage they would do their consort. Still, however, unwilling to leave his antagonist without compelling her to strike, our leader maintained his position and poured in a series of rapid broadsides which cut the foe up fearfully. Yet she would not strike. On the other hand, reanimated by the approach of her consorts, her men rallied to her guns and began again to reply to our broadsides. Meanwhile the hostile frigates were coming up to us, hand over hand, increasing the rapidity of their cannonade as the distance betwixt us lessened. Our situation was becoming momentarily more critical. Yet even amid our peril my eye was attracted by the sublimity of the scene.

The night, I have said, had partially cleared away, but the darkness was still sufficiently intense to render the approaching frigates but dimly visible, except when a gush of fire would stream from their ports, lighting up, for the moment, with a ghastly glare, the smoke-encircled hull, the tall masts, and the thousand mazes of the hamper. Often the whole three vessels would discharge their broadsides at once, when it would seem for an instant as if we were girdled by fire. Then, as the smoke settled on their decks, they would disappear wholly from our sight, and only become again distinguishable, when they belched forth their sulphureous flame once more. In the west, the scene was even more magnificent, for in that quarter, was unexpectedly the nearest of the three men-of-war, and as she came up to us close-hauled, she yawed whenever she fired, and then steadily discharged her pieces, doing more damage than all her other consorts. The gallant manner in which she delivered her fire—the measured, distinct booming of her long twenty-fours—and more than all, the inky hue of the sky, in the background, brought out into the boldest relief, by the light of her guns, made up a picture of gloomy grandeur, which the imagination can compare to nothing, except the fitful, ghastly gleams of light shooting across the darkness of that infernal realm, which Dante has painted with his pen of horror. While, however, I was gazing awe-struck, on this scene, I noticed that the dark bank of clouds behind the frigate, was visibly in motion, rolling up towards us. Our superior officer had, perhaps, noticed the same phenomenon, and

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knowing what it portended, had remained by his antagonist, when otherwise, our only chance of escape would have been in an early flight. Some of the older tars now perceived the approaching tempest, and paused instantaneously from the combat. Indeed, not a moment was to be lost. I had scarcely time too look once more in the direction of the other frigates, and then turn again to the westward, before our antagonist in that quarter, was completely shut in by the squall. The wind had, meantime, died away, leaving us rocking unquietly in the swell. A pause of a minute ensued, a pause of the most breathless suspense. The men had instinctively left their guns, and stood awaiting the directions of their leaders to whom they looked in this emergency. We were happily nearly before the wind, which could now be seen lashing the foam from the billows, and driving down upon us with the speed of a race-horse. Another instant and the squall would be upon us. All this, however, had passed, in less time than is occupied in the relation, for scarcely a minute had elapsed, since I first saw the approaching squall, before Captain Smythe shouted,

"Stand by to clew down—quick there all!"

The command was not an instant too soon. His opening words were heard distinctly in the boding calm that preceded the squall, but the concluding sentence was lost in the hissing and roaring of the hurricane that now swept across our decks. The captain saw that it was useless to attempt to speak in the uproar, and waving his hand for the quartermaster to keep her away, while the men instinctively clewed down the topsail-yards, and hauled out the reef-tackles, he awaited the subsidence of the squall. For five minutes we went skimming before the tempest, like a snow-flake in a storm. On—on—on, we drove, the fine spray hissing past us on the gale, and the shrill scream of the wind through our hamper deafening our ears. Whither we were going, or what perils might meet us in our mad career, we knew not. We were flying helplessly onward, enclosed by the mist, at the mercy of the winds. Even if the intensity of the squall would have allowed us to bring by the wind and reef, prudence would dictate that we should run before the hurricane, as the only chance of escaping from the clutches of our foes. Yet, surrounded as we were by the merchantmen of the fleet, we knew not but the next moment, we might run down some luckless craft, and perhaps by the collision, sink both them and ourselves.

For nearly half an hour we drove thus before the hurricane. More than once we fancied that we heard the shrieks of drowning men, rising high over all the uproar of the tempest, but whether they were in reality the cries of the dying or only the sounds created by an overheated imagination and having no existence except in the brain of the hearer, God only knows! A thousand ships might have sunk within a cable's length of us, and not a prayer of the sufferers, not a shriek of despair have met our ears. There was a fearfulness in that palpable darkness, which struck the most veteran heart with an awe akin to fear. When men can look abroad and see the real extent of the peril which surrounds them they can dare almost anything; but when surrounded by darkness their imaginations conjure up dangers in every strange intonation of the tempest, in every new outbreak of the surge. They tremble at what they cannot behold; in the language of the scripture "their joints are loosed with fear."

At length the fury of the squall began to subside, and the dark bank of clouds which had encircled us, undulated, rolled to and fro, and finally flew in ragged vapors away, flitting wildly past the stars that once more twinkled in the sky. As the prospect brightened, we looked eagerly around to see what damage the squall had occasioned. The fleet was scattered hither and thither over the horizon, torn, shattered, dismantled, powerless. Far up in the quarter from whence the hurricane had burst could be faintly seen the body of the convoy; but on every hand around some of the less fortunate ships were discoverable. Whether, however, most of the merchantmen had attempted to lie-to, or whether we had scudded before the gale with a velocity which none could rival, it was evident that we had passed away like a thunderbolt from the rest of the fleet, leaving them at a hopeless distance astern.

Owing to the rapidity with which our canvass had been got in, we suffered no material injury; and, when the gale subsided and the wind came out again from the north, we lost no time in hauling up and getting the weather-gauge of the convoy. The ship was put once more in trim—the crew then turned in, and the watches were left in undisturbed possession of the decks. As I stood at my post and watched the bright stars overhead, shining placidly upon me, or listened to the cry of "All's well!" passed from lookout to lookout across the deck, I could not help contrasting the peace and silence of the scene with the fearful uproar of the preceding hour.

When morning dawned, not a vestige of the fleet remained on the southern seaboard. Our anxiety was now turned to the fate of the merchantman we had captured and that of the prize-crew we had thrown into her. But toward the afternoon watch, a sail was discovered on the horizon to windward, and when we had approached within a proper distance we recognized our prize. Our joy at rejoining may well be imagined.

The prize proved to be laden with a valuable cargo, and, as this was the first capture of any moment we had made, it raised the spirits of the men in a commensurate degree. The skipper of the merchantman could never comprehend the justice of his capture. Like the generals whom Napoleon has been beating at a later day, he protested that he had been taken against all the rules of war.

After keeping company with us for a few days, the prize hauled up for the coast with the intention of going into Newport. We subsequently learned that she accomplished her aim, but not until she had run the gauntlet of an English fleet. As for ourselves, we stood towards the south on the look out for a new prize.

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A LADY HEARD A MINSTREL SING.

BALLAD.

THE POETRY BY T. HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ

THE MUSIC BY J. P. KNIGHT.

Philadelphia: JOHN F. NUNNS, 184 *Chesnut Street.*

ALLEGRETTO.

A La - dy heard a Minstrel sing, One night be - neath her bower, In

wrath she cried, "oh! what can bring a stran - ger at this hour?" She

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clos'd the casement,— veil'd the lamp, The Min - strel paus'd in sor - row, Yet

said, "tho' now I must de - camp, I'll try a - gain to - - - morrow."

The minstrel came again next night,
The lady was not sleeping,
She slily (tho' she veil'd the light)
Was thro' her casement peeping.
She heard him fondly breathe her name,
Then saw him go with sorrow;
And cried, "I wonder whence he came?
Perhaps he 'll come to-morrow."

Again she heard the sweet guitar,—
But soon the song was broken:
Tho' songs are sweet, oh! sweeter far
Are words in kindness spoken;
She loves him for himself alone,
Disguise no more he'll borrow,
The minstrel's rank at length is known,—
She 'll grace a court to-morrow.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Charles O'Malley, The Irish Dragoon. By Harry Lorrequer. With Forty Illustrations by Phiz. Complete in One Volume. Carey & Hart: Philadelphia.

The first point to be observed in the consideration of "Charles O'Malley" is the great *popularity* of the work. We believe that in this respect it has surpassed even the inimitable compositions of Mr. Dickens. At all events it has met with a most extensive sale; and, although the graver journals have avoided its discussion, the ephemeral press has been nearly if not quite unanimous in its praise. To be sure, the commendation, although unqualified, cannot be said to have abounded in specification, or to have been, in any regard, of a satisfactory character to one seeking precise ideas on the topic of the book's particular merit. It appears to us, in fact, that the cabalistical words "fun" "rollicking" and "devil-may-care," if indeed words they be, have been made to stand in good stead of all critical comment in the case of the work now under review. We first saw these dexterous expressions in a fly-leaf of "Opinions of the Press" appended to the renowned "Harry Lorrequer" by his publisher in Dublin. Thence transmitted, with complacent echo, from critic to critic, through daily, weekly and monthly journals without number, they have come at length to form a pendant and a portion of our author's celebrity—have come to be regarded as sufficient response to the few ignoramuses who, obstinate as ignorant, and fool-hardy as obstinate, venture to propound a question or two about the true claims of "Harry Lorrequer" or the justice of the pretensions of "Charles O'Malley."

We shall not insult our readers by supposing any one of them unaware of the fact, that a book may be even exceedingly *popular* without *any* legitimate literary merit. This fact can be proven by numerous examples which, now and here, it will be unnecessary and perhaps indecorous to mention. The dogma, then, is absurdly false, that the popularity of a work is *primâ facie* evidence of its excellence in some respects; that is to say, the dogma is false if we confine the meaning of excellence (as here of course it must be confined) to excellence in a literary sense. The truth is, that the popularity of a book is *primâ facie* evidence of just the converse of the proposition—it is evidence of the book's *demerit*, inasmuch as it shows a "stooping to conquer"—inasmuch as it shows that the author has dealt largely, if not altogether, in matters which are susceptible of appreciation by the mass of mankind—by uneducated thought, by uncultivated taste, by unrefined and unguided passion. So long as the world retains its present point of civilization, so long will it be almost an axiom that no extensively *popular* book, in the right application of the term, can be a work of high merit, *as regards those particulars of the work which are popular*. A book may be readily sold, may be universally read, for the sake of some half or two-thirds of its matter, which half or two-thirds may be susceptible of popular appreciation, while the one-half or one-third remaining may be the delight of the highest intellect and genius, and absolute *caviare* to the rabble. And just as

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,

so will the writer of fiction, who looks most sagaciously to his own *interest*, combine all votes by intermingling with his loftier efforts such amount of less ethereal matter as will give general currency to his composition. And here we shall be pardoned for quoting some observations of the English artist, H. Howard. Speaking of *imitation*, he says:

The pleasure which results from it, even when employed upon the most ordinary materials, will always render that property of our art the most attractive with the majority, because it may be enjoyed with the least mental exertion. *All* men are in some degree judges of it. The cobbler in his own line may criticise Apelles; and popular opinions are never to be wholly disregarded concerning that which is addressed to the public—who, to a certain extent, are generally right; although as the language of the refined can never be intelligible to the uneducated, so the higher styles of art can never be acceptable to the multitude. In proportion as a work rises in the scale of intellect, it must necessarily become limited in the number of its admirers. For this reason the judicious artist, even in his loftiest efforts, will endeavor to introduce some of those qualities which are interesting to all, as a passport for those of a more intellectual character.

And these remarks upon painting—remarks which are mere truisms in themselves—embody nearly the whole *rationale* of the topic now under discussion. It may be added, however, that the *skill* with which the author addresses the lower taste of the populace, is often a source of pleasure because of admiration, to a taste higher and more refined, and may be made a point of comment and of commendation by the critic.

In our review, last month, of "Barnaby Rudge," we were prevented, through want of space, from showing how Mr. Dickens had so well succeeded in uniting all suffrages. What we have just said, however, will suffice upon this point. While he has appealed, in innumerable regards, to the most exalted intellect, he has meanwhile invariably touched a certain string whose vibrations are omni-prevalent. We allude to his powers of *imitation*—that species of imitation to which Mr. Howard has reference—the *faithful* depicting of what is called still-life, and particularly of *character* in humble condition. It is his close observation and imitation of nature here which have rendered him popular, while his higher qualities, with the ingenuity evinced in addressing the general taste, have secured him the good word of the informed and intellectual.

But this is an important point upon which we desire to be distinctly understood. We wish here to record our positive dissent (be that dissent worth what it may) from a very usual opinion—the opinion that Mr. Dickens has done justice to his own genius—that any man ever failed to do grievous wrong to his own genius—in appealing to the popular judgment *at all*. As a matter of pecuniary policy alone, is any such appeal defensible. But we speak, of course, in relation to fame—in regard to that

——— spur which the true spirit doth raise
To scorn delight and live laborious days.

That a perfume should be found by any "true spirit" in the incense of mere popular applause, is, to our own apprehension at least, a thing inconceivable, inappreciable,—a

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paradox which gives the lie unto itself—a mystery more profound than the well of Democritus. Mr. Dickens has no more business with the rabble than a seraph with a *chapeau de bras*. What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba? What is he to Jacques Bonhomme* or Jacques Bonhomme to him? The higher genius is a rare gift and divine. Ὡ 'πολλων ου παντι φαεινεται, ὁς μιν ιδῃ, μεγας ουτος—not to all men Apollo shows himself; *he is alone great* who beholds him.† And his greatness has its office God-assigned. But that office is not a low communion with low, or even with ordinary intellect. The holy—the electric spark of genius is the medium of intercourse between the noble and more noble mind. For lesser purposes there are humbler agents. There are puppets enough, able enough, willing enough, to perform in literature the little things to which we have had reference. For one Fouqué there are fifty Molières. For one Angelo there are five hundred Jan Steens. For one Dickens there are five million Smolletts, Fieldings, Marryatts, Arthurs, Cocktons, Bogtons and Frogtons.

It is, in brief, the duty of all whom circumstances have led into criticism—it is, at least, a duty from which *we* individually shall never shrink—to uphold the true dignity of genius, to combat its degradation, to plead for the exercise of its powers in those bright fields which are its legitimate and peculiar province, and which for it alone lie gloriously outspread.

But to return to "Charles O'Malley," and its popularity. We have endeavored to show that this latter must not be considered in any degree as the measure of its merit, but should rather be understood as indicating a deficiency in this respect, when we bear in mind, as we should do, the highest aims of intellect in fiction. A slight examination of the work, (for in truth it is worth no more,) will sustain us in what we have said. The plot is exceedingly meagre. Charles O'Malley, the hero, is a young orphan Irishman, living in Galway county, Ireland, in the house of his uncle, Godfrey, to whose sadly encumbered estates the youth is heir apparent and presumptive. He becomes enamoured, while on a visit to a neighbor, of Miss Lucy Dashwood, and finds a rival in a Captain Hammersley. Some words carelessly spoken by Lucy, inspire him with a desire for military renown. After sojourning, therefore, for a brief period, at Dublin University, he obtains a commission and proceeds to the Peninsula, with the British army under Wellington. Here he distinguishes himself; is promoted; and meets frequently with Miss Dashwood, whom obstinately, and in spite of the lady's own acknowledgment of love for himself, he supposes in love with Hammersley. Upon the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo he returns home; finds his uncle, of course, *just* dead; and sells his commission to disencumber the estate. Presently Napoleon escapes from Elba, and our hero, obtaining a staff appointment under Picton, returns to the Peninsula, is present at Waterloo, (where Hammersley is killed) saves the life of Lucy's father, for the second time, as he has already twice saved that of Lucy herself; is rewarded by the hand of the latter; and, making his way back to O'Malley Castle, "lives happily all the rest of his days."

In and about this plot (if such it may be called) there are more absurdities than we have patience to enumerate. The author, or narrator, for example, is supposed to be Harry Lorrequer as far as the end of the preface, which by the way, is one of the best portions of the book. O'Malley then tells his own story. But the publishing office of the "Dublin University Magazine" (in which the narrative originally appeared) having been burned down, there ensues a sad confusion of identity between O'Malley and Lorrequer, so that it is difficult, for the nonce, to say which is which. In the want of copy consequent upon the disaster, James, the novelist, comes in to the relief of Lorrequer, or perhaps of O'Malley, with one of the flattest and most irrelevant of love-tales. Meantime, in the story proper are repetitions without end. We have already said that the hero *saves the life of his mistress twice, and of her father twice*. But not content with this, he has *two* mistresses, and *saves the life of both, at different periods, in precisely the same manner*—that is to say, by causing his horse, in each instance, to perform a Munchausen side-leap, at the moment when a spring forward would have impelled him upon his beloved. And then we have one unending, undeviating succession of junketings, in which "devilled kidneys" are never by any accident found wanting. The unction and pertinacity with which the author discusses what he chooses to denominate "devilled kidneys" are indeed edifying, to say no more. The truth is, that drinking wine, telling anecdotes, and devouring "devilled kidneys" may be considered as the sum total, as the *thesis* of the book. Never in the whole course of his eventful life, does Mr. O'Malley get "two or three assembled together" without seducing them forthwith to a table, and placing before them a dozen of wine and a dish of "devilled kidneys." This accomplished, the parties begin what seems to be the business of the author's existence—the narration of unusually *broad tales*—like those of the Southdown mutton. And here, in fact, we have the *plan* of that whole work of which the "United Service Gazette" has been pleased to vow it "would rather be the author than of all the 'Pickwicks' and 'Nicklebys' in the world"—a sentiment which we really blush to say has been echoed by many respectable members of our own press. The general plot or narrative is a mere thread upon which after-dinner anecdotes, some good, some bad, some utterly worthless, and *not one truly original*, are strung with about as much method, and about half as much dexterity, as we see ragged urchins employ in stringing the kernels of nuts.

It would, indeed, be difficult to convey to one who has not examined this production for himself, any idea of the exceedingly rough, clumsy, and inartistical manner in which even this bald conception is carried out. The stories are absolutely dragged in by the ears. So far from finding them result naturally or plausibly from the conversation of the interlocutors, even the blindest reader may perceive the author's struggling and blundering effort to introduce them. It is rendered quite evident that they were originally "on hand," and that "O'Malley" has been concocted for their introduction. Among other *niaiseries* we observe the silly trick of whetting appetite by delay. The conversation over the "kidneys" is brought, for example, to such a pass that one of the speakers is called upon for a story, which he forthwith declines for any reason, or for none. At a subsequent "broil" he is again pressed, and again refuses, and it is not until the reader's patience is fairly exhausted, and he has consigned both the story and its author to Hades, that the gentleman in question is prevailed upon to discourse. The only conceivable result of this *fanfarronade* is the ruin of the tale when told, through exaggerating anticipation respecting it.

The anecdotes thus narrated being the staple of the book, and the awkward manner of their interlocution having been pointed out, it but remains to be seen what the anecdotes are, in themselves, and what is the merit of their narration. And here, let it not be supposed that we have any design to deprive the devil of his due. There are several very excellent anecdotes in "Charles O'Malley" very cleverly and pungently told. Many of the scenes in

* Nickname for the populace in the middle ages.
† Callimachus—*Hymn to Apollo*.

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which Monsoon figures are rich—less, however, from the scenes themselves than from the piquant, but by no means original character of Monsoon—a drunken, maudlin, dishonest old Major, given to communicativeness and mock morality over his cups, and not over careful in detailing adventures which tell against himself. One or two of the college pictures are unquestionably good—but might have been better. In general, the reader is made to feel that fine subjects have fallen into unskilful hands. By way of instancing this assertion, and at the same time of conveying an idea of the tone and character of the stories, we will quote one of the shortest, and assuredly one of the best.

"Ah, by-the-by, how's the Major?"

"Charmingly; only a little bit in a scrape just now. Sir Arthur—Lord Wellington, I mean—had him up for his fellows being caught pillaging, and gave him a devil of a rowing a few days ago.

"'Very disorderly corps yours, Major O'Shaugnessy,' said the general; 'more men up for punishment than any regiment in the service.'

"Shaugh muttered something, but his voice was lost in a loud cock-a-doo-doo-doo, that some bold chanticleer set up at the moment.

"'If the officers do their duty Major O'Shaugnessy, these acts of insubordination do not occur.'

"Cock-a-doo-doo-doo, was the reply. Some of the staff found it hard not to laugh; but the general went on—

"'If, therefore, the practice does not cease, I'll draft the men into West India regiments.'

"'Cock-a-doo-doo-doo!'

"'And if any articles pillaged from the inhabitants are detected in the quarters, or about the persons of the troops—'

"'Cock-a-doo-doo-*doo!*' screamed louder here than ever.

"'Damn that cock—where is it?'

"There was a general oos around on all sides, which seemed in vain; when a tremendous repetition of the cry resounded from O'Shaughnessy's coat-pocket: thus detecting the valiant Major himself in the very practice of his corps. There was no standing this: every one burst out into a peal of laughter; and Lord Wellington himself could not resist, but turned away, muttering to himself as he went—'Damned robbers every man of them,' while a final war-note from the Major's pocket closed the interview."

Now this is an anecdote at which every one will laugh; but its effect might have been vastly heightened by putting a few words of grave morality and reprobation of the conduct of his troops, into the mouth of O'Shaughnessy, upon whose character they would have told well. The cock, in interrupting the thread of his discourse, would thus have afforded an excellent context. We have scarcely a reader, moreover, who will fail to perceive the want of *tact* shown in dwelling upon the *mirth* which the anecdote occasioned. The error here is precisely like that of a man's laughing at his own spoken jokes. Our author is uniformly guilty of this mistake. He has an absurd fashion, also, of informing the reader, at the conclusion of each of his anecdotes, that, however good the anecdote might be, he (the reader) cannot enjoy it to the full extent in default of the *manner* in which it was orally narrated. He has no business to say anything of this kind. It is his duty to convey the manner not less than the matter of his narratives.

But we may say of these latter that, in general, they have the air of being *remembered* rather than invented. No man who has seen much of the rough life of the camp will fail to recognize among them many very old acquaintances. Some of them are as ancient as the hills, and have been, time out of mind, the common property of the bivouac. They have been narrated orally all the world over. The chief merit of the writer is, that he has been the first to collect and to print them. It is observable, in fact, that the second volume of the work is very far inferior to the first. The author seems to have exhausted his whole hoarded store in the beginning. His conclusion is barren indeed, and but for the historical details (for which he has no claim to merit) would be especially prosy and dull. *Now the true invention never exhausts itself.* It is mere cant and ignorance to talk of the possibility of the really imaginative man's "writing himself out." His soul but derives nourishment from the streams that flow therefrom. As well prate about the aridity of the eternal ocean ἐξ οὗπερ πάντες ποταμοί. So long as the universe of thought shall furnish matter for novel combinations, so long will the spirit of true genius be original, be exhaustless—be itself.

A few cursory observations. The book is filled to overflowing with songs of very doubtful excellence, the most of which are put into the mouth of one Micky Free, an amusing Irish servant of O'Malley's, and are given as his impromptu effusions. The subject of the improvisos is always the matter in hand at the moment of composition. The author evidently prides himself upon his poetical powers, about which the less we say the better; but if anything were wanting to assure us of his absurd ignorance and inappreciation of Art, we should find the fullest assurance in the mode in which these doggrel verses are introduced.

The occasional sentiment with which the volumes are interspersed there is an absolute necessity for skipping.

Can anybody tell us what is meant by the affectation of the word *L'envoy* which is made the heading of two prefaces?

That portion of the account of the battle of Waterloo which gives O'Malley's experiences while a prisoner, and in close juxta-position to Napoleon, bears evident traces of having been translated, and very literally too, from a French manuscript.

The English of the work is sometimes even amusing. We have continually, for example, *eat*, the present, for *ate*, the perfect—see page 17. At page 16, we have this delightful sentence—"Captain Hammersley, however, *never* took further notice of me, but continued to recount, for the amusement of those *about*, several excellent stories of his military career, which I confess were heard with every *test* of delight by all save me." At page 357 we have some sage talk about "the entire of the army;" and at page 368, the accomplished O'Malley speaks of "*drawing* a last look upon his sweetheart." These things arrest our attention as we open the book at random. It abounds in them, and in vulgarisms even much worse than they.

But why speak of vulgarisms of language? There is a disgusting vulgarism of thought which pervades and contaminates this whole production, and from which a delicate or lofty mind will shrink as from a pestilence. Not the least repulsive manifestation of this leprosy is to be found in the author's blind and grovelling worship of mere rank. Of the Prince Regent, that filthy compound of all that is bestial—that lazar-house of all moral corruption—he scruples not to speak in terms of the grossest adulation—sneering at Edmund Burke in the same villanous breath in which he extols the talents, the graces and *the virtues* of George the Fourth! That any man, to-day, can be found so degraded in heart as to style this reprobate, "one who, in every feeling of his nature, and in every feature of his deportment was every inch a prince"—is matter for grave reflection and sorrowful debate. The American, at least, who shall peruse the concluding pages of the book now under review, and not turn in disgust from the base sycophancy which infects them, is unworthy of his country and his name. But the truth is, that a gross and contracted soul renders itself unquestionably manifest in almost every line of the composition.

And this—*this* is the *work*, in respect to which its author, aping the airs of intellect, prates about his "haggard

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cheek," his "sunken eye," his "aching and tired head," his "nights of toil" and (Good Heavens!) his "days of *thought!*" That the thing is popular we grant—while that we cannot deny the fact, we grieve. But the career of true taste is onward—and now more vigorously onward than ever—and the period, perhaps, is not hopelessly distant, when, in decrying the mere balderdash of such matters as "Charles O'Malley," we shall do less violence to the feelings and judgment even of the populace, than, we much fear, has been done to-day.

Ballads and other Poems. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Author of "Voices of the Night," "Hyperion," etc: Second Edition. John Owen: Cambridge.

"*Il y a à parier*," says Chamfort, "*que toute idée publique, toute convention reçue, est une sottise, car elle a convenue au plus grand nombre.*"—One would be safe in wagering that any given public idea is erroneous, for it has been yielded to the clamor of the majority;—and this strictly philosophical, although somewhat French assertion has especial bearing upon the whole race of what are termed maxims and popular proverbs; nine-tenths of which are the quintessence of folly. One of the most deplorably false of them is the antique adage, *De gustibus non est disputandum*—there should be no disputing about taste. Here the idea designed to be conveyed is that any one person has as just right to consider his own taste *the true*, as has any one other—that taste itself, in short, is an arbitrary something, amenable to no law, and measurable by no definite rules. It must be confessed, however, that the exceedingly vague and impotent treatises which are alone extant, have much to answer for as regards confirming the general error. Not the least important service which, hereafter, mankind will owe to *Phrenology*, may perhaps, be recognised in an analysis of the real principles, and a digest of the resulting laws of taste. These principles, in fact, are as clearly traceable, and these laws as readily susceptible of system as are any whatever.

In the meantime, the inane adage above mentioned is in no respect more generally, more stupidly, and more pertinaciously quoted than by the admirers of what is termed the "good old Pope," or the "good old Goldsmith school" of poetry, in reference to the bolder, more natural, and *more ideal* compositions of such authors as Coëtlogon and Lamartine* in France; Herder, Körner, and Uhland in Germany; Brun and Baggesen in Denmark; Bellman, Tegnér, and Nyberg† in Sweden; Keats, Shelley, Coleridge, and Tennyson in England; Lowell and Longfellow in America. "*De gustibus non*," say these "good-old-school" fellows; and we have no doubt that their mental translation of the phrase is—"We pity your taste—we pity every body's taste but our own."

It is our purpose, hereafter, when occasion shall be afforded us, to controvert in an article of some length, the popular idea that the poets just mentioned owe to novelty, to trickeries of expression, and to other meretricious effects, their appreciation by certain readers:—to demonstrate (for the matter is susceptible of demonstration) that such poetry and *such alone* has fulfilled the legitimate office of the muse; has thoroughly satisfied an earnest and unquenchable desire existing in the heart of man. In the present number of our Magazine we have left ourselves barely room to say a few random words of welcome to these "Ballads," by Longfellow, and to tender him, and all such as he, the homage of our most earnest love and admiration.

The volume before us (in whose outward appearance the keen "taste" of genius is evinced with nearly as much precision as in its internal soul) includes, with several brief original pieces, a translation from the Swedish of Tegnér. In attempting (what never should be attempted) a literal version of both the words and the metre of this poem, Professor Longfellow has failed to do justice either to his author or himself. He has striven to do what no man ever did well and what, from the nature of language itself, never *can* be well done. Unless, for example, we shall come to have an influx of *spondees* in our English tongue, it will always be impossible to construct an English hexameter. Our spondees, or, we should say, our spondaic words, are rare. In the Swedish they are nearly as abundant as in the Latin and Greek. We have only "*compound*," "*context*," "*footfall*," and a few other similar ones. This is the difficulty; and that it *is* so will become evident upon reading "The Children of the Lord's Supper," where the sole *readable* verses are those in which we meet with the rare spondaic dissyllables. We mean to say *readable as Hexameters;* for many of them will read very well as mere English Dactylics with certain irregularities.

But within the narrow compass now left us we must not indulge in anything like critical comment. Our readers will be better satisfied perhaps with a few brief extracts from the original poems of the volume—which we give for their rare excellence, without pausing now to say in what particulars this excellence exists.

And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow
Came a dull voice of woe,
From the heart's chamber.

So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

As with his wings aslant
Sails the fierce cormorant
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden.
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again.
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

Down came the storm and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused like a frighted steed
Then leaped her cable's length.

She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.
It sounds to him like her mother's voice
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

The rising moon has hid the stars
Her level rays like golden bars
Lie on the landscape green
With shadows brown between.

* We allude here chiefly to the "David" of Coëtlogon, and *only* to the "*Chûte d'un Ange*" of Lamartine.

† C. Julia Nyberg, author of the "Dikter von Euphrosyne."

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Love lifts the boughs whose shadows deep
Are life's oblivion, the soul's sleep,
And kisses the closed eyes
Of him who slumbering lies.

Friends my soul with joy remembers!
How like quivering flames they start,
When I fan the living embers
On the hearth-stone of my heart.

Hearest thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more
Deafened by the cataract's roar?

And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell like a falling star.

Some of these passages cannot be fully appreciated apart from the context—but we address those who have read the book. Of the translations we have not spoken. It is but right to say, however, that "The Luck of Edenhall" is a far finer poem, in every respect, than any of the original pieces. Nor would we have our previous observations misunderstood. Much as we admire the genius of Mr. Longfellow, we are fully sensible of his many errors of affectation and imitation. His artistical skill is great, and his ideality high. But his conception of the *aims* of poesy *is all wrong;* and this we shall prove at some future day—to our own satisfaction, at least. His didactics are all *out of place.* He has written brilliant poems—by accident; that is to say when permitting his genius to get the better of his conventional habit of thinking—a habit deduced from German study. We do not mean to say that a didactic moral may not be well made the *under-current* of a poetical thesis; but that it can never be well put so obtrusively forth, as in the majority of his compositions. There is a young American who, with ideality not richer than that of Longfellow, and with less artistical knowledge, has yet composed far truer poems, merely through the greater propriety of his themes. We allude to James Russel Lowell; and in the number of this Magazine for last month, will be found a ballad entitled "Rosaline," affording an excellent exemplification of our meaning. This composition has unquestionably its defects, and the very defects which are never perceptible in Mr. Longfellow—but we sincerely think that *no American poem equals it* in the higher elements of song.

The Critical and Miscellaneous Writings of Henry Lord Brougham, to which is Prefixed a Sketch of his Character. Two volumes. Lea and Blanchard.

That Lord Brougham *was* an extraordinary man no one in his senses will deny. An intellect of unusual capacity, goaded into diseased action by passions nearly ferocious, enabled him to astonish the world, and especially the "hero-worshippers," as the author of Sartor-Resartus has it, by the combined extent and variety of his mental triumphs. Attempting many things, it may at least be said that he egregiously failed in none. But that he pre-eminently excelled in any cannot be affirmed with truth, and might well be denied *à priori.* We have no faith in admirable Crichtons, and this merely because we *have* implicit faith in Nature and her laws. "He that is born to be a man," says Wieland, in his 'Peregrinus Proteus,' "neither should nor can be anything nobler, greater, nor better than a man." The Broughams of the human intellect are never its Newtons or its Bayles. Yet the contemporaneous reputation to be acquired by the former is naturally greater than any which the latter may attain. The versatility of one whom we see and hear is a more dazzling and more readily appreciable merit than his profundity; which latter is best estimated in the silence of the closet, and after the quiet lapse of years. What impression Lord Brougham has stamped upon his age, cannot be accurately determined until Time has fixed and rendered definite the lines of the medal; and fifty years hence it will be difficult, perhaps, even to make out the deepest indentations of the *exergue.* Like Coleridge he should be regarded as one who might have done much, had he been satisfied with attempting but little.

The title of the book before us is, we think, somewhat disingenuous. These two volumes contain but a small portion of the "Critical and Miscellaneous Writings" of Lord Brougham; and the preface itself assures us that what is here published *forms only a part of his anonymous contributions to the Edinburgh Review.* In fact three similar selections from his "Miscellaneous Works" have been given to the world within a year or two past, by Philadelphian publishers, and neither of these selections embrace any of the matter now issued.

The present volumes, however, are not the less valuable on this account. They contain many of the most noted and some of the best compositions of the author. Among other articles of interest we have the celebrated "Discourse on the Objects, Pleasures and Advantages of Science"—a title, by the way, in which the word "pleasures" is one of the purest supererogation. That this discourse is well written, we, of course, admit, since we do not wish to be denounced as blockheads; but we beg leave to disagree, most positively, with the Preface, which asserts that "there was only one individual living by whom it could have been produced." This round asseveration will only excite a smile upon the lips of every man of the slightest pretension to scientific acquirement. We are personally acquainted with at least a dozen individuals who could have written this treatise *as well* as the Lord Chancellor has written it. In fact, a discourse of this character is by no means difficult of composition—a discourse such as Lord Brougham has given us. His whole design consists in an immethodical collection of the most *striking* and at the same time the most *popularly comprehensible facts* in general science. And it cannot be denied that this plan of demonstrating the advantages of science as a whole *by detailing insulated specimens of its interest* is a most unphilosophical and inartistical mode of procedure—a mode which even puts one in mind of the *σχολαστικὸς* offering a brick as a sample of the house he wished to sell. Neither is the essay free (as should be imperatively demanded in a case of this nature) from very gross error and mis-statement. Its style, too, in its minor points, is unusually bad. The strangest grammatical errors abound, of which the initial pages are especially full, and the whole is singularly deficient in that precision which should characterise a scientific discourse. In short, it is an entertaining essay, but in some degree superficial and quackish, and could have been *better* written by any one of a multitude of living *savans.*

There is a very amusing paper, in this collection, upon the authorship of Junius. We allude to it, now especially, by way of corroborating what we said, in our January number, touching the ordinary character of the English review-system. The article was furnished the Edinburgh Quarterly by its author, who, no doubt, received for it a very liberal compensation. It is, nevertheless, one of the most barefaced impositions we ever beheld; being nothing in the world more than a tame *compendium,* fact by fact, of the book under discussion—"The Identity of Junius with a Distinguished Living Character Established." There is no attempt at analysis—no new fact is adduced—no novel argument is urged—and yet the thing is called a criticism and liberally paid for as such. The secret of this style of Review-making is that of mystifying the reader by an artful substitution of the interest appertaining to the text for interest aroused by the commentator.

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Pantology; or a systematic survey of Human Knowledge; Proposing a Classification of all its branches, and illustrating their History, Relations, Uses, and Objects; with a Synopsis of their leading Facts and Principles; and a Select Catalogue of Books on all Subjects, suitable for a Cabinet Library. The whole designed as a Guide to Study for advanced Students in Colleges, Academies, and Schools; and as a popular Directory in Literature, Science and the Arts. Second Edition. By Roswell Park, A. M., Professor of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania, &c. Hogan and Thompson: Philadelphia.

The title of this work explains its nature with accuracy. To human knowledge in general, it is what a map of the world is to geography. The design is chiefly, *to classify*, and thus present a dependent and clearly discernible whole. To those who have paid much attention to Natural History and the endless, unstable, and consequently vexatious classifications which there occur—to those, in especial, who have labored over the "Conchologies" of De Blainville and Lamarck, some faint—some very faint idea of the difficulties attending such a labor as this, will occur. There have been numerous prior attempts of the same kind, and although this is unquestionably *one* of the best, we cannot regard it as the best. Mr. Park has chosen a highly artificial scheme of arrangement; and both reason and experience show us that *natural* classifications, or those which proceed upon broad and immediately recognisable distinctions, are alone practically or permanently successful. We say this, however, with much deference to the opinions of a gentleman, whose means of acquiring *knowledge*, have been equalled only by his zeal in its pursuit, and whose general talents we have had some personal opportunity of estimating.

We mean nothing like criticism in so brief a paragraph as we can here afford, upon a work so voluminous and so important as the one before us. Our design is merely to call the attention of our friends to the publication—whose merits are obvious and great. Its defects are, of course, numerous. We mean rather to say, that in every work of this nature, it is in the power of almost every reader to suggest a thousand emendations. We might object to many of the details. We *must* object to nearly all of the belles-lettres portion of the book. We cannot stand being told, for example, that "Barlow's 'Columbiad' is a poem of considerable merit;" nor are we rendered more patient under the infliction of this and similar opinions, by the information that Vander Vondel and Vander Doos (the deuce!) wrote capital Dutch epics, while "the poems of Cats are said to be spirited and *pious*!" We know nothing about cats, nor cats about piety.

The volume is sadly disfigured by typographical errors. On the title-page of the very first "province" is a blunder in Greek.

The Student-Life of Germany: By William Howitt, Author of the "Rural Life of England," "Book of the Seasons," etc. From the unpublished MS. of Dr. Cornelius. Containing nearly Forty of the most Famous Student Songs. Carey & Hart: Philadelphia.

Mr. Howitt has here given us the only complete and faithful account of the Student-Life of Germany which has appeared in any quarter of the world. The institutions and customs which his book describes, form, to use his own language, "the most singular state of social existence to be found in the bosom of civilized Europe," and are doubly curious and worthy of investigation—first, on account of the jealousy with which the students have hitherto withheld all information on the subject, and secondly, on account of the deep root which the customs themselves have taken in the heart of the German life. The Burschendom, of which we have all heard so much, yet so vaguely, is no modern or evanescent eccentricity; but a matter of firm and reverent faith coeval with the universities; and this faith is now depicted, *con amore*, and with knowledge, by a German who has himself felt and confessed it. To the philosopher, to the man of the world, and especially, to the man of imagination, this beautiful volume will prove a rare treat. Its *novelty* will startle all.

Lectures on Modern History, from the Irruption of the Northern Nations to the Close of the American Revolution. By William Smyth, Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. Two volumes. From the Second London Edition, with a Preface, List of Books on American History, etc. By Jared Sparks, L. L. D., Professor of Ancient and Modern History in Harvard University. John Owen: Cambridge.

Professor Smyth's system of history is remarkable, if not peculiar. He selects certain periods, and groups around them individually those events to which they have closest affinity not only in time, but character. The effect is surprising through its force and perspicuity. The name of Professor Sparks would be alone sufficient to recommend these volumes—but in themselves they are a treasure.

First Book of Natural History, Prepared for the Use of Schools and Colleges. By W. S. W. Ruschenberger, M. D., Surgeon in the U. S. Navy, &c. &c. From the Text of Milne Edwards & Achille Comte, Professors of Natural History in the Colleges of Henri IV. and Charlemagne. With Plates. Turner & Fisher: Philadelphia.

This little book forms, in the original, the first of a series of First or Elementary works on Natural History, arranged by Messieurs Edwards and Comte, two gentlemen distinguished for labors of the kind, and who enjoy the patronage of the "Royal Council of Public Instruction of France." The translator is well known to the reading world, and there can be no doubt of the value of the publication in its present form.

A System of Elocution, with Special Reference to Gesture, to the Treatment of Stammering, and Defective Articulation, Comprising Numerous Diagrams and Engraved Figures, Illustrative of the Subject. By Andrew Comstock, M. D. Published by the Author: Philadelphia.

This is, in many respects, an excellent book, although the principal claim of Dr. Comstock is that of having cleverly compiled. His method of representing, or notating, the modulations of the speaking voice, is original, as he himself states, but there is little else which can be called so. Originality, however, is not what we seek in a school-book, and this has the merit of tasteful selection and precision of style.

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Sturmer; A Tale of Mesmerism. To which are added other Sketches from Life. By Isabella F. Romer. Two Volumes. Lea & Blanchard: Philadelphia.

This work is republished, we presume, not so much on account of its intrinsic merit, as on account of the present *émeute* in our immediate vicinity and elsewhere, on the subject of Animal Magnetism. "Sturmer," the principal story, is, nevertheless, well narrated and will do much in the way of helping unbelief. The minor tales are even beautiful. "The Mother and Daughter" is exceedingly pathetic.

Famous Old People. Being the Second Epoch of Grandfather's Chair. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Author of "Twice-Told Tales." Boston: Tappan & Dennet.

Mr. Hawthorne has received high praise from men whose opinions we have been accustomed to respect. Hereafter we shall endeavor to speak of his tales with that deliberation which is their due. The one now before us is a simple and pretty story.

History of the Life of Richard Cœur de Lion, King of England. By G. P. R. James, Esq., author of "Richelieu," &c. Two volumes. New York: I. & H. G. Langley.

We like Mr. James far better as the historian or biographer than as the novelist. The truth is, it is sheer waste of time to read second-rate fictions by men of merely imitative talent, when at the same expense of money and labor we can indulge in the never-failing stream of invention now poured forth by true genius.

The Effinghams; or, Home as I Found it. Two volumes. By the author of the "Victim of Chancery," &c. New York: Samuel Colman.

These volumes are satirical and have some fair hits at Mr. Cooper, against whom they are especially levelled; but we like neither this design of personal ridicule nor the manner in which it is effected.

Organic Chemistry in its Applications to Agriculture and Physiology. By Justus Leiby, M. D., &c. Edited from the MS. of the Author, by Lyon Playfair, Ph. D. Second American Edition, with an Introduction, Notes and Appendix, by John W. Webster, M. D., Professor of Chemistry in Harvard University. John Owen: Cambridge.

This book excited and still excites great attention in England. It is needless to speak of its merits, which are well understood by all students of Physics.

Arbitrary Power, Popery, Protestantism; as contained in Nos. XV. XVIII. XIX. of the Dublin Review. Philadelphia: M. Fithian.

A republication from the Dublin Review of three able articles in defence of Catholicism.

Second Book of Natural History. Prepared for the Use of Schools and Colleges. By W. S. W. Ruschenberger, M. D., &c. From the text of Milne Edwards and Achille Comte. With Plates. Philadelphia: Turner & Fisher.

We need only say of this volume that it is a continuation of the "First Book" just noticed, although sufficiently distinct in itself.

The Amazonian Republic Recently Discovered in the Interior of Peru. By Ex-Midshipman Timothy Savage, B. C. New York: Samuel Colman.

This is a very passable satirical fiction, in the manner of Gulliver. We should not be surprised if it were the composition of Dr. Beasely of this city.

St. John Chrysostom. Archbishop of Constantinople: His Life, Eloquence and Piety. By W. Joseph Walter, late of St. Edmund's College. Philadelphia: Godey & M'Michael.

An eloquent tribute to the memory of an eloquent and in every respect a remarkable man.

Life in China. The Porcelain Tower; or Nine Stories of China. Compiled from Original Sources. By T. T. T. Embellished by J. Leech. Lea & Blanchard: Philadelphia.

This is a very clever and amusing *jeu-d'esprit*, in which the oddities, or what we regard as the oddities of "Life in China," are divertingly caricatured. The work is handsomely printed, and the designs by Leech are well conceived and executed.

Select Poems. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. Fourth Edition, with Illustrations. Edward C. Biddle: Philadelphia.

The publisher, in his preface, states that three editions of this work, comprising eight thousand copies, have been sold; and of this we are pleased to hear; but we are not equally pleased with the information (conveyed also in the preface) that a *new* set of illustrations is given. If these "illustrations" are *new*, then "new" has come to be employed in the sense of "old." The plates are not only antique but trashy in other respects. Of the poems themselves we have no space to speak fully this month. Some of them are excellent; and there are many which merit no commendation. Mrs. Sigourney deserves much, but by no means all of the applause which her compositions have elicited.

It would be easy to cite, from the volume now before us, numerous brief passages of the truest beauty; but we fear that it would be more difficult to point out an entire poem which would bear examination, *as a whole*. In the piece entitled "Indian Names," there are thoughts and *expression* which would do honor to any one. We note, also, an unusually noble idea in the "Death of an Infant."

——forth from those blue eyes
There spake a wishful tenderness—a doubt
Whether to grieve or sleep, which innocence
Alone may wear.

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Vol II

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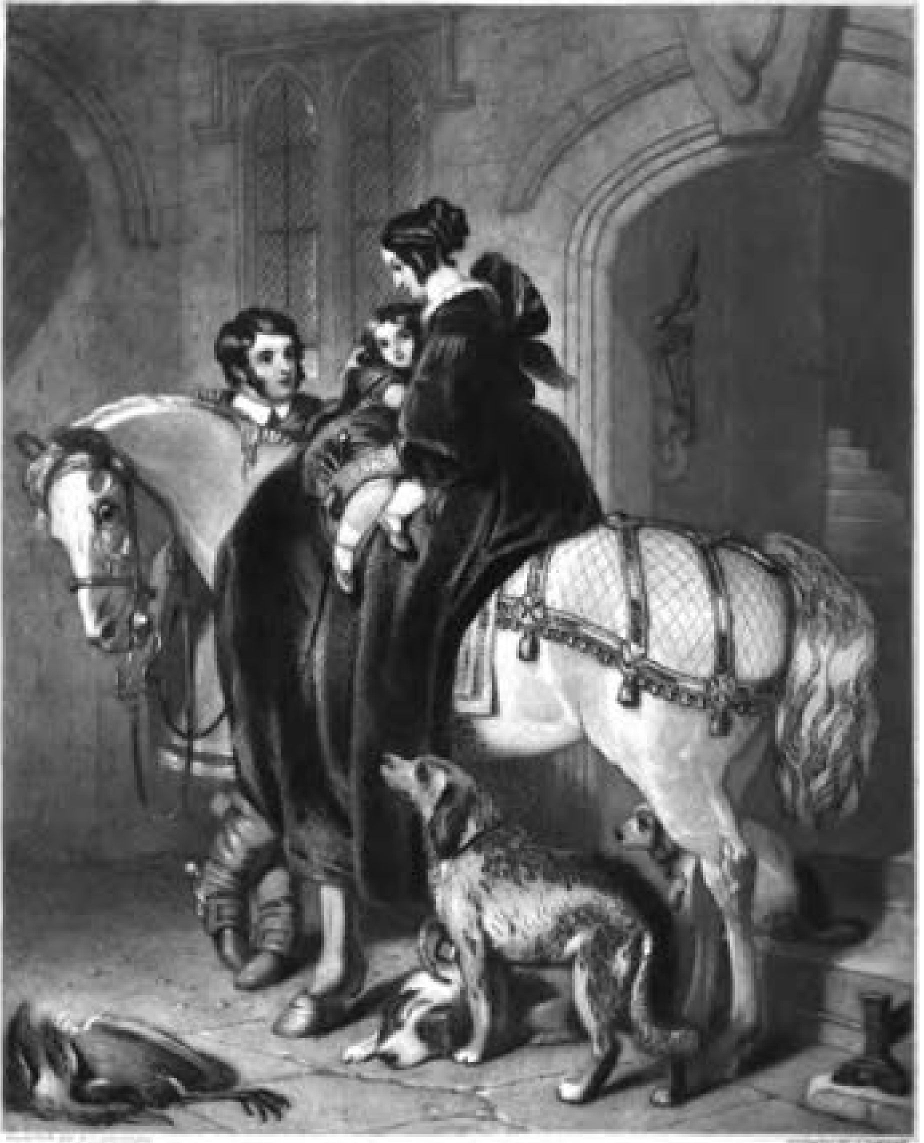

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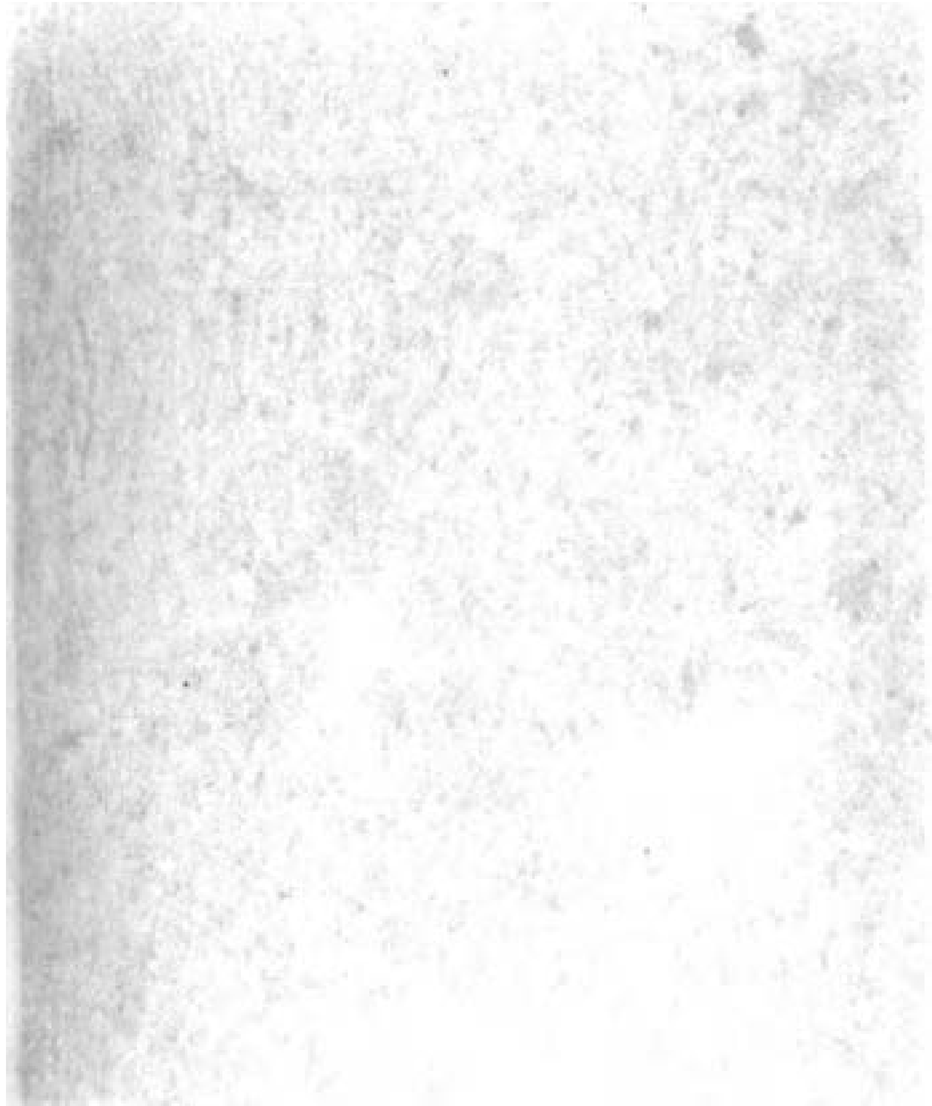

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The Wife

Engraved expressly for Graham's Magazine

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XX. PHILADELPHIA: APRIL, 1842. No. 4.

THE WIFE.

BY AGNES PIERSOL.

It was the dead hour of the night. The room was a high wainscotted apartment, with furniture of a rich but antique pattern. The pale moonlight streaming through the curtained window, and struggling with the subdued light of a candle placed in a corner, disclosed the figure of a sick man extended on a bed, wrapped in an unquiet slumber. By his side sat a care-worn though still beautiful woman gazing anxiously on his face, and breathlessly awaiting the crisis of the fever—for it was now the ninth day since that strong man had been prostrated by the hand of disease, and during all that time he had raved in an incessant delirium. He had at length dropped into an unquiet slumber, broken at first by starts and moans, but during the last hour he had been less restless, and he now lay as still as a sculptured statue. His wife well knew that ere morning the crisis would be past, and she waited, with all a woman's affection, breathlessly for the event. Aye! though few women have been wronged as Emily Walpole had been wronged, she still cherished her husband's image, for he was, despite his errors, the lover of her youth.

Few girls had been more admired than Emily Severn. But it was not only the beauty of her features and the elegance of her form which drew around her a train of worshippers: her mind was one of no ordinary cast, and the sweetness of her temper lent an ineffable charm to all she did. No one was so eagerly sought for at a ball or a pic-nic as Emily Severn, and at her parental fireside she was the universal favorite. It was long before she loved. She was not to be misled by glitter or show. She could only bestow her affections where she thought they were deserved, and it was not until she met Edward Walpole that she learned to surrender her heart.

Edward Walpole, when he became the husband of Emily Severn, was apparently all that a woman could wish. He was warm hearted, of a noble soul, kind, gentle, and ever ready to waive his own selfish gratification at the call of duty. But, alas! he had one weakness, *he did not act from principle*. His generous deeds were the offspring of a warm heart rather than of a regulated intellect. As yet he had never been placed in circumstances which severely tried his principles. But, about a year after his marriage, he fell heir to the large property of a maiden aunt, and at once his whole style of life was altered. His accession of wealth brought him into contact with society in which hitherto he had never mingled, where the polish of factitious politeness often hides the most depraved morals. Above all, by abandoning his profession, he condemned himself to comparative idleness. He now began to be tortured by *ennui*, and sought any excitement to pass away the time. The harpies who infest society, and with the appearance of gentlemen have the hearts of fiends, now marked him for their prey; and his open and generous nature made him their victim in a comparatively short space of time. We shall not trace his downward progress. It is always a melancholy task to mark the lapse from virtue of a noble and generous character, and how much more so when the heart of a wife is to be broken by the dereliction from rectitude.

Emily saw the gradual aberration of her husband, and though she mourned the cause, no word of reproach escaped her lips, but by every gentle means she strove to bring back her husband to the paths of virtue. But a fatality seemed to have seized him. He was in a whirlpool from which he could not extricate himself. He still loved his wife, and more than once, when her looks cut him to the heart, he made an effort to break loose from his associates; but they always found means to bring him back ere long. Thus a year passed. His fortune began to give way, for he had learnt to gamble. As his losses became more frequent his thirst for cards became greater, until at length he grew sullen and desperate

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He was now a changed man. He no longer felt compunction at the wrongs he inflicted on his sweet wife, but if her sad looks touched his heart at all they only stung him into undeserved reproaches. He was become harsh and violent. Yet his poor wife endured all in silence. No recrimination passed her lips. But in the solitude of her chamber she shed many a bitter tear, and often, at the hour of midnight, when her husband was far away in some riotous company, her prayers were heard ascending for him.

Two years had now elapsed, and the last one had been a year of bitter sorrow to Emily. At length her husband came home one night an almost ruined man. He had been stripped at the gambling table, of every cent of his property, over which he had any control, and he was now in a state almost approaching to madness. Before morning he was in a high fever. For days he raved incessantly of his ruin, cursing the wretches by whom he had been plundered. Nine days had passed and now the crisis was at hand.

The clock struck twelve. As sound after sound rung out on the stillness and died away in echoes, reverberating through the house, the sick man moved in his sleep, until, when the last stroke was given, he opened his eyes and looked languidly and vacantly around. His gaze almost instantly met the face of his wife. For a moment his recollection could be seen struggling in his countenance, and at length an expression of deep mental suffering settled in his face. His wife had by this time risen and was now at his bedside. She saw that the crisis was past, and as she laid her hand in his, and felt the moisture of the skin, she knew that he would recover. Tears of joy gushed from her eyes and dropped on the sick man's face.

"Heavenly father, I thank thee!" she murmured at length, when her emotion suffered her to speak, while the tears streamed faster and faster down her cheek, "he is safe. He will recover," and though she ceased speaking, her lips still moved in silent prayer.

The sick man felt the tears on his face, he saw his wife's grateful emotion, he knew that she was even now praying for him, and as he recalled to mind the wrongs which he had inflicted on that uncomplaining woman, his heart was melted within him. There is no chastener like sickness; the most stony bosom softens beneath it. He thought of the long days and nights during which he must have been ill, and when his insulted and abused wife had watched anxiously at his bedside. Oh! how he had crushed that noble heart; and now this was her return! She prayed for him who had wronged her. She shed tears of joy because her erring husband had been restored, as it were, to life. These things rushed through his bosom and the strong man's eyes filled with tears.

"Emily—dear Emily," he said, "I have been a villain, and can you forgive me? I deserve it not at your hands—but can you, will you forgive a wretch like me?"

"Oh! *can* I forgive you?" sobbed the grateful wife, "yes! yes! but too gladly. But it is not against me you have sinned, it is against a good and righteous God."

"I know it—I know it," said the repentant husband, "and to His mercy I look. I cannot pray for myself, but oh! Emily pray for me. He has saved me from the jaws of death. Pray for me, dear Emily."

The wife knelt at the bedside, and while the husband, exhausted by his agitation, sank back with closed eyes on the pillow, she read the noble petition for the sick, from the book of Common Prayer. At times the sobs of Emily would almost choke her utterance, but the holy words she read had at length, a soothing effect both on her mind and that of her husband. When the prayer was over, she remained for several minutes kneeling, while her husband murmured at intervals his heart-felt responses. At length she rose from the bedside. Her husband would again have spoken, to beseech once more her forgiveness. But with a glad feeling at her heart—a feeling such as she had not had for years—she enjoined silence on him, and sat down again by his bedside to watch. At length he fell again into a calm slumber, while the now happy wife watched at his bedside until morning, breathing thanksgivings for her husband's recovery, and shedding tears of joy the while.

When the sick man awoke at daybreak, he was a changed being. He was now convalescent, he was more, he was a repentant man. He wept on the bosom of his wife, and made resolutions of reformation which, after his recovery, through the blessing of God, he was enabled to fulfil.

The fortune of Walpole was mostly gone, but sufficient remained from its wrecks, to allow him the comforts, though not the luxuries of life. He soon settled his affairs and removed from his splendid mansion to a quiet cottage in a neighboring village. The only pang he felt was at leaving the home which for so many years had been the dwelling of the head of his family—the home where his uncle had died, and which had been lost only through his own folly.

Neither Walpole nor his wife ever regretted their loss of fortune; for both looked upon it as the means used by an over-ruling Providence to bring the husband back to the path of rectitude; and they referred to it therefore with feelings rather of gratitude than of repining. In their quiet cottage, on the wreck of their wealth, they enjoyed a happiness to which they had been strangers in the days of their opulence. A family of lovely children sprung up around them, and it was the daily task of the parents to educate these young minds in the path of duty and rectitude. Oh! the happy hours which they enjoyed in that white, vine-embowered cottage, with their children smiling around them, and the consciousness of a well regulated life, filling their hearts with peace.

Years rolled by and the hair of Walpole began to turn gray, while the brow of his sweet wife showed more than one wrinkle, but still their happiness remained undiminished.

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LOWELL'S POEMS.*

A NEW SCHOOL OF POETRY AT HAND.

We shall never forget our emotions when we inhaled, for the first time after a lingering illness, the fresh breezes of a September morning. Oh! the visions of dewy meadows, rustling forest trees, and silvery brooks which the delicious air called up before us. This little book has awakened much the same emotions in our bosom. It reminds us of the breezy lawns where we played when a child; of the old mossy forest trees beneath which we loved to sit and muse; of the silent, stately Brandywine that glided along at our feet, its clear waters sliding over the rocks or rippling against the long willow leaves that trembled in its current. There is a freshness about Lowell's Poems which bewitches our fancy. They display a genius that has startled us. They breathe a healthy, honest, good old Saxon spirit, that opens our heart to them as by a sign of brotherhood. We feel that he is kin of our kin and blood of our blood, and we take his book to our bosom without suffering it to plead the exquisite petition which he has put into its mouth, for "charity in Christ's dear name." Lowell is a man after our own heart. We have a word or two to say of him in connection with the poetry of the day.

Every one must have perceived that a new school of poetry is at hand. No one who has thought on the subject can have failed to see that the fever for Byron, like all fevers, is both wearing itself out and exhausting the patient. With the death of the noble lord began the decline of the school to which he gave such popularity, and though he has had many imitators since, the phrenzy respecting his poetry is nearly over. We do not mean to depreciate Byron. Every great poet should be spoken of with reverence; for they all alike discourse in the language of the gods; and Byron was not only a great poet, but the greatest poet of his school. That school, however, was a bad one—the fierce, unholy offspring of an incestuous age. It was a school in which the restlessness of passion seems to have forced its votaries into poetry. They had none of the calm, enduring enthusiasm of the great poets of the past; they did not speak with the majesty of Jove, but with the fury of a Delphin priestess. They were essentially the poets of a crowd, expressing the emotions of men in a state of high excitement, and consequently whirling away their hearers with them in a phrenzy for the time unconquerable, but destined to subside with the first calm in the public mind. But the truly great poets—Milton, Shakspeare and Spencer—sit far away on a mountain by themselves, singing in calm enthusiasm to the stars of heaven, and startling the dweller on the plain as well as the shepherd on the hill-side with a melody that seems a part of heaven. The school of Byron is that of a generation; the school of the old masters is that of eternity. The one is a lurid planet, that blazes fitfully amid storm and darkness; the others are fixed stars, that shine around Milton, the greatest of all, in undimmed and undying lustre.

> "Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἐν οὐρανῷ ἄστρα φαεινὴν ἀμφὶ σελήνην
> Φαίνετ' ἀριπρεπέα.

We have said that a new school of poetry is at hand, and the remark may, at first sight, appear extravagant when we consider the stagnation which has been exhibited for years. But betwixt the decline of one school and the rise of another, there is always a pause. When Milton wrote, a lustrum had elapsed since Shakspeare died. After the decay of Pope, a half a century of barreness ensued before Cowper brought in a more masculine verse. The poetic soil, during these interregnums, seems to be worn out, and to require to lie fallow until it can recruit its energies. Only a few sparse flowers bloom upon the waste. But these, although insignificant in themselves, serve to betray the changes in the soil. They are premonitory of the coming harvest. They give us a clue to the character of the approaching school, and although often vague and contradictory, they afford us hints for which we would in vain seek elsewhere. We do not say that, from such hints, the nature of a school can be certainly predicted. The public taste, to use a phrase from the geologists, is in a transition state, and what the result may be, will, in a measure, puzzle the acutest mind. But we can still approximate to the truth. And even now we may hazard a conjecture respecting the characteristics of the school which will supersede that of Byron. It will resemble, in many particulars, that of the old poets. It will have the same calm, enduring enthusiasm. It will be marked by a like earnestness of purpose, by the same comprehensive love for "suffering, sad humanity." It will have none of the jaundiced views of Byron, and little of the *petit maitre* style of Pope. It will be intellectual, and, we fear, pedantic also. It threatens to be disgraced by conceits. Circumstances, it is true, may occur to give a different turn to the character of the new school, or a MESSIAH may arise to do away by a single dispensation with all former types; but, so far as we can foresee now, the Tennysons, Longfel-

* "A Year's Life"—by James Russell Lowell; 1 vol. C. C. Little & J. Brown, Boston: 1841.

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lows, and poets of that cast of mind, will give the tone to the coming change in the public taste. Indeed they are already bringing about a revolution. Men are first acted on singly and then in masses, and the masses have even now begun to feel the influence of Longfellow and Tennyson. Wordsworth, too, is not to be disregarded in this revolution, but his influence, though powerful so far as it goes, will never be general. He is the poet of the few, not of the many. He is the priest of the metaphysicians, the seer of the refiners of fine gold. He writes poems, but his followers write twaddle. He cannot found a school. He cannot do this aside from his peculiarities. We will explain.

It is a common error to attribute the formation of a school of poetry to the influence of some one great mind, and we are pointed to Byron, Pope, Shakspeare and others, as instances to prove this creed. The theory is false and illegitimate, the offspring of shallow minds and conceited pedants. A popular poet, we grant, may have many imitators of his *verbal* style; but the spirit of his school, like the prophet's inspiration, dies with him. If we look to the poets of our own language we shall find that the great masters usually followed rather than preceded their respective schools; and if we look abroad we shall, with few exceptions, discover the same fact. The school of Byron, for instance, was born of the atheism, scorn and fury of the French Revolution, and we can see foreshadowings of the spirit of Childe Harold in most of the minor poems of that day. Byron carried the school up to its culminating point, and since his death, if not before, it has been on the decline. Pope was the last of a school that had its origin as far back as the exile of Charles the Second, and the French style and sickly effeminacy of this most finished of our poets began to decline while Walpole still sat at the Treasury, when Lady Mary played the wit at Richmond, while clouded canes and full-bottomed wigs yet figured in the Mall. Milton belonged to no school but his own; he stands alone in unapproachable glory; but his genius was deeply influenced by the commotions of the civil wars. Shakspeare had few followers, but many predecessors, and as he was the last so he was the greatest of his school; while Spencer, standing as he did above the grave of chivalry and allegorical romance, only gave vent, in his immortal poem, to a requiem for the departed great. All these men embodied the characteristics of their age, and left them as a heritage to posterity. They were types of their times: they spoke the universal mind of their cotemporaries. It is the cant of the day to talk of men as being in advance of their age; but there never was and never will be such a man. Even Bacon, the giant of the modern world, and the reputed author of the inductive philosophy, was only its great high-priest; for even before he had written his advancement of learning, twenty minds, in every quarter of Europe, were stumbling on the same truths. We are not waiting, therefore, for the advent of a seer to found a new poetic school, for the school must come first, and then we may expect the seer. It will require a dozen Tennysons to make a Spencer. The days of the years of the sons of the prophets are not yet numbered—when they shall be, a new Messiah will appear in our midst.

The tendency of the age to a new school in poetry is strikingly evinced by the genius of Lowell. He was educated in the school of the older poets until his whole soul has become imbued with their spirit. Of these writers Spencer is clearly his favorite. The allusions to this fine old poet are frequent in his poems, and we often meet with expressions and turns of thought, reminding us strikingly of the Faery Queen. We do not mean to charge Lowell with plagiarism: far from it. But he has read Spencer so thoroughly that he is often guilty of unconscious imitation. His fondness for this enchanting writer, is indeed the greatest peril which threatens his poetical career. There is such a thing as being beguiled by a syren until you become her slave. We tell him to beware. Let our young countryman shake himself loose from his bewitching fetters, and be, as he is partially and can be wholly, original. Let him be his own master. *Aut Cæsar, aut nihil.*

This language, when applied to some, would be a satire. But Lowell has evinced the possession of powers, nearly, if not altogether equal to those of any cotemporary poet; and when, in connexion with this, we consider his youth, we feel justified in assigning to him a genius of the first rank. Let us not be misunderstood. We do not say that Lowell has written better poems than any American, but only that he has evinced a capacity, which in time, may enable him to do so. Indeed this volume of poems, although possessing high merit, is rather a proof of what he may do than of what he has done. There is scarcely a poem in the book which a critic might not prove to be full of faults; but then there would be passages scattered through it which, to an honest man, would redeem the whole. And since the publication of this volume, Lowell has written other poems evincing a progressive excellence and establishing his genius beyond cavil. In one faculty he is certainly equal to any cotemporary, and that faculty is the highest one a poet can possess—we mean IDEALITY. The imagination of Lowell is of the loftiest character. No one can read a ballad published in this Magazine for October, 1841, or a poem entitled "Rosaline," published for February, 1842, without awarding to our young countryman the gift of this enviable faculty. Whether he is capable of conceiving and executing an extended poem remains to be seen; and we would not advise him to attempt the task until time has matured his taste and refined his powers. But if the Lycidas of Milton, or the Venus and Adonis of Shakspeare were any evidence of the intellect of these two masters, then are some of the poems of Lowell evidence that he has the power, which if properly cultivated, will enable him to write a great poem. The young eagle that flutters its wings on the mountain top may not yet be able to breast the tempest, yet it is an eagle still, and he must be deaf indeed who cannot distinguish its cry. We say that Lowell has an ideality of the

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loftiest order, and that no one can read his poems without discovering this. We say that ideality is the highest quality of a poet's mind. So far forth, therefore, Lowell is entitled to rank among the foremost of our poets.

But this is not all. A poet may have the intellect of a god, and yet want the heart to make him truly great; for all true greatness is based on nobility of mind, without which mere intellect is but a tinkling cymbal. All the great old poets eminently possessed this quality. Their hearts kept time, in a majestic march, to noble sentiments. They loved their race, and in their writings showed they were in earnest. This love for his fellows is one of the finest characteristics of Lowell, and contrasts strikingly with the frippery of Pope, and the sneering misanthropy of Byron. We adore this feeling. It is the good old Saxon spirit, the sentiment of universal brotherhood. We are all the children of one father, fitted for sympathy, companionship, affection. We are not born to scorn our fellows. We have not been created to seclude ourselves from society, to dwell in caves, and cells, and lonely hermitages. We are made for nobler purposes. Our mission, like that of him of Nazareth, is to go about doing good. Nor let any man hate his fellows, thinking them regardless of his sorrows. The most unfortunate of us are not without friends, often loving us unknown and in spite of our faults. We have seen the criminal at the bar, when all others shrunk from him, cheered by the affection of the very wife or mother he had wronged; and even the houseless old beggar by the way-side finds a friend in every honest heart that sees his grey hairs tossing in the wind. All over this wide world, in hut, or cottage, or lordly hall, millions of hearts are beating with love towards each other, so that the whole human race is, as it were, interwoven together by innumerable fine threads of sympathy and affection. A word, a deed, or a kind look may make us a friend of whom we little think: and it may be that even now, some one whom we have never seen, is yearning towards us, because something that we may have written has found an echo in his bosom. God be thanked for this, the brightest gift in a poet's mission! How many hearts have sympathised with the blind old Milton, and how many more will sympathise with him to the end of all time. And thus it is with the good of every age. They live again in the memory of posterity. The dying words of Algernon Sidney will thrill the freeman's heart through untold centuries. The apostolic charity of Fenelon, Latimer, Bunyan, Augustine, and of all holy men, will endear them to noble hearts as long as time endures. The only immortality worth having is an immortality like this; and it matters not whether our names are known to those who bless us or not. Men have written noble sentiments and died and been forgotten, yet posterity has still yearned towards the poet when it read his lines. What comfort may not an author thus bring upon his fellows! Go out into the country and enter that lowly cottage, —you will find perhaps some mother weeping over little Nell, and drawing consolation from traits in the character which remind her of a darling child now in heaven. Thus by ten thousand links does an author bind himself to the hearts of his fellows, until at length he comes to be loved as we would love a brother. And often the precepts he instils awaken the dormant good in other hearts. Lowell has finely expressed this in one of his earliest poems—

> "Noble thoughts like thistle-seed,
> Wing'd by nature, fall and breed
> From their heedless parents far,
> Where fit soil and culture are."

This fellowship for his kind glows in every line of Lowell. Open his pages where you may, the eye lights on some kindly word, some noble thought, some sentiment overflowing with the milk of human kindness. There is a fine sonnet now before us which expresses the feeling of brotherhood in true Saxon words—

> "Why should we ever weary of this life;
> Our souls should widen ever, not contract,
> Grow stronger, and not harder, in the strife,
> Filling each moment with a noble act:
> If we live thus, of vigor all compact,
> Doing our duty to our fellow-men,
> And striving rather to exalt our race
> Than our poor selves, with earnest hand or pen,
> We shall erect our names a dwelling-place
> Which not all ages shall cast down agen;
> Offspring of Time shall then be born each hour,
> Which, as of old, earth lovingly shall guard,
> To live forever in youth's perfect flower,
> And guide her future children Heavenward."

And here is one, on the same theme, which many a brother poet would do well to emulate. How fitly this sonnet might have been read to Gray!

> "Poet! who sittest in thy pleasant room,
> Warming thy heart with idle thoughts of love,
> And of a holy life that leads above,
> Striving to keep life's spring-flowers still in bloom,
> And lingering to snuff their fresh perfume,—
> O, there were other duties meant for thee,
> Than to sit down in peacefulness and be!
> O, there are brother hearts that dwell in gloom,
> Souls loathsome, foul, and black with daily sin,
> So crusted o'er with baseness, that no ray
> Of Heaven's blessed light may enter in!
> Come down, then, to this hot and dusty way,
> And lead them back to hope and peace again,—
> For, save in Act, thy Love is all in vain."

Here is the sentiment of our mission finely expressed—

> "We were not meant to plod along the earth,
> Strange to ourselves and to our fellows strange,
> We were not meant to struggle from our birth
> To skulk and creep, and in mean pathways range;
> Act! with stern truth, large faith, and loving will!
> Up and be doing! God is with us still."

The following lines will cheer many a lonely heart in its sore distress:

> "Be of good courage, bear up to the end,
> And on thine after way rejoicing go!
> We all must suffer, if we aught would know;
> Life is a teacher stern, and wisdom's crown
> Is oft a crown of thorns, whence, trickling down,
> Blood, mix'd with tears, blinding our eyes doth flow;
> But Time, a gentle nurse, shall wipe away
> This bloody sweat—"

Here are three lines which deserve to pass into a proverb:

> "*Be noble!* and the nobleness that lies
> In other men, sleeping but never dead
> Will rise in majesty to meet thine own;"

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Lowell has a passion, if we may use the word, for images of quiet beauty. He seems to worship nature; he is evidently a dreamer. We venture to predict that he has spent many a day loitering through the summer woods, or lingering by the side of some silvery stream. He is a close observer—as what genius is not? There is a freshness about his writings which convinces you that he has not drawn his notions of the country, like many even of our rural poets, from books. He writes freely and therefore gracefully. His images of nature come to us with a delicious freshness, reminding us of forest nooks, sylvan retreats, and the fragrance of new mown hay. He seems to be peculiarly fond of water, and of the music which its dropping or its flow occasions. Thus:

"Thy voice is like a fountain
Leaping up in still starlight.
And I never weary counting
Its clear droppings lone or single.
Or when in one full gush they mingle,
Shooting in melodious light!

"And thy light laughter rang as clear
As water drops I loved to hear
In days of boyhood as they fell
Tinkling far down the dim, still well."

"Weary never, still thou trillest
Spring-gladsome lays,
As of moss-rimmed water brooks
Murmuring through pebbly nooks
In quiet summer days."

"And like a moonbeam was her hair
That falls where flowing ripples are,
In summer evening, Isabel!"

Many of the poems in this volume as well as several pieces since given to the world, are love-poems, and breathe all the delicacy and exquisite tenderness of a first affection. Lowell's conception of the female character is noble, chivalrous, pure and elevating. No poet in our language has a loftier idea of a true woman. Mere personal beauty does not appear to awaken his adoration, but every feeling of his soul kindles at a sweet voice or a lovely mind. We like him for this. A sweet voice is a talisman, and we question whether any true poet could love a woman whose voice was not low and musical. There is a witchery in a soft melodious accent that no language can describe. It seems to dissolve itself into the soul and steal us away unconsciously to ourselves. A lovely mind is the highest charm a woman can possess. How exquisitely has Lowell pictured in the following verses, the purity of a young maiden:

"Early and late, at her soul's gate
Sits chastity in warderwise.
No thought unchallenged, small or great,
Goes thence into her eyes."

"She is so gentle and so good
The very flowers in the wood
Do bless her with their sympathy."

"Thou mad'st me happy with thine eyes,—
And gentle feelings long forgot
Looked up and oped their eyes,
Like violets—when they see a spot
Of summer in the skies."

"Peace sits within thy eyes,
With white hands crost in joyful rest,
While through thy lips and face arise
The melodies from out thy breast.
She sits and sings
With folded wings."

The poems entitled "My Love," "Ianthe," and "The Lover," are peculiarly fraught with these elevated sentiments, and we recommend them, apart from their poetic merit, to all who love to contemplate true beauty in woman. The sonnets of Lowell are equally full of those delicate touches. Those on names are very fine—the one entitled "Anne" particularly so. Many others may be instanced as exquisite poems, full of tenderness and beauty.

With all this ideality, this calm enthusiasm, this love for his fellow men, this freshness and delicacy, Lowell would be entitled to rank already among the first poets of the country, if it were not for an occasional affectation, and a comparative want of artistical knowledge. His affectation is the result of his extravagant fondness for Spencer, and partakes, in a great measure, of the peculiarities of that fine poet. The most usual forms in which this affectation developes itself in Lowell, is in a tendency to push his metaphors to the verge of allegory, and in a quaintness that is as much out of place as a tie-wig on a beau of the present generation. The want of artistical knowledge is only comparative, for Lowell understands the rules of his art better than nine-tenths of the craft. Indeed we question whether the slovenliness of many of his poems, does not arise from carelessness as much as from ignorance. The writings of few men betray such rapidity of composition, evincing clearly to our mind, that the thoughts of the poet are thrown upon the paper as fast as they bubble up from his heart. Lowell seems to scorn revision. He strikes off his poems at a white heat, disdaining to polish the steel when it has grown cool. Such neglect always leads to the disbelief in an author's artistical skill. The public will never give him the credit of being a good workman, while he shows so great an indifference to the finish of his wares.

This carelessness is not only evinced in an occasional false measure, but in other ways more detrimental. One of the slovenly habits of our poet, is in the use of the accent to lengthen a short syllable. We constantly meet with such words as "poisèd" "inspirèd," and others of like false quantity. Against such liberties we protest. It is no argument to tell us that other poets have been guilty of the practice. Twenty wrongs do not constitute a right, nor will volumes of false quantity make a poem. An author is to take the language as he finds it and evince his skill by adapting it to his purpose. If every writer is allowed to beat a short syllable into a long one, there will soon be as many varieties of accent in our language, as there are gods in the Chinese theology. If words may be twisted as we please there will be no end to the fools who write poems. It is time that men stood up for the purity of our tongue. The affectations of Hunt, Lamb, and Hazlit, might have been forgiven: but the barbarous jargon of Carlyle deserves to be damned in the first act. There is a

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saint in the Brahmin calender whom a legion of devils has been tormenting for a thousand years; and the good old manly English tongue seems to be in much the same predicament. Every lustrum or two a new onset is made at its purity. Each successive generation witnesses a mania for some foreign, illegitimate, unholy alliance. The rage in the days of Pope was for the French school, in the days of Johnson for the Latin school, and just now it is for the German school. If we live many years longer we shall expect to see men affecting the negro jargon from Coromantee.

The false accentuation of his words is not the only sin of Lowell against the purity of our tongue. His poems are disfigured, on almost every page, by the use of compound words, which he seems to fabricate, like an editor makes news, to fill out. We have "dreamy-winged," "long-agone," "grass-hid" "spring-gladsome," "moss-rimmed," "study-withered," "over-live," "maiden-wise," "rosy-white," "full-sailed," "deep-glowing," "earth-forgetting," "down-gushing," "cross-folded," and a host of like mongrel expressions, which no pure writer would use, and for which not even the genius of Lowell can obtain currency. The only redeeming feature in his case is that his later poems evince a decided improvement in this respect. They betray comparatively little of this carelessness. They show a wider command of words, a more sonorous and elevated verse. They are less disfigured by affectations from Spencer and others of the quaint old writers. They begin to be worthy of the genius of Lowell.

We have attributed these faults to carelessness; but they may be the result of affectation. Much of the unique appearance of the poetry of Lowell, is to be assigned unquestionably to these very things which we have denounced as errors. But if intentional the faults are only the more reprehensible. It is a very different thing whether a man commits a murder ignorantly or with malice aforethought. If the first he may be pardoned; if the second he should be hanged.

The earlier poems of Lowell are apt to be as much overrated by one set of readers, as they are to be depreciated by another set. The use of obsolete words, of arbitrary accents, of metaphors that verge on allegory, commend these poems to a certain school which seems to caress quaintness with the infatuation of Queen Titania in kissing the long ears of Bottom. But there is another school, which, possessing an honest contempt for any thing like affectation, is in danger of transferring its dislike from the errors to the author himself—of questioning his genius because of the faults of his style. We condemn each of these schools—both that which exaggerates and that which depreciates the poet. Lowell has many of the elements of a great poet inherent in his nature; while his faults are manifestly acquired, and can be corrected. His ideality, his enthusiasm, his nobility of sentiment, would enable him to produce even a great poem, if to these were added the capacity to grasp a series of incidents in one vast comprehensive whole. This capacity, or at least the elements of it, we believe him to possess, and if he adheres to a rigid course of study, and awaits the mature developement of his powers, he will be enabled to prove this to the world. By that time his taste will be ameliorated and his artistical skill improved. He now writes rather as his feelings dictate than after any sustained plan. We must be understood however, as using this language only comparatively; for as we have before said, Lowell is already equal in these respects to most of his cotemporaries. But there is an empyrean to which none of them have yet attained. To that region of eternal day we would have our young countryman aspire.

We have spoken with frankness, because we love with discretion. The genius of Lowell is surpassed by no cotemporary and he has only to be known in order to be understood; but his countrymen have a right to interpose and save him from the errors into which a false taste, a pedantic clique, or indiscriminate flattery may plunge him. He cannot wholly resist the peculiarities of the approaching school, but there is no reason why he should not soften their errors and and elevate their style. He can display the taste of Coledrige without his absurdities, he can be as intellectual as Shelley without his mysticism, he can emulate the ideality of Tennyson and Keats without the affectation of the one, or the redundancy of the other. He has high genius, susceptible of improvement, but capable of perversion. He is in that critical period of a poet's life when the intoxication of success may lead to idleness, when the misguided silence of his friends may confirm him in his worst faults. The improvement which his later poems evince, fill us with high hopes for the future; but his task is not yet done, as his powers are still in the process of developement. If we were his bosom friend we should speak as we have written, using that noble sentence as our apology, "strike, but hear me."

We look forward to the future career of Lowell, with hope, not unmingled, however, with fear and trembling. To his hands, we fondly trust, has been committed the task of achieving a great original American poem, a work that shall silence the sneers of foreigners, and write his own name amid the stars of heaven. He has the dormant intellect which if rightly disciplined, will enable him to fulfil this mission. But let him bide his time. Let him husband his powers, and yet not let them rust in idleness; but gird up his loins for the work that is before him, so that when the day of his translation shall arrive he may lift up his eyes for the chariot of fire. If he does his mission aright the hour of his rejoicing will surely come. No power will be able to avert it. Against the revilings of the envious, against the sneers of the unbelieving, against the persecution of hostile powers he can bear himself proudly up, for the sight of the fiery charriot will swim before his eyes and the sounds of celestial harmonies entrance his soul.

We take leave of Lowell with a single word. He must not be discouraged if his genius should at first be questioned. Few prophets have honor in their own country. C.

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LIFE IN DEATH.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Egli è vivo e parlerebbe se non osservasse la rigola del silentio.
Inscription beneath an Italian picture of St. Bruno.

My fever had been excessive and of long duration. All the remedies attainable in this wild Appennine region had been exhausted to no purpose. My valet and sole attendant in the lonely chateau, was too nervous and too grossly unskilful to venture upon letting blood—of which indeed I had already lost too much in the affray with the banditti. Neither could I safely permit him to leave me in search of assistance. At length I bethought me of a little pacquet of opium which lay with my tobacco in the hookah-case; for at Constantinople I had acquired the habit of smoking the weed with the drug. Pedro handed me the case. I sought and found the narcotic. But when about to cut off a portion I felt the necessity of hesitation. In smoking it was a matter of little importance *how much* was employed. Usually, I had half filled the bowl of the hookah with opium and tobacco cut and mingled intimately, half and half. Sometimes when I had used the whole of this mixture I experienced no very peculiar effects; at other times I would not have smoked the pipe more than two-thirds out, when symptoms of mental derangement, which were even alarming, warned me to desist. But the effect proceeded with an easy gradation which deprived the indulgence of all danger. Here, however, the case was different. I had never *swallowed* opium before. Laudanum and morphine I had occasionally used, and about *them* should have had no reason to hesitate. But the solid drug I had never seen employed. Pedro knew no more respecting the proper quantity to be taken, than myself—and thus, in the sad emergency, I was left altogether to conjecture. Still I felt no especial uneasiness; for I resolved to proceed *by degrees*. I would take a *very* small dose in the first instance. Should this prove impotent, I would repeat it; and so on, until I should find an abatement of the fever, or obtain that sleep which was so pressingly requisite, and with which my reeling senses had not been blessed for now more than a week. No doubt it was this very reeling of my senses—it was the dull delirium which already oppressed me—that prevented me from perceiving the incoherence of my reason—which blinded me to the folly of defining any thing as either large or small where I had no preconceived standard of comparison. I had not, at the moment, the faintest idea that what I conceived to be an exceedingly small dose of solid opium might, in fact, be an excessively large one. On the contrary I well remember that I judged confidently of the quantity to be taken by reference to the entire quantity of the lump in possession. The portion which, in conclusion, I swallowed, and swallowed without fear, was no doubt a very small proportion *of the piece which I held in my hand*.

The chateau into which Pedro had ventured to make forcible entrance rather than permit me, in my desperately wounded condition, to pass a night in the open air, was one of those fantastic piles of commingled gloom and grandeur which have so long frowned among the Appennines, not less in fact than in the fancy of Mrs. Radcliffe. To all appearance it had been temporarily and very lately abandoned. Day by day we expected the return of the family who tenanted it, when the misadventure which had befallen me would, no doubt, be received as sufficient apology for the intrusion. Meantime, that this intrusion might be taken in better part, we had established ourselves in one of the smallest and least sumptuously furnished apartments. It lay high in a remote turret of the building. Its decorations were rich, yet tattered and antique. Its walls were hung with tapestry and bedecked with manifold and multiform armorial trophies, together with an unusually great number of very spirited modern paintings in frames of rich golden arabesque. In these paintings, which depended from the walls not only in their main surfaces, but in very many nooks which the bizarre architecture of the chateau rendered necessary—in these paintings my incipient delirium, perhaps, had caused me to take deep interest; so that having swallowed the opium, as before told, I bade Pedro to close the heavy shutters of the room—since it was already night—to light the tongues of a tall candelabrum which stood by the head of my bed—and to throw open far and wide the fringed curtains of black velvet which enveloped the bed itself. I wished all this done that I might resign myself, if not to sleep, at least alternately to the contemplation of these pictures, and the perusal of a small volume which had been found upon the pillow, and which purported to criticise and describe them.

Long—long I read—and devoutly, devotedly I gazed. I felt meantime, the voluptuous narcotic stealing its way to my brain. I felt that in its magical influence lay much of the gorgeous richness and variety of the frames—much of the ethereal hue that

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gleamed from the canvas—and much of the wild interest of the book which I perused. Yet this consciousness rather strengthened than impaired the delight of the illusion, while it weakened the illusion itself. Rapidly and gloriously the hours flew by, and the deep midnight came. The position of the candelabrum displeased me, and outreaching my hand with difficulty, rather than disturb my slumbering valet, I so placed it as to throw its rays more fully upon the book.

But the action produced an effect altogether unanticipated. The rays of the numerous candles (for there were many) now fell within a niche of the room which had hitherto been thrown into deep shade by one of the bed-posts. I thus saw in vivid light a picture all unnoticed before. It was the portrait of a young girl just ripened into womanhood. I glanced at the painting hurriedly, and then closed my eyes. Why I did this was not at first apparent even to my own perception. But while my lids remained thus shut, I ran over in mind my reason for so shutting them. It was an impulsive movement to gain time for thought—to make sure that my vision had not deceived me—to calm and subdue my fancy for a more sober and more certain gaze. In a very few moments I again looked fixedly at the painting.

That I now saw aright I could not and would not doubt; for the first flashing of the candles upon that canvas had seemed to dissipate the dreamy stupor which was stealing over my senses, and to startle me into waking life as if with the shock of a galvanic battery.

The portrait, I have already said, was that of a young girl. It was a mere head and shoulders, done in what is technically termed a *vignette* manner; much in the style of the favorite heads of Sully. The arms, the bosom and even the ends of the radiant hair, melted imperceptibly into the vague yet deep shadow which formed the back-ground of the whole. The frame was oval, richly, yet fantastically gilded and filagreed. As a work of art nothing could be more admirable than the painting itself. The loveliness of the face surpassed that of the fabulous Houri. But it could have been neither the execution of the work, nor the immortal beauty of the countenance, which had so suddenly and so vehemently moved me. Least of all, could it have been that my fancy, shaken from its half-slumber, had mistaken the head for that of a living person. I saw at once that the peculiarities of the design, of the *vignetting* and of the frame must have instantly dispelled such idea—must have prevented even its momentary entertainment. Thinking earnestly upon these points, I remained, for some hours perhaps, half sitting, half reclining, with my vision riveted upon the portrait. At length, satisfied of the true secret of its effect, I fell back within the bed. I had found the spell of the picture in a perfect *life-likeliness* of expression, which at first startling, finally confounded, subdued and appalled me. I could no longer support the sad meaning smile of the half-parted lips, nor the too real lustre of the wild eye. With a deep and reverent awe I replaced the candelabrum in its former position. The cause of my deep agitation being thus shut from view, I sought eagerly the volume which discussed the paintings and their histories. Turning to the number which designated the oval portrait, I there read the vague and quaint words which follow:

"She was a maiden of rarest beauty, and not more lovely than full of glee. And evil was the hour when she saw, and loved, and wedded the painter. He, passionate, studious, austere, and having already a bride in his Art: she a maiden of rarest beauty and not more lovely than full of glee: all light and smiles and frolicksome as the young fawn: loving and cherishing all things: hating only the Art which was her rival: dreading only the pallet and brushes and other untoward instruments which deprived her of the countenance of her lover. It was thus a terrible thing for this lady to hear the painter speak of his desire to pourtray even his young bride. But she was humble and obedient and sat meekly for many weeks in the dark high turret-chamber where the light dripped upon the pale canvas only from overhead. But he, the painter, took glory in his work, which went on from hour to hour and from day to day. And he was a passionate, and wild and moody man, who became lost in reveries; so that he *would* not see that the light which fell so ghastily in that lone turret withered the health and the spirits of his bride, who pined visibly to all but him. Yet she smiled on and still on, uncomplainingly, because she saw that the painter, (who had high renown,) took a fervid and burning pleasure in his task, and wrought day and night to depict her who so loved him, yet who grew daily more dispirited and weak. And in sooth some who beheld the portrait spoke of its resemblance in low words, as of a mighty marvel and a proof not less of the power of the painter than of his deep love for her whom he depicted so surpassingly well. But at length, as the labor drew nearer to its conclusion, there were admitted none into the turret; for the painter had grown wild with the ardor of his work, and turned his visage from the canvas rarely, even to regard the countenance of his wife. And he *would* not see that the tints which he spread upon the canvas were drawn from the cheeks of her who sate beside him. And when many weeks had passed, and but little remained to do, save one brush upon the mouth and one tint upon the eye, the spirit of the lady again flickered up as the flame within the socket of the lamp. And then the brush was given, and then the tint was placed; and, for one moment, the painter stood entranced before the work which he had wrought; but in the next, while yet he gazed, he grew tremulous and very pallid, and aghast, and crying with a loud voice 'This is indeed *Life* itself!' turned himself suddenly round to his beloved—*who was dead*. The painter then added—'But is this indeed Death?'"

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THE MINER'S FATE.

FROM THE PORT-FOLIO OF A RAMBLING ARTIST.

A BRIGHT fresh May morning smiled upon one of the loveliest landscapes in nature, and revealed to the eye of a wandering young artist a picture of such exceeding beauty, that he found it impossible to confine his attention to his canvas sufficiently long to produce the faintest semblance of the loveliness which reigned and revelled around him.

"What a grand effect is produced on that magnificent amphitheatre of hills by the sunrise purpling their rising mist as it ascends and imperceptibly mingles with the rose-colored clouds—while its base is wrapped in the cold blue tint which the stronger rays of the sun will presently disperse. If I could catch the hue of that many-tinted mist, and throw over it the soft dreamy haze which clothes the atmosphere, I should more than rival the mighty master, Claude Lorraine—one more trial; such a scene must inspire the humblest artist."

He re-arranged a small easel as he spoke, and proceeded to cover his pallet with the choicest and most exquisite colors: but the glories of outre mêr and carmine seemed so pale and faded before the inexpressible radiance of earth and ether, that long before he had finished laying on the dead coloring of his picture, he threw it aside in despair.

"I must complete it," he said, "at some other time when the majesty of nature may not mock my humble efforts." He then arose, and re-packing his paint-box, deposited it safely among the mossy rocks, and sauntered slowly onward, to enjoy at least, if he could not imitate, the enchantments of nature. And truly he might well give up his heart to the passionate love of beauty which pervaded it; for the loveliness of that quiet valley was well calculated to gratify the intense desires of a mind thirsting for images of perfection. Not only did the mountain tops and mist gleam with the golden sunlight, but every flower at his feet, every blade of grass displayed each its wealth of gem-like dew glittering with unrivalled colors.

"The plumed insects swift and free,
Like golden boats on a sunny sea,"

filled the scented air, and shed their "music of many murmurings" upon his path; and he was inclined to fancy that no new feature could add beauty to the landscape around, when a sudden turn in the winding path convinced him of his error.

He had turned his back on the semi-circular range of hills, and emerged into a tract of country much more extensive, though still very broken. Huge masses of rock salt, covered with crystals whose prismatic forms lent them a startling brilliancy, gleamed upon his sight, and the green sweep of land between was diversified by many small cottages built of the gray rock which abounded throughout the country. The narrow path bordered with vines and wild roses lured him on, until the sweet accents of a female voice broke upon his ear, and he found that his path would lead him to trespass upon the enclosure of a cottage which appeared to be one of the neatest and best arranged among them. The painter paused, and his eye, (that morning destined to agreeable surprises,) readily discovered a group without the door, which immediately called out his pencil and pocket port-folio. A very bright-eyed child had thrown his chubby little arms around his father's neck, and seemed resolved upon detaining him from his day's labor; while the young wife, with eyes and lips scarcely less bright than those of the child, vainly endeavored to attract the infant with the most enticing toys. At length the father succeeded in unclasping the dimpled hands, and placing the baby on the floor; but the child still endeavored to detain him by holding the skirts of his coat.

"Philip seems determined that you shall not go to-day," said the young woman; "perhaps there is a meaning in his warning."

"If I listened to all your signs and warnings, I should very seldom leave you," replied the husband. "I must go and that quickly, in spite of my persevering little pet."

"But you will come back very soon?"

"I cannot even promise that," replied the miner; for the husband was a laborer in the extensive salt mines, whose crystallizations produce so beautiful an effect in the distance. "We have a tremendous piece of work before us to-day, and there is no telling when it will be finished."

"Would to God it were safely over."

"Don't look so pale and frightened, Mary; worse jobs are done every day—but they will call me sluggard if I loiter here—so good-bye, good-bye, darlings."

"Heaven preserve you," responded the wife; and she turned with feelings half of dread and half of hope to the cottage door.

"Just such a morning," muttered an old woman who sat crouching in the chimney corner—"just such a morning, bright as this,—and a black night followed the bright day—a black, black night."

"Now the saints save us!" exclaimed the young

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woman: "who ever heard Dame Ursule talking away at such a rate before? As sure as fate something unusual will happen. What is it you were saying grand-dame," she added in a louder tone, approaching the thin, withered old hag who had crept slowly toward the door-step, and seating herself there, continued to mutter and mumble half indistinct words.

"Storms follow the sunshine—storms and tempests and thick darkness."

The anxious wife followed and sat down beside her.

"Is there any evil hanging over us? for mercy sake tell me if you know," she asked.

"Evil, did I say Evil! I spoke of the past, not the future—I spoke of the days of youth and hope and beauty." Then as her wandering memory gradually linked together the chain of by-gone associations, her countenance brightened, and she poured into the ear of her astonished auditor the narrative of events which had taken place nearly a century before, and were generally forgotten,—treasured only in the heart of that desolate, and decrepid old creature.

"Youth and beauty, and love I said, and you marvelled at hearing such words from my lips; no wonder, for many a year has passed since these things have been aught to me save idle dreams. But the time has been, when I too was young—loving and loved—blessing and blessed. My brother, your grandfather, and myself were left, you know, in early life as orphans in the hands of strangers; and although we had no claim on them except that of helplessness, and could only repay their kindness by our exertions, we had no reason ever to complain of harshness or ill-treatment among our kind and simple people. I was older than my brother, and as I grew up to be a tall handsome lass, the young men of the village strove which could make themselves most agreeable to the light hearted and beautiful Ursula. I know it is folly in me to talk so now, and you can scarcely believe it, but eighty years hence, if you should live so long, your cheek may be wrinkled and your eye bleared like mine, so that your laughing boy will scarcely credit the tale of your former beauty."

"Heaven forbid."

"And if not," resumed the crone, "the change may be far more fearful—but where was I? Oh—a merry romping lass of eighteen, with blue eyes, fair curling locks and red ripe lips—admired by all the village—but above all the favored choice of young Albert Wessenbery. The handsomest, bravest, noblest being! I wish you could have seen him, Mary, in all his pride of vast strength, and perfection of manly beauty. Words cannot express the love with which I loved him. A lifelong loneliness has proved it. Well, as I told you, I was his choice, and consequently the envy of all my acquaintances, for no one thought of denying that Albert Wessenbery was the pride of the village. So powerful, so stately, so devoted to me,—well, well! our wedding day was fixed, and the bridesmaids appointed. A week before—yes, just seven days before our wedding was to have taken place, I bade farewell to Albert for a day only, I believed. Just such a day as this, it was—and perhaps that is the reason why the soft clear sunshine, and the sweet sounds in the air have called up all these old memories so freshly. He pressed me in his arms and bade me farewell till evening. I dreaded his going out to work that day, for there was dangerous duty to be done; but he went in spite of my entreaties, and from that hour to this, I have never seen him return. I remember but dimly what followed. A stunning shock as if an avalanche had overwhelmed me. Death to him was worse than death to me. They told me he had perished in the mine. I know not whether they spoke truly. I have known nothing clearly since that time. I remember only that the light was removed from my path, and that the blackness of madness gathered round me for a while. How long this lasted I know not—when I arose from my bed of sickness, my heart and my flesh failed me, and I was as useless and decrepid as if years had passed over my head. Since that time I have struggled on through a long life of darkness and misery, dragging on a useless and tedious existence."

"Oh say not useless my good friend; have you not while you had strength, given to others the happiness which fate denied you?"

"My brother gave me a home in his chimney corner, and here have I lived more years than I can count, and for what? God knows—perhaps I may yet live to see Albert return. I cannot fancy him altered as I am. I cannot help hoping to see him once more as he was of old. Vain as the hope may seem to you—that hope has been the only happiness I have known since he left me—the only hope. Of what other use am I in the world? why should I live? what other use? what other hope?" So speaking and shaking her palsied head, she relapsed into her former half unconscious state, occasionally muttering words to which her young companion listened with strained attention; but she could hear no more, neither did she succeed in again arousing the old woman from her apathy.

The Artist sauntered idly onward until he reached the mines; here finding that the reflection of the noon-tide brilliancy from the crystals was painful to the eyesight, he descended into one of the deepest excavations, where he found his acquaintance of the morning, and a fellow labourer at work. The day's work was a heavy one, for they were opening a communication between the mines, and in heaving up the massive rocks there was great danger of being buried alive beneath their crumbling weight. Such things had often happened.

"Here is a mass which requires more strength than we can furnish," said Philip, and he shouted for help. The desired assistance arrived, and after an hour's severe labor, the huge rock was heaved upwards. This removal disclosed a solid stratum of the salt for which they were toiling; but the attainment of the object of their labor called forth no expression of pleasure from the beholders, for the attention of every one was riveted upon a strange and unlooked for apparition. Extended upon this singular couch, lay

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the form of a young man, apparently not more than twenty years of age; his limbs were exquisitely moulded, and he looked as if but yesterday he had been hushed in the deep sleep of death. It was evident to the minds of all, that many years must have elapsed since the being they had thus disinterred, had been overwhelmed with destruction in attempting to move that massive weight; for many years had passed since that portion of the mine had been worked upon. But was his destruction instantaneous? or did he linger on, day after day, in vain hope for the help which came not? how long had that crystalized rock been his mausoleum? who was he? where were his kindred? Here was a wide field for conjecture. Could no one remember that form which might have passed for a sculptured image of Antinous? But stranger than all this, the body seemed utterly untouched by the hand of time. The very pliability of the flesh remained! Destruction had passed harmlessly by that glorious form, and decomposition had not come near it. There he lay—he, whose existence none could remember—lifelike, and beautiful—embalmed as it were in the solid rock. The sinewy, and rounded limbs told of the strength and beauty which had once been theirs, and the long black hair curled wildly over the clay cold face, and nerveless shoulders. He was in his ordinary mining dress, and by his spade and pickaxe beside him, gave evidence of his final and fatal occupation. The body was removed, and laid upon the thick green sward for further inspection, and perhaps recognition. The news spread rapidly, and the inhabitants quickly crowded around. None recollected him, although some of the oldest among them told stories of such an accident which had happened when they were little children; but none could remember the circumstances. After awhile a universal murmur broke from the crowd, for they beheld their oldest villager, Dame Ursula, approach with tottering and unsteady steps, leaning on the arm of a handsome young female. Not the exhumation of the life-like corpse itself, produced greater sensation among them, than the appearance of the living spectre—for such the old woman appeared, having never left her home for more than twenty years.

"Jesu, Maria—the Saints save us," were echoed around her as the crowd respectfully made room for her to advance. She passed on slowly, and with difficulty, until she reached the stiff white figure of the dead miner. Then throwing herself upon the grass beside him, she passed her withered long fingers through his hair, and pressed it back from the pale brow.

"It is he, it is he—Albert Wessenbery," she murmured; "and it was for this I have been spared through long years of loneliness, and wretchedness—long, long years—I knew not why I lived. It was for this, for this: that I might see him once more, once more in all his unearthly beauty, in his unmatched perfection: that I might see, and know that time has not marred, nor decay changed, nor the worm defiled the being I have idolized for nearly a century. Spared too to rejoice that my own Albert cannot behold the change which time, and life have wrought in a form he once loved so well. To him these withered arms and lips are welcome as if they yet retained all their former loveliness. He will not reject his early love for her age, and sickness, and unsightlessness. To him therefore I devote the remainder of my existence. Here will I fulfil the vows of love and constancy plighted in the spring time of life."

She bent her head as she spoke and imprinted with bloodless lips a kiss upon his; her white hair streamed down, and mingled with his raven tresses, her long skinny fingers warm with life, pressed the cold marble hand of the dead! Strange union of youth and age—beauty and deformity—life and death! Seven days afterwards they were buried in the same grave, the superannuated woman, and her youthful lover. The constancy of a lifetime was rewarded, for she was permitted to rest her aged and hoary head, upon the manly, and unaltered breast of him she had loved so long and so well. Turf and flowers sprung up as greenly and freely above their grave as if they had been always young, and beautiful, and happy. Many a garland of young flowers, and the more lasting wreaths of the amaranth were hung upon that grave; and the names of Ursula and Albert, rudely sculptured on the grey stone which covered them, formed their only obituary, save the memory which survives in the hearts of the villagers.

BIRTH OF FREEDOM.

BY WM. WALLACE, AUTHOR OF "JERUSALEM," "STAR LYRA," ETC.

Yes, Freedom! Tyrants date thy splendid birth
With those uprisings in the bloody Past,
When all the lion-hearted of the earth
Unfurl'd their rebel-banners to the blast,
And from their limbs the dungeon-fetter cast;
But thou, Oh, idol of the brave! was't born,
In full-grown majesty, upon that morn
When all the stars together sang, and forms
Of wondrous beauty, suns of dazzling light
Flamed from the bosom of those primal storms
Which lashed the rivers of chaotic night:
And some would drive thee from our gloomy sod;
Vainly they war with such blasphemous might;
Thy birth-place, Freedom! was the heart of God.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF WEST POINT.

BY MISS LESLIE.

PART THE FIRST.

Among the numerous strangers that stop at West Point, in ascending or in coming down the Hudson, there are comparatively few who allow themselves sufficient time to become acquainted with even the half that is worthy of note, in that extraordinary place—giving but one day, or perhaps only a few hours, to a visit which ought at least to comprise a whole week. A large proportion of these travellers, after they have hurried through the rooms of the academy, walked round the camp, witnessed the parade, heard the band, or perhaps accomplished a hasty survey of the ruins of Fort Putnam, seem to believe that they are consequently familiar with all that both nature and art have done for one of the most beautiful and interesting spots on the American continent.

And beautiful indeed it is, from its romantic situation in the midst of the highlands, looking directly down on one of the finest rivers in the world—and from its picturesque combinations of mountain, valley and plain; woodland, rock, and water—scenery to which no painter has ever yet done justice. And how intensely interesting are its associations with the history of our revolutionary contest—when West Point commanded the passes of the highlands—at once opposing a barrier to the descent of the enemy from the lake country and to their ascent from the ocean. Also amid these hills lay the army of Washton, at the time it was so providentially saved by the discovery of Arnold's treason.

And now, "when the storm of war is gone," and the Gibraltar of America finds no farther occasion for its mountain fortresses, it has become the nucleus from whence the military science of our country radiates to its utmost boundaries; the nursery of a body of officers whose cultivated minds, polished manners, and high tone of moral feeling, have rendered them deservedly popular with their compatriots—also eliciting a favourable testimony even from the British tourists.

It is a common and, in most instances, a true remark, that first impressions are lasting: at least with regard to external objects. My own first impressions of West Point were received on a lovely summer evening that succeeded a stormy day. I had left the city of New York with my brother, at nine o'clock in the morning, in the slow and unpopular Richmond; the only boat that went up the river on that day, and the worst of the three steam-vessels which at that time comprised the establishment of what is now termed the old North River Company. I need not say that it was during the period of the charter they had obtained for the exclusive steam-navigation of the Hudson. In those days, a voyage from New York to Albany frequently consumed twenty-four hours, and the fare was ten dollars.

I had anticipated the most extatic delight from my first view of the grand and romantic scenery of this noble river. But very soon after we left the city a heavy rain came on, and seemed to have set in for the whole day. I had recently recovered from a long illness, and could not venture to remain on the wet deck, even under the screen of an umbrella. The canvass awning was so perforated with holes from the chimney-sparks, that it afforded about as much shelter as a large sieve. There was no upper cabin, and I reluctantly compelled myself to quit admiring the Palisade Rocks and descend to the apartment appropriated to the ladies. It was very crowded and perfectly close. The berths were all occupied by females lying down in their clothes, and trying to sleep away the tedious hours. The numerous children were uncomfortable, fretful, and troublesome, as most children are when they are "cabin'd crib'd, confin'd." Seats were so scarce (when were they otherwise in a summer steamboat) that many of us were glad to place ourselves on the wooden edges of the lower berths. In this extreme I could not agree with the old adage that "it is as cheap sitting as standing:" for if cheapness means convenience or agreeableness, as is generally supposed, I found it quite as convenient, and rather more agreeable, to stand leaning against something, than to sit on the perpendicular edge of a board. We had not even the pleasure of regaling our eyes with the handsome fittings-up that now when there is no monopoly and great rivalry, are deemed indispensable to the reputation of an American steam-boat. The old Richmond was furnished very plainly, alias meanly. Her cabins had common ingrain carpets of the ugliest possible patterns, pine tables painted red, and curtains of coarse dark calico. By the by, reader, never go to a boarding-house that professes a *plain* table; you will be almost sure to find it a mean one. Also, never engage a *plain* cook—you will be almost sure to find her no cook at all.

We were nearly all day in the boat, and it rained incessantly. It was very tantalizing on this, my first voyage up the Hudson, to obtain only an occasional glimpse of its beautiful shores through the small cabin windows, which windows were always monopolized by nurse-maids, seated on the transom with their babies; the babies taking no interest in the scenery, and their nurses still less.

When we came into the highlands, the storm had

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increased, and my first view of them was caught by ever-interrupted glances through a few inches of window-pane, and by peeping over the head of a girl whose eyes were all the time wandering among the people in the interior of the cabin. These sublime mountains loomed green and dimly through the rain-mist that veiled their rocky sides, and their towering heads were lost in the volumes of fantastic clouds that rolled around them. But it proved what is called the clearing up shower; and just as we were rounding that low projection of bare rock that runs far out into the river, and forms the extreme point of West Point, the clouds began to part in the zenith, and the blue sky appeared between them, and the sun suddenly broke out lighting up the western sides of the hills and pouring his full effulgence on the river. We landed just as the evening parade was about to commence, and I saw it from the front windows of an apartment that commanded a full view. It was a beautiful scene; on this spacious and level plain, elevated about a hundred and sixty feet above the river, which bounds it on the north and east, while on the south and west it is hemmed in by the mountains that rise directly from it. The numerous windows of the barracks were sparkling and burnishing in the setting sun that was beaming out below the retiring clouds, throwing a rosy tint on the white tents of the camp, and glittering on the bayonets of the long line of cadets drawn up for the exercise that, at a military post always concludes the day. The band was playing delightfully, and the effect of the whole was very striking at the moment when the drums rolled, the evening gun went off, the flag came down, and the officers all drew their swords and advanced to the front.

Many circumstances contributed to render my first visit to West Point peculiarly pleasant. I had never in my life spent three weeks so agreeably. Subsequently, I resided there nearly two years in the family of my brother. I have enjoyed the grand and lovely scenery of West Point under all the various aspects of the seasons. I have been there when the late, but rapid spring, with its balmy breathings, and its soft sun-light, suddenly awakens the long-slumbering vegetation of these high and northerly regions, when you can almost *see* the forming of the buds and their bursting into leaf; while patches of the last snow yet linger here and there about the cavities of the rocks, and in the hollows that lie among the roots of the trees, "on their cold and winter-shaded side." At the same time, in the warmer recesses of the forests, the early flowers of the hepatica and the violet are finding their way up amid the dead leaves which the wild blasts of November have strewed thickly over the ground.

These mountains are wooded from the base to the summit, (except where a block of granite looks out from amid the trees,) and in the month of May they are variegated with all those countless and exquisite shades of green, that can only emanate from the hand of that Great Painter that colored the Universe. While some of these inimitable tints are dark almost to blackness, and some are of the richest olive, others present in endless variety, the numerous gradations of deep-green, blue-green, grass-green, apple-green, pea-green, and yellow-green; the catalpa and the locust, with their clusters of pencilled blossoms, and the dogwood with its milk-white flowers, supplying the bright lights of the picture. Then, in looking up the river, the long perspective is closed at the utmost verge of the horizon by the far-off Taghcanoke mountains: the snows that still rest on their cold and lonely summits extending in streaks of whiteness half-way down their dim blue sides.

To a stranger at West Point the commencement of a summer's day has many circumstances of novelty and excitement that are almost lost upon those to whom custom has rendered them familiar. With the earliest blush of dawn, and at the third tap of the drum, the morning gun goes off, and when the wind is in a certain direction, I have heard its loud booming sound five times repeated by the mountain echoes, "fainter and fainter still"—but always distinctly audible. At the same moment the flag is run up, and flings out to the early breeze its waving folds of stars and stripes denoting that the place is United States' ground, a military post, and under martial law. These ceremonies are immediately succeeded by the drums and fifes commencing the delightful réveillée, clear, sweet and exhilarating—the first notes of which seem so distinctly to express the words,

> "The lark is up, the morn is gay,
> The drums now beat the réveillée."

followed by a medley of popular airs, each one concluding like a rondo, with—"The lark is up," &c.

It is beautiful on a soft summer morning to look out upon these forest-cinctured mountains, when there has been a rain during the night, and to see the misty clouds veiling their summits and rolling off from their sides; breaking, as the sun ascends, into thin white wreaths that creep slowly about the glens, and gradually losing all distinctness of form and blending with the blue of ether. More beautiful still is the broad expanse of the Hudson, glittering with the golden sun-light, and reflecting the clear cerulean of the sky; while the white-sailed sloops seem to slumber on the calm surface of the water, as each "floats double, *sloop* and shadow," and near the shore the dark mountains and the rocky precipices cast their deep masses of shade upon the liquid mirror below.

I was once at West Point when the dawn of our national anniversary was ushered in by the roar of artillery from amid the ruins of Fort Putnam, the guns having been previously conveyed up the mountain for that purpose. There is a history belonging to these guns. They were originally French; and are engraved with the name of the foundry at which they were cast; bearing also the three *fleur de lis* of the *ancien regime*, the cypher of Louis the Fourteenth, (who at that time, filled the throne of France) and the celebrated motto which he ordered to be inscribed on all his cannon—"*Ultimo ratio regum.*" The guns in question were sent to Quebec, and were taken by the English on the heights of Abraham, in

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that eventful battle, when both commanders fell in the same hour that transferred the dominion of Canada from France to England. Belonging afterwards to the army of Burgoyne, they became the property of America on the surrender at Saratoga, and finally were presented by Congress to the Military Academy. At the cadets annual ball I have seen these guns decorated with wreaths of laurel, and arranged as ornaments along a covered promenade, lighted up with lamps in front of the ball-room.

To the dwellers on the plain below, the effect on the aforesaid fourth of July was indescribably fine; the guns thundering and echoing in a region so far above us, their gleams of fire flashing out amid the clouds of white smoke that rolled their eddying volumes round the old dismantled ramparts. The salute was followed by a full burst of martial harmony from the band, who had also gone up into the ruins; all playing so admirably and in such perfect unison, that the whole of their various instruments sounded like one alone—but like one whose grand and exquisite tones seemed scarcely to belong to earth. The band had their fourth of July dinner within the dilapidated recesses of the moss-grown fortress, and frequently during the day, we heard their music. Sometimes the soft sweet warblings of the octave flute rose alone upon the air; then the clear melodious tones of Willis's bugle seemed to "lap the soul in Elysium;" then came the clarionets deepened by the trombone; and finally the loud and thrilling notes of the bass-drum struck grandly in, and swelled the full tide of sound till the rocks seemed to tremble with its reverberations. Music, like painting, has its lights and shadows.

Nothing can be more lovely than the scenery about West Point when lighted up by the beams of the summer moon. While there, I was once on a water party, in a delightful evening towards the close of the "leafy month of June." The gentlemen attached to the military academy had made arrangements for taking the ladies on a moonlight voyage through the highlands, in the boats belonging to the post. Of these boats I think there were eight. The first and largest was appropriated to the band—in the others followed the professors connected with the institution, the officers, and the ladies—with soldiers as oarsmen. We were rowed to the upper extremity of the highlands, beyond Butter Hill which, notwithstanding its homely name, is a magnificent mountain with a gradual slope on the land-side, but presenting to the water a perpendicular precipice in height sixteen hundred feet. In the clefts of this lofty rock tradition has asserted that the pirate Blackbeard deposited portions of his treasure more than a century ago. It is not many years since a gentleman who believed the story, was killed by losing his hold, and falling down backwards upon the stones below, in a desperate attempt to scale the precipice in quest of the rover's gold.

As we embarked on our aquatic excursion "the moon arose curtained in clouds which her beams gradually dispelled." When she climbed above them, as they "turned forth their silver linings to the night," and her rays touched the top of the eastern hills, while their dark sides reposed in shadow, I thought of a song in the Carnival of Venice.

> "And while the moon shines on the stream,
> And while soft music breathes around,
> The feathering oar returns the gleam
> And dips in concert to the sound."

Having ascended beyond the inner highlands, our boats were put about. The men resting on their oars we floated down with the tide nearly as far as the Dunderberg, and never did this picturesque and romantic region look more lovely.

In the course of our little voyage several steamboats passed us: and all of them slackened their steam awhile, for the purpose of remaining longer in our vicinity that the passengers might enjoy the music. One of these boats, in stopping to hear us, lay directly on the broad line of moonlight that was dancing and glittering on the water, the red glare of her lanterns strangely mingling with the golden radiance beneath. Our band was just then playing the Hunter's Chorus, that ever-charming composition which justly merits its universal popularity in every part of the world where music is known, and which would alone have been sufficient to entitle Weber to his tomb in Westminster Abbey.

Nothing can be finer than the atmospheric phenomena of these elevated regions. I remember one afternoon, when the sun was breaking out on the close of a summer shower, we seemed to find ourselves in the midst of an immense rain-bow which appeared to have descended upon the plain. The camp, the south barracks, the trees, and the eastern hills beyond the river were all brightly colored with its varid and beautiful tints, and looked as if seen through an immense prism.

A thunder storm in these mountains is sublime beyond all that imagination can conceive. In looking up the river, while the sun is yet shining brightly, and the sky is blue above our heads, we see a dark cloud far off in the direction of Newburgh, whose white houses stand out in strong relief against the deep gloom that has gathered beyond; the coming vapor rises and spreads till it appears behind the Crow's Nest, casting its deep shade upon the tops of the mountains, while on their sides still linger the last gleams of sunshine. As the clouds accumulate, and unite their forces, the darkness descends upon the river, whose blackening surface is seen ruffled with spots of white foam; the zig-zag lightning begins to quiver up from the gloom behind the hills; and then is heard the low murmur of the distant thunder; every flash becoming brighter, every peal sounding louder and nearer. At length, the wind rises, and the whole tempest rushes rapidly on. The trees writhe and bend to their roots, and are soon covered with the circling dust of the whirl-wind. The lightning glares out in one vast sheet, "flashing intolerable day" upon the night-like darkness that shrouds the river and its shores. At the same instant, the loud crash of the thunder rattles directly over head, and it continues throughout the storm its

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long and incessant roll, the echoes of one peal not subsiding before those of another have commenced. The lightning glances on the bayonets of the centinels that "walk their lonely rounds" on the skirts of the camp; and frequently the tents are blown over by the violence of the gust, and lie prostrate on the wet grass. These terrific thunder-claps seem to shake the everlasting hills; the firm-set granite buildings of the institution trembling to their foundations. Often the tremendous power delegated to "the volleying bolt of heaven" is attested by a riven and blasted tree, split in a moment from its topmost spray down to its roots in the earth; while, at the same instant, every leaf of its green and flourishing foliage becomes dead and yellow, the birds that built their nests among its branches lying lifeless at its foot.

I recommend to all visiters at the West Point hotel not to neglect ascending to the belvidere or sky-light room on the top of that building. The view from thence is so vast and so magnificent that it rarely fails to call forth exclamations of delighted astonishment; particularly when autumn has colored the woods with its glowing and varied tints of scarlet, crimson, and purple, and with every shade of brown and yellow from the richest to the palest—such tints as, at this season, are to be found only in the foliage of America, and are most beautiful when seen through the gauzy haze of the Indian summer—that farewell smile of the departing year. Then the dilated disk of the sun looks round and red through its thin misty veil; the calm and slumbering river reflects a sky of the mildest blue; and near the shores its waters glow with the inverted beauties of the many-colored woods and hills. If viewed at evening, the splendor of the picture is increased by the glories of an autumnal sunset, when the clouds (such as are only seen in mountainous regions) assume the grandest forms and the most gorgeous hues.

Often after the last lingering beam has faded in the west, and all the stars have come out in the deep blue heaven, a dark mist appears behind the hills in the north, and from its dim recesses arise the ever-changing corruscations of the mysterious aurora borealis. Sometimes, its broad rays extend upwards nearly to the zenith, and diffuse a cold strange light upon the river and its western banks, rendering perfectly distinct the sloops on the water, and the trees and rocks on the shore. In the houses on the bank, the front-rooms are at times so well lighted by this incomprehensible phenomenon, that a newspaper may be read after the lamps or candles have been removed from the apartment. Then, perhaps in a few minutes, "the north's dancing streamers relinquished their fire," and faded dimly away into darkness. Suddenly they would again revive, darting upwards in renewed brightness their far-spreading rays, tinted with crimson and purple, and sometimes even with green and blue.

In a chamber that I once occupied at West Point there was a small knot-hole in the upper part of one of the shutters, by means of which, in cold weather, when the windows were closed fast, and the room consequently darkened, I frequently at early morning saw as in a camera obscura, a landscape depicted on the white wall above the mantel-piece. So that before I was up myself, I could observe the first gleams of the dawnlight, and the changing colors of the clouds as they brightened upon the blue sky, lending their glories to the hills beyond the river: and the first rays of the sun, when they "fired the proud tops of the eastern pines." In this way, without opening the shutters to look out, I could always tell whether the morning was clear or cloudy.

The winter at West Point is long and cold; and (before the days of rail roads,) when the river was once closed, the ice fast, and the boats laid up for the season, the inhabitants of this insulated spot seemed nearly shut out from all communication with the rest of the world; and it may easily be guessed what interest was attached to the mails, after the difficulties of transportation caused them to arrive irregularly. We were very soon convinced of the fact that

> "When cold and raw the wind doth blow
> Bleak in the morning early,
> When all the hills are cover'd with snow
> Then it is winter fairly."

I have known the snow so deep and so drifted, as to block up the parlor windows of the house we then inhabited, precluding all possibility of opening the shutters; and as to clear it away was no trifling task, we were more than once obliged to breakfast by candle-light at eight o'clock.

In the "blue serene" of the clear and intensely cold mornings, which usually succeeded a deep fall of snow, I have seen the whole atmosphere glittering with minute particles of ice: to breathe which must, in delicate lungs, have caused a sensation similar to laceration with a sharp knife. No one afflicted with pulmonary disease should live at West Point.

The scenery, in its winter aspect, looked somewhat like a panorama done in Indian ink, or rather like a great etching: except that the sky formed a blue background to the snowy mountains, on which the leafless branches of the denuded forest seemed pencilled in black and gray. We had our winter walks too: and I never felt a more pleasant glow from exercise than in climbing Mount Independence, through the snow, to visit Fort Putnam. In addition to the ordinary steepness of the road, it was now in many places rendered slippery by broad sheets of ice, beneath which we saw the living waters of a mountain brook gliding and murmuring along under their glassy coating. The snow had drifted high among the recesses of the old fortress, and lay white and thick along the broken and roofless edges of its dark gray walls, while here and there, amid the desolation, lingered the evergreen of a lonely cedar. Long bright icicles suspended their transparent and glittering fringes from the arches of the dismantled casements, whose entrances were now even less accessable than usual, being blocked up with mounds of snow that covered the heaps of fallen stones.

One of our favorite winter walks was to the cascade; and on entering the close woods that led

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thither, we always felt a sensible access of warmth in the atmosphere, which was very agreeable when compared to the unsheltered bleakness of the plain. In looking down from the heights, through the steeps of the forest, we saw glimpses of the river, as it lay far below us; its solid waters now of a bluish-white, shining beneath the wintry sun. Yet the cascade still poured its resistless torrent freely among the snow-covered rocks, roaring, frothing, and pitching from ledge to ledge. An old pine tree had thrown itself horizontally across the upper fall, its dark green foliage almost touching the water, and its rough trunk forming a bridge for the passage of the minks, foxes, ground squirrels, and other petty denizens of the wild. As the foaming torrent threw up its misty spray, this tree became incrusted with ice of the most brilliant transparency; looking like an immense chandelier, with multitudes of long crystal drops depending from its feathery branches.

The last winter I spent at West Point a funeral took place in the middle of December. It was that of a gentleman attached to the institution, and he died after a long and painful illness. The river had closed at a very early period, and the little world of West Point was locked up in ice and snow. Three o'clock was the time appointed for the melancholy procession to take up its line of march; the coffin, covered with a pall, having been previously carried into the chapel, and the funeral service performed over it by the chaplain.

It was a clear, cold afternoon, and the sun was already sinking behind the mountains, whose giant shadows, magnificently colored with crimson and purple, were projected far forward upon the frozen snow that covered the plain; as a range of painted windows cast down their glowing tints upon a white marble pavement.

When the funeral began to move from the chapel, the band (preceding the coffin) commenced one of the mournful airs that are usually appropriated to "the march of death." The muffled drums were struck only at long intervals, and their heavy notes were deadened still more by the chillness of the atmosphere; while Willis's bugle sounded almost like music from the world of spirits. Next came the soldiers, then the cadets, afterwards the officers, and lastly the commandant; all walking with their arms inverted. I saw the sad and lonely procession moving slowly through the snow, and directing its course to the cemetry, which is about a mile from the plain. Shaded with ancient trees, the grave yard occupies the summit of a promontary that impends above the river; and the Cadet's Monument crowned by its military trophy in white marble, forms one of the land marks of the shore. I heard (and it always seems to me the most affecting part of the ceremonial) the volley which was fired over the grave, after that cold and narrow cell had been covered in with clods of frozen earth mingled with snow.

A very extraordinary circumstance connected with military funerals is the custom, that when all is over, and the procession is returning with recovered arms, and marching in quick time, the music always performs a lively air; frequently one that is designated in the army as, "So went the merry man home to his grave." This revolting practice is said to have originated in the same principle that is set forth in the commencing lines of the well-known song, said to have been sung by General Wolfe at his supper table on the night before the battle in which he was killed:

> "Why, soldiers why,
> Should *we* be melancholy boys
> Whose business 'tis to die."

The horrors of *every* war are, and must be so terrible, that its practice admits of no palliation, except when the struggle is in defence of our native land. How ought we then to rejoice that in this our own favored country, no hecatombs of human victims can be immolated to swell the pride, to gratify the ambition, or to feed the rapacity of a few of their fellow men. Surely the people of another century will regard with amazement the tales of blood and carnage that defile the pages of history. They will wonder that rational beings could be found who were willing to engage in these atrocious contests, undertaken "for the glory of heroes, the splendor of thrones." Where are now the Buonapartes and the Bourbons, for whose sake forty thousand lives were destroyed in the dreadful day of Waterloo, "on that tremendous harvest field where death swung the scythe."

May we not hope that the war-times will pass away with the king-times.

(To be concluded.)

FRAGMENT.

BY ALBERT PIKE.

We are all mariners on this sea of life;
And they who climb above us up the shrouds,
Have only, in their over-topping place,
Gained a more dangerous station, and foothold
More insecure. The wind that passeth over
And harmeth not the humble crowd below,
Whistles amid the shrouds, and shaketh down
These overweening climbers of the ocean,
Into the great gigantic vase of death.

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DREAMS OF THE LAND AND SEA.

A NIGHT SCENE AT SEA.

BY DR. REYNELL COATES.

Oh night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wonderous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength—as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman!———
BYRON.

But few among those who constitute the educated portion of society on shore, enjoy much opportunity of feeling the grandeur,—the awful variety of night. Women are necessarily debarred from the privilege of partaking freely of its mysterious but ennobling influence by the restraints unfortunately requisite for their protection; and, in order to reap the full advantage of such communion, we must be *alone* with the queen of the ebon wand and starry diadem. As for those of the bolder sex,—by them, the hours of shade are usually devoted to study, pleasure, or dissipation, and only the few possessing the poetic temperament become familiar with her changeful moods.

But, on the ocean, the closeness of the cabin drives the novice frequently on deck, even in stormy weather and at unseasonable hours; and when once this compulsory introduction has been effected, it is surprising how rapidly the traveller, of either sex, becomes enamored of solitude and night—of star-light and the storm.

The changes in the heavens,—and the waters too—are quite as numerous and far more impressive by night than by day.—There is no sameness in the sea for those who are blest with capacity to feel the beauties of Nature.

Let us lounge away an hour of this lovely evening here, by the companion-way. We are between the trades, and time would hang heavily on our hands but for the baffling winds and tempting cats-paws that keep us perpetually on the alert to gain or save a mile of southing.* At present, we are suffering all the tedium of a calm. How dark!—How absolutely black the sky appears, contrasted with the brightness of a tropical moon! And yon dazzling star, waving its long line of reflected rays athwart the glassy billows, rivalling the broad glare of the moon-light!—What diamond ever equalled it in lustre, or surpassed it in variety of hues, as its ray changes from red to yellow, and from yellow to the most delicate blue?

The sails are flapping against the mast and the ship rolls so gently that one might well suppose no gale had ever ruffled this smooth summer ocean. To see the sailors lolling on the watch, the observer would infer they lead the idlest lives that mortals could enjoy; but alas! such moments are like angel visits with the crew. Poor fellows! How rich to them is the delight of a single hour of freedom spent in spinning their "tough yarns" under the lea of the long-boat, in singing or in music! That clarionet is admirably played, for rough and tarry fingers:—and how softly the notes float on the damp night air! The mate, in his impatience, is *whistling for a wind;* and that "old salt," in whom many years of service have implanted deeply all the superstitions of his class, is muttering to himself with discontented glances, "You'll have a cap-full, and more than you want of it before long,—and in the wrong quarter too.—I never knew any good to come of this whistling for wind."

And, in truth, to judge from appearances, the prophecy is likely, in this case, to be fulfilled. Already the moon begins to be encircled by a wide halo of vapor. It is almost imperceptible at present; but, even while we speak, it gathers, and thickens, and seems to become more palpable. Now it assumes the faint tints of the lunar rain-bow; and all around a silvery veil is falling over the face of the heavens.

Slight fleeces of denser mist are collecting in columns and squadrons across the sky, giving it a mottled aspect. They are still too thin materially to check the full-flooding of the moon-light; but, as they gradually enlarge themselves, a slow, gliding motion is perceived among them. They are wafted gently southward; but the breeze—if breeze there be to-night—will come from the opposite quarter; for the higher and lower currents of our atmosphere are almost invariably found thus at variance with each other. The signs of the weather augur nothing favorable to our success in speedily reaching the southern trades.

Mark! How the broad glare of the moon-beams on the water fades away as the vapors in the upper air increase in density! The star-light reflection has disappeared; and the bright little orb from which it was derived, still struggling hard to make itself conspicuous, shines on with fitful ray.—And now, it

* The scene of this sketch is laid in the tropical Atlantic, between the northern and southern trade-winds;—a region of calms and baffling winds.

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is extinct.—Even the waters have lost their azure hue, and all things above and below are rapidly becoming gray.

The swell is momentarily rising, though you discover no cause for the change. Though we feel not a puff of wind the sails flap less heavily against the mast, and occasionally they are buoyed up and bellied out for many seconds, as if lifted by the breath of some unseen spirit.

Listen to the voice of the waves!—For the sea has a voice as well as the winds—not only where it speaks in thunders, booming upon the level beach, or roars among the time-worn rocks of an iron-bound coast, but far off in its loneliness, also, where no barrier opposes its will. Who knows not the mild tone of the breeze of spring from the melancholy moan of the autumnal gale?—As different is the dull plash of the lazy billow in a settled calm from the threatening sound that precedes a storm.

But the steward is ringing his supper-bell. Let us go below, and if I mistake not, you will find all nature dressed in another garb when we return on deck.

* * * * * *

An hour has passed,—and what a change!—The ship close hauled on a wind, no longer rolls listlessly over the swell; but, laboring slowly up each coming wave, she staggers and shivers from stem to stern, as the crest of the watery mountain dashes against the weather bow,—then, rushing down into the trough of the sea and plunging deep into the succeeding billow, she strains every shroud and back-stay with the sudden jerk of the masts, and sends a broad sheet of crackling foam to leeward from beneath the bows.

How different is this disagreeable motion from that which we enjoy when the wind is on the beam or the quarter!—Then, we glide gently over the sea-hills, and every wave seems playfully bent on urging us forward:—Now, we are opposed unceasingly by wind and swell, and must contest laboriously each foot of the battle-ground, till the strength of our enemies is exhausted—conscious the while, that every league we loose in this strange, fitful region, may cost us a week's delay in the recovery.

This is "a young gale" that bids fair to prove precocious; for it is rapidly advancing towards maturity. But it cannot last. Nothing but a calm displays much tendency to permanence between the trades.

The heavens are dark as midnight:—no star or planet penetrates the gloom with a friendly ray:—yet the color of the overhanging vault is by no means uniform. Broad tracts or patches of intense obscurity cover the chief part of the field of view; but, at intervals, you may perceive long, moving, dusky lines dividing these heavy masses, made visible by a strange and unaccountable half illumination. As they sweep hurriedly by, on their northward course, seemingly almost within reach from the mast head, we are made painfully conscious that the wings of the tempest are hovering over us in dangerous proximity.

Except the lamps in the binnacle, there is no obvious source of light above or around us: yet the outlines of the vessel, with all the labyrinth of spars and rigging, are dimly traceable in the murky air. Whence do we derive this power of vision? you will naturally inquire.—A glance at the surface of the water will explain it.

Every wave, as it combs and breaks, bears on its summit a high crest of foam, visible at a great distance by its own moon-light, or soft silvery radiation. Each little ripple carries its tiny lantern. Wherever the sea is disturbed by the motion of the vessel, and especially at the bow, where the waters are rudely disparted, or in the wake, where they rush together violently as she shoots along, a gentle, milky light is broadly diffused; and here and there a brilliant spark is seen beneath the surface shining distinct and permanent, like a star submerged, or gleaming and disappearing alternately, like the fire-flies of June.

The phosphorescence of the sea is unusually feeble at present, but it is sufficient to prevent a total darkness, and by its aid we trace the dim forms of surrounding objects, while a slight reflection from the clouds betrays the threatening aspect of the weather.

Do you observe those singular luminous appearances resembling masses of pale fire, or torch lights, hurrying from place to place, turning and meandering in all directions, some feet beneath the waves, like comets liberated from their proper spheres, and wandering without rule in the abyss of waters? They are produced by fish that are playing about the vessel, and were we adepts in the sport we might chance to strike one with the grains by the glare of his own torch. But this requires the skill and long experience of many voyages. To strike a fish by day is difficult enough; for, even then, he is not to be found where he appears. When you look obliquely from the vessel's side at any object in the water, refraction changes its apparent place to a much greater distance than the real one, and brings the image nearer to the surface. Success in reaching such an object requires your aim to be directed towards a point considerably below the spot at which your game is seen. At night the difficulty is much enhanced;—for it is not the fish itself that emits the light. The agitation produced by his rapid motions awakens the thousands of luminous animalcules swarming in every cubic foot of water, and, as they fire their little tapers in succession, they fall into the rear, while the fish darts onward under cover of the obscurity, leaving a brilliant wake which serves but to deceive, or sometimes to guide, his enemies, and to attract his prey.

But hark!—How the wind howls through the shrouds and whistles around the slender rigging!—The gale increases, and another change comes over the night scene. Do you observe how pitchy the gloom has grown to windward?—All traces of the clouds in that direction are lost.—Ha!—A flash of lightning!—Here it comes in earnest!—The pouring rain obscures even the phosphoric glimmering of the waves, and now we have "night and storm and darkness," in all their terrible beauty! Who dares attempt to paint the scene in words!—On every hand,—above—around—within—all is confusion! The

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crew spring to their stations, while the loud command and the scarce audible response are mingled with the dash of waves, the roar of the blast, and the creaking of the wracked timbers in one discordant, unintelligible burst of sound.

You stand, or rather *hang* by the mizzen shrouds, the centre of an invisible world where the maddened elements and hardy men contend for life or conquest. You hear them, but you see them not,—save when the electric flash tinges sea and cloud with momentary brilliance. Your eye detects the foot of the nearest mast, but you endeavor in vain to trace the tall spar upwards towards the lofty perch of those brave fellows on the yard, whose shrill voices—heard as if from a mile in the distance, in answer to the trumpet of the captain,—just reach the ear amid the din of a thousand unearthly voices, and add to the wizard wildness of the scene.

The storm swells loud and more loudly; but the yielding ship has risen from the first awful impression of its force and now careers furiously before it. The brailed but unfurled topsails flap with a dull and hollow thunder, as they whirl and rebound under the restraint of the clue-lines and the iron hands of the desperate crew. See that ghastly ball of purple flame leaping from spar to spar, like the visible spirit of the tempest!*—Now it is on the foremast head,—now it glares on the bowsprit,—and again, it springs to the mainyard and flashes full in the face of you startled reefer, casting the hue of death over his boyish features, rendered clearly visible for a moment in the demon torchlight.

The first flurry of the squall is passed;—we are again on a wind!—but still wave follows wave, rolling on with an angry roar;—and each in turn, as it reaches the vessel, strikes the bow with a resounding crash. Every plank in the firmly-bolted hull trembles beneath the blow, while the billow sweeps off under the lea, hissing and frothing in baffled rage to find the gallant bark invulnerable to its power.—Ever and anon the vivid lightning gilds the wide circle of a boiling sea, covered with broad streaks of foam driven onward for miles in narrow belts before the wind, while the sharp, sudden thunder follows on the instant, with a single detonation, like the discharge of an enormous cannon. Here are no hills and valleys to awake the long reverberating echoes—no solid earth to fling back the war-note of the storm in proud defiance to the clouds!

The binnacle lamps are shining on a portion of the quarter-deck, and light up the form of the helmsman at the wheel. Firm and unmoved amid the elemental jar, he stands like a guardian spirit in the centre of an illuminated sphere, contrasted so strongly with the palpable darkness around, that the imponderable air itself is made it appear material and tangible. On him depends our fate. One error!—one instance of momentary neglect, and the mountain swell might overtop our oaken bulwarks, leaving us a shattered and unmanageable wreck upon the desert waste of waters!

But listen!—what mean those indescribable sounds making themselves audible at intervals above the roar of the gale? Look out into the gloom, and strive to penetrate the mingled rain and spray!

Do you not see from time to time, those undefined and monstrous shapes,—blacker than night itself,—rising from the deep and giving utterance to noises like the puff of a steam engine combined with the snorting of some mammoth beast? Even here, while winds and waves are raging—in this chaos of air and ocean, where the barriers of heaven and earth seem broken down, and spray and foam—the sea—the rain—the clouds—are whirled together in one wide mass of inextricable confusion—*even here*, there are beings whose joy is in the tempest, sporting their ungainly gambols—fearless of the scathing bolt and glorying in the pealing thunder!

We are surrounded by an army of the grampus whales. Their breathing adds a fiend-like wildness to the voices of the night,—and their dusky forms looming through the obscurity as they thrust their misshapen backs above the surface of the sea, give an almost infernal aspect to the scene, *if scene that may be called which is but half perceived* in dimness that appears,

"Not light, but rather darkness visible."

But come below!—We are happily exempt from the necessity of dangerous exposure, and the force of the salt spray that has been driven in our faces with stinging effect for the last half hour begins to weaken the impression of this magnificent display of Omnipotence. Man would find room for selfishness and vanity amid "the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds."—Your complexion is in danger! So if you would avoid the hard looks of a weather-beaten tar, it is time to seek the shelter of the cabin. There I can amuse you with pictures of other night scenes by sea and land, until this short-lived tropical squall is over, or you feel inclined to retire to your state room. In another hour we shall probably be bounding along merrily, with all sail set, and the moon beams sparkling and playing *hide-and-go-seek* among the little rippling waves with which a six-knot breeze roughens a subsiding swell!

* The corposant, an electric ball or brush of light, sometimes witnessed during storms at sea.

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AGATHÈ.—A NECROMAUNT.

IN THREE CHIMERAS.

BY LOUIS FITZGERALD TASISTRO.

CHIMERA III.

Another moon! And over the blue night
She bendeth, like a holy spirit bright,
Through stars that veil them in their wings of gold;
As on she floateth with her image cold
Enamell'd on the deep, a sail of cloud
Is to her left, majestically proud!
Trailing its silver drapery away
In thin and fairy webs, that are at play
Like stormless waves upon a summer sea,
Dragging their length of waters lazily.

Ay! to the rocks! and thou wilt see, I wist,
A lonely one, that bendeth in the mist
Of moonlight, with a wide and raven pall
Flung round him.—Is he mortal man at all?
For, by the meagre fire-light that is under
Those eyelids, and the vision shade of wonder
Falling upon his features, I would guess
Of one that wanders out of blessedness!
Julio! raise thee! By the holy mass!
I wot not of the fearless one would pass
Thy wizard shadow. Where the raven hair
Was shorn before, in many a matted layer
It lieth now; and on a rock beside
The sea, like merman at the ebb of tide,
Feasting his wondrous vision on decay,
So art thou gazing over Agathè!

Ah me! but this is never the fair girl,
With brow of light, as lovely as a pearl,
That was as beautiful as is the form
Of sea bird at the breaking of a storm.
The eye is open, with convulsive strain—
A most unfleshly orb! the stars that wane
Have nothing of its hue; for it is cast
With sickly blood, and terribly aghast!
And sunken in its socket like the light
Of a red taper in the lonely night!

And there is not a braid of her bright hair
But lieth floating in the moonlight air,
Like the long moss beside a silver spring,
In elfin tresses, sadly murmuring.
The worm hath 'gan to crawl upon her brow—
The living worm! and with a ripple now,
Like that upon the sea, are heard below
The slimy swarms all ravening as they go,
Amid the stagnate vitals, with a crush;
And one might hear them echoing the hush
Of Julio, as he watches by the side
Of the dead ladye, his betrothéd bride!

And ever and anon a yellow group
Was creeping on her bosom, like a troop
Of stars, far up amid the galaxy,
Pale, pale, as snowy showers, and two or three
Were mocking the cold finger, round and round
With likeness of a ring; and, as they wound
About its bony girth, they had the hue
Of pearly jewels glistening in the dew.
That deathly stare! it is an awful thing
To gaze upon; and sickly thoughts will spring
Before it to the heart: it telleth how
There must be waste where there is beauty now.
The chalk! the chalk! where was the virgin snow
Of that once heaving bosom? even so,
The cold, pale dewy chalk, with yellow shade
Amid the leprous hues; and o'er it play'd
The straggling moonlight and the merry breeze,
Like two fair elves that by the murmuring seas
Woo'd smilingly together; but there fell
No life-gleam on the brow, all terrible
Becoming, through its beauty, like a cloud
That waneth paler even than a shroud,
All gorgeous and all glorious before;
For waste, like to the wanton night, was o'er
Her virgin features, stealing them away—
Ah me! ah me! and this is Agathè!

"Enough! enough! oh God! but I have pray'd
To thee, in early daylight and in shade,
And the mad-curse is on me still—and still!
I cannot alter the eternal will—
But—but—I hate thee Agathè! I hate
What lunacy hath made me consecrate:
I am *not* mad!—*not now!*—I do not feel
That slumberous and blessed opiate steal
Up to my brain—oh! that it only would,
To people this eternal solitude
With fancies, and fair dreams, and summer-mirth,
Which is not now—and yet my mother earth
I would not love to lie above thee so
As Agathè lies there—Oh! no! no! no!
To have these clay worms feast upon my heart!
And all the light of being to depart
Into a dismal shadow! I could die
As the red lightnings, quenching amid sky
Their wild and wizard breath; I could away
Like a blue billow bursting into spray:
But never—never have corruption here
To feed her worms and let the sunlight jeer
Above me so. 'Tis thou! I owe thee, moon,
To-night's fair worship; so be lifting soon
Thy veil of clouds, that I may kneel as one
That seeketh for thy virgin benison!"

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He gathers the cold limpets as they creep
On the gray rocks beside the lonely deep,
And with a flint breaks through into the shell,
And feeds him—by the mass! he feasteth well.
And he hath lifted water in a clam
And tasted sweetly from a stream that swam
Down to the sea; and now is turn'd away
Again, again, to gaze on Agathè!
There is a cave upon that isle—a cave
Where dwelt a hermit-man: the winter wave
Roll'd to its entrance, casting a bright mound
Of snowy shells and fairy pebbles round;
And over were the solemn ridges strewn
Of a dark rock, that, like the wizard throne
Of some sea-monarch, stood, and from it hung
Wild thorn and bramble in confusion flung
Amid the startling crevices—like sky
Through gloom of clouds, that sweep in thunder by.
A cataract fell over, in a streak
Of silver, playing many a wanton freak;
Midway, and musical, with elfin glee
It bounded in its beauty to the sea,
Like dazzling angel vanishing away.
In sooth, 'twas pleasant in the moonlight gray
To see that fairy fountain leaping so,
Like one that knew not wickedness nor woe!

The hermit had his cross and rosary:
I ween like other hermits so was he,
A holy man and frugal, and at night
He prayed, or slept, or, sometimes, by the light
Of the fair moon went wandering beside
The lonely sea, to hear the silver tide
Rolling in gleesome music to the shore;
The more he heard he loved to hear the more.
And there he is, his hoary beard adrift
To the night winds, that sportingly do lift
Its snow-white tresses; and he leaneth on
A rugged staff, all weakly and alone,
A childless, friendless man!

He is beside
The ghastly Julio and his ghastlier bride.
'Twas wond'rous strange to gaze upon the two!
And the old hermit felt a throbbing through
His pulses—"Holy Virgin! save me, save!"
He deem'd of spectre from the midnight wave,
And cross'd him thrice, and pray'd and pray'd again:
"Hence! hence!" and Julio started as the strain
Of exorcisms fell faintly on his ear:
"I knew thee, father, that thou beest here
To gaze upon this girl, as I have been.
By yonder moon! it was a frantic sin
To worship so an image of the clay;
It was like beauty—but is now away—
What lived upon her features, like the light
On yonder cloud, all tender and all bright;
But it is faded as the other must,
And she that was all beauty is all dust.

"Father! thy hand upon this brow of mine
And tell me is it cold? But she will twine
No wreath upon these temples—never, never!
For there she lieth like a streamless river
That stagnates in its bed. Feel, feel me here,
If I be madly throbbing in the fear
For that cold slimy worm. Ay! look and see
How dotingly it feeds, how pleasantly!
And where it is have been the living hues
Of beauty, purer than the very dews.
Do, father! seest thou that yonder moon
Will be on wane to-morrow, soon and soon?
And I, that feel my being wear away,
Shall droop beside to darkness: so, but say
A prayer for the dead, when I am gone
And let the azure tide that floweth on
Cover us lightly with its murmuring surf,
Like a green sward of melancholy turf;
Thou mayest, if thou wilt, thou mayest rear
A cenotaph on this lone island here,
Of some rude mossy stone, below a tree,
And carve an olden rhyme for her and me
Upon its brow."

He bends, and gazes yet
Before his ghastly bride! the anchoret
Sate by him, and hath press'd a cross of wood
To his wan lips * * *
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"My son! look up and tell thy dismal tale.
Thou seemest cold, and sorrowful, and pale.
Alas! I fear that thou hast strangely been
A child of curse, and misery, and sin.
And this,—is she thy sister?"—"nay! my bride."
"Anon! and thou?"—"True, true! but then she died,
And was a virgin, and is virgin still,
Chaste as the moon, that taketh her pure fill
Of light from the great sun. But now, go by,
And leave me to my madness, or to die!
This heart, this brain are sore.—Come, come, and fold
Me round, ye hydra billows! wrapt in gold,
That are so writhing your eternal gyres
Before the moon, which, with a myriad tiars
Is crowning you, as ye do fall and kiss
Her pearly feet, that glide in blessedness!
Let me be torture-eaten, ere I die!
Let me be mangled sore with agony!
And be so cursed; so stricken by the spell
Of my heart's frenzy, that a living hell
Be burning there!—back! back if thou art mad—
Methought thou wast, but thou art only sad.
Is this thy child, old man? look, look, and see!
In truth it is a piteous thing for thee
To become childless—well a-well, go by!
Is there no grave? The quiet sea is nigh,
And I will bury her below the moon:
It may be but a trance or midnight swoon.
And she may wake. Wake, Ladye: ha! methought
It was like *her*.—Like her! and is it not?
My angel girl! my brain, my stricken brain!—
I know thee now!—I know myself again."

He flings him on the ladye, and anon.
With loathly shudder, from that wither'd one
Hath torn him back. "Oh me! no more—no more!
Thou virgin mother! is the dream not o'er,
That I have dreamt, but I must dream again
For moons together, till this weary brain
Become distemper'd as the winter sea!
Good father! give me blessing; let it be
Upon me as the dew upon the moss.
Oh me! but I have made the holy cross
A curse; and not a blessing! let me kiss
The sacred symbol; for, by this—by this!
I sware, and sware again, as now I will—
Thou Heaven! if there be bounty in thee still,
If thou wilt hear, and minister, and bring
The light of comfort, on some angel wing

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To one that lieth lone; do—do it now;
By all the stars that open on thy brow
Like silver flowers! and by the herald moon
That listeth to be forth at nightly noon,
Jousting the clouds, I swear! and be it true,
As I have perjured me, that I renew
Allegiance to thy God, and bind me o'er
To this same penance, I have done before!
That night and day I watch, as I have been
Long watching, o'er the partner of my sin!
That I taste never the delight of food,
But these wild shell-fish, that may make the mood
Of madness stronger, till it grapple death—
Despair—eternity!"

He saith, he saith,
And, on the jaundiced bosom of the corse,
Lieth all frenzied; one would see remorse,
And hopeless love, and hatred, struggling there,
And lunacy, that lightens up despair,
And makes a gladness out of agony.
Pale phantom! I would fear and worship thee,
That hast the soul at will, and givest it play,
Amid the wildest fancies far away;
That thronest reason, on some wizard throne
Of fairy land, within the milky zone,—
Some spectre star, that glittereth beyond
The glorious galaxies of diamond.

Beautiful lunacy! that shapest flight
For love to blessed bowers of delight,
And buildest holy monarchies within
The fancy, till the very heart is queen
Of all her golden wishes. Lunacy!
Thou empress of the passions! though they be,
A sister group of wild, unearthly forms,
Like lightnings playing in their home of storms!
I see thee, striking at the silver strings
Of the pure heart, and holy music springs
Before thy touch, in many a solemn strain,
Like that of sea-waves rolling from the main!
But say, is melancholy by thy side,
With tresses in a raven shower, that hide
Her pale and weeping features? Is she never
Flowing before thee, like a gloomy river,
The sister of thyself? But cold and chill,
And winter-born, and sorrowfully still,
And not like thee, that art in merry mood,
And frolicsome amid thy solitude?

Fair Lunacy! I see thee, with a crown
Of hawthorn and sweet daisies, bending down
To mirror thy young image in a spring:
And thou wilt kiss that shadow of a thing
As soulless as thyself. 'Tis tender, too,
The smile that meeteth thine! the holy hue
Of health! the pearly radiance of the brow!
All, all as tender,—beautiful as thou!
And wilt thou say, my sister, there is none
Will answer thee? Thou art—thou art alone,
A pure, pure being! but the God on high
Is with thee ever, as thou goest by.

Thou Poetess! that harpest to the moon,
And, in soft concert to the silver tune,
Of waters play'd on by the magic wind,
As he comes streaming, with his hair untwined,
Dost sing light strains of melody and mirth,—
I hear thee, hymning on thy holy birth,
How thou wert moulded of thy mother Love,
That came, like seraph, from the stars above,
And was so sadly wedded unto Sin,
That thou wert born, and Sorrow was thy twin.
Sorrow with mirthful Lunacy! that be
Together link'd for time, I deem of ye
That ye are worshipp'd as none others are,—
One as a lonely shadow,—one a star!

Is Julio glad, that bendeth, even now,
To his wild purpose, to his holy vow?
He seeth only in his ladye-bride
The image of the laughing girl, that died
A moon before—the same, the very same—
The Agathè that lisp'd her lover's name,
To him and to her heart: that azure eye,
That shone through sunny tresses, waving by;
The brow, the cheek, that blush'd of fire and snow,
Both blending into one ethereal glow:
And the same breathing radiancy, that swam
Around her, like a pure and blessed calm
Around some halcyon bird. And, as he kiss'd
Her wormy lips, he felt that he was blest!
He felt her holy being stealing through
His own, like fountains of the azure dew,
That summer mingles with his golden light;
And he would clasp her, till the weary night,
Was worn away.

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And morning rose in form
Of heavy clouds, that knitted into storm
The brow of Heaven, and through her lips the wind
Came rolling westward, with a tract behind
Of gloomy billows, bursting on the sea,
All rampant, like great lions terribly,
And gnashing on each other: and anon,
Julio heard them, rushing one by one,
And laugh'd and turn'd. The hermit was away
For he was old and weary, and he lay
Within his cave, and thought it was a dream,
A summer's dream! and so the quiet stream
Of sleep came o'er his eyelids, and in truth
He dreamt of that strange ladye and the youth
That held a death-wake on her wasting form;
And so he slept and woke not till the storm
Was over.

But they came—the wind, and sea,
And rain and thunder, that in giant glee,
Sang o'er the lightnings pale, as to and fro
They writhed, like stricken angels!—white as snow
Roll'd billow after billow, and the tide
Came forward as an army deep and wide,
To charge with all its waters. There was heard
A murmur far and far, of those that stirr'd
Within the great encampment of the sea,
And dark they were, and lifted terribly
Their water-spouts like banners. It was grand
To see the black battalions, hand in hand
Striding to conflict, and their helmets bent
Below their foamy plumes magnificent!

And Julio heard and laugh'd. "Shall I be king
To your great hosts, that ye are murmuring
For one to bear you to your holy war?
There is no sun, or moon, or any star,
To guide your iron footsteps as ye go,
But I, your king, will marshal you to flow

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From shore to shore. Then bring my car of shell.
That I may ride before you terrible;
And bring my sceptre of the amber weed,
And Agathè, my virgin bride, shall lead
Your summer hosts, when these are ambling low,
In azure and in ermine, to and fro."

He said, and madly, with his wasted hand
Swept o'er the tuneless harp, and fast he spann'd
The silver chords, until a rush of sound
Came from them, solemn—terrible—profound:
And then he dash'd the instrument away
Into the waters, and the giant play
Of billows threw it back unto the shore,
A shiver'd, stringless frame—its day of music o'er!
The tide, the rolling tide! the multitude
Of the sea surges, terrible and rude,
Tossing their chalky foam along the bed
Of thundering pebbles, that are shoring dread,
And fast retreating to the gloomy gorge
Of waters, sounding like a Titan forge!
It comes! it comes! the tide, the rolling tide!
But Julio is bending to his bride,
And making mirthful whispers to her ear,
A cataract! a cataract is near,
Of one stupendous billow, and it breaks
Terribly furious, with a myriad flakes
Of foam, that fly about the haggard twain;
And Julio started, with a sudden pain,
That shot into his heart; his reason flew
Back to her throne: he rose, and wildly threw
His matted tresses over on his brow.
Another billow came, and even now
Was dashing at his feet. There was no shade
Of terror, as the serpent waters play'd
Before him, but his eye was calm as death.
Another, yet another! and the breath
Of the wierd wind was with it, like a rock
Unriveted it fell—a shroud of smoke
Pass'd over—there was heard, and died away,
The voice of one shrill-shrieking "Agathè!"

The sea-bird sitteth lonely by the side
Of the far waste of waters, flapping wide
His wet and weary wings; but he is gone,
The stricken Julio! a wave-swept stone
Stands there, on which he sat, and nakedly
It rises looking to the lonely sea;
But Julio is gone, and Agathè!
The waters swept them madly to their core—
The dead and living with a frantic roar!
And so he died, his bosom fondly set
On hers; and round her clay-cold waist were met
His bare and wither'd arms, and to her brow
His lips were press'd. Both, both are perish'd now!

He died upon her bosom in a swoon:
And fancied of the pale and silver moon,
That went before him in her hall of blue;
He died like golden insect in the dew,
Calm, calm and pure; and not a chord was wrung
In his deep heart—but love. He perish'd young,
But perish'd wasted by some fatal flame
That fed upon his vitals: and there came
Lunacy, sweeping lightly, like a stream,
Along his brain—he perish'd in a dream!

In sooth I marvel not
If death be only a mysterious thought,
That cometh on the heart and turns the brow
Brightless and chill, as Julio's is now;
For only had the wasting struggle been
Of one wild feeling, till it rose within
Into the form of death, and nature felt
The light of the immortal being melt
Into its happier home beyond the sea,
And moon, and stars, into eternity!

The sun broke through his dungeon, long enthrall'd
By dismal clouds, and on the emerald
Of the great living sea was blazing down
To gift the lordly billows with a crown
Of diamond and silver. From his cave
The hermit came, and by the dying wave
Lone wander'd, and he found upon the sand,
Below a truss of sea-weed, with his hand
Around the silent waist of Agathè
The corse of Julio! Pale, pale, it lay
Beside the wasted girl. The fireless eye
Was open, and a jewell'd rosary
Flung round the neck; but it was gone—the cross
That Agathè had given.

Amid the moss
The hermit scoop'd a solitary grave
Below the pine-trees, and he sang a stave,
Or two, or three, of some old requiem
As in their narrow home he buried them;
And many a day before that blessed spot
He sate, in lone and melancholy thought,
Gazing upon the grave; and one had guess'd
Of some dark secret shadowing his breast.
And yet, to see him, with his silver hair
Adrift and floating in the sea-borne air,
And features chasten'd in the tears of woe,
In sooth, 'twas merely sad to see him so!
A wreck of nature floating far and fast,
Upon the stream of Time—to sink at last!

And he is wandering by the shore again,
Hard leaning on his staff; the azure main
Lies sleeping far before him, with his seas
Fast folded in the bosom of the breeze,
That like the angel Peace, hath dropt his wings
Around the warring waters. Sadly sings
To his own heart that lonely hermit-man,
A tale of other days when passion ran
Along his pulses like a troubled stream,
And glory was a splendor and a dream!
He stoop'd to gather up a shining gem
That lay amid the shells, as bright as them,
It was a cross, the cross that Agathè
Had given to her Julio; the play
Of the fierce sunbeams fell upon its face,
And on the glistening jewels—but the trace
Of some old thought came burning to the brain
Of the pale hermit, and he shrunk in pain
Before the holy symbol. It was not
Because of the eternal ransom wrought
In ages far away, or he had bent
In pure devotion, sad and reverent;
But now, he startled as he look'd upon
That jewell'd thing, and wildly he is gone
Back to the mossy grave, away, away:
"My child, my child! my own, own Agathè!"

It is her father,—he,—an alter'd man!
His quiet had been wounded, and the ban

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Of misery came over him, and froze
The bright and holy tides, that fell and rose
In joy amid his heart. To think of her,
That he had injured so, and all so fair,
So fond, so like the chosen of his youth,—
It was a very dismal thought, in truth,
That he had left her hopelessly, for aye,
Within the cloister-wall to droop, and die!
And so he could not bear to have it be;
But sought for some lone island in the sea,
Where he might dwell in doleful solitude,
And do strange penance in his mirthful mood,
For this same crime, unnaturally wild,
That he had done unto his saintly child.
And ever he did think, when he had laid
These lovers in the grave, that, through the shade
Of ghostly features melting to decay,
He saw the image of his Agathè.

And now the truth had flash'd into his brain:
And he has fallen, with a shriek of pain,
Upon the lap of pale and yellow moss;
For long ago he gave that blessed cross
To his fair girl, and knew the relic still,
By many a thousand thoughts, that rose at will
Before it of the one that was not now,
But, like a dream, had floated from the brow
Of time, that seeth many a lovely thing
Fade by him, like a sea-wave murmuring.

The heart is burst!—the heart that stood in steel
To woman's earnest tears, and bade her feel
The curse of virgin solitude,—a veil;
And saw the gladsome features growing pale
Unmoved: 'tis rent like some eternal tower
The sea hath shaken, and its stately power
Lies lonely, fallen, scatter'd on the shore;
'Tis rent like some great mountain, that before
The Deluge stood in glory and in might,
But now is lightning-riven, and the night
Is clambering up its sides, and chasms lie strewn,
Like coffins, here and there: 'tis rent! the throne
Where passions, in their awful anarchy,
Stood sceptred! There was heard an inward sigh,
That took the being, on its troubled wings,
Far to the land of deep imaginings!

All three are dead! that desolate green isle
Is only peopled by the passing smile
Of sun and moon, that surely have a sense,
They look so radiant with intelligence,—
So like the soul's own element,—so fair!
The features of a God lie veiled there!

And mariners that have been toiling far
Upon the deep, and lost the polar star,
Have visited that island, and have seen
That lover's grave: and many there have been
That sat upon the grey and crumbling stone,
And started as they saw a skeleton
Amid the long sad moss, that fondly grew
Through the white wasted ribs: but never knew
Of those who slept below, or of the tale
Of that brain-stricken man, that felt the pale
And wandering moonlight steal his soul away,—
Poor Julio, and the Ladye Agathè!

———

We found them,—children of toil and tears,
Their birth of beauty shaded;
We left them in their early years
Fallen and faded.

We found them, flowers of summer hue,
Their golden cups were lighted,
With sparkles of the pearly dew—
We left them blighted!

We found them,—like those fairy flowers
And the light of morn lay holy
Over their sad and sainted bowers—
We left them lonely.

We found them,—like twin stars, alone,
In brightness and in feeling;
We left them,—and the curse was on
Their beauty stealing.

They rest in quiet, where they are:
Their life time is the story
Of some fair flower—some silver star,
Faded in glory!

TO A SPIRIT.

BY JAMES ALDRICH.

Not the effulgent light
Of that bright realm where live the blest departed,
Nor the grave's gloom, Oh! loved one, and true hearted,
Can hide thee from thy sight.

Thy sweet angelic smile
Beams on my sleep. I see thee, hear thy voice,
Thou say'st unto my fettered soul, "Rejoice!
Wait but a little while."

Sometimes 'mid cloudlets bright,
The sunset splendors of a summer's day,
An instant thou'lt appear, then pass away
From my entranced sight.

Up in the blue heavens clear
A never-setting star hast thou become,
Pouring a silvery ray, from thy far home,
Upon my pathway here.

Where tears ne'er dim the eyes,
Shall we not meet in some far blessed land?
Shall we not walk together, hand in hand,
In bowers of Paradise?

My soul, though chained and pent,
Sure of a future glorious career,
In all its God-appointed labor here,
Toils on in calm content.

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ST. AGNES' EVE.

A CHIT-CHAT ABOUT KEATS.

God bless you, Oliver, don't think of such a thing! *I* join the temperance society!—why, you old curmudgeon, would you murder me outright? Not that temperance societies haven't done good—many a poor wife and weeping mother have they made happy—but, then, ever since I read Anacreon at college and shot buffalos at the Black Hills, I've had a fellow feeling for the good things of this life, especially for beef-steaks and port wine. I'm an Epicurean, sir—you needn't talk to me of glory—I despise the whole cant about posthumous renown. The great end of life is happiness, and happiness is best secured by gratifying our physical as well as our intellectual nature. I go in, sir, for enjoying existence, and when I was in my prime, I flatter myself that few could beat me at a dinner or had a more delicate way of making love to the girls. But alas! we have fallen on troublous times. The wine of these days—I say it with tears in my eyes—isn't the wine of my youth; and the girls—here's a health to the sweet angels—have sadly deteriorated from what their grandmothers were. *Eheu! Eheu!* The world is getting upside down, and I shouldn't wonder if an earthquake or epidemic or some other calamity should overtake us yet to fill up the catalogue of our ills.

I have just been reading Keats—shame on the wretches who tortured him to death! He is a practical argument, sir, for my creed. Genius he had unquestionably, yet he never enjoyed a happy hour. Why was this? Born in humble life, he thirsted for distinction, and trusting to his genius to achieve renown, found himself assailed by hostile critics, who dragged his private life before the public eye, and sneered at his poetry with the bitter scorn of fiends. He was naturally of a delicate constitution—of a proud and aspiring character; but of a modesty as shrinking as the sensitive plant; and when he found himself slighted, abused, maligned—when he saw that he was thrust back at every attempt to elevate himself, his delicate nature gave way, and he died of a broken heart, requesting that his epitaph might be, "Here lies one whose name was writ on water." The world, since then, has done tardy justice to his genius—but this did not soothe his sorrows, nor will it reach him in his silent grave. What to him is posthumous renown?—what the tears of this generation or the plaudits of the next? Had he been less sensitive, had he thirsted less after glory, he might still have been living, with matured powers, extorting even from his enemies deserved commendation. But he fell in his youthful prime, an eaglet pierced before it had learnt to soar. I have shed tears over his grave at Rome—let us drink to his memory in solemn silence.

Keats would have made a giant had he lived, sir. Everything he wrote evinced high genius. Each successive poem he published displayed increased merit. His sonnets remind me of Milton—his shorter pieces breathe of Lycidas or Venus and Adonis. He had little artistical skill, but then what an exuberant fancy! Few men had a finer perception of the beautiful, the τὸ καλὸν of poetry. He is one of the most Grecian—if I may use the expression—of our poets. Shelley, perhaps, was more deeply imbued with the Attic spirit, but then, although his heart was always right, his intellect was always wrong, and thus it happens that his poetry is often mystic, obscure, and even confused. Keats was not so. He had this freshness without its mysticism. He delighted in themes drawn from classic fountains, in allusions breathing of Thessaly and the gods. There was in many of his poems a voluptuousness approaching to effeminacy, reminding one of the Aphrodite in her own fragrant bowers. In others of his poems there was an Arcadian sweetness. What is finer than his ode to the Grecian Urn? Do you remember the opening?

> "Thou still unravished bride of quietness!
>   Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,
> Sylvan historian who canst thus express
>   A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
> What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
>   Of deities, or mortals, or of both,
>   In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
>   What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
> What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
>   What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstacy!"

Delicious, is it not? You seem to be in classic Greece itself, amid the groves of Academus, by the fountain of Castaly, beneath the god-encircled Olympus. You can hear the Dorian flutes, you can see the daughters of Ionia. There are the priest and his assistants leading the flower-decked heifer to the altar—lo! a group of bacchantes singing and dancing through the vale. And high up yonder is the snowy temple of Jove—a picture for the gods!

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You shake your head—you have no taste for classic allusions. Egad! I remember, you are a devotee of the German literature, and admire nothing which is not of the romantic school. Well, well—have you ever read "The Eve of St. Agnes?" It is—let me tell you—the poem for which Keats will be loved, and you ought to walk barefooted a thousand miles, like an ancient pilgrim to Loretto, for having neglected to peruse this poem. It is not so fine as Hyperion, but then the latter is a fragment. It is as superior to Endymion as a star to a satellite. It pleases me more than Lamia or Isabella. It has the glow of a landscape seen through a rosy glass—it is warm and blushing, yet pure as a maiden in her first exceeding beauty. As Burgundy is to other wines, as a bride blushing to her lover's side is to other virgins, so is "The Eve of St. Agnes" to other poems. What luxuriance of fancy, what scope of language, what graphic power it displays! It is a love story, and right witchingly told. How exquisite the description of Madeline, her moonlit chamber, her awakening from her dream, and the delicious intoxicating emotions which break on her when she learns that she loves and is beloved. Ah! sir, we are old now, but I never read this poem without thinking of the time when I first pressed my own Mary to my side, and felt her little warm heart beating against my own. Egad, I will just skip over "The Eve of St. Agnes," to pass the time away while we finish this bottle.

The poem opens with a graphic picture of a winter's night. Draw closer to the grate, for—by my ancestry!—it is a freezing theme. I will read.

"St. Agnes' eve—Ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold:
Numb were the Beadsman's fingers, while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seem'd taking flight for heaven, without a death,
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith."

The poet then proceeds to describe a festive scene, amid which is one fair lady, whose heart had throbbed all day on love, she having heard old dames tell that maidens might, on St. Agnes' eve, behold their lovers in dreams, if they observed certain mystic ceremonies. The lovely Madeline has resolved to follow the old legend, and she sighs, amid her suitors, for midnight to arrive. Then goes the story thus:

"Meantime, across the moors,
Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire
For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,
Buttress'd from moonlight, stands he, and implores
All saints to give him sight of Madeline,
But for one moment in the tedious hours,
That he might gaze and worship all unseen;
Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss—in sooth such things have been."

In that vast mansion, amid all that gay party, young Porphyro has but one friend, an old beldame, for all the rest are athirst for his blood and that of his line. While watching thus, the beldame discovers him and beseeches him to fly. He refuses. In her garrulous entreaty she reveals to Porphyro that his mistress intends playing the conjurer to discover who shall be her lover. He eagerly makes a proposition, to which the old dame objects in horror, but after many protestations on his part and a rash declaration that otherwise he will reveal himself to his foes, she finally consents. And what was his proposition? Let the poet tell. It was

——"To lead him, in close secrecy,
Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide
Him in a closet, of such privacy
That he might see her beauty unespied,
And win perhaps that night a peerless bride,
While legion'd fairies paced the coverlet,
And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed."

The old dame accordingly leads the lover, through many a dusky gallery, to the maiden's chamber, and then, hurriedly hiding him in a closet, is feeling in the dark on the landing for the stair,

"When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmed maid,
Rose, like a missioned spirit unaware:
With silver taper's light, and pious care,
She turn'd, and down the aged gossip led
To a safe level matting."

Ah! we have few Madelines now-a-days. I love her for that act, as I would love an only daughter. Well may the poet exultingly say after this—

"Now prepare,
Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed;
She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove frayed and fled."

The whole picture that follows is purity itself. We wish the wind would whistle less loudly without—there! it dies away as if in homage to this maiden soft. Shut your eyes and dream, while I read in whispers.

"Out went the taper as she hurried in;
Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died:
She closed the door, she panted, all akin
To spirits of the air, and visions wide:
No uttered syllable, or, woe betide!
But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side;
As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her dell.

A casement high and triple-arch'd there was,
All garlanded with carven imageries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger moth's deep damask'd wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded 'scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens and kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory like a saint:
She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven:—Porphyro grew faint:
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

Anon his heart revives: her vespers done,
Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees;
Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one;
Loosens her fragrant boddice; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees:
Half hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

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Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay,
Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppress'd
Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away;
Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day;
Blissfully haven'd both from joy and pain;
Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims pray,
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a rose again."

And now, when the maiden is all asleep, her lover steals from his hiding place, and mixing a charm, kneels by her bedside, and while his warm unnerved arm sinks in her pillow, he whispers to her that he is her eremite, and beseeches her for sweet Agnes' sake to open her eyes. But the maiden, lying there in her holy sleep, awakes not. At length he takes her lute, and kneeling by her ear, plays an ancient ditty. She utters a soft moan. He ceases—she pants quick—and suddenly her blue eyes open in affright, while her lover sinks again on his knees, pale as a sculptured statue. And Madeline awakening, and thinking that her blissful dream is over, begins to weep. At length she finds vent for her words, and are they not sweet as the complainings of a dove?

"Ah! Porphyro!" said she "but even now
Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,
Made tunable with every sweetest vow;
And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear:
How changed thou art! how pallid, chill, and drear!
Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
Those looks immortal, those complainings dear!
O leave me not in this eternal woe,
For if thou diest, my love, I know not where to go."

If you have ever been young, and heard, for the first time, the blushing confession of her you loved in doubt and danger, you can form some conception of the bewildering joy which seized Porphyro at this. Egad! sir, I would give ten years of my life—old as I am—to enjoy such rapture. But no tongue except that of the poet can even shadow forth his ecstacy. Ah! to be loved is bliss, but to be loved by a Madeline—!

"Beyond a mortal man impassioned far
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
Ethereal, flush'd, and like a throbbing star
Seen 'mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose;
Into her dream he melted, as the rose
Blendeth its odor with the violet,—
Solution sweet:"

You can see the end of all this as well as I can, for though never has other mortal than Porphyro breathed the language of love into the ears of one like Madeline, yet we have all pleaded more than once in the ears of angels only one remove less beautiful. Shut your eyes, and fancy you see the lover kneeling by the bedside of that white-armed one, fragrant and pure as a lily in the overshadowed brook—lovelier than an Imogen, whose very breath perfumes the chamber. Hear her low complainings when she fancies that her lover is about to desert her. Are they not more musical than the zephyrs sighing through the moonlit pines? And then how soothing is Porphyro, and how delicately he allays her fears. Ah! the moon is down, and the chamber is in darkness—and there, as I live, the rain-drops are pattering against the casement. Now is thy time, bold Porphyro—St. Agnes will befriend thee—urge, urge that sweet lady, with all thy eloquence, to seize the chance and fly amid the confusion. We know how it will end! Love ever wins the day—and is not Madeline yet all blushing with her dream? And so—and so—hear the rest!

"She hurried at the words, beset with fears,
For there were sleeping dragons all around.
At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears—
Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found,—
In all the house was heard no human sound.
A chain-dropp'd lamp was flickering by each door;
The arras, rich with horsemen, hawk, and hound,
Fluttered in the besieging wind's uproar;
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall;
Like phantoms to the iron porch they glide,
Where lay the Porter, in uneasy sprawl,
With a huge empty flagon by his side:
The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,
But his sagacious eye an inmate owns:
By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide:—
The chains lie silent on the foot-worn stones;
The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

And they are gone: ay, ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm.
That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe,
And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form
Of witch, and demon, and large coffin worm,
Were long be-nightmared. Angela the old
Died palsy-twitch'd, with meagre face deform;
The Beadsman, after thousand aves told,
For aye unsought-for slept among his ashes cold."

Who, after that, will say that Keats was not a genius? But "Hyperion," though less complete than this poem, evinces—let me tell you—even more of the "*mens divinior*." "The Eve of St. Agnes" is warm, voluptuous, luxuriant, yet pure as a quiet pool with silver sand below—but "Hyperion" is bold, impassioned and colossal, Miltonic even in its grandeur, overpowering at times as a thunder-storm among the mountains. Would God that Keats had lived to finish it! With many faults, it evinces more genius than any poem since written in our language. Hear the speeches of the Titans!—read the description of Apollo!—drink in the intoxication of its less sublime but more beautiful passages! It often exhibits a redundant fancy—the style is at times affected, and the choice of words bad—the execution is careless, though less so than that of Endymion—and, above all, the plan of the poem, so far as it has been developed, bears an unhappy resemblance to Milton's Paradise Lost. Yet it displays such extraordinary genius, that we will never forgive the Quarterly for having disheartened Keats from the completion of this poem. Ah! sir, what has the world lost?

I repeat it, I am an Epicurean. Fame!—immortality!—what are they? We wear out our lives for a bauble, and coin our souls away to purchase dross. We dig our own graves and call it GLORY. Away with such sophistry! Go over the melancholy list of unfortunate genius—White, Collins, Keats, Chatterton and the rest—and tell me what they reaped except thorns! Ah! sir, it melts my heart with pity—I must take a glass on it. But, I declare, the bottle's out, and—by my halidome!—here is Oliver asleep.

J. S.

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THE AFFAIR AT TATTLETOWN.

BY EPES SARGENT.

It is very questionable whether the reader has ever heard a true and impartial account of the affair at Tattletown. So many exaggerated versions have been put forth—so many garbled and malicious reports in regard to it, have been propagated—that the world is likely to be either unduly prejudiced against one of the parties, or wholly in doubt as to the merits of both. It is with an emotion of pride, that I take up my pen with the consciousness of being able to throw light upon this interesting, but mysterious subject.

There have been many changes in Tattletown during the last twenty years. Of this fact I became assured the last summer, when, by the way of a parenthesis in a tour to the White Hills, I branched off from my prescribed route to visit the little village where I had spent so many pleasant days in boyhood. What a change! It used to be one of the quietest, greenest, most sequestered nooks in the world, with its single wide street, bordered by venerable elms, and its shady by-roads radiating in every direction, and dotted with white cottages embosomed in clouds of verdure.

And then its inn! its single, unpretending inn, with its simple flag-staff, its modest piazza, and its cool, clean parlor, with the vase of asparagus upon the freshly reddened hearth-stone! Its sleeping-rooms with their snow-white curtains and coverlets, and the rustling foliage against their windows—what a temptation it was to enter them of a warm summer afternoon! Now, forsooth, the respectable old tenement is replaced by a hotel. I beg pardon—a *house*, built after the style of the Parthenon, its sides painted very white, and its blinds very green. The bar-room is floored with tesselated squares of marble, and there is a white marble counter, behind which presides a spruce young man with long dark hair plastered over his right ear, and an emerald breast-pin on his shirt bosom. Nay, it is rumored that the landlord has serious designs of introducing a gong in the place of the good old-fashioned bell of our forefathers. What is the country coming to?

Within my remembrance, the people of Tattletown were the best natured, most industrious and contented people alive. Every evening in summer their patriarchs might be seen sitting in front of their woodbine-covered porches, smoking their pipes and talking over old times, while groups of ruddy, riotous children, flaxen-haired and blue-eyed, danced to the strains of some village Paganini. Poor, deluded, miserable Tattletonians! What a sight was it for the philanthropist to grieve at! Little knew they, of the errors and vices of the social system! They had not read Miss Martineau's tracts; knew nothing of Owenism, nothing of Grahamism, nothing of transcendentalism, nothing of Fourierism, nothing of Mormonism The "Society for the promotion of every thing," had not established a branch among them. They were benighted, uninitiated; contented to live as their fathers had lived before them; to pluck the rose and leave the thorn behind; to keep their linen and their consciences clean, and to remain at peace with all mankind.

Then the belles of the village—how beautiful they were! how artless! how adorned with every sylvan grace! Now they all seem to have lost the heritage of loveliness. They look didactic, sedentary and precocious. There is not the same bloom on the cheek—the same sparkle in the eye—the same ruby mischief on the lip. Instead of cultivating their music and their flower-gardens, working flags for the Tattletown "Guardians of Liberty," and teaching the children their catechisms on Sundays, they are meddling with matters that they have not the means of comprehending, establishing *anti-everything* societies, and fussing over phrenology and other new-fangled heresies. Instead of a vase of freshly gathered flowers upon their shelves, you are now greeted by a vile plaster bust, with the skull phrenologically mapped out, and figured. I never encounter one of the odious things, without putting my fist in its face.

A religious revolution has, of course, been introduced among the other mutations. Instead of one well-filled church, where all the villagers may meet as members of one family, Tattletown can now boast of half a dozen sectarian societies, which are eternally at war with one another. Poor old Dr. Balmwell, who is still the meekest of God's creatures, and whose annual salary would not equal the one night's wages of a second-rate theatrical star, is denounced as a "haughty, over-fed prelate," "the advocate of an established church," and a "vile minion of the aristocracy." Many a fair maiden is content to go with holes in her stockings, in order that she may contribute to the "society for the support of indigent young men intended for the ministry!"

> "Dear smiling village! loveliest of the lawn!
> Thy joys are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn."

As for politics—but here I approach the subject which was uppermost in my mind at starting. All

the world knows that there are, or rather used to be, two rival newspapers published at Tattletown, the editors of which manage to keep the poor people in a perpetual ferment. There is the Tattletown Independent American, edited by Mr. Snobb! and the Tattletown *Free* and Independent American, edited by Mr. Fobb. The former is the longer established of the two, and, as the public are well aware, is conservative in its tone. Fobb's hebdomadal, on the contrary, is characterised by the spirit of innovation. If a doctrine be new, startling, incredible, abrupt, violating all preconceived notions and prejudices, it commends itself at once to Fobb's acceptance. He will urge it with a boldness and pertinacity that confound the unthinking. To incur his opposition, it is only necessary that a principle should be old and well established. His morality would seem to resemble that of the tribe, with whom it is a custom to kill all their old men and women. Age is with him the worst of crimes, and the most penal. Novelty is the first of charms.

Strange as it may seem, Fobb has his devoted admirers and active supporters. As for Snobb, I am credibly informed, that, disgusted with the supineness of the Tattletonians, he had at one time resolved to relinquish the publication of the "Independent American," when, unexpectedly, the field was invaded by Fobb with his "Free and Independent." Then it was that the patriotism and disinterestedness of Snobb's character shone conspicuous. He was, to use his own vigorous expression, determined to stand to his guns, and however great might be the pecuniary sacrifice, to remain in the village to combat the pernicious influence, which, "like the Bohon Upas," I quote Snobb's own words—"would spread poison and desolation among families and communities." Snobb wound off his appeal, by calling upon all, who valued their liberty and their lives; who would save their country from intestine confusion and slaughter; who would keep unstained the altar of domestic felicity, and transmit unimpaired that glorious fabric of constitutional right, cemented by the blood of martyred ancestors—to rally round him and the Independent American. "Any person obtaining five subscribers," said he in conclusion, "shall receive a sixth copy gratis."

It is difficult to conceive of the degree of excitement produced in Tattletown by this fulmination, on the part of Snobb, and the subsequent establishment of the "Free and Independent American," on the part of Fobb. Such a thing as neutrality could no longer exist. Great and vital principles were at stake; and from the squire to the tinman's apprentice, it was necessary that every man should take one side or the other—should be either a Snobbite or a Fobbite. Both journals were benefited by this agitation. New subscribers poured in daily, and a fund was raised by the partisans of each establishment for the more effectual prosecution of the war. And what was the war about? To this day nobody can tell.

Personalities now began to be interchanged. Snobb gave Fobb the lie direct, and defied him to prove a statement which had appeared in the "Free and Independent," accusing Snobb of highway robbery, arson and other little peccadilloes. Fobb treated Snobb's defiance with an easy irony, which bewildered the good people of Tattletown, who began to think that Fobb must know a good deal more of Snobb than other people. The following answer appeared in the "Independent American:"

"We must apologise to our readers for again polluting our columns with an allusion to the reckless traducer, whose journal of yesterday came forth reeking with slanders against ourselves. It would be charitable, perhaps, to attribute to a diseased intellect, rather than a malicious temper, these ebullitions of mendacity, but the motive is too obviously bad. We can assure this poor creature, this beggarly reprobate and unwashed scribbler, that mere declamation is not proof, and that assertion carries no weight when unsustained by evidence. If he can keep sober long enough, let him reply to the question which we once more reiterate, 'where are your proofs?'"

It was with intense anxiety that the citizens of Tattletown looked for the next number of the "Free and Independent." Never before had Snobb been so severe, so savage. Fobb's rejoinder excited public interest in the quarrel, to a painful degree. It was as follows:

"The guilty fugitive from justice, whom it is with shame we acknowledge as our contemporary, attempts to invalidate our charges by clamoring for proofs. We beg him to reflect a moment before he repeats his call. If he has sincerely striven to make reparation for past misdemeanors, by a life comparatively guiltless—if there be any hope or prospect of reformation in his case—most reluctantly would we be instrumental in re-consigning him to the State-prison or the gallows. Before, therefore, we come out with any statements, that shall be universally admitted as final and conclusive as to the character of this man, we will put a few questions which he will understand, however enigmatical they may be to others. Did Snobb ever make the acquaintance of Miss Amanda W——? Did he ever see a white crape scarf that used to belong to that ill-fated young lady? Does he remember the circumstance of an old pruning-knife being found beneath a cherry-tree? Has he still got *that red silk hankerchief?*"

I must leave it for some more graphic pen—to the author of "Jack Sheppard" or "Barnaby Rudge," to depict the consternation and horror produced among the Tattletonians by this publication. Could it be that Tattletown harbored a murderer? What other interpretation could be put upon the diabolical insinuations in Fobb's paper? For a week and more nothing was talked of but this article. At the post office—the tinman's shop—the grocer's—on the steps of the meeting-houses, no other topic was broached. With unprecedented eagerness the next number of Snobb's paper was looked for and purchased. The only allusion it contained to Fobb's ferocious attack was in these simple lines: "As we shall make the insinuations contained in the last number of the Tattletown Free and Independent the subject of a judi-

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cial investigation, it is quite unnecessary for us to bestow any farther notice upon the miserable calumniator, who is striving to get into notice by means of the attention he may provoke from ourselves."

Tattletown was disappointed in this rejoinder, and began to entertain its suspicions as to the truth of Fobb's intimations. The old women of the place began to shake their heads and look wise, when the subject was broached. "They *must* say they always thought there was something wrong—something not altogether *easy* about Mr. Snobb. They hoped for the best, but there *were* things—however murder will out." The fate of the injured "Amanda" was a topic of endless speculation among the more youthful of the feminine inhabitants; and there was a delightful mystery about the "white crape scarf," which afforded an exhaustless pabulum for curiosity. Snobb must certainly clear up his character. He must explain the circumstances in regard to that "ill-fated young lady." He must tell the public what became of "that red silk handkerchief." Above all, he must satisfactorily account for the horrible fact of the old pruning-knife being found under the cherry tree.

In the meantime Fobb declared that he was daily and hourly environed with the perils of assassination. He was obliged to go armed, to protect himself from the minions of the culprit Snobb. His fearless devotion to the cause of truth and justice had "sharpened daggers that were thirsting for his blood—but what was life compared with the proud satisfaction of having maintained the cause of the people,

'Unmoved by flattery and unbribed by gain!'"

In the midst of the excitement produced by this war of words, Tattletown was electrified one fine morning in December, by the report, that Snobb and Fobb had gone over to the neighboring village of Bungville to settle their differences by mortal combat. Two spruce young men from New York had arrived in the stage-coach the night before, and put up at the Tattletown house. *They had brought guns with them;* and early that morning the two editors, similarly armed and equipped, had started off with the strangers in a wagon belonging to the latter, in the direction of the village already named. As these facts became currently known among the Tattletonians the sensation was prodigious. A meeting of the "select men" was instantly called, and a committee of five, consisting of Mr. Fuzz, the retired "squire of the village," Mr. Rattle, the tinman, Mr. Ponder, the celebrated lecturer on matters and things in general, Mr. Rumble the auctioneer, and Mr. Blister the apothecary, were appointed to proceed on horseback to Bungville, and prevent if possible the duel—or, if that had transpired, to arrest the survivor and the seconds.

Headed by Mr. Fuzz, the cavalcade started off in gallant style, followed by the prayers and anxious entreaties of the gentler sex to prevent if possible the "effusion of blood." Miss Celestina Scragg, the poetess of the village, and the author of the celebrated ode to that beautiful stream, the Squamkeog, came very near being thrown under the hoofs of the squire's horse, as she appealed to Mr. Fuzz, and besought him to rescue Albert, as she tenderly designated Mr. Fobb, or "perish in the attempt."

After riding hard for about an hour, the committee approached the Bungville house, where they determined to make their first inquiries as to the fate of the editors and their seconds. Mr. Buzz, the landlord, was a brisk, officious little man, who always knew before you spoke what you were going to say, and rarely listened to more than the two first words of any question you might put to him. He was, moreover, a little deaf, so that the habit of anticipation was, perhaps, as much a matter of necessity as of choice.

"Have we arrived too late?" asked Fuzz.

"Oh, by more than an hour. It is all over," replied Buzz, who supposed that the inquiry had reference to the dinner hour.

"It is all over, gentlemen," said Fuzz, in a magisterial tone, turning to his awe-stricken companions. "Has any one been killed or wounded?" continued he, addressing the landlord.

"Killed, indeed? I guess you would think so," exclaimed Buzz. "They have shot one fine, plump fellow."

"It is probably Snobb. He is the plump one," said Fuzz, contracting his lips, and looking sternly round at the members of the committee. "Did he fall dead on the spot?" he rejoined.

"Dead as Julius Cæsar—I may say very dead," replied Buzz.

"Serious business this, gentlemen," said Fuzz, dilating with importance.

Here Mr. Rattle, the tinman, was seen to mount his horse and gallop off in the direction of Tattletown. He was determined to be the first to communicate the news of the catastrophe.

"There will be no need of your services, Mr. Blister," said Fuzz, bestowing a patronizing glance upon the apothecary. "Have the seconds escaped, Mr. Buzz?"

"Yes, the second one escaped, but with a bullet in his neck. They tracked him a mile or two by his blood."

"Dreadful!" muttered Mr. Blister. "So Fobb is wounded! I will just ride back and inform Miss Scragg of the fact. She will go into hysterics, and I shall get a job." And so saying, the apothecary mounted his horse, and followed in Rattle's track.

"What have you done with the killed, Mr. Buzz?"

"Oh, we have skinned him, and hung him up to dry, to be sure. One of the gents *would* have a slice of him for dinner, but he found it rather tough eating I suspect; not quite equal to the ducks."

"What!" exclaimed Fuzz, turning pale and starting back with horror. "Are they cannibals?"

"Yes, to be sure," responded Buzz, who did not fully comprehend the question.

"Gentlemen, we must pursue the guilty fugitives," said the squire. "What direction did they take, landlord? No equivocation, sir. The law will

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bear us out in adopting the most rigorous measures. Where are they?"

"Bless me, they are cosily seated at dinner in my little back parlor. I wouldn't interrupt them now. It may make them mad."

"Landlord! Lead us to them at once—at once, I say," exclaimed Fuzz, turning very red about the gills.

"Well, squire, don't talk so loud. I will show you the way, but mind that I say I shouldn't wonder if they resented it."

Buzz led the way through a long entry to a door, which he pointed out to the squire as communicating with the apartment where the "young gentlemen" were assembled. It needed not his words to convince Fuzz and his two remaining companions of this fact. A noise of uproarious mirth, mingled with the jingling of glasses, the clash of plates and the stamping of feet, plainly foretold the state of things within. Fuzz buttoned his coat, and tried to look undismayed.

"Now, gentlemen," said he, "stand by me. Don't flinch."

He made a bold step forward, but as his palm approached the door-handle, an explosion of laughter, loud and long, made him recoil like a man who has barely saved himself from falling over a precipice. He looked at his associates, puffed out his cheeks, and seemed to be gathering energy for a renewed essay. Again he stopped suddenly, and assuming a look of unwonted sagacity, remarked that it was best to proceed gently and craftily about the business. Then motioning the bystanders to keep silence, he cautiously turned the handle of the door, and, opening it an inch or two, stealthily looked in upon the convivial party. It consisted of four nice young men. They were seated at a round table, which was plentifully covered with bottles, decanters, glasses, and the remains of a dessert. Two of the party were strangers to Fuzz, but the other two were, marvellous to behold, no other than Fobb and Snobb, not seamed with ghastly wounds, but quaffing champagne and clapping each other on the back with the affectionate familiarity of old friends.

At this spectacle, Fuzz was no less amazed than he would have been, had he seen one of the editors trussed, spitted and "done to a turn," served up in a big dish on the table, while the other was flourishing his knife with the savory anticipation of making a meal of him. Cautiously shutting the door, Fuzz communicated the astounding fact to his brethren of the committee, and then reopening the door so that they might hear without seeing or being seen, they listened "with all their ears."

"Yes, gentlemen," said the voice of Fobb in tones of mock solemnity, "you behold in that abandoned individual, my unworthy brother Zeke Peabody, otherwise known as Simon Snobb—you behold in him, I repeat, the ruthless, unhung murderer of the unfortunate Amanda W———."

Here a roar of obstreperous laughter, in which Snobb's lungs seemed to crow like chanticleer, interrupted the speaker for a moment. He continued:

"If you ask me for proofs, consider for a moment the fact of the red silk handkerchief—the white crape scarf—the old pruning-knife that was found under the cherry-tree. If these circumstances be not enough to convict that cowering culprit—then pass along the champagne, and fill to my toast."

"Fill to Fobb's toast!" exclaimed three voices amid shouts of laughter.

"My toast," said Fobb, "is one that cannot fail to be appreciated by this intelligent company. You, my dear Timms, will drink to it with a tear in your eye, for are you not the immortal inventor of the world-renowned Tricogrophpophphlogidion, that invaluable and never-to-be-sufficiently-commended preparation for the hair, by merely spreading which over a wig-block, you find there the next morning, a beautiful, curly wig, redundant and glossy? And you, O modest and retiring Jones, are not you the man that, by your grandfather's celebrated pills, have rejuvenated suffering humanity? Have you not 'floored consumption,' and broken the back of dispepsia! Isn't it a man's own fault now if he is sick? Do not children cry for your incomparable lozenges? Are they not a blessing to mothers, and a curse to the doctors? Cannot a hand-cart-man, with your powerful 'poor man's plaster' on his back, draw fifty times the weight that he could without it? Estimable, philanthropic Jones! Posterity will do you justice. And you, brother Zeke, in Tattletown known as Snobb, where shall we find an editor in the country who can fight windmills and make people think they are devouring despots with a better grace than yourself? My own accomplishments modesty forbids me to speak at length; but I flatter myself, that the story of Amanda W——— and the pruning-knife—and my eloquent denunciations of the monster, Snobb—are not unworthy specimens of those talents which entitle me to rank myself in your fraternity, and to participate in the emotions, which the sentiment I am now about to offer is calculated to excite. I will give you, gentlemen: *Vive la humbug!*"

Hardly had the peals of laughter consequent upon this prolonged sally subsided, when Fuzz, who was holding on to the door by the handle, being pressed upon from behind by his own companions, and two or three bar-room loungers, whom the sound of speech-making had attracted to the spot, suddenly let the handle slip from his grasp, whereupon the whole body of eaves-droppers, preceded by the squire, were precipitated into the room, where the two editors and their friends were at their revels. Imagining it to be a hostile invasion, the four friends, whose tempers had been pretty well primed with champagne, immediately "squared off," and showed their "science."

Fuzz was greeted by Timms with what the latter was pleased to call "a settler in his bread-basket," which had the effect of lifting him from his feet, and spinning him into a corner of the room with a most unmagisterial celerity. Mr. Ponder, the "celebrated lecturer on matters and things in general," was attended to in the most prompt manner by Jones, who, as he technically expressed himself, "punished

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him by a dig in his dice-box," meaning that his blow took effect somewhere in the region of his teeth. As for Rumble, the auctioneer, he was knocked down by a bottle in the hand of Snobb, like an old remnant of goods disposed of under his own hammer. The rest of the invaders met with due attention from Fobb, who broke two chairs over as many heads.

The battle was speedily fought and won. The committee sent by the select men of Tattletown returned home that night in melancholy disarray, and imprecating vengeance upon their assailants. There was an immediate demand in the village for brown paper and vinegar, court plaster and lint. It was long before Mr. Ponder could deliver another lecture at the new Lyceum, owing to the disfigurement of his countenance. As for Snobb and Fobb, who were in fact the originators of the whole mischief, they issued no more numbers of their sprightly papers. The "Independent," and the "Free and Independent" were abruptly stopped. The two brother editors were never more seen in Tattletown. The last I heard of them, one was lecturing on Animal Magnetism, while the other accompanied him as a subject for his experiments. Their wonderful feats in clairvoyance have been so trumpeted by the country press, that it is unnecessary for me to allude to them more minutely.

THE OLD MAN RETURNED HOME.

BY G. G. FOSTER.

The dews fall softly from the dropping skies,
And winds are dallying with the wanton flowers,
That like young maidens in their coy retreats
Unveil their beauties for the spirit stars
Alone to gaze on.—Age, they say, dries up
The fountain of enthusiasm, and the hues
That morning sunlight pictures in the wave,
Shrink like scared spirits away beneath the disc
Of noontide sun, or evening's cheerless beam.
Now, I have seen old Time's retreating tide
Leave its white froth upon me—aye, gray hairs
Have sprung from out the furrows of my brain,
As weeds will grow upon the o'erwrought soil,
To tell me that I'm *old*—bid me put off
The misty mantle of life's morning dreams,
And plod in dull indifference to the grave.
Why, 'tis a lie! I feel the air as fresh—
I scent the fragrance of this beauteous eve
As gratefully—I watch the paling moon
Stealing to her magnificent repose
Behind the starry curtains of the west,
With as unchanged and vigorous delight
As when, a boy, beside my own dear lake
I lay, and saw the same moon kiss the wave
That in strange music murmured out its joy.
The whippoorwill amid the hazel boughs
Sings his old tunes *unchanged*—as are the leaves
And skies and waves that echo it. 'Tis *man*,
And not man's real *nature*, which dims o'er
The gold of feeling with pernicious rust,
Drawn, like the poison of the asp, from flowers
Which spring forever, would he cherish them,
Within his heart of hearts.
What! I grow old?
I have n't felt so young for forty years!
And, were it not my mother's hair is white—
My father dead, and all that's *human*, changed—
I'd deem the past but as a school-boy's dream
Over an ill-conned lesson—and awake
To the reality of living joy.

STANZAS

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

BY MRS. R. S. NICHOLS.

"I HAVE a passion" for the budding Spring,
Who clasps the wanton Earth in her embrace,
For, like a glorious vision, she doth bring
Rich fruits and flowers, which the tropics grace;
And shining bands, that make our forests ring
With melodies so rich, that they efface
All thoughts of gloomy winter from my mind,
And leave my heart as free as is the summer wind!

"I have a passion" for the girdled mountain,
That rears its crowned head beneath the sky,
Which bends above it like a blue, sealed fountain,
Whose waters flow not in those realms on high!
Though many of these hours I cannot count on,
Yet when these glories meet mine eager eye,
I stand entranced upon the mount or lea,
For hours like these are years—are years of bliss to me!

But more than these, I love the restless sea,
The kingly element!—Its dark blue waves
Were ever like some gentle friends to me!
For oft, in dreams, I've wandered through its caves
Like some pale spirit of the dead, now free;
I've seen the bright, but tombless "place of graves,"
Where Ocean gathers all his dead to sleep,
The pale and shadowy sleep, which Death's phantasms keep!

"I have a passion" for all lovely features
That deck fair nature's ever glowing face;
Rocks, hills and waves to me seem glorious creatures,
Endowed with life, and majesty, and grace!
They are to us as everlasting teachers,
In whose revealings, truths divine we trace;
They bid us raise, when sad, our tearful eyes,
And seek perfection only 'mid the blissful skies.

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THE BACHELOR'S EXPERIMENT.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

There are some persons in the world who seem born to evil fortune; they grow up under the shadow of care, and misfortune dogs their footsteps like a sleuth-hound eager for his prey. Reversing the old fable of King Midas, every thing they touch becomes valueless. Their best efforts are rewarded with disappointment,—their life is a perpetual struggle,—troubles come not in a host which might be confronted at once, but in slow and sure succession, one evil being overcome only to make room for another, until at length the energies of the worn spirit are all exhausted, and patient endurance is the only trace which still remains of the high capabilities with which it was originally gifted. But there are others who are decidedly born to good luck. (Poor Power! how do we check the career of laughter with a sigh, when some passing word recalls the inimitable skill with which he ruled the chords of mirth!) There are people to whom success is a sort of natural inheritance,—who never put forth a finger to beckon fortune onwards, and yet find her following in their track, dropping her golden favours in their way, and smoothing with obsequious care the asperities in their path of life. Such an one was the hero of the following sketch.

Mr. Simon D. Waldie, or rather S. De Courcy Waldie, (for thus he always wrote it; having rather a leaning towards aristocracy even in the trifling matter of names,) was the son of a highly respectable merchant, who, conscious of the defects in his own early educattion, determined to bestow on his child all the advantages of scholarship. As young De Courcy exhibited evidences of talent, and indeed was looked upon as a remarkably precocious boy ere he attained his fifth year, he was early banished from his paternal roof to the residence of a private tutor in the country. This plan was adopted in order to rescue him from the temptations to idleness which exist in large schools, and, so far, it was very judicious. But to a constitution naturally delicate and a temper exceedingly reserved, a public school offered some advantages which were not to be found in the home of a secluded student, and the want of which had no small influence on the future life of young De Courcy. Shut out from other companionship than that of his pedantic tutor, he devoted himself to study with most indefatigable zeal, and his close application was rewarded by the attainment of the highest honours, when called to pass through the ordeal of a collegiate examination.

Of course all those who were interested in his future welfare anticipated great results from this early development of mind. But in the education of the young student one most material point had been forgotten. He had been taught to labor but no object had been offered to his future attainment:—he had learned to delve the classic mine but he knew not how to coin the fine gold he there discovered:—he had been trained to run a race without having any fixed goal to direct his steps. His life was a perfectly aimless one,—he had no definite end in view. His father's competent fortune placed him above the necessity of seeking a livelihood, and nothing short of absolute want seemed likely to drive the solitary student into the haunts of men. When desired to choose a profession he was utterly confounded, The various claims of Law, Gospel and Physic were placed before him in every possible light; but they were exhibited after his habits of desultory thought and profitless study had become too deeply rooted. At first he was inclined to adopt the law; but a few days attendance on court, (where he heard the finest powers of reasoning and the noblest gifts of eloquence exerted in behalf of one of the vilest criminals that ever stood before the bar of Justice,) sickened him of this profession. "I cannot spend some of the best years of my life" said he, "in learning to make the worse appear the better reason." The delight with which he sometimes listened to the gifted preacher, who spoke as if his lips had been 'touched with a live coal from the altar,' tempted him to the study of divinity. But his delicate sense of duty checked the impulse ere it became a wish, for he dared not assume the 'form' without the 'spirit of godliness' or enter into the 'holy of holies' with the soil of earth upon his garments' hem. The study of medicine attracted him by the facilities which it afforded for relieving the sufferings of mortality; but the illness of a young friend showed him the darker side of the picture also. He beheld the weeping relatives looking up to the medical attendant as if he were an angel endowed with the power of life and death. He learned how fearful is the responsibility of him who ministers at the bed of sickness, and how deeply it is felt by the honest and conscientious physician. He was disgusted with the heartlessness of those (and there are such) who calculate a patient's means of payment ere they enter his sick room; and he was intimidated by the remembrance of the wear and tear of feeling which is necessarily suffered by the man of science who puts heart and soul into his duties at the couch of suffering. Commerce, De Courcy abhorred, for the details of its busy scenes were little suited to his reserved habits and refined tastes. Viewed in its fairest light he recognised it as a noble calling, but those who pursued it were but too apt to wander with idolatry and bow down before the golden calf.

So the youth hesitated, and deferred his decision,

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passing his days amid his books in the seclusion of his study until his habits of reverie were rather rudely broken by the sudden death of his father. This startled him from his torpor and had he been then called to enter upon the active duties of life, might have aroused him more effectually. But the elder Mr. Waldie had been one of those careful bodies who trust nothing to chance. Every thing was in such perfect order, his business was so admirably arranged, and his will was so precise in its directions that De Courcy had nothing to do and little to reflect upon. The head clerk assumed the business and purchased the stock in trade,—the income of the property was bequeathed to mother and son during life with a reversion of the whole estate to the survivor, and after the legal forms had been properly attended to, every thing went on in its usual manner. The only perceptible difference was that when rents, or interests on bonds and mortgages became due the bold and flourishing signature of S. De Courcy Waldie was appended to the receipts instead of the cramped and queer hieroglyphics which were formerly presumed to designate the name of his parent.

There was something in the mode of life peculiarly calculated to cherish the secluded habits of De Courcy Waldie. Their abode was situated in one of those narrow gloomy streets, where the sun is only visible at noonday,—a street which formed, in old times, a portion of the 'court-end' of the city, but which is now occupied principally by elderly proprietors or decayed gentlewomen, who, compelled to live on a small income, yet unwilling to appear shorn of their former honors, haunt the scenes of their youthful gaiety, and affect to despise the upstart 'nobodies' of B—— Street and —— Place. The tall, dusky houses stand wedged in close array, looking upon their opposite neighbors like a row of their old time-worn spinsters in an old fashioned contra-dance; in one of these sleepy-looking mansions, resided the Waldie family. Every thing in the house bore evidences of Dutch neatness in housekeeping. The faded but unworn carpets were the same which had been the wonder of the neighborhood when the parents of our hero were first married; the carved chairs belonged to that perpendicular race now rarely to be found except in rubbish rooms; the narrow necked china jars on the high chimney-piece were relics of a by-gone age; and the tall clock, standing in the very spot where it had been placed thirty years before, rolled its Ethiop eyes, and ticked its monotonous warnings in a most drowsy and slumber-inducing voice. Dark heavy curtains in winter, and yellow Venitian half-blinds in summer, added to the gloomy appearance of apartments in which the sun never shone. The sound of the clock, the low purr of the cat as she stretched her overgrown body on the soft hearth-rug, and the dull clicking of Mrs. Waldie's knitting-needles, which she plied with unceasing assiduity, alone broke the deep silence of the apartment, and the most sincere votary of indolence could scarcely have imagined a more comfortable sort of domestic "sleepy-hollow."

Here would Mr. De Courcy Waldie sit hour after hour, pondering over some learned treatise, digging out Greek roots, exhausting his ingenuity in patching up some mutilated fragment of antiquity, and occasionally, by way of light reading, amusing himself with the Latin Poets, but never condescending to look into any thing which could not boast the musty flavor of past ages, except the daily newspapers. It is not strange that a man of such habits should soon learn to mistake *reverie* for *reflection*, and *feasible projects* for *good resolutions*. There was always something which he meant to do at some future time. He would tilt himself back in his chair, plant his feet against the chimney piece, and, with a cigar in his mouth, indulge those vague and pleasant but idle dreams, which such men are apt to dignify with the name of thoughts. The household went on with a kind of mechanical regularity. The important affairs of indoor life were managed by two old servants, who, before the abolition of slavery in New York, had been the property of Mr. Waldie, and had been carefully trained in all the duties of their station, (a class, by the way, who make the very best domestics, but who are now almost extinct; thanks to the spirit of philanthropy, which has thrown them upon their own resources and left them to die by want, vice and intemperance.) Mrs. Waldie walked into the kitchen every morning, and gave, or fancied she gave directions for the day; but Dinah needed no such watchfulness,—she knew her business and went about it as regularly as if she were wound up like the clock every Saturday night.

In the early part of his life it had been suggested that De Courcy ought to look out for a wife. But the idea of returning into a throng of giddy giggling girls, was quite too trying to the poor youth's feelings. He was sometimes conscious of an emotion of pleasure when, as he sat at the head of his pew in church, his eye fell upon the rosy cheek and bright eye of some fair damsel. Yet he only admired at a respectful distance, for a single word from a lady, or even the necessity of touching his hat to her in the street, would crimson his face with the painful blush of most officious modesty. If perchance he did venture to play the agreeable to some female less volatile than her companions, his constrained manner and pedantic compliments evinced a much more intimate acquaintance with the Daphnes and Chloes of antiquity, than with the luring, breathing, captivating beauties of the nineteenth century. By degrees all hope of taming the shy young student was relinquished. His female contemporaries married less intractable individuals, and long before he had made up his mind as to the propriety of assuming the responsibilities of wedlock, a second race of giggling girls was springing up around him. However he seemed quite contented with his celibacy. Perhaps some of my readers may consider this as a very integral portion of the good fortune which had fallen to his lot, and this I will not venture to dispute, for to a man of his dreamy temper and indolent habits, a wife would have been a positive annoyance—unless indeed, he could have found a sister to the inimitable "*fat boy*" of Pickwick.

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Matters went on very smoothly with De Courcy Waldie until he had attained that awkward corner in man's life, which must be turned, and the pathway from which leads rather down hill. Mr. De Courcy Waldie reached his forty-fifth birth day, ere he had decided upon a profession or concluded to take a wife, but his time had glided away so calmly, that he scarcely noted its loss, till a second domestic bereavement aroused him. Quiet old ladies, who do not trouble themselves about their neighbors and never talk scandal, generally spin out life to its most attenuated thread, and thus Mrs. Waldie dozed away until she had completed her eighty-fourth year, when she fell into a sound sleep from which she never woke. It was not until the bustle attendant upon the funeral, had subsided, that the son had time to think of his loss, and then, when left to the utter solitude of his home—for the first time in his life he was sensible of actual profound grief. He did not know how essential his mother's presence had become to him. He was so accustomed to see her in the warmest corner in winter, and by the recess of the window in summer, that the apartment seemed to have lost, not only one of its inmates, but part of its furniture. Her tiny work-table and easy chair still held their wonted place, but she who was almost a part of them, was gone forever, and a feeling of loneliness took possession of his heart. He knew not, until the form of that revered parent was hidden from his sight, how often his eye had wandered from the page of his favourite book, to rest on her placid face. He remembered how carefully she had studied his tastes, how scrupulously she had obeyed his wishes, how well she had adapted herself to his peculiar habits; and when he reflected upon the different degree of his grief at the loss of his father, he began to think that there was something in the nature of woman particularly calculated to make man happy. This thought was followed by regret at not having secured a continuance of womanly tenderness for his future life. In the natural order of events, he must long outlive his mother, and who would have suppl ed her place, like a devoted wife. Mr. De Courcy Waldie began to wish he was married.

The longer he dreamed over this new idea, however, the more his difficulties seemed to increase. He thought of the pretty delicate girls whom he had admired in his college days, but he recollected them now as fat comfortable matrons, or thin, withered spinsters; and he looked in his mirror as if to discover whether age had made the same havoc with his appearance. But the daily use of the said useful appendage of the toilet had rendered him so gradually habituated to time's changes, that he could discern little difference in himself. He had never possessed much of the bloom of youth, and his face had early worn the pale student-like 'cast of thought,' which years had only traced in deeper characters. His dapper little figure, still trim and upright, was not spoiled by the obesity so much dreaded by elderly gentlemen; his teeth were still perfect—his incipient baldness—but this was an exceedingly delicate point—we will draw the veil of silence over his reflections on this painful subject. Suffice it to say that Mr. De Courcy Waldie came to the conclusion that he was yet young enough to think of matrimony.

It was necessary for him to proceed with great caution however, for he knew that he was reputed rich, and he heard that society contained such anomalies as mercenary young ladies. While thinking over his new project, he was one day called upon for a subscription to some benevolent association, by one of those charitable persons who relieve the real or fancied distresses of their fellow mortals, by a free expenditure of *their own time* and their *neighbor's money*. With his usual generosity, Mr. Waldie handed her a liberal contribution, not sorry perhaps, to buy off her garrulity at such a price. But the lady dropped some words ere she departed, which set him off upon a new track. She had suggested the propriety of his adopting some orphan boy and educating him as his own. This was quite a new idea to him, but he viewed it in rather a different light from that which his visitor had intended. "Adopt a son," said he to himself, in a tone that seemed strangely like disgust, "no indeed. I should go crazy with a rollicking boy ransacking the house, and turning every thing upside down. Besides, boys have always got dirty faces, and they are forever cutting their fingers with their penknives, breaking their heads against horseposts or cracking their skulls on skating ponds; then they always tear their trowsers, lose their gloves, and stump their toes through their shoes. Faugh! I can't endure great rude bearish boys. If she had said a daughter now, I might have thought better of it; there is certainly something very pleasant in a nice little quiet girl."

The more he reflected upon this fancy, the better he liked it, but the idea of adopting a daughter soon gave place to a more eccentric scheme. He determined to make an experiment. He would 'train up' a child in the way she should go; he would *educate a wife*.

Whether it was the loss of his mother which had awakened him from his apathy, or whether the long latent affections of his nature were now only developing themselves, cannot be determined, but, certain it is, that before he had dreamed over his project three months, Mr. De Courcy Waldie actually applied to the managers of the Orphan Asylum for permission to adopt *three* of the female inmates. He engaged to educate them according to their different capacities, to furnish them with the means of obtaining a future livelihood, and to settle the sum of two thousand dollars on each, when she should either marry or attain her majority. His character for probity and honor, was as well known as his eccentricity, and as no doubt existed of the fulfilment of his promises, his proposition was accepted. He was allowed to select his three protégées, and however ignorant he might be of female character, he showed himself no mean judge of female beauty, for his choice fell on three of the loveliest children in the institution. He wished them to be about twelve years of age, and there was but the difference of a few months between them. They were poor, friend-

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less orphans, destined to a life of hardship if not of want, and he knew that if his experiment terminated unsuccessfully, the girls would be better provided for by his means, than if they were apprenticed to some hard task-master. He determined to bestow on all the same care, to educate them after his own peculiar notions, and when they should have attained a proper age, to decide upon their individual claims to his affections.

The old servants shook their heads in ominous silence, when they learned the sudden increase of family. Old Dinah went so far as to hint that his mother's death had touched Mr. Waldie's brain, and indeed wiser folks than she came to something like the same conclusion. But your quiet people, who are so amazingly slow in waking up to any purpose, pursue it with wonderful perseverance, when once fairly placed on the track. Mr. Waldie engaged an elderly governess to take charge of his young wards, and an apartment in the upper part of the house was appropriated to her use as a schoolroom. It was agreed that the privacy of Mr. Waldie's sitting room should never be violated by the intrusion of the females, except when he invited them to enter its hallowed precincts. His old-fashioned politeness regulated the etiquette of the table at their daily meals, and very soon the household assumed its usual regularity, notwithstanding the presence of three little girls. Mr. Waldie did not consider them old enough to deserve his particular attention for the present, and he therefore left them to the care of their very competent governess: only stipulating that they were never to be allowed to read poetry or fiction—never to wear any other dress than a calico frock, white apron and cottage bonnet,—and by no means, to form an acquaintance with other children. Having made these rules he returned to his former abstract studies, until such a time as he should deem it proper to undertake the instruction of his young protégées.

He had chosen the little girls rather on account of their personal beauty than with any regard to their mental gifts, for of these he determined to judge for himself, and it was not surprising, therefore, that he should discover great diversity in their characters. Fanny Morris, the elder of the three, possessed that regular and classical beauty which ever charms the eye in the remnants of Grecian art. Her features were perfect, her complexion exquisite, her form symmetry itself, but unfortunately, she seemed born to verify the oft-repeated criticism on that paragon of ideal beauty, the Venus de Medici, of whom it is has been said that "if a woman exactly resembling her could be found in this breathing world, she would in all probability, (judging by the rules of physiognomy and phrenology) be *an idiot*." Fanny's small and beautifully shaped head was utterly destitute of brains—her soft dark eyes were never lighted up with any loftier expression than that of pleasure at sight of a box of sugar plums—and her lovely mouth gave utterance to none but the silliest of speeches. She could learn nothing, and after a year spent in fruitless attempts to impart more than the mere rudiments of knowledge, she was given up as incorrigible. But mindful of his promise Mr. Waldie gave her the choice of an avocation, and finding her only capable of the most mechanical employment, he apprenticed her to a fringe and fancy-button maker; at the same time he purchased, in her name, bank stock to the amount of two thousand dollars, as her future dowry. Fanny seemed to have as little heart as mind, and parted from her benefactor with no regret. As we shall not have occasion to allude to her again, it may be as well to satisfy the reader's curiosity by stating that her beauty afterwards attracted the attention of a young artist, who wanted just such a model. Finding that her quiet stupidity rendered her a most untiring *sitter*, while her two thousand dollars added weight to her other attractions, the painter married her, and much of his present celebrity is owing to the matchless loveliness of his silly wife.

Of the two children who now remained under Mr. Waldie's roof, Emily Rivers was by far the most strikingly beautiful. Her blonde hair fell in rich curls upon her fat, white shoulders, while her delicate features, and large clear blue eyes gave an infantile grace to her lovely countenance. There was a frank joyousness in her expression, which was very attractive, and, at that time, few would have hesitated in giving her the preference over her young companion. Celina Morley was one of those children whose personal characteristics develope very slowly. She was short in stature, and slightly inclined to stoop, while her gray eyes, whose hue was deepened almost into blackness by the shadow of the fringed lid, and a small mouth filled up with pearly teeth, formed her only claims to admiration. Her face appeared out of proportion—her forehead was so immensely high, her brows so thick and dark her cheeks so colorless, that her countenance seemed like some modern engravings, all *black and white*, without tints of light and shadow.

Nor was this difference in their personal appearance the only one which existed between the two girls. The shy, quiet demeanor of Celina, contrasted strongly with the frank, bold manner of her companion. Emily would run to meet Mr. Waldie with a gay laugh, and throwing herself on a footstool beside him, would beguile him with her merry prattle, without seeming to care whether he were annoyed by her intrusion. But Celina would stand timidly awaiting an encouraging word from her benefactor, and thus it often happened, in the little household as in the great world, that modest merit was overlooked in favor of obtrusive importunity, and Celina was forgotten for the more clamorous Emily. Yet it was Celina who brought the dressing-gown the very moment it was wanted, and drew the easy-chair into the accustomed corner—it was Celina who laid the slippers just where his feet would be sure to find them without giving the head trouble to think about them; it was Celina who, when he was confined to his bed by sickness, watched in his room through the long day, and listened at his door in the silent hours of the night. But the caresses of Emily had opened a fountain of tenderness in Mr. Waldie's bosom, and

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after they had been inmates of his family for rather more than two years, he felt that the time had come when his course of instruction must commence. What that course was it is needless to specify; let it suffice to know that he destined them to pursue a series of studies which would have appalled the most zealous aspirant for college honors.

The true character of the two girls began now to be exhibited. They were approaching their fifteenth year, and the fresh, glowing beauty of Emily Rivers had already excited the notice of strangers. She had observed the stolen glance of admiration, she had even heard the sudden exclamation of delight, as some ardent youth peeped under the close cottage bonnet, while she walked demurely beside her benefactor or her governess, in their daily promenades, and the latent vanity of her nature had been fully aroused. The calico dress and white apron annoyed her sadly. She was full of projects for making Mr. Waldie sensible of the folly of his restrictions, and while he was busied in teaching them to solve algebraic problems, she was as busy in devising schemes for eluding his vigilance. She had no taste for study, but she had tact and quickness of comprehension and thus it often happened that her adroitness stood her in the stead of application and industry. While Celina devoted herself to the performance of her required tasks, Emily exerted her ingenuity in evading them, or in skilfully applying to her own use, the industry and talent of her young companion. But Emily had a most decided love for dress. She was wonderfully tasteful in trimming bonnets and furbelowing dresses and debarred from any such pleasures for her own account, she amused her leisure hours by furbishing up old Dinah (who was particularly fond of a fine spreading knot of ribbons) and regarnishing the head gear of all the dingy dame's dressy acquaintances.

At length her vanity would no longer be controlled. The girls received a regular allowance of pocket-money, which it was expected they would spend in charity, and this sum Emily hoarded up until she was enabled to purchase some of the long-coveted finery. Determined to try the strength of Mr. Waldie's rules, she came down to the parlor one Sunday morning, prepared to accompany him to church, clad in her new attire. For a few minutes he looked at her in stern silence, while, with a beating heart but resolute spirit, she awaited his reproaches. The little cottage bonnet had given place to a tawdry pink silk hat, flaunting with streamers of lace and ribbons, and instead of her simple white cape her shoulders were now covered with a bright yellow gauze scarf. She had certainly not improved her appearance by her new display, but she wished to try the effect of a little rebellion, and she was fully satisfied. Mr. Waldie quietly desired her to change her dress,—she remonstrated,—he insisted,—she grew angry and exhibited a degree of fiery passion, which, though by no means strange to the other members of the family, had hitherto been carefully concealed from him; until at length, irritated by her vehement opposition, he led her to her apartment and locked her in. There were three faults which Mr. Waldie regarded with peculiar abhorrence in the female character, and these were a passionate temper, a love of dress, and a determined will. He was perfectly horror-stricken, therefore, at the sudden discovery of all these most dreaded attributes in the beautiful Emily. Nor was his disgust much diminished, when, on his return from church, he proceeded to her apartment to receive, as he hoped, an humble confession of her fault. He found her leaning from the window engaged in an interesting conversation with a beardless young gentleman who resided in the adjoining house, and who was now standing on the top of a ladder placed against the garden wall, in order to be within whispering or rather murmuring distance of the young lady, with whom he had for some months carried on a flirtation by means of billets tied to pebbles and flung into her window. This of course decided the matter. Emily was desired by her benefactor to make choice of some trade, and, as she fancied it must be perfectly delightful to live among finery, she decided upon adopting the *profession* of a milliner. Accordingly, Latin and Geometry were exchanged for frippery and folly. Emily soon became a most skilful *artiste*, and, by exhibiting their effect on her beautiful face, which nothing could spoil, was the means of selling so many ugly bonnets and turbans, that she was quite a prize to her employer. At the age of eighteen she married a fashionable draper and tailor, when she received her promised dowry from the hand of Mr. Waldie. As the business of both husband and wife was one which ministered to the master spirit of vanity, they made a large fortune in a few years, and I have heard—but I will not vouch for the truth of the story—that after their retirement, Colonel Fitwell and his beautiful wife made quite a figure in the saloons of Paris, where she could boast of the honor of having been noticed by royalty; his majesty having been heard to ask the name of that very *large woman* with blonde hair! What an honor for a simple republican!

Celina Morley was now left alone, and the punishment inflicted on her companion, for such to her sensitive nature it seemed, rather tended to increase her timid reserve. But she possessed high intellectual gifts and a great love for study, so that her progress in learning equalled her eccentric benefactor's highest anticipations. I am afraid she would have been deemed a blue-stocking in the circles of fashion, for she was a fine Latin scholar, read Greek with great ease, had not even been delayed on the Pons Asinorum in her mathematical career, and in short, when she had attained her eighteenth year, knew considerably more than most collegians when they take their degree. Do not think this is an over-estimate of the attainments of our heroine, gentle reader. Let an intelligent woman be endowed with industry, perseverance and a love for study, then give her a powerful motive, such as love or gratitude, to stimulate her, and all the boasted intellect of man will hardly outstrip her in the race of learning.

The person of Celina had developed as fully as her mind. Her swarthy complexion had cleared into

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a fine brunette, her dark hair parted smoothly on her high forehead, added feminine grace to a rather masculine feature, while the intellectual expression which beamed in her fine eyes, lighted up her whole face with positive beauty. Her form had become tall and majestic, scarcely rounded enough for perfect symmetry, but just such a figure as expands with queenly grace in later life. In short, Celina had become a stately, beautiful, and gifted woman. But while all these things had been going on, Mr. Waldie had become some six or seven years older, and already passed his *fiftieth* year; yet some how or other, he did not seem to be very impatient to change his condition. It is true, Celina had attained the age which he had originally destined to be the period of marriage, but he felt so very comfortable and was so much the creature of habit, that he seemed rather to dread any innovation. He had taken the precaution to keep his wards in ignorance of his final intentions, and therefore, Celina loved him with truly filial affection, without dreaming that she might be called upon to cherish any warmer emotion. As she grew up to the stature of womanhood, Mr. Waldie had been induced, by the remonstrance of the governess, to withdraw some of his restrictions in female attire; and though he still insisted on a rigid proscription of bows, feathers, flowers and lace, he allowed Celina to assume a garb somewhat in accordance with the prevailing fashion. But he had forbidden her to acquire any feminine accomplishment except sewing and knitting. The first act he found very necessary to his own comfort, as strings would break, and buttons would come off, which evils no one could repair with such neat-handed rapidity as Celina; while the second mystery he looked upon as essential to every well-trained woman, because it had been the sole occupation of his mother for the last twenty years of her life. But sad to tell! the young victim of theory could neither dance, nor play on the piano, nor sketch in crayons, nor paint velvet, nor make fillagree boxes, nor work worsted:—in short, she was utterly unskilled in the thousand lady-like arts of *idle industry*.

Yet nature had made her beautiful and good, education had made her a fine scholar, and her innate tact (without which talent and learning are often but useless gifts) had taught her womanly duties and womanly tastes. Indeed she had rather too much feminine delicacy to suit the peculiar notions of Mr. Waldie. He had an idea that the want of physical courage, which characterizes the sex, was simply an error in female education, and, not content with the passive endurance and moral strength which make woman a heroine in the chamber of pestilence, he determined that Celina should possess some share of masculine boldness. Accordingly, he practised various fantastic experiments to habituate her to pain and terror. He dropped hot sealing-wax on her bare arms, fired pistols within six inches of her head, and practised various feats of a similar nature, until, after having thrice set fire to her dress by accident, and once shocked her into a fit of sickness, he gave up his attempt in despair of ever bringing her to the required point of courage. Mr. Waldie was a little disappointed. Celina did not quite realize his ideal of the partner of his life. She bore little resemblance to the dull, drowsy, quiet creature, who, soon after his mother's death, seemed to fulfil his notions of wifely excellence, and neither was she that most unfeminine of all females—a plodding and slovenly book-worm. She was simply a gentle, lovely, intellectual woman, whom profound learning had failed to make either a pedant or a metaphysician. Do not listen to your prejudices, friend reader, and fancy that I am portraying an immaterial character: such women are to be found—sometimes in the saloons of gaiety but more frequently in the shades of private life, and the fire on the domestic hearth may still burn brightly and cheerfully even when lighted by the torch of wisdom.

A year or two more passed on. Mr. Waldie seemed to linger long on the threshold of celibacy ere he could summon courage to cross it, and in the meantime he was spared all future anxiety about the matter. Among the few, who still kept up their acquaintance with the eccentric Mr. Waldie, was the head-clerk of his deceased father, who, grateful for the liberal treatment which he had received at the settlement of the estate, was always ready to do a kindness for the heir. Unpunctual tenants and troublesome debtors were peculiar objects of his watchfulness, and Mr. Waldie was saved from many a loss and many a vexation by his honest friend. The son of this gentleman, after receiving a liberal education, had devoted himself to the church, and, as Mr. Waldie's extensive library furnished a great variety of polemical works, he had gladly accepted the bachelor's kind invitation to visit it at all times, without restraint. At first young Willington Merwyn came rarely, and taking some dusty volume of controversial divinity would retire to his own quiet study. By degrees he learned to linger longer, and ponderous tomes which he formerly sought were often forgotten when he took his departure. He came frequently and staid late, while Mr. Waldie, absorbed in his own speculative philosophy, always greeted the presence of the clergyman as a tribute to the value of his intellectual stores, or a compliment to his own scholarship. He fancied, good man, that the long metaphysical discussions and ingenious theories, in which he took so much delight, were the young man's chief attraction, and never dreamed that even the presence of philosophy herself,

> "Attired in all
> The star-gemmed robes of speculative truth"

would have awakened far less emotion in the bosom of Willington Merwyn than did the beauty and gentleness of Celina. But the lady herself had some little inkling of the truth, for women seem to have a sort of intuitive knowledge of the heart's love. There were looks and tones and casual words which needed no interpreter, or if they did, she soon found one in her own feelings. She discovered that the visits of the clergyman were only recurring pleasures

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to her, and she reflected upon the matter till she came to the very natural conclusion, that, considering the warm regard manifested by her benefactor to his young friend, it probably was his wish that they should obey the command of the apostle to "love one another." Not long after she had arrived at this conclusion, one of those lucky chances, which always favor lovers, revealed to her the fact that Mr. Merwyn had precisely the same opinion. In short, if the commandment already quoted had contained the sum of Christian duty, they would certainly have been regarded as eminently excellent young persons.

Of course the elder Mr. Merwyn was soon made acquainted with his son's passion for Celina, and, following the honest old-fashioned mode of transacting such affairs, he thought it best to be sure of his friend's approbation. Now it so happened that Mr. Waldie was at length coming to a decision on the momentous subject which had so long occupied his thoughts. He had made up his mind that, however reluctant he might feel to assume the responsible duties of matrimony, a further delay would be an act of cruel injustice to Celina. He thought over all her good qualities, and, though he did not quite like her cowardice, he determined that, rather than doom her to a life of celibacy, he would celebrate his *fifty-fifth* birth day by a wedding. It cost him some effort to make this decision; for, in addition to his natural indolence which led him to dread any change in his mode of life, Mr. Waldie had one secret which he could not bear to betray. It was one of his weak points—nobody knew it, and he dreaded lest the familiar intercourse of married life should reveal it. Nothing but a sense of duty towards his ward could have induced him to overcome this last objection which seemed to have gained new force with the progress of time. It was just at this moment, when his heroic self-devotion had carried him to the verge of an explanation with Celina, that Mr. Merwyn, with sundry nods, and winks, and dry jokes, disclosed to him the wishes of the young people. Mr. Waldie was thunder-struck. It seemed to him too preposterous for belief, but it was sufficiently startling to determine him to judge for himself. He shook off his abstraction long enough to discover that his old friend was not very far wrong, and once assured of the fact, he fell into his usual reverie before coming to any definite decision. He had sufficient practical wisdom to keep his own counsel about his original plan, and he reflected upon Celina's incorrigible timidity—the many little troubles which matrimony is apt to bring around one—his own bachelor comforts—and, above all, his inviolable SECRET, until he was quite disposed to believe that it was "all for the best."

Mr. Waldie's fifty-fifth birth-day was celebrated by a wedding; but Mr. Waldie still enjoyed his celibacy and his secret. Celina became the wife of Wellington Merwyn. At the request of the eccentric but kind bachelor, the happy pair took up their abode with him. He probably did not gain much in the way of quiet by this arrangement, for in the course of a few years a certain little rosy-cheeked De Courcy and his chubby sister started the decorous echoes of the old house with the sounds of baby-grief and baby-joy. However, there is a wonderful power of adaptation in the human mind, and Mr. Waldie learned, after a while, to allow them free ingress to his student's den, while he often neglected his speculative theories for practical illustrations of kindly affections. Celina made quite as good a wife as if she had been brought up in the usual lady-like ignorance of science. She shaped and sewed her children's garments, concocted puddings and pies, directed the mechanism of her household, and was quite as useful in her sphere as the most vehement declaimer against *learned women* could have deemed necessary to vindicate her character. Mr. Waldie never regretted the result of his experiment. He lived in perfect harmony and peace with his now enlarged family, and it was not until Celina had become a comely matron and her children had grown up to love and reverence him, that the old man was gathered to his fathers. But his secret had been discovered long before his death, for he gradually lost his little personal vanity as soon as he finally concluded to remain a bachelor, and he did not find any decrease in Celina's affection even when she learned that *he wore* A WIG.

SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES.

THOUGH the ever-heaving ocean
  Bear us from our forest-land,
Through the rising waves' commotion,
  To a far and foreign strand;
Still the heart, all space unheeding,
  Firmly 'gainst our progress strives,
Leaves us, and with haste is speeding
  To our sweethearts and our wives.

Ye may bind the eagle's pinion,—
  Check the deer's impetuous course,—
Curb the steed to your dominion,—
  Quell the torrent's headlong force,—
But the spirit, fetters spurning
  As our proud ship onward drives,
Leaves us, in its joy returning
  To our sweethearts and our wives.

Noah's freed and wand'ring raven
  Toward the ark for safety flew;
Backward, to the spotless heaven,
  Springs, at morn, the vesper dew.
Thus affection's fond devotion,
  Balm and solace of our lives;
Flies, like incense, o'er the ocean,
  To our sweethearts and our wives.

F. E.

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THE DUEL.

BY E. S. GOULD, ESQ. OF NEW YORK.

Harry Bradford sat musing by the window and was apparently lost in thought, when a sudden knock at his door aroused him; but before he could bid the applicant enter, Fred Stanley burst into the room.

"It's all arranged, Harry," said he with a glee in which, however, his companion did not seem at all to participate.

"So I supposed," replied Harry, quietly; "such an affair is not likely to remain long unfinished in your hands."

"And why should it, pray?" inquired Stanley, a little nettled at his friend's want of enthusiasm.

"Oh, it should not, of course," said Harry; "such matters, after all, are best done when soonest done. Where do we meet?"

"On the old battle-ground—Weehawken," said Stanley; "no place like it."

"No, none like it, indeed! What time have you appointed?" asked Harry.

"To-morrow, at sunrise," replied Stanley.

"That's rather prompt, too," said Harry, "if one has to take leave of his friends and make his peace with God."

"Bah!" said Stanley, slightingly, "we must not think too much of these things."

"*I* must not, certainly," replied Harry, "if I would just now retain my self-possession. We use pistols, I presume?"

"Yes, at ten paces;" said Stanley.

"A fearful proximity for men of approved courage and skill who are bent on taking each other's life!" rejoined Harry; then after a pause, he added, "Wilson persists in his challenge, Fred?"

"Good G—!" exclaimed Stanley in dismay at what appeared to him a prospect of losing his expected sport, "you are not afraid to meet him Harry?"

"No, Stanley," said Harry, "not in your sense of the word. So long as consequences are limited to myself, I have little thought of fear. But," he continued—and he spoke in a low tone and with unwonted rapidity, lest some tremulousness of the voice might betray his emotion—"there are other interests, other fears, other considerations—"

"Forget them for heaven's sake, until after to-morrow," said Stanley, interrupting him, "or you will never acquit yourself with honor. If you have any little affairs to despatch, set about them at once, and don't fail to be abed and asleep before ten, or you won't be up in season. I would not have Wilson on the ground before us for the world. Good bye; I must prepare my pistols, for I see you will never give them a thought;" and away went Fred Stanley as full of bravery, as solicitous for his friend's honor, and as indifferent about his friend's distress of mind—as seconds are wont to be.

Harry did not move for some minutes after Stanley left him; and when at length he raised his eyes from the floor, his countenance bore an expression of unutterable wo.

It was no wonder. He was the only child of a widowed mother, and the affianced lover of the sweetest maid in the land. If he should fall, as he well might, what would become of that mother and of Kate Birney?

He at length aroused himself saying—"I dare not see my mother: but Kate—dearest, loveliest Kate! I promised to call on her at five; and it's five now; and, by heaven, there she stands at her parlor window beckoning me to hasten; yes! and she holds up that bouquet of flowers. It was but yesterday I gathered them for her—and what has not happened since yesterday!" Here he paused, as if too much overcome by fond recollections to proceed: he then added in a different tone—"these follies come upon us, with both cause and consequences, as suddenly, as fatally as the inevitable casualties of life! A day of promise is changed to a life of mourning by the event of a moment; the act of an instant destroys the happiness and poisons the memory of years! Those flowers were gathered in hope; and before they—frail, perishing mementos—can wither, he who bound them and she who wears them may be lost in despair!

With a heavy heart Harry repaired to his love's rendezvous, where, full of beauty and tenderness, Kate awaited him. They were to be married in a week; and these interviews of the lovers now possessed an additional witchery from the fact that their communings, as lovers, were so soon to terminate forever.

The romance of passion is a bright episode in our youth. The hymenæal sun, while he yet clambers toward the "misty mountain-tops" on the morning of a wedding-day, spreads his promise over the broad firmament in a thousand fantastical images of crimson and gold. We watch the accumulating splendors of the sky and say, exultingly, if the dawn be so gorgeous what will not the day bring forth? But as we gaze, the sun heaves his broad disk above the horizon—the ephemeral imagery of vapor disappears—and

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the calm, steady sunlight of every day-life succeeds to the beautiful vision.

To Kate, this glowing blazonry of heaven was now at its culminating point; but Harry felt, as he almost reluctantly approached her, that a cloud—the more terrible from his uncertainty as to its dimensions and progress—was gathering on that glorious sky.

As he approached, his lovely mistress hailed him with an arch reproof for his delay; but when she reached out her hand to welcome him, she saw that his face was flushed and his eye disturbed; and, changing her tone of censure to one of solicitude, she inquired anxiously:

"Are you ill, Harry?"

The pressure of the hand—the eager look of inquiry—the tremulous tone of affection which accompanied these few words startled Harry from his self-possession; and he replied—

"No—no—not at all ill; I—I—"

"Harry! dear Harry!" exclaimed Kate with passionate earnestness, "what has happened? Tell me, Harry! tell me *all*!"

It was instantly obvious to the young man that his engagement for the morning—which he held himself bound in honor to fulfil—would in some way certainly be interfered with by his mistress, if he allowed her to be informed of it; for, whatever might be his notions of chivalric obligations, and however imperiously he might demand her acquiescence in them, he still knew that a dread of personal danger to himself would overbear, in her mind, *all* other considerations. He, therefore, felt it necessary to equivocate and deceive her. This train of argument, which of course went through his mind in far less time than is required to note it down, resulted in his saying promptly—

"For heaven's sake, Kate, don't alarm yourself in this manner! Nothing has happened."

It is not to be supposed that this reply was altogether satisfactory, but as Harry, in his attempt to mislead Kate had broken the spell of his own forebodings, he was now able to regain his self command; and he then soon succeeded in making a jest of her fears.

After an interview such as lovers know how to protract and no one knows how to describe, they parted; Kate inspired with bright visions of happiness, and Harry, in a state of wretchedness, the nature, but not the extent, of which may be readily conceived. He hurried to his room and without any preparation for the morrow cast himself on the bed where his agony found poor relief in a fit of uncontrollable weeping.

In this condition, he fell asleep.

It often happens, by some strange contrariety of nature, that our dreams have relation to the subjects *not* nearest our hearts: what has occupied our thoughts during the day usually gives place, in sleep, to something of more remote interest—as if the soul, when momentarily disencumbered of the cares of life, shook off its dependence on the body and pursued the bent of its own fancy, regardless of the wants and woes of this tabernacle of clay to which it is ordinarily held in subjection. But Harry's experience did not, at this time, conform to the rule.

After he had slept awhile, he dreamed that he was hurrying, stealthily and alone, to the scene of mortal strife. A little in advance of him was an old man whom he had several times tried to avoid by changing his route, but the stranger, without appearing to be conscious of Harry's motions, happened so exactly to regulate his course by that which Harry took, that the impatient youth found it necessary to brush past him, at the risk of being interrupted, if he would reach his destination in due season.

He had just overtaken the old man, and was rapidly striding onward, when the latter, with a promptness and vigor not to be expected in one of his years, grasped Harry's arm, saying—

"Hold a moment, young man; you are Harry Bradford, I believe?"

"That is my name, old gentleman," replied Harry, with a stare of astonishment, "but as I have not the pleasure of knowing you, I must beg you to defer your civilities. I am in haste."

"Stay a moment, nevertheless," continued the stranger, "or,"—seeing Harry about to move on in spite of him—"if you will not, at least walk slower, that I may accompany you. I knew your father, Harry, and I can surely claim of his son the privilege of a parting word just as he is about to rush unbidden into eternity."

"Who are you, then, and what would you say?" exclaimed Harry, not a little startled to find that his purpose as well as his name was known to the stranger.

"I am your friend," replied the old man, "and my name is Common Sense. Why are you determined to throw away your life?"

"Sir," said Harry, "I am engaged in an affair of honor—a matter with which, I fancy, you can have no concern."

"I have little to do with honor as young men understand it; but I am desirous to serve you. Tell me, therefore, what is your predicament?"

"A quondam friend and rival lover, jealous of my success with a lady, insinuated something to her prejudice in the presence of gentlemen. I struck him. He challenged me; and I am bound to fight him."

"Why?"

"The laws of honor accord full satisfaction to an injured person."

"Is he injured?"

"No, not in fact: he merely received a just chastisement for a wanton insult."

"Who says, then, that he is injured?"

"He says so."

"And is it one of the articles of your code of honor that a party to a quarrel is entitled, also, to be a judge of his own case?"

"That is immaterial. If a man chooses to consider himself aggrieved, he can demand an apology, or, personal satisfaction. The apology being refused—as in my case it must be—the challenge ensues: and to question his right to issue it, provided he is recognised as a gentleman, is, equally with a

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refusal to fight, equivalent to an admission of cowardice."

"An admission of one's own cowardice is, truly, no alluring alternative. But let us understand each other: what sort of cowardice do you mean?"

"I know of but one."

"Indeed! Cowardice, speaking generally, is fear: what fear does a man betray who declines to accept a challenge?"

"The fear—eh—that is—the fear of being shot."

"Death, young gentleman, to one who believes in a future state of reward and punishment, is a solemn event; and I apprehend that a brave man, or a good man (to say nothing of a bad man) may fear to meet it without suffering the imputation of cowardice: so that, thus far, your position is none of the strongest. Does this cowardice comprehend nothing else than the fear of death?"

"Nothing else."

"Then we have all the argument on that side of the question. Let us look a moment at the other. What induces a man to accept a challenge?"

"The fear of dishonor."

"Ay? then *fear* operates on both horns of the dilemma: and, for my own part, if I were forced to act under the dictation of fear, I would choose that course which promised the least disastrous result. But here, again, we do not perhaps understand each other. What kind of *dishonor* is this?"

"Disgrace, in an intolerable form! A man thus degraded would be driven from society, branded with the stigma of cowardice, and blasted with the scorn of all honorable men."

"That, truly, were a fate to be deprecated; though a man of sober judgment might urge that even such a fate is nothing compared to what awaits those who throw themselves, uncalled and unprepared, into the presence of their Maker. But is what you say *true?* Does such dishonor involve such consequences?"

"Unquestionably it does!"

"Stop a moment. Let us consider this. You say the man would be driven from society: tell me, by whom?"

"By public opinion."

"And the same agent would brand him a coward and blast him with universal scorn?"

"Even so."

"This public opinion, I take it, is the united opinion of that class whom you designate by the phrase *all honorable men?*"

"It is."

"Very well. I wish now to ascertain the practical operation of public opinion. Supposing you were this dishonored individual: who, as the Scripture hath it, would cast the first stone at you? Who would take the initiative in banishing, branding and scorning you—would your father have done it?"

"No, certainly not."

"Would your mother?"

"No."

"Would the lady you love—or *any* lady on the face of the earth?"

"No."

"Would any of the old respectable inhabitants—your father's companions and equals?"

"No."

"Would any of those who, by common consent, form the respectable and estimable portion of the community?"

"No."

"Would not, rather, all these to whom I have referred, applaud you for refusing deliberately to give or receive a death-wound in a quarrel; and honor you for daring to *practice* what every sensible man has *preached* since the world began?"

"Perhaps they might."

"Then will you tell me, identically, *who* would inflict on you the penalties of this imaginary dishonor? *Who* would pronounce you disgraced and point at you as a coward?"

"Why, Wilson, and Fred Stanly, and Jack Smith, and Jim Brown, and every body."

"What are they?"

"Gentlemen."

"What is a gentleman?"

"One who has, or had, or expects to have a plenty of cash—who has no particular vocation—who carries a rattan, wears long hair, and goes to all the fashionable parties."

"I have but two questions more to ask: supposing you are killed in this duel: what would be the consequences *to others?*"

"My mother would die of a broken heart; and Kate—God knows what would become of her!"

"Supposing, on the contrary, you should kill your antagonist?"

"If I were not arrested and hanged according to law, I should be obliged to quit the country and bear, ever, in my bosom the remorse and on my brow the mark of a murderer."

"One thing more: are you not heartily ashamed of your present purpose?"

Before Harry could reply, Stanley stood at his side and awakened him by saying:

"Come, Harry, you will be too late!"

The brotherly, disinterested zeal of a second is worthy of all admiration. How dispassionately he tries the flint! How coolly he squints along the barrel to ascertain if the sight is in order! How carefully he graduates the powder, and with what a touching connoisseurship he chooses a ball! Observe, too, with what a stately air he paces off the ground—from the pride of his step you might imagine he was a prince or a conqueror marching to receive the reward of his greatness!—God in heaven! is that man arranging the ground where his friend is to be shot—shot in cold blood—and he, a silent, premeditating witness of the deed?

At the hour designated, the parties were all in attendance: the ground was measured and the pistols were loaded.

Harry now interrupted the proceedings saying:

"Gentlemen this affair has gone far enough."

"It is too late now, sir!" said Wilson's second, haughtily: "my friend refuses to accept an apology."

"He had better wait," said Harry, "until I offer

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it. I accepted his challenge under a misapprehension of my obligations to my friends, to society, and to what are called the laws of honor. I now retract that acceptance. He insulted me and I struck him; the reckoning of revenge was thus closed as soon as it was opened. If he dares to repeat the offence, I shall repeat the punishment; without holding myself liable to be shot at like a wild beast of the forest. You are all welcome to put your own interpretation on my refusal to fight. My conduct will *justify itself* to all those whose opinions are truly worthy of regard; and as for the bullying denunciation of those few miscreants whose highest ambition is to be known as the lamp-lighters and candle-snuffers of mortal combats—combats which the laws of God and man pronounce to be murder—as for their denunciation, my now wishing you a good morning shows how thoroughly I despise it."

—

Was Harry Bradford a sensible man or a fool? Did he, in after years, regret his refusal to fight a duel? And will any one who reads this have the good sense and manliness to do likewise?

ELEGY ON THE FATE OF JANE M'CREA.

BY THOMAS G. SPEAR.

When Genius, Valor, Worth, too soon decays,
The world sings vocal with posthumous praise,
And o'er the love that fate has sorely tried,
Oft have the hearts of pitying mortals sigh'd.
What then to thee, oh, hapless maid! is due,
Whose form was lovely as thy soul was true?
Who fell ere life hope's promise could impart,
Or love's fruition cheer thy constant heart?
As some sweet bird that leaves its nest to fly,
With sportive wings along the alluring sky,
'Midst greener scenes and groves of happier song,
To wake its wild notes with its kindred throng,
Feels the quick shot its gushing bosom smite,
Just when it seeks to ease its tiring flight,
And ere its glance can tell the ball is sped,
Finds the cold sod its blood-encrimson'd bed.

Ah, sad for thee! when life's frail thread was shorn,
Few near thee wept, though many liv'd to mourn,
No arm was there to stay the savage deed,
That left thy form with gory wounds to bleed.
No mystic rites from holy tongues were thine,
In death's cold sleep thy beauty to resign—
No hearse-drawn train, with mournful steps and slow,
Was nigh to yield the accustomed signs of woe,
But Peace was priestess o'er the virgin clay,
When Nature's arms embrac'd thee in decay,
While duteous there a remnant of the brave,
Bent o'er thy dust, and form'd thy humble grave,
And 'neath the pine-tree's unfrequented shade,
Lone and compos'd thy blood-stain'd relics laid,
Where from the boughs the wild-bird chirn'd its song,
And gurgling leap'd the fountain's stream along—
In earth's green breast by warrior hands enshrin'd,—
Beauty in earth by Valor's side reclined!

But unforgetful Grief her debt hath paid,
In sad remembrance of thy lovely shade;
And friendly hands have op'd this cell of sleep,
Thy dust to honor, and thy fall to weep,
And maiden trains from village hamlets nigh,
Have borne thy relics thence to where they lie,
There rear'd the slab that tells thy joyless doom,
Points to the skies, and shows thy hallow'd tomb.

Ne'er shall thy fate around thee fail to draw,
Hearts ever true to Nature's kindliest law—
To trace the spot whereon thy bosom bled,
Where Guilt to Death Life's sinless semblance wed—
Where startling shrieks in savage madness rose,
That rous'd the panther from his lair's repose—
Where stood dismay'd the feeble band that bore
Thy form where savage hands thy ringlets tore—
Where flows the fount, and still the pine-tree stands,
Notch'd by the bird's beak, and the stranger's hands,
Rocking its wide boughs to the shivering gale,
The time-worn witness of thy chilling tale.

Now shall the feet of pensive wanderers turn,
With heedless steps from thy more classic urn;
But sadly tread the village grave-yard round,
'Midst tombs defac'd, and many a mouldering mound,
And pause and ponder where, embower'd in green,
Thy marble crowns the fair surrounding scene—
Where gentle gales their flowery fragrance strew,
And morn and eve thy lowly turf bedew—
Where the fresh sward and trembling tree-leaves wave,
While night-winds sing their dirges round thy grave—
And slow-wing'd warblers on their airy way,
Breathe their sad wails o'er Murder's beauteous prey.

Fair maid belov'd! whose vows were kept in heav'n,
By angels welcom'd ere pronounc'd forgiven—
'Tis not alone that thou didst early die,
That rain thee tears from every manly eye—
Not that thy love's unanswer'd wish was pure,
Does the touch'd heart remember and deplore;
But that thy form a savage hand should doom,
In bridal robes to share a nuptial tomb—
Just as hope held life's blissful prize in view,
That death should prove it mockery and untrue,
And make thee share, who sought the plighted brave,
A lover's anguish and a martyr's grave!

But vain for thee may roll the tuneful line,
Since praises breath'd from every tongue are thine—
In vain may song its mournful strain bestow,
Since grief to feel is but thy fate to know—
In vain may sorrow her sad dirge impart,
For Pity's throb is thine from every heart—
In vain thy tale these thoughtful numbers chime,
Since trac'd in blood upon the scroll of time.

Cease then the song, and drop the tear instead,
O'er the still slumbers of the lovely dead—
Heave from the breast the unaffected sigh,
Where spreads her name, and where her ashes lie.
For when from art the world shall cease to know,
Afflicted Beauty's all-surviving woe—
When poet's verse and sculptor's shaft decay,
Time o'er the wreck the story shall display,
And simple truth, with tragic power relate
The love that perish'd from the wrongs of fate,
While Pity melts, and listening Fear turns pale,
With each stern horror of the harrowing tale.

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HARRY CAVENDISH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CRUIZING IN THE LAST WAR," "THE REEFER OF '76," ETC. ETC.

THE PIRATE.

It was a tropical night. The moon had gone down, but the stars shone clear and lustrous, with a brilliancy unknown to more temperate climes, painting a myriad of silvery lines along the smooth swell of the sleeping ocean. A light breeze was murmuring across the waters, now and then rippling the waves in the starlight, and flapping the reef-points occasionally against the sails. A heavy dew was falling, bringing with it, from the island that lay far up to windward, a thousand spicy odors mingled into one delicious perfume. On the extreme verge of the horizon hung a misty veil, shrouding the sea-board in obscurity. Up to windward the same delicate gauze-like vapor was perceptible, and the position of the island which we had made at twilight, was only to be told from the denser masses of mist, that had gathered in one particular spot on the horizon in that quarter.

It was the morning watch and I was standing, wrapped up in my monkey jacket, looking out dreamingly on the ripples that played under our side in the starlight, when the bluff voice of the boatswain addressed me, at the same time that the old fellow wrung an enormous piece of tobacco from a still larger mass that he held in his brawny hand.

"A still night, Mr. Cavendish," began Hinton—"it looks as if the old salt-lake was dreaming, and had drawn around her that fog as a sort of curtain to keep herself quiet, as I've heard King George and other big folks do when they go to sleep. For my part I've no notion of such sort of sleeping, for I'd stifle to death if I had to be wrapt in every night like the Egyptian mummies that I've seen up the straits. Give me a hammock for sleeping comfortable like in—I never slept out of one since I went to sea but once, and then I'd as lief have slept head downwards, for I didn't get a wink all night."

"You mean to say that you tried to sleep," said I smiling.

"Exactly—I'm no scollard, and none the worse for that I think. Them as is born to live by head work ought to be sent to 'cademies and colleges and such high places,—but them as have to get a living by their hands had better leave book larnin' alone, for—take my word for it—it only ends in making them rascals; and there's other ways of killing a dog without choking him to death with bread and butter. Them's my sentiments, and so when I've got to speak, instead of skulking about the business in search of big words, like the cook in the galley, I come out at once in the plain style my fathers taught me. The devil fly away with them that can't speak without shaking in their shoes lest they make a mistake. What's not to be expected of them can't be, and big words don't make an honest man much less a good boatswain—the proof of the pudding is in the chewing," and the old fellow paused and looked in my face for a reply. He had scarcely done so when he started, looked around and turned as pale as ashes. A low melancholy strain, seeming to pervade the air, and coming now from above and now from some other quarter, could be distinctly heard rising solemnly across the night. The phenomenon baffled even myself, but on Hinton it had an extraordinary effect. Sailors are at all times superstitious, and the bluff boatswain possessed a large share of this faculty. These singular sounds, therefore, appealed to one of the strongest feelings in his bosom. He looked at me doubtingly, turned around on tip-toe, and listened attentively a moment in every direction. His scrutiny did not satisfy him, but rather increased his wonder. There could be no doubt that the sounds existed in reality, for although they died away for a moment now and then, they would almost instantly be heard again, apparently coming from a different quarter of the horizon. The burden of the strain could not indeed be distinguished, but I fancied I could recognize human voices in it, although I was forced to confess that I had never heard from mortal lips such exquisite melody, for as the strain rose and fell across the night, now swelling out clear and full as if sung almost at our ears, and then melting away in the distance until it died off like the faintest breating of a wind-harp, I was tempted almost to attribute the music to angelic visitants. The old boatswain seemed to assign the sounds to the same cause, for drawing nearer to my side, he ran his eye cautiously and as if in awe, up to the mast-head; and then looked with a blank and puzzled gaze, in which, perhaps, some supernatural fear might be detected, into my face.

My own astonishment, however, was but momentary. Hastily scanning the horizon, I had noticed that the mist in the direction of the island had been, during the fifteen minutes that I had been idly looking over the ship's side, slowly creeping up towards us, although in every other direction, except down in the extreme distance, the sky was as clear as before. At first moreover my imagination had yielded to the impression that, as the strain died away on the

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night, it came out again from a different quarter of the horizon; but when, divesting myself of the momentary influence of my fancy, I began to analyze the causes of this phenomenon I became satisfied that the sounds in reality arose out of the bank of clouds, to windward, and the illusion had been produced by the rising and falling of the strain upon the night. When therefore, the old boatswain turned to me with his baffled look, I had made up my mind as to the real causes of that which puzzled the veteran seaman.

"There is a craft up yonder in that fog," I said, pointing to windward, "and there are women on board, for the voices we hear are too sweet for those of men."

I said this with a calm smile, which at once dissipated the fear of my companion, for after thinking a moment in silence, the puzzled expression of his face gradually cleared away, and he replied with a low laugh, which I thought, notwithstanding, a little forced.

"You are right—and that's a reason for book-larnin I never thought of before. Here have I sailed for a matter of forty years or so, and yet I couldn't exactly come at the cause of them same sounds, when you, who havn't been ten years on the water, —though you're a smart sailor, I must say, for your years—can tell at once all about it, just because you've had a riggilar eddication. Book-larnin ain't to be despised arter all," he continued shaking his head, "even for a boatswain, and, by the blessing of God, I'll borrow the good book of the parson, to-morrow, and go at it myself; for when I was a youngster I could spell, I calculate, at the rate of a ten knot breeze. But mayhap," he continued, his thoughts suddenly changing, "that craft up yonder may turn out a fat prize—we could soon overhaul her if the wind would only breeze up a little."

The wind, however, had now fallen to a dead calm and the sails hung idly from the masts, while the ship rolled with a scarce perceptible motion upon the quiet sea. A current was setting in however, to the island, and we were thus gradually borne nearer to the unseen craft. This soon became evident from the greater distinctness of the sounds, and at length I thought I could distinguish a few of the words sung, which seemed to be those of a Spanish air. As the night advanced the music ceased; but the silence did not long continue. Suddenly a shriek was heard rising fearfully on the air, followed by a strange mixture of noises, as if oaths, groans and entreaties, and even sounds of mortal strife were all mingled in one fearful discord. The shriek was now repeated, with even more fearful vehemence; and then came the report of a pistol across the darkness. Our hearts beat with strange feelings. What nefarious deeds were being done on board the unseen craft? Hitherto the captain, who had strolled on deck to enjoy the music, had said that he should await the dawn, or at least the appearance of a breeze, before overhauling the stranger, but now he came to the determination of ordering out the boats, and learning the cause of those fearful outcries.

"Some hellish work, I fear," he said, "is going on yonder; perhaps a piratical boat has boarded the craft, for the villains infest these islands. Board her at every risk, and then no mercy to the fiends if they are really at their work."

The boats were hastily lowered, manned and shoved off from the side of the ship. The second lieutenant commanded one of the boats, and to me was deputed the charge of the other. We proceeded rapidly and as noiselessly as possible, into the bank of clouds and soon lost sight of The Arrow, although long after her hull and spars had disappeared in the obscurity, her top-light was to be seen like a red baneful star, floating in the firmament. Our guide meanwhile, was the sounds of strife on board the invisible craft, but as we proceeded, the uproar died away, and for a few moments a profound silence reigned. Then came a few sullen plunges in the water which we were at no loss to understand. The men sprung to their oars with renewed vigor at the sounds. A perfect stillness reigned once more, but we knew, from the distinctness with which we had heard the plunges, that we were close on to the craft. Steering in the direction therefore, from which the sounds had come, we glided along the smooth surface of the sea with almost incredible velocity. Not a word was spoken, but the oarsmen strained their sinews to the utmost, while the officers gazed intently into the gloom ahead. Each moment seemed an age. Scarcely a dozen more strokes of the oar had been given, however, when the outlines of a brig shot up, as if by magic, out of the mist ahead, and almost instantaneously a voice from the stranger hailed us in the Spanish tongue.

"Keep her to it my lads—pull with a will," I said, as the boat commanded by the lieutenant dashed on without heeding the hail.

"Boats ahoy!" shouted another voice from the brig, and this time the words were in English, "lay on your oars or we'll fire into you," and at the same time a score of heads was faintly seen crowding the bulwarks of the vessel.

"Dash into her my brave lads!" exclaimed the lieutenant, standing up in the stern sheets and waving his sword aloft, "another pull and we are up to them."

The men cheered in reply, and, with a jerk that made the ash blades bend like willow wands, we shot up to the sides of the brig. But not unopposed; for almost before the lieutenant had ceased speaking, the dark villians crowding the sides of the brig poured in a rattling fire on us that would have checked men in the pursuit of a less holy object. But the character of the assassins who had taken the brig had now become apparent, and every man of our crew, remembering that agonizing shriek, thirsted to avenge the sufferer. The volley of the pirates was not, however, as deadly as it might have been had they not been taken partially by surprise; and been in consequence, without that prepartion to meet us which they otherwise would have shown. Their discharge however—God knows!—was deadly enough. The stroke oarsman, but a few feet in

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advance of me, fell dead across the thwart. But the other boat, being in advance, suffered far more, for I saw several of the men stagger in their places,—while the lieutenant, springing up like a deer, tumbled headlong into the stern-sheets. He had been shot through the heart. The impetus, however, which the last gigantic stroke of the men had given to the boats sent them onwards to the brig, and we struck her side almost instantaneously with the fall of my superior.

"Vengeance," I shouted, "vengeance my lads! follow me," and springing into the forechains of the brig, I leaped from thence upon her deck, and found myself, the next moment almost unsupported amidst a circle of desperate foes. But it was only for a moment that I was left without aid. I had scarcely exchanged the first parry with a brawny desperado who met me at the bulwark, when my gallant fellows came pouring in after me, inflamed to double fury by the loss we had suffered, and betokening by their stern determined looks that the approaching conflict was to be one of extermination or death. The pirates, seemingly aware of their situation, glared on us with the fury of wild-beasts, and sprang with curses and yells to repel the boarders. This left me, for the instant, almost alone with my stalwart opponent, and had my cause been less righteous, or my skill at my weapon not a proverb, I should have trembled for my life. Rarely indeed have I seen a finer looking or more muscular man than my opponent on that fatal night. He was a tall sinewy Spaniard, of the pure olive complexion, with a dark, glittering, fearful eye, and a huge black mustache such as I never saw on a man before or since. His head was bare, with the exception of a red scarf which was bound around it in the form of a turban, the ends of which depended on the left side, as I have sometimes seen them fancifully arranged by the creole girls of the islands. His shirt collar was thrown open, displaying a broad and brawny chest that would have served as a model for that of an athlete. His arms were bared to above the elbow, and in his hand he held a common cutlass; but a brace of huge silver mounted pistols, and a dagger with a splendidly ornamented hilt were thrust into the scarf he wore around his waist. I forgot to mention that a small cross, the jewels of which sparkled even in the comparative darkness, depended by a rich gold chain from his neck.

I am able to give this description of him, because when we found ourselves left almost alone, we paused a moment, as men engaged in a deadly single combat will often do, before commencing our strife. I suspected at once that I was opposed to the leader of the pirates, and he seemed to feel that I held the same office among the assailants, for he gazed at me a moment, with a kind of proud satisfaction, which, however, settled down, as his eye took in my comparatively slight proportions, to an expression of sneering scorn. Our pause, although sufficiently long for me to observe all this, endured but for an instant, for the momentary admiration of my foe faded before that sneering expression, and making a blow at him with my cutlass, which he dexterously repelled, we were soon engaged in mortal combat. At first my opponent underrated my powers, but a wound, which I gave him in the arm, seemed to convince him that victory would cost him an effort, and he became more wary. For several moments the conflict was only a rapid exchange of passes, during which our blades rattled and flashed incessantly; for neither of us could obtain the slightest advantage over the other. How the combatants progressed during this interval I neither knew nor cared to ascertain, for so intensely was I engrossed in my duel with the pirate-leader that I heard nothing but the ringing of our blades, and saw only the glittering eye of my opponent. Those only who have been engaged in a deadly strife can understand the feelings of one in such a situation. Every faculty is engrossed in the struggle—the very heart seems to stand still, awaiting the end. The hand involuntarily follows the impulse of the mind, and the eye never loses sight of that of its destined victim. The combat had continued for several minutes, when I saw that the pirate was beginning to grow chafed, for the calm, collected expression of his eye gave place gradually to one of fury, and his lunges were made with inconceivable rapidity, and with a daring amounting to rashness. It took all my skill to protect myself, and I was forced at length to give ground. The eye of the pirate glared at his success like that of a wild beast already sure of its prey, and, becoming even more venturesome, he pressed forward and made a pass at me which I avoided with difficulty, and then only partially, for the keen blade, although averted from my heart, glanced sideways, and penetrating my arm inflicted a fearful wound. But at the time I was insensible of the injury. I felt the wound no more than if a pin had pierced me. Every thought and feeling was engrossed by the now defenceless front of my antagonist, for, as he lunged forward with his blade, he lost his defence and his bosom lay unguarded before me. Quick as lightning I shortened my blade and prepared to plunge it into the heart of the pirate. He saw his error and made an attempt to grasp a pistol with his left hand, to ward off the blow with his sword arm. But it was in vain. With one desperate effort I drove my blade inwards—it cut through and through his half opposed defence—and with a dull heavy sound went to his very heart. His eyes glared an instant more wildly than ever—his lips opened, but the faint cry was stifled ere it was half uttered—a quick, shuddering, convulsive movement passed over his face and through his frame, and, as I drew out the glittering blade, now red with the life blood of one who, a moment before, had been in full existence, the pirate fell back dead upon the deck. At the same moment I heard a hearty cheer, and looking around, I saw that our brave fellows had gained a footing on the deck, and were driving the pirates backwards towards the stern of the vessel. I now, for the first time, felt the pain of my wound. But hastily snatching the scarf from the body of my late opponent, I managed to bandage my arm so as partially to stop the blood, and hurried to head my gallant tars.

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All this had not occupied three minutes, so rapid are the events of a mortal combat. I had at first thought that we had been forgotten in the excitement of the strife, but I had not been wholly unobserved, for as I stooped to snatch the scarf of the pirate, one of his followers who had seen him fall, levelled a pistol at me with a curse, but the missile was struck up by one of my men, just as it was discharged, and the ball lodged itself harmlessly in the bulwark beside me. In another instant I was again in the midst of the fight. The red scarf which I wore however, reminding the pirates of the death of their leader, called down on me their revenge, and my appearance in the strife was a signal for a general rush upon me.

"Down with him," roared a tall swarthy assassin, who, from his tone of authority, I judged to be the second in command, "cut him down—revenge! revenge!"

I was at that moment surrounded on two sides by the pirates, but springing back while my gallant tars raised their blades in an arch over me, I escaped the cutlasses of the foe.

"Hurl the hell-hounds to perdition," growled a veteran fore-top-man, as he dashed at the piratical lieutenant.

"Stand fast, all—life or death—that for your vengeance," was the response of the foe as he levelled a pistol at the breast of the gallant seaman. The ball sped on its errand, and the top man fell at my feet.

My men were now infuriated beyond all control. They dashed forward, like a torrent, sweeping every thing before them. The pirates, headed by their leader, made one or two desperate efforts to maintain their ground, but the impetuosity of their antagonists was irresistable, and the desperadoes, at first sullenly giving way, at length were forced into an indiscriminate retreat. A few of the most daring of the freebooters, however, refused to yield an inch and were cut down; while others, after flying a few paces, turned and died at bay; but with the mass the love of immediate life triumphed over the fear of an ultimate ignominious death, and they retreated to the fore-hatch, down which they were driven. A few attempted to regain the long crank boat in which they had attacked the brig from the island, but their design was anticipated by one of our fellows who hove a brace of shot through her bottom.

I now bethought me of the female whose shriek had first alarmed us; and, advancing to the cabin, I descended with a trembling heart, anxious and yet fearing to learn the truth. I have faced death in a hundred forms—in storm, in battle, and amidst epidemics, but my nerves never trembled before or since as they did when I opened the door into the cabin. What a sight was there! Extended on the floor lay a white-haired old man, with a huge gash in his forehead, and his long silvery locks dabbled in his own gore. At his side, in a state of grief approaching to stupefaction, sat, or rather knelt, a lovely young creature who might be about seventeen, her long golden tresses dishevelled on her snowy shoulders, and her blue eyes gazing with a dry, stony look upon the face of her dead parent. Both the daughter and the father were attired with an elegance which bespoke wealth if not rank. Around her were several female slaves, filling the cabin with their lamentations, and, at intervals, vainly endeavoring to comfort their young mistress. Several books and a guitar were scattered about, and the whole apartment, though only the cabin of a common merchant brig, had an air of feminine grace and neatness. The sight of the instruments of music almost brought the tears into my eyes. Alas! little had that lovely girl imagined, when singing her artless songs, in what misery another hour would find her.

My entrance, however, partially aroused the desolate girl. She looked up with alarm in every feature, gazed at me irresolutely a moment, and then frantically clasping the body of her murdered parent, shrunk from my approach. The negro women clustered around her, their lamentations stilled by their fears.

"You are free—thank God!" said I in a voice husky with emotion, "the murderers of your parent are avenged!"

The terrified girl looked at me with an expression which I shall never forget—an expression in which agony, joy and doubt were all mingled into one—and then, pressing the cold body of that old man close to her bosom, she burst into a flood of tears; while her slaves, reassured by my words, resumed their noisy grief. I knew that the tears of the agonized daughter would relieve her grief, and respecting the sacredness of her sorrow, I withdrew to the deck.

Meantime, one of the crew of the brig who had managed to secrete himself from the pirates, and had thus escaped the massacre which befell indiscriminately his messmates, had come forth from his hiding place, and related the story of their capture. I will give it, adding other matters in their place, as I learnt them subsequently from the inmates of the cabin. The brig was a coaster, and had left the Havanna a few days before, having for passengers an English gentleman of large fortune with his daughter and her personal slaves. They had been becalmed the preceding evening under the lee of the neighboring island, and, as the night was a fine one, their passengers had remained on deck until a late hour, the daughter of Mr. Neville amusing herself with singing on her own guitar, or listening to the ruder but yet dulcet music of her slaves. At length they had descended to the cabin, but, within a few minutes of their retirement, a large crank boat, pulled by some twenty armed piratical ruffians, had been seen coming towards the brig. Escape was impossible, and defence was useless. The feeble though desperate resistance made by the crew of a half dozen men, was soon overcome. Mr. Neville had headed the combat, and, when the ruffians gained possession of the deck, had retreated to the cabin, barricading the entrance on the inside. But the pirates, headed by their leader, although baffled for a while, had eventually broke through this defence and poured into the cabin; but not until several of

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of their number had been wounded by the desperate parent, who, fighting like a lion at bay, had even fired through the door on his assailants, after they had shattered it and before it was finally broken in. At length the ruffians had gained an entrance; and a dozen swords were levelled at Mr. Nevile, who still endeavored to shield his daughter. He fell—and God knows what would have been the fate of that innocent girl, if we had not at the instant reached the brig. The ruffian leader was forced to leave his prey and hasten on deck. The reader knows the rest.

When morning dawned we were still abreast of the island. By this time, however, a light breeze had sprung up and the schooner had been brought to under the quarter of The Arrow. My superior heard with emotion of the death of his lieutenant, and expressed his determination of carrying the pirates into the neighboring port at once, and delivering them up for trial. He gave up his own cabin temporarily to the afflicted daughter, and sympathized with her sorrow as if she had been his own child. The remains of her parent were not consigned to the deep, but allotted, on the following day, a place in consecrated ground. But I pass over the events immediately succeeding the capture of the pirates. Suffice it to say that, after a delay of three or four days in port, we found it would be impossible to have the pirates brought to trial by the tardy authorities under a month. As my presence was deemed necessary on that event, and as my superior was unwilling to delay his cruise for so long a period, it was determined then that The Arrow should pursue her voyage, calling again at the port to take me up in the course of a month or six weeks. The next day, after this arrangement, she sailed.

SONNETS.

BY W. W. STORY.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Fixed, as if nothing ever could o'erthrow
Its infinite faith, and firm as it had stood,
Stemming life-long misfortune's sapping flood,
Is the brave head of Michael Angelo.
No smile, no fear, that noble face doth show;
A sublime purpose o'er it seems to brood,
In which no mean thought ever did intrude,
No busy interest hurry to and fro—
A will so stern, that nothing can abate,
Fastens the mouth. The anxious abstract eye,
Beyond earth's gloomy shadows lowering nigh,
Beholds great angels in the distance wait—
And on those features, seamed with many a line,
Love seems like sunlight on rude cliffs to shine.

RAFFAELLO.

Thou wouldst seem sorrowful, but that we knew
That mild, fair brow, that serious seeking eye,
Where the pale lightnings of emotion lie,
Were caught from earnest striving to look through
These shadows that obscure the mortal view—
This hazy distance of humanity,
For dawnings of the Beautiful and True,
And those divine thoughts that can never die.
Thy mouth, so tender and so sensitive—
Full and unrigid—formed as if to part
With each emotion—seemeth tuned by Art,
Like harp-strings, with each wandering breath to live;
And that same apostolic light is thine
Which made thy Christ and Mother so divine.

TO FLORENCE.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Dear Florence! young and fair thou art,
Thy cheeks are like the rose's heart—
The sweet, red rose, that's newly born,
  When from the faintly dappled sky,
Looks out the laughing glance of morn.
  Alas! dear one, I can but sigh
To think how many years divide
  Thy happy turn of life and mine!
A river rolleth deep and wide
  Between my destined path and thine.
Still unto thee my fancy flies,
  With thee my thoughts and visions dwell,
And from thy soft, celestial eyes
  Comes sunshine to my hermit-cell.

I love thee! nay—turn not away!
  I dare not hope—'twere worse than vain
To cherish in my heart a ray
  Of feeling fraught with grief and pain.
All but thy image I resign;
  With that I cannot part—it glows
With hues so lovely, so divine,
  That though upon my head the snows
Of Age were cast, I yet should trace
The lines of thy enchanting face;
Still would thy form, instinct with grace,
Before me rise, and I should see,
In all things bright some types of thee!

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THE TWO DUKES.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

(Continued from page 144.)

A still more important scene than that which we have described in Lady Jane Seymour's chamber was passing in the Lord Protector's closet. A portion of those noblemen forming his council had been hastily summoned to assist in the examination of Lord Dudley, who was brought up from his prison in the new and damp rooms, near the Strand, where he had spent a night of discomfort, which by no means reconciled his proud spirit to the degradation heaped upon it. Though a member, and most powerful one, of his own council, the Lord Protector had neglected to summon the Earl of Warwick to the examination of his son, and Dudley was far too anxious for a good understanding between his own father and the family of his betrothed, to solicit his interference, or even send news of his arrest to the haughty earl. He dreaded the fiery indignation with which the intelligence might be received, and even felt a sensation of relief when he found his father's seat vacant at the tribunal before which he was so ignominiously arraigned. He was sensible that the Earl of Warwick, as well as the duke, was willing to avail himself of any excuse which might terminate the contract existing between himself and the Lady Jane. His affection for the sweet girl was both sincere and ardent, and though he felt the insult offered by her father with the irritation of a proud, sensitive spirit, he suffered still more deeply from a consciousness that she was a sharer in his trouble, and that the proceedings to which he was an unwilling party were not only a degradation to his manhood but liable to separate him from the object of his affections forever.

With these indignant and conflicting feelings the young nobleman presented himself before the Lord Protector and the few councillors whom he had gathered to his assistance—men who seemed but ill at ease in the position which they held, and were in truth far more anxious to appease the duke than to join him in rash measures against a family which had already rendered itself fearful throughout the kingdom by the might of its power. The artisan was there, craven and abject, yet with something of insolence in his manner; but whether he was brought forward as a witness or a prisoner the proud young man did not deign to inquire; under any circumstances to be so associated was a cruel insult which made the blood tingle in his veins. It was with a firm lip and an eye darkling with subdued excitement that Lord Dudley placed himself before the council table to be questioned like a criminal by the man he had loved almost as a father. The duke seemed touched by some regretful feelings, and a flush came up to his forehead as he encountered the proud glance which was bent upon him by the prisoner. At another time he would have shrunk from mingling the pure name of his child with an investigation so strange in its nature—with questions which might even endanger the honor of his name, but this consideration was lost in his dislike of the Earl of Warwick—a man whom he feared and hated almost as much as he could fear and hate mortal being. Ambition was the leading characteristic of both—such ambition as at last rendered their strife for power like the struggle of two gladiators in mortal combat. They were bold combatants, and hitherto the strife had been a quiet and subtle one. Now a kingdom was looking on. Somerset had sprung into the arena, struck the first blow, and he was well aware that his station and power depended on the victory which he was contending for—that Warwick must be driven from the council of the nation or himself from the protectorship. He little knew how still and subtle had been the windings of his enemy, and with how deep a triumph he received the news of his son's arrest. We have said that Dudley had caught one glimpse of his betrothed on his way to the council, and for her sake he condescended to answer, with haughty calmness, the questions propounded by her father. His account of the share he had taken in the St. Margaret's riot was simple, and given in few words.

He had sallied forth, as usual, on his morning ride with the ordinary number of attendants and without the most remote suspicion that any disturbance was threatened. He described the manner in which he had become entangled with the crowd, but avoided all mention of the Lady Jane till called upon by her father to state how she came under his protection. He explained all about the condition in which he had found her—the struggle with which she was conducted through the crowd—their entrance to the church and every thing that transpired till the poor girl was exposed to public outrage by the violence of her own parent. There was truth and dignity in the young man's statement, which, against his will, convinced the duke of his injustice. But he had already proceeded too far, and he felt that to leave

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the charge against his prisoner unsubstantiated was to make himself still more unpopular with the people, and fling a fearful power into the hands of his rival. Family affection, his daughter, everything was forgotten in the strife to maintain his tottering power, and though his eye quailed and his brow crimsoned as he perpetrated the insult, that cringing artisan was called forward to disprove the solemn statement of a high born and honorable man.

Lord Dudley turned very pale and drew back with a stern brow and folded arms as the wretch gave his infamous story. The artisan had enough of low born cunning to see that any statement, calculated to implicate the noble youth, would be received as an atonement for the base fraud which he had committed, and persisted in the assertions that he had previously made. When the jewels and the ring were produced he turned, like a coward hound, from the stern glance fixed on him by the young noble, but still in a tone of low bravado, asserted that the ring had been given by the Lady Jane, and that Lord Dudley had rewarded his exertions in bringing them together with the emeralds.

Lord Dudley shut his teeth hard and folded his arms more tightly, as if to repress an impulse to smite the worm where he stood, but turning his flashing eyes from the miscreant to the Duke of Somerset he once more forced himself to composure. The artisan proceeded to substantiate his evidence by assertions regarding the manner and words of the lady, and was going on adding falsehood to falsehood, when the gentle girl, whom he so cruelly aspersed, opened the door and glided into the room. She moved forward to a chair which stood directly in front of the wretch, and grasping the back with her hand, stood regarding him with a look of calm and almost solemn indignation. So noiseless was her entrance that she had been more than a minute in the room before those assembled there became conscious of her presence. As the perjured man lifted his eyes in uttering a sentence, they met the rebuke of that calm glance and quailed beneath it. He faltered in what he was saying and shrunk back to avoid the frown of her innocent presence. When the duke saw his child standing before him, her robe hastily girt round her person, her hair wound in a heavy web over her head, and her sweet face bearing upon each feature evidence of late and bitter suffering, he started to his feet with an exclamation of displeasure and would have demanded the cause of her intrusion, but the change which had fallen upon her was so great that he stood gazing upon her face, lost in a degree of astonishment that had something of awe in it. He could scarcely believe that the face so calm, so pale and resolute, was that of his quiet and child-like daughter. The fountains of a resolute and noble heart had been troubled for the first time, and their overflow left upon her face an expression that never left it again—the impress of such thoughts and feelings as exalt and strengthen the heart they wring. The Lady Jane had become suddenly capable of acting for herself.

"Father" she said, turning her large eyes from the perjurer to his judge, "Father, I have heard enough to prove how base a thing may be dared even in the presence of a parent; that man has spoken falsely, the ring which you hold was taken from my finger when I lay helpless, and so terrified that I was almost unconcious of the loss, and only remember now as in a dream that a strange grasp was on my hand, a wrench that pained me; then I fainted and forgot all till my mother spoke of the ring a few moments since in my chamber. The emeralds my Lord Duke—" she hesitated a moment and her eyes filled as if with regret that she had uttered so cold a title, "the emeralds—my father, were not Lord Dudley's but my mother's gift, and I bound my hair with them yesterday morning when I went forth according to your command to take the air; they must have broken loose from my head, for behold here is a proof that they were my own and not Lord Dudley's."

As she spoke the Lady Jane unbound the rich masses of her hair, which had not been smoothed since the previous day, and disentangled a fragment of the emerald band which still sparkled within it. They were broad smooth gems linked together with its delicate chain work of gold, and each with a fanciful device cut upon its surface. One of those which the duke held, still remained firm in its setting, a link or two of the chain adhered to it, and those links corresponded in size and workmanship with the fragment which Lady Jane had taken from her hair.

"Still" said the Duke of Somerset, willing to exculpate his daughter, but determined at all hazards to make good his charge against Dudley, "still does this in no way clear the prisoner from his participation in the riot. We saw him with our own eyes amid the mob, we—"

The duke broke off suddenly, for as the last words left his lips, the closet door was flung open and a tall man, almost regally arrayed, and of imperious presence, entered the room. He cast one quick glance at the Lord Protector, from under his eyebrows, and moving tranquilly to a chair by the council table sat down.

"Go on, my lord duke; I am rather late, but do not let my entrance disturb these august proceedings," he said, blandly, though there was a slight trembling of the voice which told how tumultuous were the passions concealed beneath all that elaborate and courteous display of words.

The Duke bowed stiffly, and his face was crimson to the temples. Lord Dudley grew pale and red by turns, half disposed to approach his father, and as yet uncertain that he was aware of the position in which he was placed before the council. The Lady Jane trembled visibly and grasped the chair against which she stood for support, while the councillors looked in each other's faces confused and at a loss how to act.

All this time Warwick sat with his elbow resting on the table, supporting his chin with the palm of his bent hand, and gazing with a doubtful smile, quietly into the duke's face, as if they had been the best friends on earth.

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"Go on, my lord duke, go on," he said slightly waving his right hand, "Pray do not allow my late and abrupt entrance to interrupt the flow of your grace's eloquence."

"Excuse me," replied the duke, rising from his seat, "this subject must be a painful one, alike to your Lordship and myself. We scarcely expected the Earl of Warwick would choose to meet us in council this morning."

"And therefore did not summon him to the examination of his son and heir. It was kindly managed, my lord duke, very kindly; be assured the earl of Warwick will not forget this delicacy. Nor will the king, whom I left but now, so deeply impressed with the generous care which your grace bestows on the honor of my humble house, that he has summoned such noblemen of your council as were deemed worthy of the generous silence with which your grace has honored me, to meet him at Somerset House, where, with permission, I will have the pleasure of conducting my son."

There was cool and cutting irony in this speech which would have lashed the excitable protector to fury, but for the startling intelligence which it conveyed, regarding the young king. This so overpowered him that he sat pale and with gleaming eyes gazing on the composed and smiling features of the earl, speechless and for a moment bereft of all presence of mind.

Without seeming to notice the effect his speech had made on the protector, Warwick arose, threw back his velvet cloak with a careless toss that exposed the sable facings, and smoothing the folds over his shoulder with elaborate care, as if no deeper thought than that of personal appearance entered his mind, approached Lord Dudley and taking his arm seemed about to conduct him from the room without further ceremony.

"My Lord of Warwick," exclaimed Somerset starting to his feet and suddenly finding voice, "that young man is a prisoner under arrest for treason, and shall not leave this presence save with a guard of armed men."

"This young man is my prisoner, under the king's warrant, and he not only leaves this room without other guard than his father's arm, but denies the right of any man here, to question or retain him."

The Earl of Warwick turned as he spoke, and for the first time that day, all the haughty fire of his soul burst into the usually quiet but fine black eyes, which dwelt upon the Lord Protector's face.

"What—what means this? am I to be braved at my own council table? I—"

The Earl of Somerset broke off, for so intense was his rage, that words were denied him, and specks of foam rushed up to his white lips in their place.

"No, my lord duke," replied Warwick, once more recovering the composure which he seldom lost, even in moments of the deepest excitement, "not at your own council table; that no longer exists. The council of this nation is sitting now at Somerset House, and *I* preside there by a choice of the majority, and by desire of King Edward."

The Duke of Somerset fell back in his chair as if a sudden blow had stunned him, and shading his pale face with his scarcely less pallid hand, remained motionless and silent. The Lady Jane sprang to his side, flung her arm around his neck, and as Lord Dudley broke from the hold which Warwick placed on his arm, she put him calmly away with her disengaged hand. Then lifting her face to the earl, she said, "Your work is done. Leave my father to those who love him." For one moment a shade of feeling swept over Warwick's face, but it was instantly banished, and a courteous inclination of the head was all the reply he made. After a moment he turned to the few councillors still retaining their seats in silent consternation, and invited them in the name of King Edward and their colleagues, sitting at Somerset House, to join himself and son there.

There was a brief and whispered consultation around the board; then all, save one man arose, casting furtive glances at the fallen protector, as if they were anxious to escape from his presence unnoticed. The duke lifted his head, and a smile of mingled bitterness and pain passed over his pale features as he saw this movement of his friends. The Lady Jane too, blanched a little whiter and lifted her large clear eyes with an expression of painful astonishment, as if her generous nature could scarcely force itself to believe the selfishness with which she was surrounded.

With cringing and noiseless steps, those men whom Somerset had deemed his true and tried friends, those that would cling to him through good and through evil report—had glided from his presence and stood in the corridor, consulting together in whispers and waiting anxiously for Warwick to come forth, that they might offer him their support unchecked by the presence of the fallen noble to whom, in his prosperity, they had cringed with servile spirits, ready to kneel at any shrine which possessed stepping stones for their own ambition.

One man there was, a gray-haired and frank old nobleman, poor and proud, of a high name, but dignified in his poverty, who had never cringed to the protector or flattered him in the plenitude of his power, but who put away the hand which his antagonist extended as he passed round the table and knelt down by the fallen duke, with a true homage which had more of feeling in its silence than hours of protestation could have conveyed. The duke had leaned forward to the table, and one hand was pressed over his eyes, the other hung nervelessly by his side, and the quivering lips of that brave old man—for he was braver in his moral strength than a thousand battle heroes, went to his heart. One large tear forced itself through his fingers, and dashing it away, the Duke of Somerset arose a more dignified man in his adversity than he had ever been in prosperity.

"My Lord of Warwick," he said, "this is your hour of triumph—how obtained your own heart can best reply."

"No, your grace's rashness is my answer," interrupted Warwick, with a bland and courteous inclination, "but I have no time for cavil and recrimination. The king is waiting, and methinks there has

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been enough of high words for a lady's presence. Lady Jane, we should all crave pardon for discussing state affairs in so gentle a presence. Permit my son to lead you from the room."

The young girl looked up and hesitated, then drawing nearer to the duke, she said very mildly—

"My father will permit me to stay. That which concerns him cannot be improper for his daughter to witness."

The earl seemed embarrassed by her refusal, but after a moment resumed his usual composed manner.

"Forgive me," he said, "if I am compelled to perform the first duty of my office in a manner which might have been avoided," and stepping to the door, the Earl of Warwick beckoned with his hand to some persons in the corridor. Instantly three men, whom Somerset knew, entered the closet, and there at his own council table, and in the presence of his child, arrested him for treason.

A death-like stillness reigned throughout the room for the duration of a minute after the warrant was read. Until this moment Dudley had remained inactive, confused and uncertain how to interfere in a scene which seemed passing before him like a wild dream, but now he stepped forward firmly and with the air of a man resolved to act from his own honest impulses at all hazards.

"My lord," he said, addressing his father, "you will not proceed to such extremities against an old friend."

Warwick looked in his son's face, and a slight sneer curled his lip as he muttered, "old friends, indeed—well."

"I am certain," resumed Dudley, "your own honorable heart must revolt at an act so cruel. If the Duke of Somerset has offended the king let his majesty find some other person than the Earl of Warwick to proceed against him, lest those who deem that there is little of friendly feeling between the houses of Somerset and Warwick, may impute other motives than a love of justice to the prosecution."

Dudley spoke in a low voice, but every tone fell upon the anxious ear of Lady Jane, and a flash of gratified affection, half pride and half tenderness filled her eyes. For she knew how deep was the reverence he rendered to the earl, and how much of moral courage was in the heart which could have the displeasure of a man so imperative and haughty, but who had even preserved the affections as well as the fear of his family.

"Very prettily argued, my clerkly son," replied Warwick, lightly—"but pray can you tell me what the good people of England may think of the nobleman, who took advantage of his power to cast a son, and heir of that same 'old friend' whom you prate of into a damp hole in his palace, to herd him with a cur like that, and drag him before a picked number of councillors to be examined, on a question which touched his honor and life itself? Love is a question to amuse the people more than any act of mine. If His Grace of Somerset has seen fit to tread upon a serpent's nest, the world will not marvel that his foot is stung where it would have crushed.

"No, Dudley, no—the king has rightly decided, and he who would have heaped ignominy on my son shall drain the cup he has drugged! Even as he forced the heir to my house to this closet in base contact with a wretch like that cringing cur yonder, shall he go forth and in like company."

Dudley heard his father out with habitual reverence, but still opened his lips to expostulate once more against the course he was pursuing, but Warwick turned impatiently away.

"Tush man," he said with a quick wave of the hand, "have done with this and meet me at Somerset House within the hour. The king desires it. If your grace is ready," he added, turning to Somerset as if extending the most trifling invitation on earth, "we will proceed at once to the council."

Somerset arose, folded a cloak about him, and though his face was very pale, moved toward the door without speaking a word. The guard closed in around him, and he left the closet like one in a bewildering dream. He had entered that room but an hour before, arrogant in the consciousness of power, second to none in the kingdom; he left it a prisoner and a ruined man.

Warwick gave a sign that the artisan should be secured and followed the fallen duke. The old councillor kept by the side of his friend, and on their way through the corridor the Duchess of Somerset came through a side door and approached her husband, but seeing how pale he was, and that many persons were around him, she drew back disappointed in the womanly impulse which had induced her to seek an interview before he went from the palace, that the cause of her child might be justly understood.

RETURN FROM HAWKING.

ON A PICTURE BY LANDSEER.

They form a picture that appears of Eld—
 The beauteous mother and the husband bold,
And smiling infant like a rose-bud held
 Upon the parent-stem, but half unrolled
 Yet blushing brightly in each crimson fold.
The household steed, in quiet sympathy,
Looks silent on and seems to share their glee.

 The shaggy dog that wakes the forest old
With joyous echoes as he bounds along,
 Starting the heron from his reedy lair—
These, while the morning sunbeams slant along
 Through that old portal, massy, grim and bare,
Stand, grouped together,—emblems fit, I ween,
Of many another quiet household scene! E.

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THERE'S NO LAND LIKE SCOTLAND.

BALLAD.

SUNG BY MR. DEMPSTER.

COMPOSED BY

EDWARD J. LODER.

Philadelphia: JOHN F. NUNNS, 184 *Chesnut Street.*

Andantina quassi Allegretto.

mf

There's no land like Scot - land with - - - in the wide sea, There's

no land like Scotland, The fearless and free, With her fair glens and moun tains, Her

fair locks and foun - tains, Her wild spring - ing hea - ther and mo - dest blue bell, No

place in the world do I love half so well, No place in the world do I love half so well,

Oh! sleepin' or wakin', where e'er I may be,
My thoughts aye are turning dear Scotland to thee,
Bright gem of the northern wave,
Home of the free and brave,
While life endures thou canst never depart,
Ah! while life endures thou canst never depart,
Dear pride of the north from thy throne in my heart.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Ballads and Other Poems. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Author of "Voices of the Night," "Hyperion," &c. Second Edition. John Owen: Cambridge.

In our last number we had some hasty observations on these "Ballads"—observations which we now propose, in some measure, to amplify and explain.

It may be remembered that, among other points, we demurred to Mr. Longfellow's *themes*, or rather to their general character. We found fault with the too obtrusive nature of their *didacticism*. Some years ago we urged a similar objection to one or two of the longer pieces of Bryant; and neither time nor reflection has sufficed to modify, in the slightest particular, our convictions upon this topic.

We have said that Mr. Longfellow's conception of the *aims* of poesy is erroneous; and that thus, laboring at a disadvantage, he does violent wrong to his own high powers; and now the question is, what *are* his ideas of the aims of the Muse, as we gather these ideas from the *general* tendency of his poems? It will be at once evident that, imbued with the peculiar spirit of German song (a pure conventionality) he regards the inculcation of a *moral* as essential. Here we find it necessary to repeat that we have reference only to the *general* tendency of his compositions; for there are some magnificent exceptions, where, as if by accident, he has permitted his genius to get the better of his conventional prejudice. But didacticism is the prevalent *tone* of his song. His invention, his imagery, his all, is made subservient to the elucidation of some one or more points (but rarely of more than one) which he looks upon as *truth*. And that this mode of procedure will find stern defenders should never excite surprise, so long as the world is full to overflowing with cant and conventicles. There are men who will scramble on all fours through the muddiest sloughs of vice to pick up a single apple of virtue. There are things called men who, so long as the sun rolls, will greet with snuffling huzzas every figure that takes upon itself the semblance of truth, even although the figure, in itself only a "stuffed Paddy," be as much out of place as a toga on the statue of Washington, or out of season as rabbits in the days of the dog-star.

Now with as deep a reverence for "the true" as ever inspired the bosom of mortal man, we would limit, in many respects, its modes of inculcation. We would limit to enforce them. We would not render them impotent by dissipation. The demands of truth are severe. She has no sympathy with the myrtles. All that is indispensible in song is all with which she has nothing to do. To deck her in gay robes is to render her a harlot. It is but making her a flaunting paradox to wreathe her in gems and flowers. Even in stating this our present proposition, we verify our own words—we feel the necessity, in enforcing this *truth*, of descending from metaphor. Let us then be simple and distinct. To convey "the true" we are required to dismiss from the attention all inessentials. We must be perspicuous, precise, terse. We need concentration rather than expansion of mind. We must be calm, unimpassioned, unexcited—in a word, we must be in that peculiar mood which, as nearly as possible, is the exact converse of the poetical. He must be blind indeed who cannot perceive the radical and chasmal difference between the truthful and the poetical modes of inculcation. He must be grossly wedded to conventionalisms who, in spite of this difference, shall still attempt to reconcile the obstinate oils and waters of Poetry and Truth.

Dividing the world of mind into its most obvious and immediately recognisable distinctions, we have the pure intellect, taste, and the moral sense. We place *taste* between the intellect and the moral sense, because it is just this intermediate space which, in the mind, it occupies. It is the connecting link in the triple chain. It serves to sustain a mutual intelligence between the extremes. It appertains, in strict appreciation, to the former, but is distinguished from the latter by so faint a difference, that Aristotle has not hesitated to class some of its operations among the Virtues themselves. But the *offices* of the trio are broadly marked. Just as conscience, or the moral sense, recognises duty; just as the intellect deals with *truth*; so is it the part of taste alone to inform us of BEAUTY. And Poesy is the handmaiden but of Taste. Yet we would not be misunderstood. This handmaiden is not forbidden to moralise—in her own fashion. She is not forbidden to depict—but to reason and preach, of virtue. As, of this latter, conscience recognises the obligation, so intellect teaches the expediency, while taste contents herself with displaying the beauty: waging war with vice merely on the ground of its inconsistency with fitness, harmony, proportion—in a word with TO KAAON.

An important condition of man's immortal nature is thus, plainly, the sense of the Beautiful. This it is which ministers to his delight in the manifold forms and colors and sounds and sentiments amid which he exists. And, just as the eyes of Amaryllis are repeated in the mirror, or the living lily in the lake, so is the mere *record* of these forms and colors and sounds and sentiments—so is their mere oral or written repetition a duplicate source of delight. But this repetition is not Poesy. He who shall merely sing with whatever rapture, in however harmonious strains, or with however vivid a truth of imitation, of the sights and sounds which greet him in common with all mankind—he, we say, has yet failed to prove his divine title. There is still a longing unsatisfied, which he has been impotent to fulfil. There is still a thirst unquenchable, which to allay he has shown us no crystal springs. This burning thirst belongs to the *immortal* essence of man's nature. It is equally a consequence and an indication of his perennial life. It is the desire of the moth for the star. It is not the mere appreciation of the beauty before us. It is a wild effort to reach the beauty above. It is a forethought of the loveliness to come. It is a passion to be satiated by no sublunary sights, or sounds, or sentiments, and the soul thus athirst strives to allay its fever in futile efforts at *creation*. Inspired with a prescient ecstasy of the beauty beyond the grave, it struggles by multiform novelty of combination among the things and thoughts of Time, to anticipate some portion of that loveliness whose very elements, perhaps, appertain solely to Eternity. And the result of

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such effort, on the part of souls fittingly constituted, is alone what mankind have agreed to denominate Poetry.

We say this with little fear of contradiction. Yet the spirit of our assertion must be more heeded than the letter. Mankind have *seemed* to define Poesy in a thousand, and in a thousand conflicting definitions. But the war is one only of words. Induction is as well applicable to this subject as to the most palpable and utilitarian; and by its sober processes we find that, in respect to compositions which have been really received as poems, the *imaginative*, or, more popularly, the creative portions *alone* have ensured them to be so received. Yet these works, on account of these portions, having once been so received and so named, it has happened, naturally and inevitably, that other portions totally unpoetic have not only come to be regarded by the popular voice as poetic, but have been made to serve as false standards of perfection, in the adjustment of other poetical claims. Whatever has been found in whatever has been received as a poem, has been blindly regarded as *ex statû* poetic. And this is a species of gross error which scarcely could have made its way into any less intangible topic. In fact that license which appertains to the Muse herself, it has been thought decorous, if not sagacious to indulge, in all examination of her character.

Poesy is thus seen to be a response—unsatisfactory it is true—but still in some measure a response, to a natural and irrepressible demand. Man being what he is, the time could never have been in which Poesy was not. Its first element is the thirst for supernal BEAUTY—a beauty which is not afforded the soul by any existing collocation of earth's forms—a beauty which, perhaps, *no possible* combination of these forms would fully produce. Its second element is the attempt to satisfy this thirst by *novel* combinations among those forms of beauty which already exist—or by novel combinations *of those combinations which our predecessors, toiling in chase of the same phantom, have already set in order*. We thus clearly deduce the *novelty*, the *originality*, the *invention*, the *imagination*, or lastly the *creation* of BEAUTY, (for the terms as here employed are synonimous) as the essence of all Poesy. Nor is this idea so much at variance with ordinary opinion as, at first sight, it may appear. A multitude of antique dogmas on this topic will be found, when divested of extrinsic speculation, to be easily resoluble into the definition now proposed. We do nothing more than present tangibly the vague clouds of the world's idea. We recognize the idea itself floating, unsettled, indefinite, in every attempt which has yet been made to circumscribe the conception of "Poesy" in words. A striking instance of this is observable in the fact that no definition exists, in which either "the beautiful," or some one of those qualities which we have above designated synonimously with "creation," has not been pointed out as the *chief* attribute of the Muse. "Invention," however, or "imagination," is by far more commonly insisted upon. The word ποιησις itself (creation) speaks volumes upon this point. Neither will it be amiss here to mention Count Bielfeld's definition of poetry as "*L'art d'exprimer les pensées par la fiction*." With this definition (of which the philosophy is profound to a certain extent) the German terms *Dichtkunst*, the art of fiction, and *Dichten*, to feign, which are used for "*poetry*" and "*to make verses*," are in full and remarkable accordance. It is, nevertheless, in the *combination* of the two omni-prevalent ideas that the novelty and, we believe, the force of our own proposition is to be found.

So far, we have spoken of Poesy as of an abstraction alone. As such, it is obvious that it may be applicable in various moods. The sentiment may develop itself in Sculpture, in Painting, in Music, or otherwise. But our present business is with its development in words—that development to which, in practical acceptation, the world has agreed to limit the term. And at this point there is one consideration which induces us to pause. We cannot make up our minds to admit (as some have admitted) the inessentiality of rhythm. On the contrary, the universality of its use in the earliest poetical efforts of all mankind would be sufficient to assure us, not merely of its congeniality with the Muse, or of its adaptation to her purposes, but of its elementary and indispensible importance. But here we must, perforce, content ourselves with mere suggestion; for this topic is of a character which would lead us too far. We have already spoken of Music as one of the moods of poetical development. It is in Music, perhaps, that the soul most nearly attains that end upon which we have commented—the creation of supernal beauty. It may be, indeed, that this august aim is here even partially or imperfectly attained, *in fact*. The *elements* of that beauty which is felt in sound, *may be* the mutual or common heritage of Earth and Heaven. In the soul's struggles at combination it is thus not impossible that a harp may strike notes not unfamiliar to the angels. And in this view the wonder may well be less that all attempts at defining the character or sentiment of the deeper musical impressions, has been found absolutely futile. Contenting ourselves, therefore, with the firm conviction, that music (in its modifications of rhythm and rhyme) is of so vast a moment in Poesy, as *never* to be neglected by him who is truly poetical—is of so mighty a force in furthering the great aim intended that he is mad who rejects its assistance—content with this idea we shall not pause to maintain its absolute essentiality, for the mere sake of rounding a definition. We will but add, at this point, that the highest possible development of the Poetical Sentiment is to be found in the union of song with music, in its popular sense. The old Bards and Minnesingers possessed, in the fullest perfection, the finest and truest elements of Poesy; and Thomas Moore, singing his own ballads, is but putting the final touch to their completion as poems.

To recapitulate, then, we would define in brief the Poetry of words as the *Rhythmical Creation of Beauty.* Beyond the limits of Beauty its province does not extend. Its sole arbiter is Taste. With the Intellect or with the Conscience it has only collateral relations. It has no dependence, unless incidentally, upon either Duty or *Truth*. That our definition will necessarily exclude much of what, through a supine toleration, has been hitherto ranked as poetical, is a matter which affords us not even momentary concern. We address but the thoughtful, and heed only their approval—with our own. If our suggestions are truthful, then "after many days" shall they be understood as truth, even though found in contradiction of *all* that has been hitherto so understood. If false shall we not be the first to bid them die?

We would reject, of course, all such matters as "Armstrong on Health," a revolting production; Pope's "Essay on Man," which may well be content with the title of an "Essay in Rhyme;" "Hudibras" and other merely humorous pieces. We do not gainsay the peculiar merits of either of these latter compositions—but deny them the position held. In a notice, month before last, of Brainard's Poems, we took occasion to show that the common use of a certain instrument, (rhythm) had tended, more than aught else, to confound humorous verse with poetry. The observation is now recalled to corroborate what we have just said in respect to the vast effect or force of melody in itself—an effect which could elevate into even momentary confusion with the highest efforts of mind, compositions such as are the greater number of satires or burlesques.

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Of the poets who have appeared most fully instinct with the principles now developed, we may mention *Keats* as the most remarkable. He is the sole British poet who has never erred in his themes. Beauty is always his aim.

We have thus shown our ground of objection to the general *themes* of Professor Longfellow. In common with all who claim the sacred title of poet, he should limit his endeavors to the creation of novel moods of beauty, in form, in color, in sound, in sentiment; for over all this wide range has the poetry of words dominion. To what the world terms *prose* may be safely and properly left all else. The artist who doubts of his thesis, may always resolve his doubt by the single question—"might not this matter be as well or better handled in *prose?*" If it *may*, then is it no subject for the Muse. In the general acceptation of the term *Beauty* we are content to rest; being careful only to suggest that, in our peculiar views, it must be understood as inclusive of *the sublime*.

Of the pieces which constitute the present volume, there are not more than one or two thoroughly fulfilling the idea above proposed; although the volume as a whole is by no means so chargeable with didacticism as Mr. Longfellow's previous book. We would mention as poems *nearly true*, "The Village Blacksmith;" "The Wreck of the Hesperus" and especially "The Skeleton in Armor." In the first-mentioned we have the *beauty* of simple-mindedness as a genuine thesis; and this thesis is inimitably handled until the concluding stanza, where the spirit of legitimate poesy is aggrieved in the pointed antithetical deduction of a *moral* from what has gone before. In "The Wreck of the Hesperus" we have the *beauty* of child-like confidence and innocence, with that of the father's stern courage and affection. But, with slight exception, those particulars of the storm here detailed are not poetic subjects. Their thrilling *horror* belongs to prose, in which it could be far more effectively discussed, as Professor Longfellow may assure himself at any moment by experiment. There *are* points of a tempest which afford the loftiest and truest poetical themes—points in which pure beauty is found, or, better still, beauty heightened into the sublime, by terror. But when we read, among other similar things, that

> The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
> The salt tears in her eyes,

we feel, if not positive disgust, at least a chilling sense of the inappropriate. In the "Skeleton in Armor" we find a pure and perfect thesis artistically treated. We find the beauty of bold courage and self-confidence, of love and maiden devotion, of reckless adventure, and finally of life-contemning grief. Combined with all this we have numerous *points* of beauty apparently insulated, but all aiding the main effect or impression. The heart is stirred, and the mind does not lament its mal-instruction. The metre is simple, sonorous, well-balanced and fully adapted to the subject. Upon the whole, there are fewer truer poems than this. It has but one defect—an important one. The prose remarks prefacing the narrative are really *necessary*. But every work of art should contain within itself all that is requisite for its own comprehension. And this remark is especially true of the ballad. In poems of magnitude the mind of the reader is not, at all times, enabled to include, in one comprehensive survey, the proportions and proper adjustment of the whole. He is pleased, if at all, with particular passages; and the sum of his pleasure is compounded of the sums of the pleasurable sentiments inspired by these individual passages in the progress of perusal. But, in pieces of less extent, the pleasure is *unique*, in the proper acceptation of this term—the understanding is employed, without difficulty, in the contemplation of the picture *as a whole*; and thus its effect will depend, in great measure, upon the perfection of its finish, upon the nice adaptation of its constituent parts, and especially, upon what is rightly termed by Schlegel *the unity or totality of interest*. But the practice of prefixing explanatory passages is utterly at variance with such unity. By the prefix, we are either put in possession of the subject of the poem; or some hint, historic fact, or suggestion, is thereby afforded, not included in the body of the piece, which, without the hint, is incomprehensible. In the latter case, while perusing the poem, the reader must revert, in mind at least, to the prefix, for the necessary explanation. In the former, the poem being a mere paraphrase of the prefix, the interest is divided between the prefix and the paraphrase. In either instance the totality of effect is destroyed.

Of the other original poems in the volume before us, there is none in which the aim of instruction, or *truth*, has not been too obviously substituted for the legitimate aim, *beauty*. In our last number, we took occasion to say that a didactic moral might be happily made the *under-current* of a poetical theme, and, in "Burton's Magazine," some two years since, we treated this point at length, in a review of Moore's "Alciphron;" but the moral thus conveyed is invariably an ill effect when obtruding beyond the upper current of the thesis itself. Perhaps the worst specimen of this obtrusion is given us by our poet in "Blind Bartimeus" and the "Goblet of Life," where, it will be observed that the *sole* interest of the upper current of meaning depends upon its relation or reference to the under. What we read upon the surface would be *vox et preterea nihil* in default of the moral beneath. The Greek *finales* of "Blind Bartimeus" are an affectation altogether inexcusable. What the small, second-hand, Gibbon-ish pedantry of Byron introduced, is unworthy the imitation of Longfellow.

Of the translations we scarcely think it necessary to speak at all. We regret that our poet will persist in busying himself about such matters. *His* time might be better employed in original conception. Most of these versions are marked with the error upon which we have commented. This error is in fact, essentially Germanic. "The Luck of Edenhall," however, is a truly beautiful poem; and we say this with all that deference which the opinion of the "Democratic Review" demands. This composition appears to us *one of the very finest*. It has all the free, hearty, *obvious* movement of the true ballad-legend. The greatest force of language is combined in it with the richest imagination, acting in its most legitimate province. Upon the whole, we prefer it even to the "Sword-Song" of Körner. The pointed moral with which it terminates is so exceedingly natural—so perfectly fluent from the incidents—that we have hardly heart to pronounce it in ill taste. We may observe of this ballad, in conclusion, that its subject is more *physical* than is usual in Germany. Its images are rich rather in physical than in moral beauty. And this tendency, in Song, is the true one. It is chiefly, if we are not mistaken—it is chiefly amid forms of physical loveliness (we use the word *forms* in its widest sense as embracing modifications of sound and color) that the soul seeks the realization of its dreams of BEAUTY. It is to her demand in this sense especially, that the poet, who is wise, will most frequently and most earnestly respond.

"The Children of the Lord's Supper" is, beyond doubt, a true and most beautiful poem in great part, while, in some particulars, it is too metaphysical to have any pretension to the name. In our last number, we objected, briefly, to its metre—the ordinary Latin or Greek Hexameter—dactyls and spondees at random, with a spondee in conclusion. We maintain that the Hexameter can never be introduced into our language, from the nature of that language itself. This

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rhythm demands, *for English ears*, a preponderance of natural spondees. Our tongue has few. Not only does the Latin and Greek, with the Swedish, and some others, abound in them; but the Greek and Roman ear had become reconciled (why or how is unknown) to the reception of artificial spondees—that is to say, spondaic words formed partly of one word and partly of another, or from an excised part of one word. In short the ancients were content to read *as they scanned*, or nearly so. It may be safely prophesied that we shall never do this; and thus we shall never admit English Hexameters. The attempt to introduce them, after the repeated failures of Sir Philip Sidney, and others, is, perhaps, somewhat discreditable to the scholarship of Professor Longfellow. The "Democratic Review," in saying that he has triumphed over difficulties in this rhythm, has been deceived, it is evident, by the facility with which some of these verses may be read. In glancing over the poem, we do not observe a single verse which can be read, *to English ears, as a Greek Hexameter.* There are many, however, which can be well read as mere English dactylic verses; such, for example, as the well known lines of Byron, commencing

Know ye the | land where the | cypress and | myrtle.

These lines (although full of irregularities) are, in their perfection, formed of three dactyls and a cæsura—just as if we should cut short the initial verse of the Bucolics thus—

Tityre | tu patu | læ recu | bans—

The "myrtle," at the close of Byron's line, is a double rhyme, and must be understood as one syllable.

Now a great number of Professor Longfellow's Hexameters are merely these dactylic lines, *continued for two feet.* For example—

Whispered the | race of the | flowers and | merry on |
balancing | branches.

In this example, also, "branches," which is a double ending, must be regarded as the cæsura, or one syllable, of which alone it has the force.

As we have already alluded, in one or two regards, to a notice of these poems which appeared in the "Democratic Review," we may as well here proceed with some few further comments upon the article in question—with whose general tenor we are happy to agree.

The Review speaks of "Maidenhood" as a poem, "not to be understood but at the expense of more time and trouble than a song can justly claim." We are scarcely less surprised at this opinion from Mr. Langtree than we were at the condemnation of "The Luck of Edenhall."

"Maidenhood" is faulty, it appears to us, only on the score of its theme, which is somewhat didactic. Its *meaning* seems simplicity itself. A maiden on the verge of womanhood, hesitating to enjoy life (for which she has a strong appetite) through a false idea of duty, is bidden to fear nothing, having purity of heart as her lion of Una.

What Mr. Langtree styles "an unfortunate peculiarity" in Mr. Longfellow, resulting from "adherence to a false system" has really been always regarded by us as one of his idiosyncratic merits. "In each poem," says the critic, "he has but *one* idea which, in the progress of his song is gradually unfolded, and at last reaches its full development in the concluding lines; this singleness of thought might lead a harsh critic to suspect intellectual barrenness." It leads us, individually, only to a full sense of the artistical power and knowledge of the poet. We confess that now, for the first time, we hear unity of conception objected to as a defect. But Mr. Langtree seems to have fallen into the singular error of supposing the poet to have absolutely *but one idea* in each of his ballads. Yet how "one idea" can be "gradually unfolded" without other ideas, is, to us, a mystery of mysteries. Mr. Longfellow, very properly, has but one *leading* idea which forms the basis of his poem; but to the aid and development of this one there are innumerable others, of which the rare excellence is, that all are in keeping, that none could be well omitted, that each tends to the one general effect. It is unnecessary to say another word upon this topic.

In speaking of "Excelsior," Mr. Langtree (are we wrong in attributing the notice to his very forcible pen?) seems to labor under some similar misconception. "It carries along with it," says he, "a false moral which greatly diminishes its merit in our eyes. The great merit of a picture, whether made with the pencil or pen, is its *truth;* and this merit does not belong to Mr. Longfellow's sketch. Men of genius may and probably do, meet with greater difficulties in their struggles with the world than their fellow-men who are less highly gifted; but their power of overcoming obstacles is proportionably greater, and the result of their laborious suffering is not death but immortality."

That the chief merit of a picture is its *truth*, is an assertion deplorably erroneous. Even in Painting which is, more essentially than Poetry, a mimetic art, the proposition cannot be sustained. Truth is not even *the aim.* Indeed it is curious to observe how very slight a degree of truth is sufficient to satisfy the mind, which acquiesces in the absence of numerous essentials in the thing depicted. An outline frequently stirs the spirit more pleasantly than the most elaborate picture. We need only refer to the compositions of Flaxman and of Retzch. Here all details are omitted—nothing can be farther from *truth.* Without even color the most thrilling effects are produced. In statues we are rather pleased than disgusted with *the want of the eyeball.* The hair of the Venus de Medicis *was gilded.* Truth indeed! The grapes of Zeuxis as well as the curtain of Parrhasius were received as indisputable evidence of the truthful ability of these artists—but they were not even *classed among their pictures.* If truth is the highest aim of either Painting or Poesy, then Jan Steen was a greater artist than Angelo, and Crabbe is a more noble poet than Milton.

But we have not quoted the observation of Mr. Langtree to deny its philosophy; our design was simply to show that he has misunderstood the poet. "Excelsior" has not even a remote tendency to the interpretation assigned it by the critic. It depicts the *earnest upward impulse of the soul*—an impulse not to be subdued even in Death. Despising danger, resisting pleasure, the youth, bearing the banner inscribed "*Excelsior!*" (higher still!) struggles through all difficulties to an Alpine summit. Warned to be content with the elevation attained, his cry is still "*Excelsior!*" And, even in falling dead on the highest pinnacle, his cry is *still* "*Excelsior!*" There is yet an immortal height to be surmounted—an ascent in Eternity. The poet holds in view the idea of never-ending *progress.* That he is misunderstood is rather the misfortune of Mr. Langtree than the fault of Mr. Longfellow. There is an old adage about the difficulty of one's furnishing an auditor both with matter to be comprehended and brains for its comprehension.

Ideals and other Poems, by Algernon. Henry Perkins: Philadelphia.

Externally, this is a beautiful little volume, in which Mr. Longfellow's "Ballads" just noticed are imitated with close precision. Internally, no two publications could be more

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different. A tripping prettiness, in thought and expression, is all to which the author of "Ideals" may lay claim. There is much poety in his book, but none of a lofty order. The piece which gives name to the volume, is an unimpressive production of two pages and a half. The longest article is a tame translation of a portion of Göthe's "Torquato Tasso." The best, is entitled "Preaching in the Woods," and this would bear comparison at some points with many of our most noted American poems. There are also twelve lines, seemingly intended as a sonnet, and prefacing the book—twelve lines of a sweet and quaint simplicity. The general air of the whole is nevertheless commonplace. It has nothing, except its mechanical execution, to distinguish it from the multitudinous ephemera with which our national poetical press is now groaning.

As regards the minor morals of the Muse, the author is either uninformed or affected. He is especially fond of unusual accents; and this, at least, is a point in which novelty produces no good or admissible effect. He has constantly such words as "accord" and "résource"—utter abominations. He is endeavoring too, and very literally, to render confusion worse confounded by the introduction into poetry of Carlyle's hyper-ridiculous ellisions in prose. Here, for example, where the pronoun "he" is left to be understood:

> Now the fervent preacher rises,
> And his theme is heavenly love,
> *Tells* how once the blessed Saviour
> Left his throne above.

His roughness is frequently reprehensible. We meet every where, or at least far too often, with lines such as this—

> Its clustered stars beneath Spring's footsteps meets

in which the consonants are more sadly clustered than the stars. The poet who would bring uninterruptedly together such letters as t h s p and r, has either no ear at all, or two unusually long ones. The word "footsteps," moreover, should never be used in verse. To read the line quoted, one must mouth like Forrest and hiss like a serpent.

Twice-Told Tales. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. James Monroe & Co.: Boston.

We have always regarded the *Tale* (using this word in its popular acceptation) as affording the best prose opportunity for display of the highest talent. It has peculiar advantages which the novel does not admit. It is, of course, a far finer field than the essay. It has even points of superiority over the poem. An accident has deprived us, this month, of our customary space for review; and thus nipped in the bud a design long cherished of treating this subject in detail; taking Mr. Hawthorne's volumes as a text. In May we shall endeavor to carry out our intention. At present we are forced to be brief.

With rare exception—in the case of Mr. Irving's "Tales of a Traveller" and a few other works of a like cast—we have had no American tales of high merit. We have had no skilful compositions—nothing which could bear examination as works of art. Of twattle called tale-writing we have had, perhaps, more than enough. We have had a superabundance of the Rosa-Matilda effusions—gilt-edged paper all *couleur de rose*: a full allowance of cut-and-thrust blue-blazing melodramaticisms; a nauseating surfeit of low miniature copying of low life, much in the manner, and with about half the merit, of the Dutch herrings and decayed cheeses of Van Tuyssel—of all this, *eheu jam satis!*

Mr. Hawthorne's volumes appear to us misnamed in two respects. In the first place they should not have been called "Twice-Told Tales"—for this is a title which will not bear *repetition*. If in the first collected edition they were twice-told, of course now they are thrice-told.—May we live to hear them told a hundred times! In the second place, these compositions are by no means *all* "Tales." The most of them are essays properly so called. It would have been wise in their author to have modified his title, so as to have had reference to all included. This point could have been easily arranged.

But under whatever titular blunders we receive this book, it is most cordially welcome. We have seen no prose composition by any American which can compare with *some* of these articles in the higher merits, or indeed in the lower; while there is not a single piece which would do dishonor to the best of the British essayists.

"The Rill from the Town Pump" which, through the *ad captandum* nature of its title, has attracted more of public notice than any one other of Mr. Hawthorne's compositions, is perhaps, the *least* meritorious. Among his best, we may briefly mention "The Hollow of the Three Hills;" "The Minister's Black Veil;" "Wakefield;" "Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe;" "Fancy's Show-Box;" "Dr Heidegger's Experiment;" "David Swan;" "The Wedding Knell;" and "The White Old Maid." It is remarkable that all these, with one exception, are from the first volume.

The style of Mr. Hawthorne is purity itself. His tone is singularly effective—wild, plaintive, thoughtful, and in full accordance with his themes. We have only to object that there is insufficient diversity in these themes themselves, or rather in their character. His *originality* both of incident and of reflection is very remarkable; and this trait alone would ensure him at least *our* warmest regard and commendation. We speak here chiefly of the tales; the essays are not so markedly novel. Upon the whole we look upon him as one of the few men of indisputable genius to whom our country has as yet given birth. As such, it will be our delight to do him honor; and lest, in these undigested and cursory remarks, without proof and without explanation, we should appear to do him *more* honor than is his due, we postpone all further comment until a more favorable opportunity.

A Translation of Jacobs' Greek Reader, (adapted to all the editions printed in America) for the use of Schools, Academies, Colleges, and Private Learners; with Copious Notes, Critical and Explanatory: illustrated with numerous Parallel Passages and Apposite Quotations from the Greek, Latin, French, English, Spanish, and Italian Languages: and a Complete Parsing Index; Elucidated by References to the most Popular Greek Grammars Extant: By Patrick S. Casserly, author of "A New Literal Translation of Longinus" &c. W. E. Dean: New York

We give this title in full, as affording the best possible idea of the character of the work. Nothing is left for us to say, except that we highly approve the use of literal translations. In spite of all care, these *will* be employed by students, and thus it is surely an object to furnish reputable versions. Mr. Casserly is, perhaps, chargeable with inflation and Johnsonism as regards his own style—a defect from which we have never known one of his profession free. The merit of his translations, however, is unquestionable.

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CENTRE HARBOUR.

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The Polish Mother.

Engraved expressly for Graham's Magazine.

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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THE BRIDE.

Ros. Ah, sir, a body would think she was well counterfeited.

"THE earl is out, sir—and so is Lord William;" said the obsequious lacquey, as I was ushered into Fairlie Hall, "will you amuse yourself in the library until dinner, or take a stroll in the park? You will probably meet with some of the family about the grounds."

Such was the salutation that greeted me on alighting at the princely mansion of the earl of Fairlie, whither I had come at the invitation of his only son—one of my inseparable friends at Oxford. The visit had been promised for more than two years; and I was actuated to it, not only by the desire of spending the vacation with my friend, but by a lurking wish to behold the Lady Katharine, his only sister, whose beauty I had heard extolled by a hundred lips. So I had given up a contemplated run to the continent and come down to Fairlie Hall.

After changing my dress and gazing from the windows of my chamber, I began to feel ennuied and descending the ample staircase I determined on a stroll into the magnificent park, which surrounded the hall for some miles on every hand. My walk led me by a wild woodland path into one of the most romantic recesses of the forest. Naturally of a dreamy cast of mind, I walked on in a sort of reverie, until I was suddenly recalled to my more sober senses by coming in front of a little summer house, perched airily on a rock, and overlooking a mimic waterfall. Feeling somewhat fatigued with my day's travel, I walked in and sat down. There was little furniture in the room, but on a table in the centre, lay a copy of Spencer, as if some one had lately been there. Picking up my favorite poet I began reading, but whether the interminable allegory exercised a drowsy influence over me, or whether it was the sharp morning air in which I had been riding that affected me, I cannot say, but in a few minutes I fell into a light doze, such a one as while it gives a dreamy character to our thoughts, or lulls them altogether into repose, never assumes wholly the character of sleep, and is dissipated by the slightest noise. Mine was soon broken, by a quick light step on the greensward without, and a musical female voice singing a gay ditty. Starting up I beheld an apparition standing in the door of the summer house, whose exceeding loveliness I was doubtful, for a moment, whether to refer to earth or heaven.

This apparition bore the form of a young lady apparently about eighteen, of a tall shapely figure, attired in a light summer dress—the sleeves of which, being looped up at the shoulders, revealed a pair of exquisitely rounded arms which might have vied with those of the fabled Euphrosyne. Her dress came low down towards the bust, displaying the full charms of her unrivalled shoulders and all the graceful swelling of her snowy and swan-like neck. Her face was of the true oval shape, and on either side of it flowed down her luxuriant auburn ringlets. The features, without being regular, formed a combination of surpassing beauty. The delicately arched eye-brows; the finely chiselled nose; the small round chin; the rich lips whose luxuriance rivalled that of the full blown rose; and the smooth pearly cheek, through which the vermeil blood might be seen wandering in ten thousand tiny veins—so transparent was the hue of the skin—united to form a countenance which would have been beautiful, even without the constantly changing expression which gave animation to each feature. The appearance of this wondrously lovely being, just as I awoke from the half dreamy sleep I have described, in which the visions of the poet and the sound of the waterfall had contributed to fill my mind with fantastic images, made me doubt, for a moment, whether the heavenly Una herself or one of her attendant nymphs had not emerged on my dreaming vision. But the changing expressing of her features soon convinced me that she was no airy visitant. At first a look of surprise darted over her fine countenance, and she retreated a step backwards, while the blood mantled her cheek, brow, and bosom, and even tinged the ends of her delicate fingers. In an instant, however, she regained her composure. No so myself. I had been equally startled, but was longer in recover-

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ing my ease. A silence of a minute thus occurred, during which we stood awkwardly regarding each other, but at length the ludicrousness of the scene striking the fancy of the fair apparition, she burst into a merry laugh, in which, despite my wounded vanity, I was forced to follow her. She had now fully recovered from her momentary embarrassment and advancing said,

"Mr. Stanhope I presume, for we have been expecting you for some days." I bowed. "I see I must introduce myself. The Lady Katharine, daughter of the Earl of Fairlie."

This then was the Lady Katharine of whom I had heard so much! There was somthing in the gaiety and originality of the address that pleased me, while at the same time it increased my embarrassment. I bowed again and was about to reply, but in bowing I inadvertantly made a step backwards, and trod on a pet greyhound, which accompanied this wilful creature. The animal with a cry sought shelter by its mistress' side, who, by this time, had sunk into one of the seats.

"Poor Lama," she said petting him, "you must be careful how you get in the way of a bashful gallant again," and then, turning to me, she said in a tone of gay raillery. "Ah, Mr. Stanhope, you Oxford gentlemen, knowing as you are in history, Greek, and Latin, are all alike awkward at a bow—at least William is so, and his particular friend of whom I have heard so much, and of whom I really hoped otherwise, is no better."

There was much in this galling to my vanity, but it carried with it some alleviation. I had then been the subject of conversation with this fair being, and she had thought favorably of me. This idea did much to restore me to the use of my tongue, which otherwise would have been gone forever, under the merciless raillery of the Lady Katharine. Besides I saw that I was losing ground with my fair companion, and that it was necessary to call some assurance to my aid. I rallied therefore and replied:

"Let me not be condemned without trial. Lady Katharine may yet soften her sentence—or at least in the court of fashion over which she is queen, I may have a chance of improvement."

There was a tone of easy badinage in this, so different from what she had been led to expect from my former embarrassment, that the lady looked up in unaffected surprise.

"Very well, I declare—you improve on acquaintance. Why you have almost earned for yourself the favor of being my knight homewards—quite indeed, only that you have lamed my poor Lama. So I must even leave you to Spencer, which I see you have been reading, and depart. We will meet at dinner and I will see by that time if you have improved in your bows.

"Not so, fair lady," said I, "Spencer would never forgive me, and I would indeed be unworthy to be called true knight, if I permitted damsel to brave the perils of this enchanted forest alone." And I started forward to accompany her.

She looked at me a minute dubiously, as if puzzled what to make of my character, as she said:

"I pardon you, for this once, and allow you to accompany me. We shall," she continued, looking at her watch, "have scarcely time to reach the hall before the dinner bell will sound." And with the words, off she tripped, with a bound as free as that of her agile greyhound. I followed, determined not to be outdone, but to maintain the gay rattling tone I had assumed, as the only one fitted to cope with this wilful creature. I had so far succeeded that when we parted at the hall to dress for dinner, I really believe she would have been puzzled to say what part of my conversation had been serious or what not. She must have been completely in the dark as to my real sentiments on any one of the many subjects we had discussed. Indeed she admitted as much to me at dinner, where I managed to secure a place beside her.

"You are a perfect puzzle—do you know it, Mr. Stanhope? At least I have not yet decided what to think of you. At first I set you down for the most bashful young man I had ever seen, and now you seem as if nothing could intimidate you. Why, when pa was introduced to you, you talked politics with him as if you had known him for years, and three minutes after you were discussing the fashions with little Miss Mowbray, as if you had been a man-milliner all your life. I scarcely know whether to think you a cameleon, or attribute your wit to the champaigne."

"Neither, Lady Katharine, while a better reason may be found nearer home."

"Ah! that wasn't so badly said, although a little too plain. We ladies like flattery well enough, but then it must be disguised."

"And it would be almost impossible to flatter you!—is that it?"

"You puzzle me to tell, I declare, whether that is a compliment or otherwise—but see, pa is waiting to drink champaigne with you."

In such gay conversation passed the dinner and evening; and when I retired for the night it was with the consciousness that I was in a fair way to fall in love with the Lady Katharine. I lay awake for some two hours, thinking of all I had said and of her replies; and I came to the conclusion that she was, beyond measure not only the loveliest but the most fascinating of her sex.

I had been among the first of the numerous guests to arrive; but the remainder followed so close after me that in a few days the whole company had assembled. It was an unusually gay party. The morning was generally spent by the gentlemen in shooting among the preserves, leaving the ladies to their indoor recreations or a ride around the park. On these rides the gentlemen sometimes accompanied them. Lady Katharine was always the star of the party; it was around her our sex gathered. But, fascinating as I felt her to be I was, of all the beaux, the most seldom found at her bridle rein; and perhaps this comparatively distant air was the most effectual means I could have taken to forward my

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suit. At least I fancied more than once that I piqued the Lady Katharine.

We still kept up the tone of badinage with which our acquaintance had commenced. There was a playful wit about the Lady Katharine which was irresistable; and I flattered myself that she was pleased with my conversation, perhaps because it was different from that of her suitors in general. But whether her liking for me extended further than to my qualities as a drawing room companion I was unable to tell. If I strove to hide my love from her, she was equally successful in concealing her feelings whatever they might be. Yet she gave me the credit of being a keen observer.

"You take more notice of little things than any one of your sex I ever saw," she said to me one evening. "The ladies have a way of reading one's sentiments by trifles, which your sex generally deem beneath its notice. But you! one would almost fear your finding out all one thinks."

"Oh: not at all," said I. "At any rate, if your sex are such keen observers they are also apt at concealment. What lady that has not striven to hide from her lover that she returned his passion, at least until he has proposed, and that even though aware how wholly he adores her? We all alike play a part."

"Shame, shame, Mr. Stanhope! Would you have us surrender our only protection, by betraying our sentiments too soon? And then to say that we all play a part, as if hypocrisy—in little things, it is true, but still *hypocrisy*—was an every-day affair. You make me ashamed of human nature. You really cannot believe what you say!"

This was spoken with a warmth that convinced me the words were from the heart. I felt that however flippant the Lady Katharine might be to the vain and empty suitors that usually thronged around her, she had a heart—a warm, true, woman's heart—a heart that beat with noble emotions and was susceptible to all the finer feelings of love. I would have replied, but at this instant the Duke of Chovers approached and requested the honor of waltzing with her.

The Duke of Chovers was a young man of about five and twenty. The calibre of his mind was that of fashionable men in general; but then he enjoyed a splendid fortune and wore the ducal coronet. He was confessedly the best match of the season. The charms of the Lady Katharine had been the first to divert his mind from his dress and horses. It was whispered that a union was already arranged betwixt him and my fair companion. As if to confirm this rumor, he always took his place by her bridle-rein. The worldly advantages of such a connexion were unanswerable; and I had been tortured by uneasy fears ever since I heard the rumor. Now was a fair opportunity to learn the truth. I had heard the Lady Katharine jestingly say a few days before, in describing a late ball, that she refused to waltz with Lord ——— because she thought him unmarried, and that when she discovered her mistake she was piqued at herself for losing the handsomest partner in the room. The remark was made jestingly and casually, and was by this time forgotten by her. But I still remembered it. Yet I knew that if she was betrothed to him she would accept his offer. How my heart thrilled, therefore, when I heard her decline it! His grace walked away unable to conceal his mortification.

"You should not be so hard-hearted," said I, "although the duke ought have known that you waltz with none of the proscribed race of bachelors."

She looked at me in unaffected surprise.

"How did you discover that?" she said. "We have had no waltzing since you came," and then, reflecting that these hasty words had confirmed my bold assertion, she blushed to the very brow and looked for a moment confused.

Our conversation was interrupted by her brother and one or two new acquaintances who had driven home with him. I soon sauntered away. My deductions respecting her and the duke were shaken, I confess, before the evening was over, by seeing them sitting *tête-à-tête*, by one of the casements, while the guests avoided them, as if by that tacit agreement under which lovers are left to themselves.

The attentions of his grace became daily more marked, and there was an evident embarrassment of manner in the Lady Katharine under them. A month slipped away meanwhile, and the time when the company was to break up drew near.

We were out on a ride one morning, and the duke, as usual, had established himself at her bridle-rein, when, in cantering along the brow of a somewhat precipitous hill, overlooking the country for miles around, the horse of the Lady Katharine took fright, from some cause, and dashed towards the edge of a precipice that sank sheer down for nearly a hundred feet. The precipice was several hundred yards to the right, but the pace at which the frighted steed went, threatened soon to bring him up with it, while the efforts of the rider to alter his course appeared to be unavailing. Our party was paralyzed, and his grace particulary so. I alone retained my presence of mind. Driving my spurs deep into the flanks of my steed, I plunged forward at full gallop, amid the shrieks of the females and the warnings of the gentlemen of the party. But I knew I could trust my gallant hunter. The Lady Katharine heard my horse's hoofs, and turned around. Never shall I forget her pleading look. I dashed my rowels again into Arab, for only a few paces yet remained betwixt the Lady Katharine's frightened animal and the edge of the precipice. One more leap and all would have been over; but luckily at that instant I came head and head with her furious steed, and catching him by the bridle, I swung him around with a superhuman strength. But I was only partially successful. The animal plunged and snorted, and nearly jerked me from the saddle.

"For God's sake dismount, my dear Lady Katharine, as well as you can, or all is over."

The daring girl hesitated no more, but seizing a favorable instant when the animal, though trembling all over, stood nearly still, she leaped to the earth.

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The next instant her steed plunged more wildly than ever, and seeing that she was safe I let go the bridle. He snorted, dashed forward and went headlong over the precipice. In an instant I had dismounted and was by the Lady Katharine's side. I was just in time to catch her in my arms as she fainted away. Before she recovered, the landau, with the rest of the party, came up. I saw her in the hands of her mother, and then giving reins to Arab, under pretence of sending medical aid, but in reality to escape the gratulations of the company, I dashed off.

When I entered the drawing-room before dinner, there was no one in the apartment but the Lady Katharine. She looked pale, but on recognizing me, a deep blush suffused her cheek and brow, while her eye lit up for the instant, with an expression of dewy tenderness that made every vein in my body thrill. But these traces of emotion passed as rapidly as they came, leaving her manner as it usually was, only that there was an unnatural restraint about it, as if her feelings of gratitude were struggling with others of a different character. She rose, however, and extended her hand. There was nothing of its usual light tone in her voice, but an expression of deep seriousness, perhaps emotion, as she said,

"How shall I ever thank you sufficiently, Mr. Stanhope, for saving my life?" and that same dewy tenderness again shone from her eyes.

"By never alluding, my dear Lady Katharine, to this day's occurrence. I have only done what every other gentleman would have done."

She sighed. Was she thinking of the tardiness of the duke? I thought so, and sighed too. She looked up suddenly, with her large full eyes fixed on me, as if she would read my very soul; while a deep roseate blush suffused her face and crimsoned even her shoulders and bosom. There was something in that look that changed the whole current of my convictions, and bid me hope. In the impulse of the moment, I took her hand. Again that conscious blush rushed over her cheek and bosom; but this time her eyes sought the ground. My brain reeled. At length I found words, and, in burning language poured forth my hopes and fears, and told the tale of my love. I ceased; her bosom heaved wildly, but she did not answer. I still knelt at her feet. At length she said,

"Rise."

There was something in the tone, rather than in the word, which assured me I was beloved. If I needed further confirmation of this it was given in the look of confiding tenderness with which she gazed an instant on me, and then averted her eyes tremblingly. I stole my arm around her, and drew her gently toward me. In a moment she looked up again half reproachfully, and gently disengaged herself from my embrace.

"We have been playing a part, dear Lady Katharine!" said I, still retaining her hand.

A gay smile, for the instant, shot over her face, but was lost as quickly in the tenderness which was now its prevailing expression, as she said.

"I'm afraid we have! But now, Henry, *dear* Henry, let me steal away, for one moment, before they descend to dinner."

I restrained her only to press my first kiss on her odorous lips, and then she darted from the room, leaving me in a tumult of feelings I cannot attempt to describe.

The duke had never been the Lady Katharine's choice, and she had only waited for him to propose in form to herself personally, to give him a decided refusal. Although I was but the heir of a commoner—of a wealthy and ancient family it is true; and he was the possessor of a dukedom, she had loved me, as I had loved her, from the first moment we had met. The duke had been backed by her parents, but when we both waited on them, and told them that our happiness depended on their consent, they sacrificed rank to the peace of their daughter, and gave it without reluctance. Before winter came the Lady Katharine was my BRIDE.

J. H. D.

CENTRE HARBOR, N. H.

THIS town is situated on one of the three bays jutting out at the north-western extremity of Lake Winnipiseogee—a sheet of water situated near the centre of New Hampshire, and celebrated for its picturesque beauty. The lake is diversified with innumerable islands and promontories. It is seen, perhaps, to the best advantage from Red Hill, whence a magic landscape of hill, island and water stretches far away beneath the beholder's feet. The name of Winnipiseogee signifies in the Indian language "the beautiful lake."

The view from Centre Harbor has always won the admiration of tourists, there being a quiet beauty about it which few can resist. The best view is from the highlands back of the town. The place itself is small, and lies immediately beneath the gazer's feet; but the lake, diversified with its green islands, and shut in by its rolling hills, instantly arrests the eye. In the quiet of a summer noon, or under a clear moonlit sky, there is a depth of repose brooding over the scene which seems akin to magic.

The lake is, in some places, unfathomable, but abounds with fish. At present it boasts little navigation, for the comparatively thinly scattered population on its borders has not yet ruffled its quiet waters with the keels of commerce. It is yet protected from the ravages of utilitarianism; and the lover of the picturesque will pray that it may long continue so.

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THE MASK OF THE RED DEATH.

A FANTASY.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

The "Red Death" had long devastated the country. No pestilence had been ever so fatal, or so hideous. Blood was its Avator and its seal—the redness and the horror of blood. There were sharp pains, and sudden dizziness, and then profuse bleedings at the pores, with dissolution. The scarlet stains upon the body and especially upon the face of the victim, were the pest-ban which shut him out from the aid and from the sympathy of his fellow-men. And the whole seizure, progress and termination of the disease were the incidents of half an hour.

But the Prince Prospero was happy and dauntless, and sagacious. When his dominions were half depopulated, he summoned to his presence a thousand hale and light-hearted friends from among the knights and dames of his court, and with these retired to the deep seclusion of one of his castellated abbeys. This was an extensive and magnificent structure, the creation of the prince's own eccentric yet august taste. A strong and lofty wall girdled it in. This wall had gates of iron. The courtiers, having entered, brought furnaces and massy hammers and welded the bolts. They resolved to leave means neither of ingress or egress to the sudden impulses of despair from without or of frenzy from within. The abbey was amply provisioned. With such precautions the courtiers might bid defiance to contagion. The external world could take care of itself. In the meantime it was folly to grieve, or to think. The prince had provided all the appliances of pleasure. There were buffoons, there were improvisatori, there were ballet-dancers, there were musicians, there were cards, there was Beauty, there was wine. All these and security were within. Without was the "Red Death."

It was towards the close of the fifth or sixth month of his seclusion, and while the pestilence raged most furiously abroad, that the Prince Prospero entertained his thousand friends at a masked ball of the most unusual magnificence. It was a voluptuous scene that masquerade.

But first let me tell of the rooms in which it was held. There were seven—an imperial suite. In many palaces, however, such suites form a long and straight vista, while the folding doors slide back nearly to the walls on either hand, so that the view of the whole extent is scarcely impeded. Here the case was very different; as might have been expected from the duke's love of the *bizarre*. The apartments were so irregularly disposed that the vision embraced but little more than one at a time. There was a sharp turn at every twenty or thirty yards, and at each turn a novel effect. To the right and left, in the middle of each wall, a tall and narrow Gothic window looked out upon a closed corridor which pursued the windings of the suite. These windows were of stained glass whose color varied in accordance with the prevailing hue of the decorations of the chamber into which it opened. That at the eastern extremity was hung, for example, in blue—and vividly blue were its windows. The second chamber was purple in its ornaments and tapestries, and here the panes were purple. The third was green throughout, and so were the casements. The fourth was furnished and litten with orange—the fifth with white—the sixth with violet. The seventh apartment was closely shrouded in black velvet tapestries that hung all over the ceiling and down the walls, falling in heavy folds upon a carpet of the same material and hue. But, in this chamber only, the color of the windows failed to correspond with the decorations. The panes here were scarlet—a deep blood color. Now in no one of the seven apartments was there any lamp or candelabrum, amid the profusion of golden ornaments that lay scattered to and fro or depended from the roof. There was no light of any kind emanating from lamp or candle within the suite of chambers. But in the corridors that followed the suite, there stood, opposite to each window, a heavy tripod, bearing a brasier of fire that projected its rays through the tinted glass and so glaringly illumined the room. And thus were produced a multitude of gaudy and fantastic appearances. But in the western or black chamber the effect of the fire-light that streamed upon the dark hangings through the blood-tinted panes, was ghastly in the extreme, and produced so wild a look upon the countenances of those who entered, that there were few of the company bold enough to set foot within its precincts at all.

It was in this apartment, also, that there stood against the western wall, a gigantic clock of ebony. Its pendulum swung to and fro with a dull, heavy, monotonous clang; and when its minute-hand made the

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circuit of the face, and the hour was to be stricken, there came forth from the brazen lungs of the clock a sound which was clear and loud and deep and exceedingly musical, but of so peculiar a note and emphasis that, at each lapse of an hour, the musicians in the orchestra were constrained to pause, momently, in their performance, to hearken to the sound; and thus the waltzers perforce ceased their evolutions; and there was a brief disconcert of the whole gay company; and, while the chimes of the clock yet rang, it was observed that the giddiest grew pale, and that the more aged and sedate passed their hands over their brows as if in confused reverie or meditation. But when the echoes had fully ceased, a light laughter at once pervaded the assembly; the musicians looked at each other and smiled as if at their own nervousness and folly, and made whispering vows, each to the other, that the next chiming of the clock should produce in them no similar emotion; and then, after the lapse of sixty minutes, (which embrace three thousand and six hundred seconds of the Time that flies,) there came yet another chiming of the clock, and then there were the same disconcert and tremulousness and meditation as before.

But, in spite of these things, it was a gay and magnificent revel. The tastes of the duke were peculiar. He had a fine eye for colors and effects. He disregarded the *decora* of mere fashion. His plans were bold and fiery, and his conceptions glowed with barbaric lustre. There are some who would have thought him mad. His followers felt that he was not. It was necessary to hear and see and touch him to be *sure* that he was not.

He had directed, in great part, the moveable embellishments of the seven chambers, upon occasion of this great *fête*, and it was his own guiding taste which had given character to the costumes of the masqueraders. Be sure they were grotesque. There were much glare and glitter and piquancy and phantasm—much of what has been since seen in "Hernani." There were arabesque figures with unsuited limbs and appointments. There were delirious fancies such as the madman fashions. There was much of the beautiful, much of the wanton, much of the *bizarre*, something of the terrible, and not a little of that which might have excited disgust. To and fro in the seven chambers there stalked, in fact, a multitude of dreams. And these, the dreams—writhed in and about, taking hue from the rooms, and causing the wild music of the orchestra to seem as the echo of their steps. And, anon, there strikes the ebony clock which stands in the hall of the velvet. And then, momently, all is still, and all is silent save the voice of the clock. The dreams are stiff-frozen as they stand. But the echoes of the chime die away—they have endured but an instant—and a light, half-subdued laughter floats after them as they depart. And now again the music swells, and the dreams live, and writhe to and fro more merrily than ever, taking hue from the many-tinted windows through which stream the rays from the tripods. But to the chamber which lies most westwardly of the seven there are now none of the maskers who venture; for the night is waning away; and there flows a ruddier light through the blood-colored panes; and the blackness of the sable drapery appals; and to him whose foot falls upon the sable carpet, there comes from the near clock of ebony a muffled peal more solemnly emphatic than any which reaches *their* ears who indulge in the more remote gaieties of the other apartments.

But these other apartments were densely crowded, and in them beat feverishly the heart of life. And the revel went whirlingly on, until at length was sounded the twelfth hour upon the clock. And then the music ceased, as I have told; and the evolutions of the waltzers were quieted; and there was an uneasy cessation of all things as before. But now there were twelve strokes to be sounded by the bell of the clock; and thus it happened, perhaps, that more of thought crept, with more of time, into the meditations of the thoughtful among those who revelled. And thus, again, it happened, perhaps, that before the last echoes of the last chime had utterly sunk into silence, there were many individuals in the crowd who had found leisure to become aware of the presence of a masked figure which had arrested the attention of no single individual before. And the rumor of this new presence having spread itself whisperingly around, there arose at length from the whole company a buzz, or murmur, expressive at first of disapprobation and surprise—then, finally, of terror, of horror, and of disgust.

In an assembly of phantasms such as I have painted, it may well be supposed that no ordinary appearance could have excited such sensation. In truth the masquerade license of the night was nearly unlimited; but the figure in question had out-Heroded Herod, and gone beyond the bounds of even the prince's indefinite decorum. There are chords in the hearts of the most reckless which cannot be touched without emotion. Even with the utterly lost, to whom life and death are equally jests, there *are* matters of which no jest can be properly made. The whole company, indeed, seemed now deeply to feel that in the costume and bearing of the stranger neither wit nor propriety existed. The figure was tall and gaunt, and shrouded from head to foot in the habiliments of the grave. The mask which concealed the visage was made so nearly to resemble the countenance of a stiffened corpse that the closest scrutiny must have had difficulty in detecting the cheat. And yet all this might have been endured, if not approved, by the mad revellers around. But the mummer had gone so far as to assume the type of the Red Death. His vesture was dabbled in *blood*—and his broad brow, with all the features of the face, was besprinkled with the scarlet horror.

When the eyes of the Prince Prospero fell upon this spectral image (which with a slow and solemn movement, as if more fully to sustain its *rôle*, stalked to and fro among the waltzers) he was seen to be convulsed, in the first moment, with a strong shudder either of terror or distaste; but, in the next, his brow reddened with rage.

"Who dares?" he demanded hoarsely of the

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group that stood around him, "who dares thus to make mockery of our woes? Uncase the varlet that we may know whom we have to hang to-morrow at sunrise from the battlements. Will no one stir at my bidding?—stop him and strip him, I say, of those reddened vestures of sacrilege!"

It was in the eastern or blue chamber in which stood the Prince Prospero as he uttered these words. They rang throughout the seven rooms loudly and clearly—for the prince was a bold and robust man, and the music had become hushed at the waving of his hand.

It was in the blue room where stood the prince, with a group of pale courtiers by his side. At first, as he spoke, there was a slight rushing movement of this group in the direction of the intruder, who at the moment was also near at hand, and now, with deliberate and stately step, made closer approach to the speaker. But from a certain nameless awe with which the mad assumptions of the mummer had inspired the whole party, there were found none who put forth hand to seize him; so that, unimpeded, he passed within a yard of the prince's person; and, while the vast assembly, as if with one impulse, shrank from the centres of the rooms to the walls, he made his way uninterruptedly, but with the same solemn and measured step which had distinguished him from the first, through the blue chamber to the purple—through the purple to the green—through the green to the orange,—through this again to the white—and even thence to the violet, ere a decided movement had been made to arrest him. It was then, however, that the Prince Prospero, maddening with rage and the shame of his own momentary cowardice, rushed hurriedly through the six chambers—while none followed him on account of a deadly terror that had seized upon all. He bore aloft a drawn dagger, and had approached, in rapid impetuosity, to within three or four feet of the retreating figure, when the latter, having attained the extremity of the velvet apartment, turned suddenly round and confronted his pursuer. There was a sharp cry—and the dagger dropped gleaming upon the sable carpet, upon which instantly afterwards, fell prostrate in death the Prince Prospero. Then, summoning the wild courage of despair, a throng of the revellers at once threw themselves into the black apartment, and, seizing the mummer, whose tall figure stood erect and motionless within the shadow of the ebony clock, gasped in unutterable horror at finding the grave-cerements and corpse-like mask which they handled with so violent a rudeness, untenanted by any tangible form.

And now was acknowledged the presence of the Red Death. He had come like a thief in the night. And one by one dropped the revellers in the blood-bedewed halls of their revel, and died each in the despairing posture of his fall. And the life of the ebony clock went out with that of the last of the gay. And the flames of the tripods expired. And Darkness and Decay and the Red Death held illimitable dominion over all.

SPRING'S ADVENT.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

From Winter into Spring the Year has passed
As calm and noiseless as the snow and dew—
The pearls and diamonds which adorn his robes—
Melt in the morning, when the solar beam
Touches the foliage like a glittering wand.
Blue is the sky above, the wave below;
Slow through the ether glide transparent clouds
Just wafted by the breeze, as on the sea
White sails are borne in graceful ease along.
Lifting its green spears through the hardened ground
The grass is seen; though yet no verdant shields,
United over head in one bright roof,—
Like that which rose above the serried ranks
Of Roman legions in the battle plain—
Defend it from assailing sun and shower.
In guarded spots alone young buds expand,
Nor yet on slopes along the Southward sides
Of gentle mountains have the flowers unveiled
Their maiden blushes to the eyes of Day.
It is the season when Fruition fails
To smile on Hope, who, lover-like, attends
Long-promised joys and distant, dear delights.
It is the season when the heart awakes
As from deep slumber, and, alive to all
The soft, sweet feelings that from lovely forms
Like odors float, receives them to itself
And fondly garners with a miser's care,
Lest in the busy intercourse of life,
They, like untended roses, should retain
No fragrant freshness and no dewy bloom.

To me the coming of the Spring is dear
As to the sailor the first wind from land
When, after some long voyage, he descries
The far, faint outline of his native coast.
Rocked by the wave, when grandly rose the gale,
He thought how peaceful was the calm on shore.
Rocked by the wave, when died the gale away,
He dreamed of quiet he should find at home.
So, when I heard the Wintry storm abroad,
So, when upon my window beat the rain,
Or when I felt the piercing, arrowy frost,
Or, looking forth, beheld the frequent snow,
Falling as mutely as the steps of Time,
I longed for thy glad advent, and resigned
My spirit to the gloom that Nature wore,
In contemplation of the laughing hours
That follow in thy train, delicious Spring!

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PROCRASTINATION.

BY MRS. M. H. PARSONS.

"To-MORROW, I will do it to-morrow," was the curse of Lucy Clifton's life. When a child, she always had it in view to make such charming little dresses —to-morrow. When girlhood came her lessons were never perfect,—"only excuse me this once mamma, and I will never put off my lessons again!" The pleader was lovely, and engaging, mamma was weakly indulgent; Lucy was forgiven and the fault grew apace, until she rarely did any thing to-day, that could be put off till to-morrow. She was a wife, and the mother of two children, at the period our story commences.

With a cultivated mind, most engaging manners, and great beauty of form, and features, Lucy had already lost all influence over the mind of her husband, and was fast losing her hold on his affections. She had been married when quite young, as so many American girls unfortunately are, and with a character scarcely formed, had been thrown into situations of emergency and trial she was very unprepared to encounter. Her husband was a physician, had been but a year or two in practice, at the time of their marriage. William Clifton was a young man of fine abilities, and most excellent character; of quick temper, and impatient, he was ever generous, and ready to acknowledge his fault. When he married Lucy, he thought her as near perfection as it was possible for a woman to be; proportionate was his disappointment, at finding the evil habit of procrastination, almost inherent in her nature from long indulgence, threatening to overturn the whole fabric of domestic happiness his fancy had delighted to rear. There was no order in his household, no comfort by his fireside; and oftimes when irritated to bitter anger, words escaped the husband, that fell crushingly on the warm, affectionate heart of the wife. The evil habit of procrastination had "grown with her growth" no parental hand, kind in its severity, had lopped off the excrescence, that now threatened to destroy her peace, that shadowed by its evil consequences her otherwise fair and beautiful character. In Lucy's sphere of life there was necessity for much self-exertion, and active superintendance over the affairs of her household. They lived retired; economy and good management were essential to render the limited income Doctor Clifton derived from his practice fully adequate to their support—that income was steadily on the increase, and his friends deemed the day not far distant, when he would rise to eminence in his profession. Lucy's father, a man of considerable wealth, but large family, had purchased a house, furnished it, and presented it to Lucy; she was quite willing to limit her visiting circle to a few friends, as best suited with their present means. Surely William Clifton was not unreasonable, when he looked forward to a life of domestic happiness, with his young and tenderly nurtured bride. He could not know that her many bright excelling virtues of character would be dimmed, by the growth of the *one fault*, until a shadow lay on the pathway of his daily life. If *mothers* could lift the dim curtain of the future, and read the destiny of their children, they would see neglected faults, piercing like sharp adders the bosoms that bore them, and reproach mingling with the agony, that she, who had moulded their young minds, had not done her work aright!

It was four years after their marriage, Doctor Clifton entered the nursery hurriedly.

"Lucy my dear, will you have my things in order by twelve o'clock? I must leave home for two days, perhaps longer, if I find the patient I am called to see very ill."

"Yes, yes! I will see to them. What shall I do with the child, William, he is so very fretful? How I wish I had given him the medicine yesterday; he is very troublesome!"

"If you think he needs it, give it to him at once;" said her husband abruptly, "and don't I beg Lucy forget my clothes." He left the room, and Lucy tried to hush baby to sleep, but baby would not go, then the nurse girl who assisted her could not keep him quiet, and the mother, as she had often been before, became bewildered, and at a loss what to do first.

"If you please ma'am what am I to get for dinner?" said the cook, the only servant they kept in the kitchen, putting her head in at the door, and looking round with a half smile, on the littered room, and squalling baby.

"Directly, I shall be down directly Betty, I must first get baby to sleep."

"Very well ma'am," was the reply, and going down an hour afterwards, Mrs. Clifton found Betty with her feet stretched out and her arms folded one over the other, comfortably seated before an open window, intent in watching, and enjoying the movements of every passer-by.

"Betty, Betty!" said her mistress angrily, "have you nothing to do, that you sit so idly here?"

"I waited for orders, ma'am." Dinner was an hour back, Lucy assisted for a short time herself, and then went up stairs to arrange Clifton's clothes. Baby was screaming terribly, and Lucy half terrified did *yesterday's* work, by giving him a dose of medicine. So the morning sped on. Clifton came in at the appointed time.

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"Are my clothes in readiness, Lucy?"

She colored with vexation, and shame. "The baby has been very cross; I have not indeed had time. But I will go now." Clifton went down to his solitary dinner, and when he returned found Lucy busy with her needle; it was evident even to his unskilled eye there was much to be done.

"It is impossible to wait. Give me the things as they are; I am so accustomed to wearing my shirts without buttons, and my stockings with holes in, that I shall find it nothing new—nor more annoying than I daily endure." He threw the things carelessly into his carpet-bag, and left the room, nor did he say one kindly word in farewell, or affection. It was this giving away to violent anger, and using harsh language to his wife that had broken her spirit, almost her heart. She never even thought of reforming herself; she grieved bitterly, but hopelessly. Surely it is better when man and wife are joined together by the tie that "no man may put asunder," to strive seriously, and in affection to correct one another's faults. There is scarcely any defect of character, that a husband, by taking the right method may not cure; always providing his wife is not unprincipled. But he must be very patient; bear for a season; add to judicious counsel much tenderness and affection; making it clear to her mind that love for herself and solicitude for their mutual happiness are the objects in view. Hard in heart, and with little of woman's devotion unto him to whom her faith is plighted, must the wife be who could long resist. Not such an one was Lucy Clifton; but her husband in the stormy revulsion of feeling that had attended the first breaking up of his domestic happiness, had done injustice to her mind, to the sweetness of disposition that had borne all his anger without retorting in like manner. If Clifton was conscious of his own quickness of temper, approaching to violence, he did not for one moment suppose, that *he* was the cause of any portion of the misery brooding over his daily path. He attributed it all to the procrastinating spirit of Lucy, and upon her head he laid the blame with no unsparing hand. He forgot that she had numbered twenty years, and was the mother of two children; that her situation was one of exertion, and toil under the most favorable circumstances; that he was much her senior, had promised to cherish her tenderly. Yet the first harsh word that dwelt on Lucy's heart was from the lips of her husband! How tenderly in years long gone had she been nurtured! The kind arm of a father had guided and guarded her; the tender voice of a mother had lighted on her path like sunshine—and now? Oh ye, who would crush the spirit of the young and gentle, instead of leading it tenderly by a straight path in the way of wisdom—go down into the breaking heart and learn its agony; its desolation, when the fine feelings of a wasted nature go in upon the brain and consume it!

One morning Clifton entered the nursery, "Lucy," he said; "my old classmate, and very dear friend Walter Eustace is in town. He came unexpectedly; his stay is short; I should like to ask him to spend the day with me. Could you manage, love, to have the time pass *comfortably* to my friend?" Lucy felt all the meaning conveyed in the emphasis on a word that from his lips sounded almost formidable in her ears.

"I will do what I can," she answered sadly.

"Do not scruple Lucy to get assistance. Have every thing ready *in time*, and do not fail in having order, and good arrangement. There was a time Lucy when Eustace heard much of you; I should be gratified to think he found the wife worthy of the praise the lover lavished so freely upon her. Sing for us to night—it is long since the piano was opened!—and look, and smile as you once did, in the days that are gone, but not forgotten Lucy." His voice softened unconsciously, he had gone back to that early time, when love of Lucy absorbed every feeling of his heart. He sighed; the stern, and bitter realities of his life came with their heavy weight upon him, and there was no balm in the future, for the endurance of present evils.

He turned and left the room; Lucy's eye followed him, and as the door closed she murmured—"*not* forgotten! Oh, Clifton how little reason I have to believe you!" Lucy was absorbed in her own thoughts so long as to be unconscious of the flight of time. When she roused, she thought she would go down stairs and see what was to be done, but her little boy asked her some question, which she stopped to answer; half an hour more elapsed before she got to the kitchen. She told Betty she meant to hire a cook for the morrow—thought she had better go at once and engage one—yet, no, on second thoughts, she might come with her to the parlors and assist in arranging them; it would be quite time enough to engage the cook when they were completed. To the parlors they went, and Lucy was well satisfied with the result of their labor—but mark her comment: "What a great while we have been detained here; well, I am sure I have meant this three weeks to clean the parlors, but never could find time. If I could but manage to attend them every day, they would never get so out of order."

The next morning came, the cook not engaged yet. Betty was despatched in haste, but was unsuccessful—all engaged for the day. So Betty must be trusted, who sometimes did well, and at others signally failed. Lucy spent the morning in the kitchen assisting Betty and arranging every thing she could do, but matters above were in the mean time sadly neglected, her children dirty, and ill dressed, the nursery in confusion, and Lucy almost bewildered in deciding what had better be done, and what left undone. She concluded to keep the children in the nursery without changing their dress, and then hastened to arrange her own, and go down stairs, as her husband and his friend had by this time arrived. Her face was flushed, and her countenance anxious; she was conscious that Mr. Eustace noticed it, and her uncomfortable feelings increased. The dinner, the dinner—if it were only over! she thought a hundred times. It came at last, and all other mortifications were as nothing in comparison. There was not a dish really well cooked, and every thing was served

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up in a slovenly manner. Lucy's cheeks tingled with shame. Oh, if she had only sent *in time* for a cook. It was her bitterest thought even then. When the dinner was over Mr. Eustace asked for the children, expressing a strong desire to see them. Lucy colored, and in evident confusion, evaded the request. Her husband was silent, having a suspicion how matters stood.

Just then a great roar came from the hall, and the oldest boy burst into the room. "Mother! mother! Hannah shut me up she did!" A word from his father silenced him, and Lucy took her dirty, ill dressed boy by the hand and left the room. She could not restrain her tears, but her keen sense of right prevented her punishing the child, as she was fully aware, had he been properly dressed, she would not have objected to his presence, and that he was only claiming an accorded privilege. Mr. Eustace very soon left, and as soon as the door closed on him Clifton thought: "I never can hope to see a friend in comfort until I can afford to keep a house-keeper. Was there ever such a curse in a man's house as a procrastinating spirit?" With such feelings it may be supposed he could not meet his wife with any degree of cordiality. Lucy said, "there was no help for it, she had done her very best." Clifton answered her contemptuously; wearied and exhausted with the fatigues of the day, she made no reply, but rose up and retired to rest, glad to seek in sleep forgetfulness of the weary life she led. Clifton had been unusually irritated; when the morrow came, it still manifested itself in many ways that bore hard on Lucy; she did not reply to an angry word that fell from his lips, but she felt none the less deeply. Some misconduct in the child induced him to reflect with bitterness on her maternal management. She drew her hand over her eyes to keep back the tears, her lip quivered, and her voice trembled as she uttered:

"Do not speak so harshly Clifton, if the fault is all mine, most certainly the misery is also!"

"Of what avail is it to speak otherwise?" he said sternly, "you deserve wretchedness, and it is only the sure result of your precious system."

"Did you ever encourage me to reform, or point out the way?" urged Lucy, gently.

"I married a woman for a companion, not a child to instruct her," he answered bitterly.

"Ay—but I was a child! happy—so happy in that olden time, with all to love, and none to chide me. A child, even in years, when you took me for a wife—too soon a mother, shrinking from my responsibilities, and without courage to meet my trials. I found no sympathy to encourage me—no forbearance that my years were few—no advice when most I needed it—no tenderness when my heart was nearly breaking. It is the first time, Clifton, I have reproached you; but the worm will turn if it is trodden upon," and Lucy left the room. It was strange, even to herself, that she had spoken so freely, yet it seemed a sort of relief to the anguish of her heart. That he had allowed her to depart without reply did not surprise her; it may be doubted, although her heart pined for it, if ever she expected tenderness from Clifton more. It was perhaps an hour after her conversation with Clifton, Lucy sat alone in the nursery: her baby was asleep in the cradle beside her; they were alone together, and as she gazed on its happy face, she hoped with an humble hope, to rear it up, that it might be enabled to *give* and receive happiness. There was a slight rap at the door; she opened it, and a glad cry escaped her,—"Uncle Joshua!" she exclaimed. He took her in his arms for a moment,—that kindly and excellent old man, while a tear dimmed his eye as he witnessed her joy at seeing him. She drew a stool towards him, and sat down at his feet as she had often done before in her happy, girlish days; she was glad when his hand rested on her head, even as it had done in another time; she felt a friend had come back to her, who had her interest nearly at heart, who had loved her long and most tenderly. Mr. Tremaine was the brother of Lucy's mother—he had arrived in town unexpectedly; indeed had come chiefly with a view of discovering the cause of Lucy's low-spirited letters—he feared all was not right, and as she was the object of almost his sole earthly attachment, he could not rest in peace while he believed her unhappy. He was fast approaching three score years and ten; never was there a warmer heart, a more incorruptible, or sterling nature. Eccentric in many things, possessing some prejudices, which inclined to ridicule in himself, no man had sounder common sense, or a more careful judgment. His hair was white, and fell in long smooth locks over his shoulders; his eye-brows were heavy, and shaded an eye as keen and penetrating as though years had no power to dim its light. The high, open brow, and the quiet tenderness that dwelt in his smile, were the crowning charms of a countenance on which nature had stamped her seal as her "noblest work." He spoke to Lucy of other days, of the happy home from whence he came, till her tears came down like "summer rain," with the mingling of sweet and bitter recollections. Of her children next, and her eye lighted, and her color came bright and joyous—the warm feelings of a mother's heart responded to every word of praise he uttered. Of her husband—and sadly "Uncle Joshua" noticed the change;—her voice was low and desponding, and a look of sorrow and care came back to the youthful face: "Clifton was succeeding in business; she was gratified and proud of his success," and that was all she said.

"Uncle Joshua's" visit was of some duration. He saw things as they really were, and the truth pained him deeply. "Lucy," he said quietly, as one day they were alone together—"I have much to say, and you to hear. Can you bear the truth, my dear girl?" She was by his side in a moment.

"Anything from you, uncle. Tell me freely all you think, and if it is censure of poor Lucy, little doubt but that she will profit by it."

"You are a good girl!" said "Uncle Joshua," resting his hand on her head, "and you will be rewarded yet." He paused for a moment ere he said—"Lucy, you are not a happy wife. You married with bright prospects—who is to blame?"

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"I am—but not alone," said Lucy, in a choking voice, "not alone, there are some faults on both sides."

"Let us first consider yours; Clifton's faults will not exonerate you from the performance of your duty. For the love I bear you, Lucy, I will speak the truth: all the misery of your wedded life proceeds from the fatal indulgence of a procrastinating spirit. *One uncorrected fault* has been the means of alienating your husband's affections, and bringing discord and misrule into the very heart of your domestic Eden. This must not be. You have strong sense and feeling, and must conquer the defect of character that weighs so heavily on your peace."

Lucy burst into tears—"I fear I never can—and if I do, Clifton will not thank me, or care."

"Try, Lucy. You can have little knowledge of the happiness it would bring or you would make the effort. And Clifton will care. Bring order into his household and comfort to his fireside, and he will take you to his heart with a tenderer love than he ever gave to the bride of his youth."

Lucy drew her breath gaspingly, and for a moment gazed into her uncle's face with something of his own enthusiasm; but it passed and despondency came with its withering train of tortures to frighten her from exertion.

"You cannot think, dear uncle, how much I have to do; and my children are so troublesome, that I can never systematize time."

"Let us see first what you can do. What is your first duty in the morning after you have dressed yourself?"

"To wash and dress my children."

"Do you always do it? Because if you rise early you have time before breakfast. Your children are happy and comfortable, only in your regular management of every thing connected with them."

"I cannot always do it," said Lucy, blushing—"sometimes I get up as low-spirited and weary as after the fatigues of the day. I have no heart to go to work; Clifton is cold, and hurries off to business. After breakfast I go through the house and to the kitchen, so that it is often noon before I *can* manage to dress them."

"Now instead of all this, if you were to rise early, dress your little ones before breakfast, arrange your work, and go regularly from one work to the other; *never* putting off one to finish another, you would get through everything, and have time to walk—that each day may have its necessary portion of exercise in the open air. That would dissipate weariness, raise your spirits, and invigorate your frame. Lucy, will you not make the trial for Clifton's sake? Make his home a well-ordered one, and he will be glad to come into it."

And Lucy promised to think of it. But her uncle was surprised at her apparent apathy, and not long in divining the true reason. Her heart is not in it, he thought, and if her husband don't rouse it, never will be. Lucy felt she was an object of indifference, if not dislike to Clifton; there was no end to be accomplished by self-exertion; and as there was nothing to repay her for the wasted love of many years, she would encourage no new hopes to find them as false as the past.

"Uncle Joshua" sat together with Dr. Clifton, in the office of the latter.

"Has it ever struck you, Doctor, how much Lucy is altered of late?"

"I cannot say that I see any particular alteration. It is some time since you saw her;—matrimony is not very favorable to good looks, and may have diminished her beauty."

"It is not of her beauty I speak. Her character is wholly changed; her spirits depressed, and her energies gone," and "Uncle Joshua" spoke warmly.

"I never thought her particularly energetic," said the Doctor, dryly.

"No one would suppose, my good sir, you had ever thought, or cared much about her." "Uncle Joshua" was angry; but the red spot left his cheek as soon as it came there as he went on:—"Let us speak in kindness of this sad business. I see Lucy was in the right in thinking you had lost all affection for her."

"Did Lucy say that? I should be sorry she thought so."

"A man has cause for sorrow, when a wife fully believes his love for her is gone. Nothing can be more disheartening—nothing hardens the heart more fearfully, and sad indeed is the lot of that woman who bears the evils of matrimony without the happiness that often counterbalances them. We, who are of harder natures, have too little sympathy, perhaps too little thought for her peculiar trials." Gently then, as a father to an only son, the old man related to Clifton all that had passed between Lucy and himself. More than once he saw his eyes moisten and strong emotion manifest itself in his manly countenance. A something of remorseful sorrow filled his heart, and its shadow lay on his face. "Uncle Joshua" read aright the expression, and his honest heart beat with joy at the prospects he thought it opened before them. Always wise-judging he said nothing further, but left him to his own reflections. And Clifton did indeed reflect long and anxiously: he saw indeed how much his own conduct had discouraged his wife, while it had been a source of positive unhappiness to her. He went at length to seek her;—she was alone in the parlor reading, or rather a book was before her, from which her eyes often wandered, until her head sank on the arm of the sofa, and a heavy sigh came sadly on the ear of Clifton. "Lucy, dear Lucy, grieve no more! We have both been wrong, but I have erred the most—having years on my side and experience. Shall we not forgive each other, my sweet wife?" and he lifted her tenderly in his arms, and kissed the tears as they fell on her cheek.

"I have caused you much suffering, Lucy, I greatly fear;—your faults occasioned me only inconvenience. Dry up your tears, and let me hear that you forgive me, Lucy."

"I have nothing to forgive," exclaimed Lucy. "Oh, I have been wrong, very wrong!—but if you

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had only encouraged me to reform, and sustained and aided me in my efforts to do so by your affection, so many of our married days would not have passed in sorrow and suffering."

"I feel they would not," said Clifton, moved almost to tears. "Now, Lucy, the self-exertion shall be mutual. I will never rest until I correct the violence of temper, that has caused you so much pain. You have but one fault, procrastination—will you strive also to overcome it?"

"I will," said Lucy; "but you must be very patient with me, and rather encourage me to new exertions. I have depended too long on your looks not to be influenced by them still—my love, Clifton, stronger than your own, fed on the memory of our early happiness, until my heart grew sick that it would never return. Oh! if you could love me as you did then, could respect me as once you did, I feel I could make any exertion to deserve it."

"And will you not be more worthy of esteem and love than ever you were, dear Lucy, if you succeed in reforming yourself! I believe you capable of the effort; and if success attends it, the blessing will fall on us both, Lucy, and on our own dear children. Of one thing be assured, that my love will know no further change or diminution. You shall not have cause to complain of me again, Lucy. Now smile on me, dearest, as you once did in a time we will never forget—and tell me you will be happy for my sake."

Lucy smiled, and gave the assurance—her heart beat lightly in her bosom—the color spread over her face—her eyes sparkled with the new, glad feelings of hope and happiness, and as Clifton clasped her in his arms, he thought her more beautiful than in that early time when he had first won her love.

In that very hour Lucy began her work of reform; it seemed as though new life had been infused into her hitherto drooping frame. She warbled many a sweet note of her youth, long since forgotten, for her spirits seemed running over from very excess of happiness. "Uncle Joshua" was consulted in all her arrangements, and of great use he was:—he planned for her, encouraged her, made all easy by his method and management. She had gone to work with a strong wish to do her duty, and with a husband's love shining steadily on her path, a husband's affection for all success, and sympathy with every failure, there was little fear of her not succeeding. 'Tis true, the habit had been long in forming, but every link she broke in the chain that bound her, brought a new comfort to that happy household hearth. Clifton had insisted on hiring a woman to take charge of the children—this was a great relief. And somehow or other, "Uncle Joshua" looked up a good cook.

"Now," said Lucy, "to fail would be a positive disgrace."

"No danger of your failing, my sweet wife," said Clifton, with a glance of affection that might have satisfied even her heart. "You are already beyond the fear of it."

Lucy shook her head—"I must watch or my old enemy will be back again before I am fully rid of him."

"It is right to watch ourselves, I know, Lucy; are you satified that I have done so, and have, in some measure, corrected myself?" said Clifton.

"I have never seen a frown on your face since you promised me to be patient. You have been, and will continue to be, I am sure," said Lucy, fondly, as she raised his hand to her lips which had rested on her arm. They were happy both, and whatever trouble was in store for them in their future life, they had strong mutual affection to sustain them under it.

"God bless them both," murmured "Uncle Joshua," as he drew his hand hard across his eyes after witnessing this little scene. "I have done good here, but in many a case I might be termed a meddling old fool, and not without reason, perhaps. 'Tis a pity though, that folks, who will get their necks into this matrimonial yoke, would not try to make smooth the uneven places, instead of stumbling all the way, breaking their hearts by way of amusement, as they go."

"What is that you say, 'Uncle Joshua?'" said Lucy, turning quickly round, and walking towards him, accompanied by her husband.

"I have a bad habit of talking aloud," said he, smiling.

"But I thought you were abusing matrimony, uncle—you surely were not?"

"Cannot say exactly what I was thinking aloud. I am an old bachelor, Lucy, and have few objects of affection in the world: you have been to me as a child, always a good child, Lucy, too—and now I think you will make a good wife, and find the happiness you so well deserve. Am I right, love?"

"I hope you are, uncle. If it had not been for your kindness though, I might never have been happy again," and tears dimmed Lucy's eyes at the recollection.

"We shall not forget your kindness," said Clifton as he extended his hand, which "Uncle Joshua" grasped warmly. "I wish every married pair in trouble could find a good genius like yourself to interfere in their favor."

"Ten to one he would be kicked out of doors!" said the old man, laughing. "This matrimony is a queer thing—those who have their necks in the noose had better make the most of it—and those out of the scrape keep so. Ah! you little reprobate!" he cried as he caught Lucy's bright eye, and disbelieving shake of the head—"you don't pretend to contradict me?"

"Yes I do, with my whole heart too. I would not give up my husband for the wide world, nor he his Lucy for the fairest girl in America!"

"Never!" exclaimed Clifton—"you are dearer to me than any other human being!"

"W-h-e-w!?" was "Uncle Joshua's" reply, in a prolonged sort of whistle, while his eyes opened in the profoundest wonder, and his whole countenance was expressive of the most ludicrous astonishment—"w-h-e-w!!"

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PERDITI.*

BY WM. WALLACE, ESQ. AUTHOR OF "BATTLE OF TIPPECANOE;" "MARCHES FOR THE DEAD," ETC., ETC.

The following poem is respectfully dedicated to the Hon. ELISHA M. HUNTINGTON, as a tribute of respect to his head and heart, by the AUTHOR.

PART FIRST.—ITALY.

OH! LAND of the BEAUTIFUL! LAND of the BRIGHT!
Where the echoless feet of the Hours
Are gliding forever in soft, dreamy light
Through their mazes of sunshine and flow'rs;
Fair clime of the Laurel—the Sword and the Lyre!
There the souls are all genius—the hearts are all fire;
There the Rivers—the Mountains—the lowliest sods
Were hallowed, long since, by the bright feet of Gods;
There BEAUTY and GRANDEUR their wonders of old
Like a bridal of star-light and thunder unroll'd;
There the air seems to breathe of a music sent out
From the rose-muffled lips of invisible streams,
Oh! sweet as the harmony whispered about
The NIGHT's moon-beaming portal of exquisite DREAMS.
Though BEAUTY and GRANDEUR, MAGNIFICENT CLIME!
Have walked o'er thy Vallies and Mountains sublime,
With a port as majestic—unfading as TIME—
A death-pall is on Thee! The funeral glare
Of a grave-torch, Oh! Italy, gleams on the air!
Lo! the crimes of whole ages roll down on thy breast!
Hark! Hark to the fierce thunder-troops of the STORM!
Ah! soon shall they stamp on thy beautiful crest,
And riot unchecked o'er thy loveliest form!

Oh! LAND of the BEAUTIFUL! LAND of the BRIGHT!
'Though the day of thy glory is o'er,
And the time-hallowed mountains are mantled in night
Where thy LIBERTY flourished before;
'Though the black brow of Bigotry scowls on thy race
Which are kissing the chains of their brutal disgrace;
'Though the torches of FREEDOM so long hurled about
By thy heroes of old are forever gone out;
Yet! yet shall thy BEAUTY shine out from the gloom,
Oh! LAND of the Harp and the Wreath and the Tomb!
The seal has been set! IMMORTALITY beams
Like a time-daring star o'er thy temples and streams;
And still as whole tribes from the wierd future dart,
They shall kneel at thine altar, OH! CLIME OF THE HEART!
More splendid art thou, with thy banners all furl'd
And thy brow in the dust, than the rest of the world,
For the MIGHTY—THE DEAD who have hallowed our earth,
In thee have their rest and from thee took their birth.
Oh! alas that we live—*see* the boastful who leap
Like mere rills where the sun-pillar'd TRUTH is enshrined
Where those broad-rolling rivers no longer may sweep
With their billows of light to the OCEAN OF MIND.

It was a clime where mortal form
Hath never pressed the blasted soil—
Where tempest-fires and surging storm
Are struggling ever in their coil:
A sunless clime, whose dreary night
Gleams dimly with that doubtful light
Which men have seen—when DARKNESS threw
Around their homes its sombre hue—
The fearful herald of the wrath
That blazes on the WHIRLWIND's path
Ere he has tossed his banners out
Like sable draperies o'er the Dead,
And with a wild, delirious shout
Struck his deep thunder-drum of dread;
A clime where e'en the fountains fall
With tone and step funereal:
And ever through the dark, old trees
A melancholy music rolls
Along the faintly-chiming breeze—
Sad as the wail of tortured souls.

There ghastly forms were hurrying past
Like wierd clouds through the ether driven,
In fear, before the HUNTER-BLAST,
Whose vengeance purifies the heaven.
And some were pale, as if with woe,
And ever cast their eyes below;
And some were quivering with a fear
In this their dreary sepulchre;
And some, whose awful aspects wore
A look where sat the seal of age,
On their convulsed foreheads bore
The phrenzied agony of rage;
On some a dreadful beauty shone
Like rays received from fallen stars—
So dim, so mournful and so lone,
Yet brave, despite of all their scars.

Far from the throng two sat apart
Beneath a forest's darkling plume—
In that communion of the heart
Which but the wretched can assume.
They seemed in earnest converse there,
As if with words to quench despair;
And one, along whose features grew,
A withering, deathly, demon-hue,
Wore that high, dread, defying look
Which but the LOST can dare to brook;
The other milder seemed—but he
Was shrouded, too, in mystery,
And ever threw along the sky
A fearful spiritual eye

*The tale of LORRO is founded on an actual occurrence: one of the incidents has already been turned to advantage by a prose writer. This poem will be followed by another, in which I have attempted to show the rewards of virtue.

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Which in its gloomy light sublime—
Seemed half of virtue, half of crime,
Like lightning when you see its glow
Soft as a moonbeam flashed below—
And then in blasting brightness sent
Wild-quivering through the firmament.
So sat they in that dreary light,
Upon the blasted darkling mould—
Fit watchers of such awful night—
As thus the last his story told.

LORRO.

"The *many* only look to *years;*
The *many* think *they* only roll
The tides of happiness or tears
Around the human soul:
I know a single hour for me—
A minute—was Eternity,
That seemed with its fierce, lidless eye
Fixed—fixed forever in the sky
Which, circling round the Italian shore,
Was only made for bliss before:
But now it darkled like a shroud
By demon-hands in warning shaken,
From their lone, scowling thunder-cloud
Ere yet its elements awaken.

Oh! was it Fancy? or a spell
Hurled o'er me by some dreadful power,—
That I should carry thus a hell,
Within my bosom from that hour?
I know not—nor shall care to know;
For e'en REPENTANCE will not dart
From her pure realm, a light below,
Upon my agony of heart;
Nor hath Remorse—that mad'ning fire—
That final minister of pain
And deadliest offspring of deep ire—
E'er flashed across my tortured brain:
Yet! yet there is a something here
Of hideous vacancy and fear,
(Not fear which cowards merely feel,
Who hear the damnéd's thunder peal,)
A trembling—which the brave confess
In this their last and worst distress—
Part of the soul it burns a spell,
And like her indestructible—
Which only those who feel *that* woe,
Brought by an unrepented deed,
Can in its fiercest aching know—
For only they are doomed to bleed.

Go thou, whose cunning spirit hears
The mystic music of the spheres—
Who gazest with unquailing eye
Through this star-isled immensity—
Whose soul would feed on brighter flowers
Than earth's—and sit with pinion furl'd
Where in its lonely grandeur towers
The outside pillar of your world—
Go! go with all thy boasted art—
And read *one* mystery of the *Heart.*
What! think creation in a *sphere!*
The real universe is here—
Here! here eternally enshrined
Within the secret caves of Mind.

Blood! blood is reddening on these hands!
The blood of more than *one* is here;
Unfaded too its crimson brands
Despite of many a weary year,
Whose tides of flame and darkness gloom
Amid the spirit's stagnant air—
More fearful than the damn'd one's tomb
And withering as despair.

Oh! God why was I chos'n for such?
I who until that fearful hour—
Ah! would not e'en too wildly touch
The summer's very humblest flower.
The little bird whose rain-bow wing
I saw, in spring time's roseate eves,
With its own beauty quivering
Amid the golden orange leaves,
I made a friend—as if for me
It held its sinless revelry:
And e'en I've watched within the hall
The deadly spider weave his pall,
And smiled in very joy to see
The cunning workman's tracery.

The minstrel-breeze which struck by hours
Its tender instrument of flowers—
The moon that held her march alone
At midnight 'round th' Eternal Throne—
The sullen thunder whose red eyes
Flashed angrily within our skies—
All! all to me were but the chain
Along whose wond'rous links there came
Unceasingly to head and brain
Love's own electric flame.
Yes! when the Harp of Nature roll'd
Its midnight hymn from chords of gold,
And awful silence seemed to own,
Throughout the world, its wizard tone,
I've stood and wildly wished to float
Into that music's liquid strain—
Oh! heavenly as its sweetest note—
Nor ever walk the earth again.

What change is this? Hate, fiercest Hate,
Where once these angel-yearnings burned
Like torches set by Heaven's bright gate,
Hath all to deadly poison turned.

The Baer can only feel the fire,
But once, which flashes from the clime
Where love sits beaming o'er the lyre
That strikes the mystic march of Time.
The tree of most luxuriant stem
Whose every leaflet glows a gem
Beneath its oriental sky,
When once its emerald diadem
Hath felt the simoon sweeping by.
Can never more in southern bowers
Renew its fragrant idol-flowers.
So with the great in soul—whose bloom
Of Heart hath felt the thunder-doom
Which mankind, trusted, may bestow
On him who little dreamed the blow—
Theirs be the joy!—But ours the woe!

I was my father's only child—
(The cherished scion of a race
Whose monuments of fame are piled
On glory's mighty dwelling-place)
I need not tell how oft he smiled
When counting o'er to me each deed,
In gallant barque, on champing steed,
Of ancestors in battle wild;

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Nor how he gazed upon my face
And there by hours would fondly trace
The lines which as they manlier grew,
He deemed the signs of Glory, too.

I saw at last the sable pall
Gloom in our lordly castle's hall,
And heard the Friar's burial rite
Keeping the watches of the night.
Another noble form was laid
Where Lorro's dead together meet—
And I, in ducal robes arrayed,
Took Lorro's castled seat.

I need not tell how passed the days,
I need not tell of pleasure's ways—
Where bright-eyed mirth flung dewy flowers
Beneath the silver-feet of hours,
While Time himself o'er music's strings
Lean'd panting on his weary wings.

At last there came unto our gate
One looking worn and desolate,
Who asked compassion for his fate.
He said he was an orphan lad;
In sooth my lonely heart was glad—
For I was weary of my state
Where only courtiers crowded round;
I wished some fair and gentle mate,
And such I fondly hoped I found.

Months rolled away and still he grew,
Beneath my care a lovely boy
And day by day I found anew
In him a very father's joy.—

And eighteen summers now have died
Since thou cam'st here my own heart's pride:
And still thy voice of silver seems
Sweet as sweet music heard in dreams;
And still thy softly radiant eye
Looks innocent as yonder sky,
And all as fair—when rainbows rest
Like angel-plumes upon its breast;
And still thy soul seems richly set
Within its form, like some bright gem
Which might by worshippers be met
In Purity's own diadem.

In Lorro's hall the tone of lutes
And harp is wafted through the air,
Such as the glad most fitly suits
When mirth and rosy wine are there.
In Lorro's castle, wreathed in light
And flowers, I ween a holy rite,
Most cherished with the young and bright,
By cowléd Priest, is done to night.

And who art thou around whose brow
The bridal chaplet sparkled now?
That form!—Oh, Heaven! and is it she
Thus standing there so radiantly?—
With bright curls floating on the air
And glorious as the cherubs wear;
An eye where love and virtue beam
Like spirits of an Angel's dream!

Away! away! thou maddening sight!
Away! what dost thou, Laura, here?
Thus standing by my side to night,
And long since in thy sepulchre?

What! will the grave its events tell?
The iron tomb dissolve its spell?
It has! it has! And there she stands
Mocking me with her outstretched hands;
And oft her icy fingers press
My hot brow through the long, long night;
And voices as of deep distress,
Like prisoned wind, whose wailing sound
Seems madly struggling under ground,
Peal dirge-like on my ear: away!
Nor wait, oh! horrid shape, for day
Such as these gloomy realms display—
E'er thou shalt quit my tortured sight.—

And we were wed! I need not say
How heavenly came and went each day,
Enough! our souls together beat
Like two sweet tunes that wandering meet,
Then so harmoniously they run
The hearer deems they are but one.

There are mailed forms in Lorro's halls,
And rustling banners on its walls,
And nodding plumes o'er many a brow,
That moulders on the red field now.

The wave of battle swells around!
Shall Lorro's chieftain thus be found
In revelry or idlesse bound,
When Glory hangs her blood-red sign
Above the castellated Rhine?

Away! away, I flew in pride
With those who mustered by my side:
But not, I ween, did Lorro miss
The ruler from its ducal throne,
'Till many a wild and burning kiss
Of woman's sweet lips warmed his own.

And Julio, too, (for such the name
I gave the orphan boy,) with tears
And choking sob, and trembling came
To whisper me his rising fears.

That I his father—I whose love
Had sheltered long his feeble form
E'en as some stronger bird the dove
All mateless wandering in the storm,—
That I borne down amid the stern
And bloody shapes of battle wild,
Would never from its wreck return
To sooth his lonely orphan child;
And then on bended knees he prayed—
(God! why availed not his prayer?)
That I would give him steed and blade,
So he might in my dangers share.
I left him for I could not bare
That tender brow to war's wild air.

Away! away on foaming steed,
For two long years my sword was out;
And I had learned (a soldier's need,)
—Almost without a groan to bleed—
Aye! gloried in the battle's shout;
For it gave presage of a fame
Such as the brave alone may claim.

For two long years, as I have told,
The storm of war around me roll'd;

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But never more, by day or night
  In sunshine or in shower,
Did I forget my castle's light—
  Love's only idol-flower!

There is a deeper passion known
For those in love, when left alone;
Then busy fancy ponders o'er
Some kindness never prized before:
And we can almost turn with tears
  And deep upbraiding (as distress
Comes with the holy light of years)
And kneeling ask forgiveness.

And so I felt—and Laura beamed
Still lovelier than she ever seemed,
E'en when the dew of childhood's hours
  Along her heart's first blossoms clung,
And I amid my native bowers
  In sinless worship o'er them hung.

Oh! are not feelings such as these
  Like splendid rainbow-glories caught
(To cheer our voyage o'er life's seas)
  From Heaven's own holy Land of Thought?

And yet, oh, God! how soon may they
Like those bright glories flee away,
And leave the heart an unlit sea,
  Where piloted by dark despair
The spirit-wreck rolls fearfully
  Within the night of sullen air?

At last the eye of battle closed—
  Its lurid fires no longer burned—
The warrior on his wreath reposed,
  And I unto my halls returned.

Oh! who can tell the joys that start
Like angel-wings within the heart,
When wearied with war's toil, the chief
In home's dear light would seek relief?

Not he who has no loved one there
  Left in his absence lonely—
Whose heart he fondly hopes shall beat
  For him and for him only.

And such my Laura's heart I deemed;
For me alone I thought she beamed
Like some pure lamp on hermit's shrine,
Which only glows for him, divine
And beauteous as the spirit-eyes
That light the bow'rs of Paradise.

It was a lovely eve, but known
Unto the South's voluptuous zone;
An eve whose shining vesture hung
  Like Heaven's own rosy flags unfurl'd,
And by some star-eyed cherub flung
  In sport around our gloomy world;
An eve in which the coldest frame
And heart must feel a warming flame,
When light and soul no longer single,
But in a bridal glory mingle:
Then think how I whose spirit bowed
  Whene'er the dimmest light was sent
From twinkling star or rosy cloud
  In God's blue, glorious firmament—
How I in that ethereal time,
  Standing beside my native rill
And shadowed by such hues sublime,
  Felt unseen lightning through me thrill.

I stood within my own domain—
  Once more upon my birth-right soil,
Free'd from the gory battle-plain
  And weary with its toil.

"Laura!" my step is in the hall!
My sword suspended on the wall!
My standard-sheet once more uprolled
Where it has lain for years untold!
"Laura!"—In vain I stood for her
To meet the long-lost worshipper.
"Ho, Julio!" What? No answer yet?
It rung from base to parapet!
I mounted up the marble stair!—
  I rushed into the olden room!
It shone beneath the evening's glare
  As silent as the tomb,—
Save that a slave with wond'ring eye
Looked from the dreary vacancy.
"Your Lady, Serf?"
                "She's in the bower."
  "In sooth I should have sought her there!"
For oft we passed the twilight hour
  In its delicious air.

I rushed with lightning steps—Oh, God!
  Why flashed not then thy blasting flame—
That it might wither from the sod
  The one who madly called Thy name!

My poniard grasped, left not its sheath—
I had nor hope—nor life—nor breath;
I only felt the ice of death
  Slowly congealing o'er my heart—
And on my eye a dizzy cloud
  Swam round and round, a sickening part
Of that which seemed a closing shroud
The one might feel whom burial gave
All prematurely to the grave.

But soon that deadly trance was o'er;
  The foliage hid as yet; and I
Retraced the path I trod before
  With such a heart-wild ecstasy.

For as I gazed upon their guilt,
  A thought flashed out of demon-hue;
And I resigned my dagger's hilt
  As deadlier then my vengeance grew.

Small torture satisfies the *weak*—
  For they but slightly feel a wrong;
I would by hours my vengeance wreak!
  The deep revenge is for the *strong*.

In Lorro's castle is a cell
  (Where Cruelty has sat in state,
I ween that some have known it well,)
  Which is divided by a grate.

No sunbeam ever pierced its night;
Nor aught save lamp there shed its light:
No sound save sound of wild despair
Hath ever vexed its heavy air.

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Upon its walls so grim and old
Have gathered centuries of mould.
It seems that with the birth of time
That cell was hollowed out by crime,
And there, her hateful labor o'er,
She took her first sweet draught of gore.

Ha! Ha! I see them! See them now—
The cold damp dripping from each brow,
With hands outstretched they mercy sue—
(Ye know not how my vengeance grew,
While I stood by with sullen smile—
The only answer to their grief—
For wearied in that dungeon aisle,
In smiles *I* even found relief.

I watched them in that dreary gloom,
(To me a heaven—to them a tomb,)
For hours—for days—and joyed to hear
Their pleadings fill that sepulchre.
At first they tried to lull their state
By cheering each thro' that dull grate,
(For this they lingered separate;
I could not bear e'en then to see
Them closer in their agony.)
And this they did for days! at last
A change upon them came—
For each to each reproaches cast,
In which I heard my name.

I spake no word—their dread replies
Were only read within my eyes,
Which as they glared upon the pair,
Like scorpions writhing in their pain
When wounded in the loathsome lair,
Seemed burning to my very brain.
I shall not tell how hunger grew
In that dread time upon the two—
When each would vainly try to break
The bars an earthquake scarce could shake.
Nor how they gnawed, in their great pain,
Their dungeon's rusted iron chain;
Nor how their curses, deep and oft,
From parching lips were rung aloft;
Nor how like babbling fiends they would
Together vex the solitude;
Nor how the wasting crimson tide
Of withered life their wants supplied;
Nor how—enough! enough they died
Aye! and I saw the red worm creep
Upon their slumbers, dark and deep,
And felt with more of joy than dread
The grim eyes of the fleshless dead.

Long years have passed away, since then
And I have mixed with fellow men;
On land and wave my flag unfurl'd
Streamed like a storm above the world;
For Lorro was a soldier born;
His music was the battle-horn.
E'en when a boy—his playthings were
Such deadly toys as sword and spear.
I did not pant for fame or blood,
But thus in agony I sought
To strangle in their birth the brood
Of serpents cradled in my thought.
Iv'e tried to pray: In vain! In vain!
The very words seem brands of fire
By demons hurled into my brain—
The burning ministers of ire.

How Spirit, mid such fearful strife
I left the hated mortal life,
I need not say: it matters not
How we may break that earthly spell;
Enough! enough! I knew my lot
And feel its agony too well.

My frame beside its father rests—
The same old banner o'er their breasts
Which they with all their serfs, of yore,
To battle and to triumph bore.
No chieftain sways the castle's wall,
No chieftain revels in its hall.
And on each bastion's leaning stone
Grim desolation sits alone,
While organ winds their masses roll
Around each lonely turret's head,
And seem to chant, "Rest troubled soul!
Mercy! Oh! mercy for the dead!"

The spirit bent his brow—and tears
The first which he had shed for years,
Fell burning from his eyes, for thought
Had oped their overflowing cells,
Like wakened lightning which has sought
The cloud with all its liquid spells.

He wept—as he had wept of old—
When sudden through the gloomy air
A glorious gush of music roll'd
Around those wretched spirits there;—
They started up with frantic eyes
Wild-glancing to their sullen skies:
And still the angel-anthem went
Rejoicing 'round that firmament;
And shining harps were sparkling through
The cloud-rifts—held by seraph-forms
Oh! lovely as the loveliest hue
Of rainbows curled on buried storms.

Faint and more faint the music grows—
Yet how entrancing in its close—
Sweeter! oh sweeter than the hymn
Of an enthusiast who has given
His anthem forth, at twilight dim,
And hopes with it to float to heaven.

And see, where yonder tempests meet,
The rapid glance of silver feet—
The last of that refulgent train
Who leave this desolated sphere;
Oh! not for them such realms of Pain
Where Crime stands tremblingly by Fear:—
They're gone, and all is dark again.

[End of Part First.]

THE CHEVALIER GLUCK.

BY W. W. STORY.

During the latter part of the autumn in Berlin there are usually some fine days. The cloudless sun shines pleasantly out and evaporates the moisture from the warm air which blows through the streets. Mingling together in motley groups, you may see a long row of fashionables, citizens with their wives, little children in Sunday clothes, priests, Jewesses, young counsellors, professors, milliners, dancers, officers, &c. walking among the lindens in the Park. All the seats in Klaus & Weber's coffee-house are soon occupied; the coffee throws off its steam. The fashionables light their cigars; everywhere persons are talking; here an argument is going on about war and peace, there about Madame Bethman's shoes, whether the last ones she wore were green or gray, or about the state of the market and the bad money, &c., until all is hushed by an Aria from "Tanchon," with which an untuned harp, a pair of ill-tuned violins, a wheezing flute, and a spasmodic bassoon torment themselves and their audience. Upon the balustrade which separates Weber's place from the highway, several little round tables and garden chairs are placed; here one can breathe in the free air and observe the comers and goers, at a distance from the monotonous noises of the accursed orchestra. There I sat down, and, abandoning myself to the light play of my fancy, conversed with the imaginary forms of friends who came around me, upon science and art, and all that is dearest to man. The mass of promenaders passing by me grows more and more motley, but nothing disturbs me, nothing can drive away my imaginary company. Now the execrable Trio of an intolerable waltz draws me out of my world of dreams. The high, squeaking tones of the violins and flutes, and the growling ground bass of the bassoon are all that I can hear; they follow each other up and down in octaves, which tear the ear, until, at last, like one who is seized with a burning pain, I cry out involuntarily,

"What mad music! Those detestable octaves"—Near me some one mutters.

"Cursed Fate! Here is another octave-hunter!" I look up and perceive now for the first time that imperceptibly to me a man has taken a place at the same table, who is looking intently at me, and from whom I cannot take my eyes away again. Never did I see any head or figure which made so sudden and powerful an impression upon me. A slightly crooked nose was joined to a broad open brow, with remarkable prominences over the bushy, half-gray eyebrows, under which the eyes glanced forth with an almost wild, youthful fire, (the age of the man might be about fifty;) the white and well-formed chin presented a singular contrast to the compressed mouth, and a satirical smile breaking out in the curious play of muscles in the hollow cheeks, seemed to contradict the deep melancholy earnestness which rested upon the brow; a few gray locks of hair lay behind the ears, which were large and prominent; over the tall, slender figure was wrapped a large modern over-coat. As soon as I looked at the man he cast down his eyes and gave his whole attention to the occupation from which my outcry had probably aroused him. He was shaking, with apparent delight, some snuff from several little paper horns into a large box which stood before him, and moistening it with red wine from a quarter-flask. The music had ceased and I felt an irresistible desire to address him.

"I am glad that the music is over," said I, "it was really intolerable."

The old man threw a hasty glance at me and shook out the contents from the last paper horn.

"It would be better not to play at all," I began again, "Don't you think so?"

"I don't think at all about it," said he, "you are a musician and connoisseur by profession"—

"You are wrong, I am neither. I once took lessons upon the harpsichord and in thorough-bass, because I considered it something which was necessary to a good education, and among other things I was told that nothing produced a more disagreeable effect than when the bass follows the upper notes in octaves. At first I took this upon authority, and have ever since found it to be a fact."

"Really?" interrupted he, and stood up and strode thoughtfully towards the musicians, often casting his eyes upwards and striking upon his brow with the palm of his hand, as if he wished to awaken some particular remembrance. I saw him speak to the musicians whom he treated with a dignified air of command—He returned and scarcely had he regained his seat, before they began to play the overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis."

With his eyes half-closed and his folded arms resting on the table he listened to the Andante; all the while slightly moving his foot to indicate the falling in of the different parts; now he reversed his head—threw a swift glance about him—the left hand, with fingers apart, resting upon the table, as though

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he were striking a chord upon the Piano Forte, and the right raised in the air; he was certainly the conductor who was indicating to the orchestra the entrance of the various Tempos—The right hand falls and the Allegro begins—a burning blush flew over his pale cheeks; his eyebrows were raised and drawn together; upon his wrinkled brow an inward rage flashed through his bold eyes, with a fire, which by degrees changed into a smile that gathered about his half-open mouth. Now he leaned back again, his eyebrows were drawn up, the play of muscles again swept over his face, his eyes glanced, the deep internal pain was dissolved in a delight which seized and vehemently agitated every fibre of his frame—he heaved a deep sigh, and drops stood upon his brow. He now indicated the entrance of the Tutti and the other principal parts; his right hand never ceased beating the time, and with his left he drew a handkerchief from his pocket, and wiped his face—Thus he animated with flesh and color the skeleton of the Overture, formed by the two violins. I heard the soft plaintive lament breathed out by the flutes, after the storm of the violins and basses died away, and the thunder of the kettle drums had ceased; I heard the lightly touched tones of the violoncello and the bassoon, which fill the heart with irrepressible yearning—again the Tutti enters treading along the unison like a towering huge giant and the hollow lamenting expires beneath his crushing footsteps.

The overture was finished; the man suffered both his arms to drop, and sat with closed eyes, like one who was exhausted by excessive exertion. This bottle was empty; I filled his glass with the Burgundy, which in the meantime I had procured. He heaved a deep sigh, and seemed to awaken out of his dream. I motioned him to drink; he did so without hesitation, and swallowing the contents of the glass at one draught, exclaimed,

"I am well pleased with the performance! The orchestra did bravely!"

"And yet," added I, "yet it was only a feeble outline of a master-piece finished in living colors."

"Am I right? You are not a Berliner."

"Perfectly right; I only reside here occasionally."

"The Burgundy is good; but it is growing cold here."

"Let us go into the house and finish the flask."

"A good proposal—I do not know you; neither do you know me. We will not ask each other's names. Names are sometimes in the way. Here am I drinking Burgundy without it costing me anything. Our companionship is agreeable to both, and so far so good."

All this he said with good-humored frankness. We entered the house together. As soon as he sat down and threw open his overcoat, I perceived with astonishment, that under it he wore an embroidered vest with long lappels, black velvet breeches, and a very small silver-hilted dagger. He again buttoned up his coat carefully.

"Why did you ask me if I was a Berliner?" I resumed.

"Because in such a case it would be necessary for me to leave you."

"That sounds like a riddle."

"Not in the least, when I tell you that I—that I am a composer."

"I have no idea of your meaning."

"Well then excuse me for my exclamation just now. I see that you understand yourself thoroughly and nothing of Berlin and Berliners."

He rose and walked once hastily up and down; then went to the window, and in a scarcely audible voice hummed the chorus of Priestesses from the Iphigenia in Tauris, while at intervals he struck upon the window at the entrance of the Tutti. To my great astonishment I observed that he made several modifications of the melody, which struck me with their power and originality. I let him go on without interruption. He finished and returned to his seat. Surprised by the extraordinary bearing of the man, and by this fantastic expression of his singular musical talent—I remained silent. After some time he began—

"Have you never composed?"

"Yes, I have made some attempts in the art; only I found that all which seemed to me to have been written at inspired moments, became afterwards flat and tedious; so that I let it alone."

"You have done wrong: for the mere fact of your having made the attempt is no small proof of your talent. We learn music when we are children, because papa and mamma will have it so; now you go to work jingling and fiddling, but imperceptibly the mind becomes susceptible to music. Perhaps the half-forgotten theme of the little song, which you formerly sang, was the first original thought, and from this embryo, nourished laboriously by foreign powers, grows a giant, who consumes all within his reach, and changes all into his own flesh and blood! Ah, how is it possible to point out the innumerable influences which lead a man to compose. There is a broad high-way, where all are hurrying round and shouting and screaming; we are the initiated! we are at the goal! Only through the ivory door is there entrance to the land of dreams; few ever see the door and still fewer pass through it. All seems strange here. Wild forms move hither and thither and each has a certain character—one more than the others. They are never seen in the high-way; they only can be found behind the ivory door. It is difficult to come out of this kingdom. Monsters besiege the way as before the Castle of Alsinens—they twirl—they twist. Many dream their dream in the Kingdom of Dreams,—they dissolve in dreams,—they cast no more shadows—otherwise by means of their shadows they would perceive the rays which pass through this realm; only a few awakened out of this dream, walk about and stride through the Kingdom of Dreams—they come to Truth. This is the highest moment;—the union with the eternal and unspeakable! It is the triple tone, from which the accords, like stars, shoot down and spin around you with threads of fire. You lie there

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like a chrysalis in the fire, until the Psyche soars up to the sun."

As he spoke these last words, he sprang up, and raised his eyes, and threw up his hand. Then he seated himself and quickly emptied the full glass. A silence ensued, which I would not break, through a fear of leading this extraordinary man out of his track. At last he continued in a calmer manner—

"When I was in the kingdom of dreams a thousand pangs and sorrows tormented me. It was night, and the grinning forms of monsters rushed in upon me, now dragging me down into the abyss of the sea, and now lifting me high into the air. Rays of light streamed through the night, and these rays were tones which encircled me with delicious clearness. I awoke out of my pain and saw a large clear eye, gazing into an organ, and while it gazed, tones issued forth and sparkled and intervened in chords more glorious than I had ever imagined. Up and down streamed melodies, and as I swam in this stream, and was on the point of sinking, the eye looked down upon me and raised me out of the roaring waves. It was night again. Two colossi in glittering harnesses stepped up to me—Tonic and fifth! they lifted me up but the eye smiled; I know what fills thy breast with yearnings, the gentle tender third will step between the colossi; you will hear his sweet voice, will see me again, and my melodies shall become yours."

He paused.

"And you saw the eye again?"

"Yes, I saw it again. Long years I sighed in the realms of dreams—there—yes, there!—I sat in a beautiful valley, and listened to the flowers as they sang together; only one sun-flower was silent and sadly bent its closed chalice towards the earth. Invisible bonds bound me to it—it raised its head. The chalice opened, and streaming out of it again the eye met mine—The tones, like rays of light, drew my head toward the flower which eagerly enclosed it. Larger and larger grew the leaves—flames streamed forth from it—they flowed around me—the eye had vanished and I was in the chalice."

As he spoke these last words, he sprang up, and rushed out of the room with rapid youthful strides. I awaited his return in vain; I concluded at last to go down into the city.

As I approached the Brandenburg gates, I saw in the gloaming a tall figure stride by me, which I immediately recognized as my strange companion—I said to him—

"Why did you leave me so abruptly?"

"It was too late and the Euphon began to sound."

"I don't know what you mean!"

"So much the better!"

"So much the worse: for I should like to understand you."

"Do you hear nothing?"

"No."

"It is past! Let us go—I do not generally like company; but—you are not a composer—you are not a Berliner?"

"I cannot conceive what so prejudices you against the Berliners. Here, where art is so highly esteemed and practised by the people in the highest degree—I should think that a man of your genius in art would like to be."

"You are mistaken. I am condemned for my torment to wander about here in this deserted place like a departed spirit."

"Here in Berlin—a deserted place!"

"Yes, it is deserted to me, for I can find no kindred spirit here. I am alone."

"But the artists!—the composers!"

"Away with them. They criticise and criticise, refining away everything to find one poor little thought—but beyond their babble about art and artistical taste, and I know not what—they can shape out nothing, and as soon as they endeavor to bring out a few thoughts into daylight—their fearful coldness shows their extreme distance from the sun—it is Lapland work."

"Your judgment seems to me too stern. At least you must allow that their theatrical representations are magnificent."

"I once resolved to go to the theatre to hear the opera of one of my young friends—what is the name of it? The whole world is in this opera—through the confused bustle of dressed up men, wander the spirits of Orcus. All here has a voice and an almighty sound. The devil—I mean Don Juan. But I could not endure it beyond the overture, through which they blustered as fast as possible without perception or understanding. And I had prepared myself for that by a course of fasting and prayer, because I know that the Euphon is much too severely tried by this measure and gives an indistinct utterance."

"Though I must admit that Mozart's masterpieces are generally slighted here in a most inexplicable manner—yet Gluck's works are very much better represented."

"Do you think so? I once was desirous of hearing the Iphigenia in Tauris. As soon as I entered the theatre, I perceived they were playing the Iphigenia in Aulis. Then—thought I, this is a mistake. Do they call *this* Iphigenia? I was amazed—for now the Andante came in, with which the Iphigenia in Tauris opens, and the storm followed. There is an interval of twenty years. All the effect, all the admirably arranged exposition of the tragedy is lost. A still sea—a storm—the Greeks wrecked on the land—this is the opera. How?—has the composer written the overture at random, so that one may play it as he pleases and when he will, like a trumpet-piece?"

"I confess that is a mistake. Yet in the meantime, they are doing all they can to raise Gluck's works in the general estimation."

"Oh yes!" said he shortly—and then smiled more and more bitterly. Suddenly he walked off, and nothing could detain him. In a moment he disappeard, and for many successive days I sought him in vain in the park.

* * * * * *

Several months had elapsed, when one cold, rainy

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evening, having been belated in a distant part of the city, I was going towards my house in Friedrich street. It was necessary to pass by the theatre. The noisy music of trumpets and kettle drums reminded me that Gluck's Armida was to be now performed, and I was on the point of going in, when a curious soliloquy spoken from the window, where every note of the orchestra was distinctly audible, arrrested my attention.

"Now comes the king—they play the march—beat, beat away on your kettle drums. That's right, that's lively. Yes, yes, you must do that eleven times now—or else the procession won't be long enough. Ha, ha—Maestro—drag along, children. See there is a figurant with his shoe-string caught. That's right for the twelfth time!—Keep beating on that dominant—Oh! ye eternal powers this will never cease. Now he presents his compliments—Armida returns thanks. Still once more? Yes, I see all's right—there are two soldiers yet to come. What evil spirit has banished me here?"

"The ban is loosed," cried I—"come!"

I seized my curious friend by the arm (for the soliloquist was no other than he,) and hurrying him out of the park, carried him away with me. He seemed surprised, and followed me in silence. We had already arrived in Friedrich street when he suddenly stopped.

"I know you," said he.—"You were in the park. We talked together. I drank your wine—grew heated by it. The Euphon sounded two days afterwards—I suffered much—it is over."

"I am rejoiced that accident has thrown you again in my way. Let us be better acquainted. I live not far from here—suppose you—"

"I cannot, and dare not go with any one."

"No, you shall not escape me thus—I will go with you."

"Then you must go about two hundred steps. But you were just going into the theatre?"

"I was going to hear Armida, but now—"

"You shall hear Armida *now*—come!"

In silence we went down Friedrich street. He turned quickly down a cross street, running so fast that I could with difficulty follow him—until he stopped at last before a common-looking house. After knocking for some time the door was opened.—Groping in the dark, we ascended the steps and entered a chamber in the upper story, the door of which my guide carefully locked. I heard a door open; through this he led me with a light, and the appearance of the curiously decorated apartment surprised me not a little—old-fashioned, richly adorned chairs, a clock fixed against the wall with a gilt case, and a heavy broad mirror gave to the whole the gloomy appearance of antiquated splendor. In the middle stood a little Piano Forte, upon which was placed a large inkstand; and near it lay several sheets of music. A more attentive examination of these arrangements for composition made it evident to me that for some time nothing could have been written; for the paper was perfectly yellow, and thick spider webs were woven over the inkstand—the man stepped towards a press in the corner of a chamber which I had not perceived before, and as soon as he drew aside the curtain I saw a row of beautifully bound books with golden titles Orfeo—Armida—Alcesti—Iphigenia—&c.—in short a collection of Gluck's master pieces standing together.

"Do you own all Gluck's works?" I cried.

He made no answer, but a spasmodic smile played across his mouth, and the play of muscles in the hollow cheeks distorted his countenance to the appearance of a hideous mask—He fixed his dark eyes sternly upon me, seized one of the books—it was Armida—and stepped solemnly towards the piano forte.—I opened it quickly and drew up the music rack; that appeared to give him pleasure—He opened the book—I beheld ruled leaves, but not a single note written upon them.

He began; "now I will play the overture—Do you turn over the leaves at the proper time"—I promised—and now grasping the full chords, gloriously and like a master, he played the majestic Tempo di Marcia with which the overture begins, without deviating from the original; but the Allegro was only interpenetrated by Gluck's principal thought. He brought out so many rich changes that my astonishment increased—His modulations were particularly bold, without being startling, and so great was his facility of hanging upon the principal idea of a thousand melodious lyrics, that each one seemed a reproduction of it in a new and renovated form—His countenance glowed—now he contracted his eyebrows and a long suppressed wrath broke powerfully forth, and now his eyes swam in tears of deep yearning melancholy. Sometimes with a pleasant tenor voice he sang the Thema, while both hands were employed in artist-like lyrics, and sometimes he imitated with his voice in an entirely different manner the hollow tone of the beaten kettle-drums. I industriously turned over the leaves, as I followed his look. The overture was finished and he fell back exhausted with closed eyes, upon the arm chair. But soon he raised himself again and turning hastily over a few blank leaves, said to me in a hollow tone—

"All this, sir, have I written when I came out of the kingdom of dreams, but I betrayed the holy to unholy, and an ice-cold hand fastened upon this glowing heart. It broke not. Yet was I condemned to wander among the unholy like a departed spirit—formless, so that no one knew me until the sunflower again lifted me up to the eternal—Ha, now let us sing Armida's Scena."

Then he sang the closing scene of the Armida with an expression which penetrated my inmost heart—Here also he deviated perceptibly from the original—but the substituted music was Gluck-like music in still higher potency.—All that Hate, Love, Despair, Madness, can express in its strongest traits—he united in his tones—His voice seemed that of a young man, for from its deep hollowness swelled forth an irrepressible strength—Every fibre trembled—I was beside myself—When he had finished I threw myself into his arms, and cried with sup-

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pressed voice—"What does this mean? Who are you?"

He stood up and gazed at me with earnest, penetrating look—but as I was about to speak again he vanished with the light through a door and left me in the darkness—He was absent a quarter of an hour—I despaired of seeing him again and ascertaining my position from the situation of the piano forte sought to open the door, when suddenly in an embroidered dress coat, rich vest and with a sword at his side and a light in his hand he entered—

I started—he came solemnly up to me, took me softly by the hand, and said, softly smiling—

"I am the Chevalier Gluck!"

VENUS AND THE MODERN BELLE.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Young Beauty looked over her gems one night,
  And stole to her glass, with a petulant air:
She braided her hair, with their burning light,
  Till they played like the gleam of a glowworm there.

Then she folded, over her form of grace,
  A costly robe from an Indian loom
But a cloud overshadowed her exquisite face,
  And Love's sunny dimple was hid in the gloom.

"It is useless!" she murmured,—"my jewels have lost
  All their lustre, since last they illumined my curls!"
And she snatched off the treasures, and haughtily tost,
  Into brilliant confusion, gold, rubies and pearls.

Young Beauty was plainly provoked to a passion;
  "And what?" she exclaimed, "shall the star of the ball
Be seen by the beaux, in a gown of this fashion?"—
  Away went the robe,—ribbons, laces and all!

"Oh! Paphian goddess!" she sighed in despair,
  "Could I borrow that mystic and magical zone,
Which Juno of old condescended to wear,
  And which lent her a witchery sweet as your own!"—

She said and she started; for lo! in the glass,
  Beside her a shape of rich loveliness came!
She turned,—it was Venus herself! and the lass
  Stood blushing before her, in silence and shame.

"Fair girl!" said the goddess—"the girdle you seek,
  Is one you can summon at once, if you will;
It will wake the soft dimple and bloom of your cheek,
  And, with peerless enchantment, your flashing eyes, fill.

No gem in your casket such lustre can lend,
  No silk wrought in silver, such beauty, bestow,
With that talisman heed not, tho' simply, my friend,
  Your robe and your ringlets unjewelled may flow!"

"Oh! tell it me! give it me!"—Beauty exclaimed,—
  As Hope's happy smile, to her rosy mouth, stole,—
"Nay! you wear it e'en now, since your temper is tamed,
  'Tis the light of Good Humour,—that gem of the soul!"

MY BARK IS OUT UPON THE SEA.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

My bark is out upon the sea
  The moon's above;
Her light a presence seems to me
  Like woman's love.
My native land I've left behind;
  Afar I roam;
In other climes no hearts I'll find,
  Like those at home.

Of all yon sisterhood of stars,
  But one is true;
She paves my path with crystal spars,
  And beams like you,
Whose purity the waves recall
  In music's flow,
As round my bark they rise and fall
  In liquid snow.

The freshening breeze now swells the sails,
  A storm is on;
The weary moon's dim lustre fails,
  The stars are gone.
Not so fades love's eternal light
  When storm-clouds weep;
I know one heart's with me to-night
  Upon the deep.

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THE LATE SIR DAVID WILKIE.

BY LOUIS FITZGERALD TASISTRO.

UNDER the head of Painting, England undoubtedly at present stands considerably above any of the continental nations; but they surpass her perhaps in an equal degree, in the sister Art of Sculpture, and in Music, — Italy in both of these, and Germany in the latter. France may perhaps be said to have reached the same general point that England has in all these Arts; but she cannot claim the same exceptions in favor of individual instances, in either of them. In musical composers, on the other hand, she surpasses England, and yet reaches to only a very moderate degree of excellence.

Sir David Wilkie was one of the most distinguished Artists, in his particular line, that England, or any other country ever possessed. He has, to be sure, produced, comparatively speaking, but few pictures; but in force and richness of expression, in truth and depth of character, in subtlety of thought, and felicity of invention, I have seen none in the same class that at all equal these few. In the above particulars, and in a marvellous truth and simplicity of pencil in delineating what he sees or remembers, Wilkie as far surpasses Teniers himself, as Teniers surpasses him in freedom and felicity of touch, and freshness, transparency, and beauty of coloring. And important as these latter qualities are in a picture, those which spring from, and appeal to, the intellect chiefly, must be allowed to be still more so.

The subject of Wilkie's pictures are confined to what may be called the higher classes of low life, where the habits and institutions of modern society have hitherto, in a great measure, failed to diffuse that artificial and conventional form of character, which, if it does not altogether preclude the *action* of the feelings, at least forbids all outward manifestation of them. If Sir David had unfortunately devoted his peculiar and unrivalled power of depicting what *is*, to scenes in high, or even in middle life, he would have produced works altogether feeble and worthless; because he could only represent what actually did exist; and, in these classes of life, *this*, as far as regards its outward attributes, is smoothed and polished down to a plane and colorless surface, which will not admit the passage of any thing from within, and from which every thing without slides off like water-drops from the feathers of a bird.

Only think of making a picture of a party of *ladies and gentlemen*, assembled to hear a piece of political news read; or of the same persons listening to a solo on the violin by an eminent professor! And yet these are the subjects of Wilkie's Village Politicians, and his Blind Fiddler; two of the most interesting and perfect works that ever proceeded from the pencil; and which at once evince in the artist, and excite in the spectator, more activity of thought, and play of sentiment, than are called forth at all the fashionable parties of London and Paris for a whole season.

Wilkie's power was confined, as I have said, to the representation of what he saw; but he selected and combined this with such admirable judgment, and represented it with such unrivalled truth and precision, that his pictures impress themselves on the memory with all the force and reality of facts. We remember, and recur to, the scenes he places before us, just as we should to the real scenes if we had been present at them; and can hardly think of, and refer to them as any thing *but* real scenes. They seem to become part of our experience — to increase the stores of our actual knowledge of life and human nature; and the actors in them take their places among the persons we have seen and known in our intercourse with the living world.

Wilkie's pictures are, in one sense of the term, the most *national* that were ever painted; and will carry down to posterity the face, character, habits, costume, etc. of the period and class which they represent, in a way that nothing else ever did or could; for they are literally the things themselves — the truth, and nothing but the truth. The painter allows himself no liberty or licence in the minutest particulars. He seems to have a superstitious reverence for the truth; and he would no more *paint* a lie than he would tell one. I suppose he has never introduced an article of dress or furniture into any one of his pictures, that he had not actually seen worn or used under the circumstances he was representing. If he had occasion to paint a peasant who had just entered a cottage on a rainy day, he would, as a matter of conscience, leave the marks of his dirty footsteps on the threshold of the door! This scrupulous minuteness of detail, which would be the bane of some class of art, is the beauty of his, coupled, and made subservient, as it was, to the most curious, natural, and interesting development of character, sentiment and thought.

But the most extraordinary examples of this artist's professional skill, are those in which he has depicted some peculiar *expression* in the face and action of some one of his characters. The quantity and degree of expression that he has, in several of these instances, thrown into the compass of a face and figure of less than the common miniature size, is not to be conceived

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without being seen, and has certainly never before been equalled in the Art. His most extraordinary efforts of this kind are two, in which the expressions are not very agreeable, but which become highly interesting, on account of the extreme difficulty that is felt to have been overcome in the production of them. One of these is an old man, in the act of coughing violently; and the other is a child, who has cut his fingers.

But if this is the most extraordinary part of Wilkie's pictures, and the part most likely to attract vulgar attention and curiosity, it is far from being the most valuable and characteristic. If it were, I should not regard him as the really great artist which I now do. The mere overcoming of difficulty, for the sake of overcoming it, and without producing any other ulterior effect, would be a mere idle waste of time and skill, and quite unworthy either of praise or attention. It is in these particular instances which I have noticed above, as in numerous others in different lines of art, a mere sleight of hand, exceedingly curious, as exhibiting the possible extent of human skill, but no more.

In Wilkie's pictures, this exhibition of mere manual skill is used very sparingly, and is almost always kept in subjection to, or brought in aid of, other infinitely more valuable ends. With the single exception of the "Cut Finger," which is a mere gratuitous effort of this manual dexterity, all his pictures are moral tales, more or less interesting, from their perfectly true delineation of habits and manners, or impressive, from their development of character, passion, and sentiment. The "Opening of the Will" is as fine in this way, as any of Sir Walter Scott's novels; and the "Rent Day" includes a whole series of national tales of English pastoral life in the nineteenth century.

It is a great mistake to consider Wilkie as a comic painter, in which light he is generally regarded by the public on both sides of the Atlantic. When they are standing before his pictures, they seem to feel themselves bound to be moved to laughter by them, as they would by a comedy or a farce; and without this, they do not show their taste; whereas laughter seems to me to be the very last sensation these works are adapted to call forth.

Speaking of the best and most characteristic of them, I would say, that scarcely any compositions of the art, in whatever class, are calculated to excite a greater variety of deep and serious feelings; feelings, it is true, so uniformly tempered and modified by a calm and delightful satisfaction, that they can scarcely be considered without calling up a *smile* to the countenance. But the smile arising from inward delight is as different from the laughter excited by strangeness and drollery as any one thing can be from another. It is, in fact, the very essence of Wilkie's pictures, that there is literally nothing strange, and consequently nothing droll and laughter-moving about them.

From the works of no one English artist have I received so much pure and unmixed pleasure and instruction as I have from those of Sir David Wilkie. He differs from all the great old masters, inasmuch as I think he possesses more vigor of pencil, and more natural and characteristic truth of expression than any of them. His style cannot, indeed, be said to possess the airy and enchanting graces of Claude, or the classic power and beauty of the Poussins, or the delicious sweetness of Paul Potter, or the sunny brightness of Wynants, or the elegant warmth of Both, or the delightfully rural and country-fied air of Hobbima. In fact, he has no peculiar or distinguishing style of *his own;* and this is his great and characteristic beauty. There is nothing in his pictures but what belongs positively and exclusively to the scene they profess to represent. When any of the above qualities are required in his pictures, they are sure to be found there; not because they are part of *his* style, but because they are part of *Nature's*, in the circumstances under which he is representing her. The *artist* never obtrudes himself to share with nature the admiration of the spectator. And this is a very rare and admirable quality to possess in these days of pretence and affectation; when *subject* is usually but a *secondary* consideration, and is kept in submission to the display of style, manner, and what is called *effect*.

TO AMIE—UNKNOWN.

BY L. J. CIST.

THEY tell me, lady! thou art fair
As pale December's driven snow;
That thy rich curls of golden hair
Are bright as summer-sunset's glow;
That on the coral of thy lips
Dwells nectar such as Jove ne'er sips;
And in thy deep cerulean eye
A thousand gentle graces lie;
While lofty thought, all pure as thou,
Sits throned upon thy queen-like brow!

Lady! I love thee! though I ne'er
Have seen that form of faultless grace;
Though never met mine eyes the fair
And perfect beauty of thy face;
Yet not for that thy face is fair—
Nor for thy sunny golden hair—
Nor for thy lips of roseate hue—
Nor for those eyes of Heaven's own blue—
Nor swan like neck—nor stately brow—
I love thee:—not to *those* I bow!

I love thee for the gifts of mind
With which they tell me thou'rt endow'd;
And for thy graceful manners—kind,
And gently frank, and meekly proud!
And for thy warm and gushing heart,
And soul, all void of guileful art,
And lofty intellect, well stored
With learning's rich and varied hoard;
For gifts like *these* (gifts all thine own)
I love thee!—BEAUTIFUL UNKNOWN!

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EDITH PEMBERTON.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

> Oh! days of youth and joy long clouded,
> Why thus forever haunt my view?
> While in the grave your light lay shrouded,
> Why did not memory die there too? — MOORE.

"My dear," said Mrs. Pemberton, drawing her needle through a very dilapidated stocking which she was darning, "my dear, do you know how much your old friend Ellis is worth?"

Mr. Pemberton looked up from his newspaper with some surprise, as he replied, "I can't tell exactly, but I should think his property cannot fall short of one hundred thousand dollars."

"That will be twenty thousand a piece for each of his five children," said Mrs. Pemberton, apparently pursuing some hidden train of thought.

"I am not so sure of that," returned her husband, with a smile, "it is difficult to calculate the fortune of a child during the life of a parent. Mr. Ellis is a hale hearty man, and may live long enough to double his fortune or perhaps to *lose* it all. But why are you so interested in his affairs just now, Sarah?"

"To tell you the truth, husband, I have been thinking that Edward Ellis would be a good match for Caroline."

"Pooh! pooh! Carry is but sixteen, it will be time enough three years hence, to think of a husband for her."

"But if a good opportunity should offer, it would be the height of folly to let it slip only on account of her youth. Edward is certainly very constant in his visits."

"His intimacy with Charles, sufficiently accounts for his frequent visits, and his attentions, if they mean anything, are rather directed to Edith, as far as I can judge," said Mr. Pemberton.

"Oh that is only because Edith is the eldest. I could easily manage to keep her out of the way, if she were to interfere with Caroline's prospects."

"But why not secure him for Edith, if you are so desirous of allying him to the family?"

"Mercy on me, husband, what should I do without Edith? I would not, upon any account, put such a notion into her head; nobody could supply her place if she were to marry just now."

"Rotation in office, my dear, is the true and just system in family government, whatever it may be in politics; it is time that Caroline shared some of Edith's manifold duties," said Mr. Pemberton.

"How little men know of domestic affairs," exclaimed Mrs. Pemberton; "do you suppose that such a giddy creature as Carry could ever be taught the patience, industry and thoughtfulness which seem so natural to Edith? No, no, I must keep Edith at home as long as possible."

"So you have come to the conclusion that she is too useful to be allowed to seek her own happiness."

"Oh, Mr. Pemberton how can you talk so? I am sure if Edith really loved any body I would never throw any obstacle in her way. She is quite contented now and I don't believe marriage is necessary to the happiness of every body."

"Why then are you so anxious to make matches for your girls? Why not wait and see whether Carry is not also content to be single."

"Because Caroline is such a hare-brained, thoughtless girl, that nothing but domestic duties will ever give her steadiness of character, and therefore I am anxious to see her settled in life."

"Well I don't think you need waste any feminine manoeuvres upon Edward Ellis, for whatever fortune his father may possess, he will never support his sons in idleness. He means that they shall work for themselves as he has done, and though he has given Edward a liberal education, he intends to make him a thorough merchant."

"Edward wishes to study a profession."

"I know old Ellis well enough to believe that he sets too high a value on time and money to consent to such a plan. He would never be willing to maintain Edward during the next ten years, as must necessarily be the case, if he adopted a profession."

"Edward is a remarkably fine young man."

"Yes, he possesses excellent talents and an amiable disposition, but his character is yet to be formed by time and circumstance."

"He is two and twenty, husband; and you were married when you were not that age."

"I know it, Sarah," said Mr. Pemberton, drily, "and we both married five years too soon. I became burdened with the support of a family at the outset of life, and you were weighed down with domestic cares, while yet in your girlhood; the consequence to me has been, that I am now obliged to labour as hard for a living at forty-five as I did at twenty,

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and with as little prospect of making a fortune; while the result to you has been broken health and wearied spirits."

"I am sure I never repented our marriage, my dear," said Mrs. Pemberton half reproachfully.

"Nor I, my dear Sarah," replied her husband kindly, "it would be but an ill requital for all your affection and goodness; but should we not be equally happy and less care-worn now, if we had deferred our union until we had been a little older and wiser?"

"Ah well," sighed Mrs. Pemberton, feeling the truth of her husband's remark, but unwilling to confess it, "there is no use in such retrospection; we have a large family around us, and there are no finer children than ours in the whole circle of our acquaintance. If I am broken down with the care of bringing hem up, I can forget all my trouble, when I have so much cause to be proud of them. A better daughter than Edith, a more steady boy than Charley, and prettier girls than Caroline and Maria, are not to be found anywhere in society; and I dare say I shall be just as proud of the little ones in the nursery as they grow up."

"I dare say you will, my dear," said her husband, smiling good-humoredly, "it would be very strange if you were not, and quite as strange if I had not similar opinions; Edith is as good as she is handsome and I only wish young Ellis was in circumstances to marry her."

"Don't speak of such a thing, husband, I cannot consent to part with her for the next four or five years."

"Yet you want to get rid of Caroline."

"I have already told you my motives; there never were two sisters more unlike."

"Edith has all the prudence and kindliness which befits a good wife, and therefore deserves to be well mated."

"She does not seem to think of such a thing as marriage, and I am truly glad she is so indifferent about it, indeed I almost believe that Edith is destined to be an old maid."

"It needs no great prophetic skill to predict that, if you keep her forever in the back-ground."

"I am sure I do no such thing," said Mrs. Pemberton, warmly.

"I don't pretend to know much about these matters but I have noticed that when the girls are invited to a party it is generally Edith who is left at home."

"It is not my fault, Mr. Pemberton, if she takes no pleasure in gay society."

"Are you certain she always stays at home from choice?"

"I dare say she does, at least she is never controlled by me."

"But you know as well as I do, that the slightest expression of a wish is sufficient to influence her. The truth is, Edith has made herself so useful in the family that we all depend upon her for a large portion of our comforts, and are too apt to forget that she often sacrifices her own. Do you suppose that she actually preferred staying at home to nurse little Margaret, the other night, to going to Mrs. Moore's grand ball?"

"No, I can't say she did, for she seemed rather anxious to attend that ball, and had trimmed a dress beautifully for the occasion."

"The child was certainly not so ill as to require her attendance in addition to yours, and why, therefore, was she obliged to remain?"

"No, the baby was not very sick, but she cried so bitterly when she saw Edith dressed for the party, that I was afraid she would bring on a fever."

"Therefore you disappointed Edith merely to gratify the whim of a petted infant."

"I left her to do as she pleased; she immediately changed her dress, to pacify Margaret, and took her usual place by the cradle."

"Yes, you left her to do as she pleased, after she had been allowed to discover exactly what you wished she should do. This is always the way, Sarah; the incident just mentioned, is only one out of hundreds, where Edith's kind feelings have been made to interfere with her pleasures. I have long seen in the family a disposition to take advantage of her unselfish character, and it seems to me exceedingly unjust. I do not want to part with Edith, and should give her to a husband with great reluctance, but I insist that she should have a fair chance, and not be compelled to join the single sisterhood whether she will or not. You had better let match-making alone, Sarah: leave the girls to choose for themselves; only be careful that they have the right sort of admirers, from which to select their future master."

Edith Pemberton was the eldest of a large family. Her father, immersed in business like most of our American merchants, spent the working days of every week at his counting room, only returning at evening, jaded and fatigued, to read the newspaper, and to dose upon the sofa till bed time. Governed by the erroneous ideas, which led men, in our country, to attempt the accumulation of a rapid fortune, in the vain hope of enjoying perfect leisure in their later years, Mr. Pemberton had become little more than a money-making machine. He loved his family but he had little time to devote to them. He spared no expense in the education of his children, liberally provided them with comforts, and punctually paid all the family bills, but he left all the management of household matters to his wife, who soon found it utterly useless to consult him on any domestic arrangement. His purse was always open to her demands, but his time he could not give. The consequence was that Mrs. Pemberton while endeavoring conscientiously to perform her duties, made the usual mistake, and fell into those habits which often convert our good wives into mere housekeepers and nurse maids; "household drudges" as our grumbling cousin Bull calls them. A rapidly increasing family, and her utter ignorance of her husband's business prospects, induced her to practise the strictest economy which was consistent with comfort. Abandoning the elegant accomplishments which she had acquired with so much expense of time and labor at

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school, she secluded herself in her nursery, and in the care of her children and the duties of housekeeping found full employment.

In childhood, Edith was what old ladies call 'a nice quiet little girl.' Her delicate features, fair complexion, and blonde hair, established her claim to infantile beauty, while her bright smile, sweet voice and graceful gentleness seemed to win the love of all who knew her. Endowed with no remarkable intellect, no decided genius, she yet managed, by dint of good sense, industry and perseverance, to maintain her place at the head of her classes, and to leave school, which she did at fifteen, with the reputation of a very good scholar. A plain, but thorough English education, a little French, a few not very ill done drawings in water colors; some velvet paintings and a profound knowledge of the art of stitching in all its varieties, were the fruits of Edith's studies. Gentle reader, do not despise the scanty list of accomplishments which she could number. It comprised the usual course of education at that time, and perhaps, in point of real usefulness, would bear a fair comparison with the more imposing "*sciences*" and "*ologies*" which are now *presumed* to be taught in schools of higher pretensions. Her skill in *needlecraft* was a most valuable acquisition to the eldest daughter of so numerous a family, and Mrs. Pemberton availed herself fully of its aid. Edith returned from school only to take her place as an assistant to her mother in the nursery. The maid whose business it was to take care of the children, was not trustworthy, and it became the duty of Edith to watch over the welfare of the little ones, while she employed her busy fingers in shaping and sewing their multifarious garments. Kindly in her feelings, affectionate in her disposition, gentle and patient in temper, she was dearly loved by the children. It was soon discovered that her influence could do more than the clamor of an impatient nursemaid, or the frown of a mother whose natural good temper had been fretted into irritability. If a child was refractory, sister Edith alone could administer medicine, or smooth the uneasy pillow,—and in short Edith became a kind of second mother to her five sisters and three brothers.

Had her nature been in the slightest degree tainted with selfishness, she might have reasonably murmured against the heavy burdens which were laid upon her at so early an age. But Edith never thought of herself. To contribute to the happiness of others was her chief pleasure, and she seemed totally unconscious of the value of her daily sacrifices. If any particularly disagreeable piece of work was to be done, it was always concluded that Edith would not refuse to undertake it; if any one was compelled to forego some anticipated pleasure, the lot was sure to fall on Edith; and in short the total absence of selfishness in her seemed to be the warrant for a double allowance of that ingredient in the characters of all around her. Have you never met, friend reader, with one of those kind, affectionate, ingenuous persons who have the knack of doing every thing well, and the tact of doing every thing kindly? and did you never observe that with this useful and willing person, every body seemed to claim the right of sharing their troubles? Such an one was Edith Pemberton.

But Edith was not proof against that passion which is usually libelled as selfish and engrossing. Edward Ellis had cultivated an intimacy with her young and studious brother, solely on her account, and the patience with which the gifted "senior," assisted the efforts of the zealous "sophomore," might be attributed less to friendship than to a warmer emotion. Ellis was talented, ambitious and vain, but he was also warm-hearted, and susceptible to virtuous impressions. The perfect gentleness, the feminine delicacy, the modest beauty of Edith had charmed the romantic student, and her unaffected admiration of his superior mental endowments, completed the spell of her fascination. His parents, well knowing how strong a safeguard against evil influences, is a virtuous attachment, rather encouraged his intimacy with the Pemberton family, without enquiring closely into his motives; and Edward was content to enjoy the present, leaving the future to take care of itself. In compliance with his wishes, his father had given him a liberal education, but when, upon leaving college he requested permission to study some profession, he met with a decided negative. "I wish you to be a merchant, Edward," said his father, "I have given you an education which will enable you to be an enlightened and intelligent one, but upon yourself it depends to become a rich one. Talents and learning without money are of as little use as rough gems; they are curiosities for the cabinet of the virtuoso, not valuables to the man of sense; they must be polished and set in a golden frame before they can adorn the possessor, or seem precious in the eyes of the multitude. If you are wealthy, a little wisdom will procure you a great reputation; if you are poor your brightest talents only serve as a farthing rushlight to show you your own misery!" Such were the views of Mr. Ellis, and though his son differed widely from him in feeling, yet he dared not gainsay the assertions which he deemed the result of experience and worldly wisdom.

It was but a few days after the conversation just narrated that another of a different character took place between two of the parties interested. Edith was returning from a visit to a sick friend, just as evening was closing in; when she was met at her door, by Edward Ellis.

"Come with me, Edith," said Edward hurriedly, "wrap your shawl about you, and walk with me on the Battery."

"Not now, Mr. Ellis," replied Edith, "it is quite late, and little Madge is waiting for me to sing her to sleep."

"Psha! Edith, you are always thinking of some family matter; do you ever think of your own wishes?"

"Yes," replied Edith, laughing, "and I confess I should prefer a pleasant walk with you to a warm and noisy nursery."

"Then come," said Edward, drawing her arm

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through his, "I have something of great consequence to say to you."

Edith looked surprised, but the expression of Edward's countenance was anxious and troubled, so she offered no further opposition. They entered the Battery, and walked along the river side, for some minutes in perfect silence, before Edward could summon courage to enter upon the subject nearest his thoughts. At length as they turned into a less frequented path, he abruptly exclaimed, "Do you know, Edith, that I am going away?"

Edith's heart gave a sudden bound, and then every pulsation seemed as suddenly to cease, as with trembling voice she uttered a faint exclamation of astonishment.

"You are surprised, Edith, I knew you would be so, but have you no other feeling at this announcement of my departure? Nay, turn not your sweet face from me; I must know whether your heart responds to mine."

Edith blushed and trembled as she thus listened, for the first time, to the voice of passionate tenderness. Feelings which had long been growing up unnoticed in her heart, and to which she had never thought of giving a name—fancies, beautiful in their vagueness,—emotions undefined and undetermined, but still pleasant in the indulgence,—all the

"countless things
That keep young hearts forever glowing,"

found in that instant their object and their aim. Edith had never thought of Edward as a lover, she had never looked into her heart to discover whether she really wished him to be such, but at the magic voice of affection, the mystery of her own heart was revealed to her, its secret recesses were unveiled to her gaze, and she knew that his image had long been there unconsciously enshrined. Her lover saw not all her emotions in her expressive countenance, but he read there no repulsive coldness, and as he clasped the little hand, which lay on his arm, he said;

"Listen to me, dear Edith; my father informed me, to-day, that he has made an arrangement with my uncle, (whom, as you know, has long resided at Smyrna,) by which I am to become the junior partner in the house, and he has directed me to be ready in three weeks, to sail in one of his ships, now lading for that port. How long I shall be absent, is uncertain, but as my uncle is desirous of returning to America, I presume that it is intended I shall take his place abroad. Years, therefore, may elapse ere I again behold my native land, and I cannot depart without telling you how dear you have long been to my heart. Yet let me not deceive you Edith: I have confessed to my father my affection for you,—he acknowledges your worth, and does not disapprove my choice, but he has positively forbidden me to form any engagement for the future. I am violating his commands in thus expressing my feelings to you."

"What are his objections, Edward?" faltered the trembling girl.

"Oh it is the old story of over-prudent age; he says we may both change long before I return, and that it is best to be unfettered by any promise; then no harm can happen to either, and if you love me you will wait my return, without requiring any engagement to confirm your faith. Thus he argues and I can make no reply. I have no means of supporting a wife, therefore I dare not ask you of your parents, and my father's caution deprives me of the only comfort which hope might have afforded me in my exile."

Edith was deeply agitated, and her cheek grew pale, as she murmured: "You are right in obeying your father, Edward; happiness never yet waited on one who was deficient in filial duty."

"And is this all you can say, Edith," exclaimed Edward passionately. "Is this cold approval all I can hope to receive from the object of my first and only love? Have not my every look and tone told you how deeply I loved you, and can you let me depart without one word of tenderness or regret? Must I remember your gentle face but as a dream of boyhood? Shall your low, sweet voice be but as the melody of by-gone years? May I not bear with me, in my banishment, a hope, faint and cold it may be as the winter sunbeam, yet lighting up my dreary path with something like a promise of future happiness? Edith I ask no plighted faith; I wish you not to pledge me your hand till I can come forward and claim it openly; but I would fain know whether my love is but as incense flung upon the winds. If you can offer no return to my affection, dearest, let me at once know my fate, and with all the force of an over-mastering will, shall my heart be silenced, if not subdued. Say that you love me not, Edith, and though the stream of my life must forever bear your image on its surface, yet you shall never know how dark has been the shadow it has cast. Say that you love me not, and you shall never hear a murmur from my lips, nor shall your peaceful existence be saddened by the gloom which must ever pervade mine. You are silent Edith—you cannot bear to utter the words which must condemn me to despair."

Ellis paused, and strove to read in Edith's face, the feelings to which she could not give utterance. But her eyes were bent upon the ground, while the big tears fell like rain from beneath the drooping lids and in her flushed cheek he saw only displeasure.

"I was right, Edith," said he, sadly, "you do not love me; forgive and forget my folly, but let us not part in coldness." He took her hand again, as he spoke: "I perhaps deserve punishment for my selfishness in thus asking the heart when I could not claim the hand; when I am gone, some happier lover will perhaps ask both and then—"

"He will be denied," interrupted Edith, hastily, turning her agitated face towards her suitor. "This is no time for maiden coyness, Edward; your happiness and mine are both at stake, and therefore I tell you, what till this moment was unknown even to myself, that my affections are in your keeping."

"Dearest, dearest Edith, then am I supremely happy; I ask no more; let the only bond between us be the secret one of cherished love."

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"Not so, Edward; you have promised your father not to enter into any engagement, but I am bound by no such restraints. You are, and must remain free from all other bonds than those of feeling, but if it will add to your happiness to be assured of my faith during your absence, I pledge you my word that my hand shall be yours whenever you come to claim it."

"But your parents, Edith,—what will they say, if they find you clinging to a remembered lover, and perhaps rejecting some advantageous settlement?"

"They will suffer me to pursue my own course, Edward, and will be satisfied with any thing that binds me to my childhood's home. I am too much the companion of my parents to be looked upon in the light of an intruder, when I prolong the period of filial dependence."

"Then be it so, dearest; bound by no outward pledge, we will cherish our affection within our hearts, and since we must part, you will still gladden your quiet home with your sweet presence, while I will wander forth to win the fortune which can alone secure me my future happiness."

Three weeks after this interview, Edward Ellis sailed for Smyrna, and Mrs. Pemberton, as she witnessed the ill-disguised agitation of the lovers, was compelled to acknowledge that "after all, she really believed, if Edward had staid, there would have been a match between him and Edith."

But Edith buried within her own bosom, her newly awakened emotions. Her manner was always so quiet, that if her step did become less light, and her voice grow softer in its melancholy cadence, it was scarcely noticed by her thoughtless companions. She had learned that she was beloved, only in the moment of separation, and therefore there were few tender and blissful recollections to beguile the weary days of absence; but

> "Woman's love can live on long remembrance
> And oh! how precious is the slightest thing
> Affection gives, and hallows!"

She was one of those gentle beings who draw from the font of tenderness within their own bosoms, a full draught of sympathy for the sufferings and wants of others. She returned to her self-denying duties with a more thoughtful spirit and a more loving heart. Her character, always full of goodness and truth, seemed to assume an elevation of feeling, such as nothing but a pure and unselfish attachment can ever create. A desire to become in all respects, worthy of him whom she loved, gave a new tone to all her impulses, and her vivid sense of duty became blended with her earnest desire to merit her future happiness. Edward wrote very punctually to his young friend Charles Pemberton, and every letter contained some message to Edith, but she alone could detect the secret meaning of the apparently careless lines. They afforded sufficient nutriment to the love which was rapidly becoming a part of her very being; and Edith was content to abide her time!

In the mean time Mrs. Pemberton, who became an adept in match-making, busied herself in providing for her younger girls, and was fortunate enough to secure two most eligible offers. Caroline, at eighteen became the wife of a promising young lawyer, while Maria, who was nearly two years younger, married at the same time a prosperous merchant, who had lately set up his carriage and, as he had no time to use it himself, wanted a wife to ride in it. Mrs. Pemberton was in ecstasies, for she had succeeded in all her plans. Edith was still at home, as a sort of house keeper, head cook, chief nurse, etc. etc., sharing every body's labors and lightening every body's troubles, while the two giddy girls who had resolved not to become useful as long as they could avoid the necessity of it, were respectably settled in their own homes. She was never tired of extolling the talents of one son-in-law, and the fine fortune of the other, while she spoke of Edith as "that dear good girl, who, I am happy to say, is a confirmed old maid, and will never leave her mother while she lives." But this manœuvre did not discourage several from seeking the hand of the gentle girl. Her father wondered when she refused two of the most unexceptionable offers, and even her mother felt almost sorry, when she declined the addresses of an elderly widower, endowed with a fortune of half a million, and a family of fine children. But a total want of congeniality of feeling in all her immediate friends, had taught Edith a degree of reserve which seemed effectually to conceal her deepest feelings. She was patient and trustful, she considered herself affianced in heart, and though conscious that not even the tie of honor, as the world would consider it, bound her lover to his troth, she felt no misgivings as to his fidelity. She trod the even tenor of her way, diffusing cheerfulness and comfort around her, thinking for every body, remembering every thing and forgetting only herself. None sought her sympathy or assistance in vain; in her own family—in the chamber of sickness or death, among her friends,—in the hovel of poverty and distress, she was alike useful and kindly. Every one loved her, and even those who tested her powers of endurance most fully, almost idolized the unselfish and affectionate daughter and sister.

Years passed on, and brought their usual chances and charges. Caroline became a mother, and fancied that her cares were quite too heavy for her to bear alone. Edith was therefore summoned to assist and soon found herself occupying a similar station in her sister's nursery to that which she had long filled at home. The baby was often sick and always cross; nobody but Edith could manage him, and therefore Edith took the entire charge of him, while the mother paid visits and the nurse gossiped in the kitchen. Maria too began to assert claims upon her. She, poor thing, was entirely too young for the duties she had undertaken. Thoughtless, fond of dress, and profuse in household expenditure, she had no idea of systematic housekeeping, and Edith was called in to place matters on a better footing. But before Maria had attained her eighteenth year, her family was rather liberally increased by the addition of twin daughters, and again the agency of the useful sister was required. Her girlhood had been con-

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sumed amid womanly cares, and now her years of blooming womanhood were to be wasted in supplying the deficiencies of those who had incurred responsibilities which exceeded their powers. Yet Edith never thought of murmuring. She had been so long accustomed to live for others that self-sacrifice had now become habitual, and she never dreamed too much might be asked of or granted by sisterly affection.

It is a common remark that the years seem to grow shorter as we advance in life, and they who could once exclaim "*a whole year!*" in accents of unqualified alarm at its length, at last find themselves referring to the same space in the careless tone of indifference as "*only a year.*" Twelve months had seemed almost an eternity to Edith when her lover first bade her farewell, and the time that intervened between his letters to her brother seemed almost endless. But as she became engrossed in new cares, and her youth began to slip by, the years seemed to revolve with greater speed, even although Charles was now in a distant part of the country and the correspondence between him and her lover if it was still continued, never met her eye. She had formed an intimacy with Edward's mother, and, as the old lady was very fond of needle-worked pincushions, net purses, worsted fire screens, and all such little nick nacks if obtained without expense, Edith was soon established in her good graces. She was thus enabled to see Edward's letters to his parents, and though they were very business-like commonplace affairs, not at all resembling a lady's beau-ideal of a lover's epistle, still Edith was satisfied. It was strange that so strong, so abiding, so pervading a passion should have taken possession of a creature so gentle, so almost cold in her demeanor. But the calmest exterior often conceals the strongest emotions, and, if the flow of Edith's feelings was quiet it was only because they worked for themselves a deeper and less fathomable channel.

Seventeen years,—a long period in the annals of time, and a longer in the records of the heart;—seventeen years passed ere Edward Ellis returned to his native land. He had left it a romantic warm hearted youth and he returned a respectable, intelligent, wealthy man. The ambition which would have led him to seek literary fame, had been expended in search of other distinctions in the world of commerce. He had become a keen observer of men and an acute student of the more sordid qualities of human nature—in a word, he had devoted his fine energies to the acquisition of wealth, and as his father predicted, he had so well availed himself of his opportunities that he was both an enlightened and rich merchant. But the romance of his early days had long since passed away. The imaginative student was concealed or rather lost in the man of the world. Thrown upon his own resources, in a foreign land, and surrounded by strangers he had learned to think and act for himself. He had acquired the worldly wisdom which enabled him to study his own interests, and it is not strange that selfishness should have mingled its alloy with his naturally amiable character. During his long sojourn abroad no claims had been made upon his affections, he had lived unloving and unloved, and the warm current of his feelings seemed gradually to have become chilled. When seen through the mist of absence, or viewed through the long vista of time, the familiar faces of his distant home, faded into vague and indistinct images. He returned to the scenes of his youth with a feeling of strangeness and the remembrances at every step of his approach were rather mournful than pleasant to his soul.

Edward Ellis had been several days at home, he had fully answered all the claims filial and fraternal duty, and received the congratulations of the friends who are always found ready to note one's good fortune, ere he bent his steps towards the dwelling of Edith Pemberton. His feelings in this as in most other things were materially altered. His early passion, like his aspirations after fame, had become but as a dream of the past, a shadow of some unattainable felicity. The hope which once made his love a source of anticipated happiness, had long since faded from his sight, and as time passed on, a tender and melancholy interest, such as one feels when regarding the youthful dead, was the only emotion which the recollection of Edith could inspire. He had outlived the affection which he had designed to be the measure of their existence. The flower had been blighted by the cold breath of worldliness, and so many sordid interests had occupied his heart since, that every trace of its beauty was lost forever. Not with a wish to revive old feelings, but from a morbid restless unsatisfied yearning towards the past, Ellis betook himself to the abode of his once loved Edith.

As he entered the hall, and ere the servant could announce his name, a young lady emerged from the drawing-room, and met him face to face. He started in unfeigned surprise, as he exclaimed:—

"Miss Pemberton!—Edith—can it be possible!"

The lady looked a little alarmed, and opening the door through which she had just passed said:—

"My name is Margaret, sir; did you wish to see sister Edith?"

He answered in the affirmative, and as he took his seat while the sylph-like figure of the beautiful girl disappeared, he could not help glancing at the mirror, where a moment's reflection soon convinced him that the years which had so changed him could scarcely have left Edith untouched. The thought that Margaret whom he had left almost an infant should have thus expanded into the lovely image of her sister, prepared him in some measure for other changes.

Edith had expected his visit with a flutter of spirits most unusual and distressing. She was conscious that he would find her sadly altered in person, and she had been trying to school herself for the interview, which she well knew must be fraught with pain even if it brought happiness. But when her young sister came to her with a ludicrous account of the strange gentleman's droll mistake, her prophetic soul, which had acquired the gift of prescience from sorrow, saw but too plainly the cloud upon her future. She descended to the drawing-room with a

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determination to control her emotions, and, to one so accustomed to self command, the task though difficult was not impossible. The meeting between the long parted lovers was painful and full of constraint. In the emaciated figure, and hollow cheek of her who had long passed the spring of life, Ellis saw little to awaken the associations of early affection, for the being who now appeared before him scarcely retained a trace of her former self. Time, and care, and the wearing anxiety of hope deferred had blighted the beauty which under happier circumstances might have outlived her youthfulness. Edith was now only a placid pleasant looking woman with that indescribable air of mannerism which always characterises the single lady of a certain age, and as Ellis compared her present appearance with that of her blooming sister, who bore a most singular resemblance to her, he was tempted to feel a secret satisfaction in the belief that her heart was as much changed as her person.

And what felt Edith at this meeting? She had lived on one sweet hope, and had borne absence, and sorrow, and the wasting of weary expectancy with the patience of a loving and trusting heart. It is true that, as years sped on, she lost much of the sanguine temper which once seemed to abbreviate time and diminish space. It is true that as time stole the bloom from her cheek and the brightness from her eye, many a misgiving troubled her gentle bosom, and the shadow of a settled grief seemed gradually extending its gloom over her feelings. But still hope existed,—no longer as the brilliant sunshine of existence,—no longer as the only hope which the future could afford,—but faded and dim—its radiance lost in the mist of years, yet still retaining a spark of its early warmth. She had many doubts and fears but she still had pleasant fancies of the future, which, cherished in her secret heart, were the only fountains of delight in the dreary desert of her wasted feelings. But now all was at an end. They had met, not as strangers, but, far worse, as estranged friends. The dream of her life was rudely broken—the veil was lifted from her eyes,—the illusion which had given all she knew of happiness, was destroyed forever. In the words of him who has sounded every string of love's sweet lyre, she might have exclaimed in the bitterness of her heart:

"Had we but known, since first we met,
Some few short hours of bliss,
We might in numbering them, forget
The deep deep pain of this;
But no! our hope was born in fears
And nursed 'mid vain regrets!
Like winter suns, it rose in tears,
Like them, in tears it sets."

Mrs. Pemberton at first formed some schemes, founded on the remembrance of Edward's former liking for Edith, but when she learned his error respecting Margaret she began to fancy that if her eldest daughter was a little too old, the younger was none too young to make a good wife for the rich merchant. She expressed her admiration of his expanded figure, extolled his fine hair, which happened to be a well made wig, was in raptures with his beautiful teeth which owed their brilliancy to the skill of a French dentist, and, in short, left no means untried to accomplish her end. But she was doomed to disappointment. It is not easy to kindle a new flame from the ashes of an extinguished passion. There was a secret consciousness, a sense of dissatisfaction with himself, that made Ellis rather shrink from Edith's society, and threw an air of constraint over his manner towards the whole family. He was not happy in the presence of her who appeared before him as a spectre of the past, bearing reproaches in its melancholy countenance, and after a few embarrassed attempts at carelessness in his intercourse with her, he ceased entirely to visit the family.

No one ever knew what Edith suffered, for no one suspected her long-cherished attachment. Her step became languid, her cheek sunken, her eye unnaturally bright, and when at length, a hacking cough fastened itself upon her lungs, every body said that Edith Pemberton was falling into a consumption. Some attributed it to a cold taken when nursing her sister through a dangerous illness,—others thought she had worn out her health among her numerous nephews and nieces. But the worm lay at the root of the tree and though the storm and the wind might work its final overthrow, the true cause of its fall was the gnawing of the secret destroyer. Gradually and quietly and silently she faded from among the living. Friends gathered round her couch of suffering and the consolations of the Book of all truth smoothed her passage to the tomb. With a world of sorrow and care sinking from her view, and an eternal life of happiness opening upon her dying eyes, she closed her useful and blameless life.

On the very day fixed upon for his marriage with a young and fashionable heiress, Edward Ellis received a summons to attend, as pall bearer, the funeral of Edith Pemberton. Of course he could not decline, and as he beheld the earth flung upon the coffin which concealed the faded form of her whom he had once loved, the heart of the selfish and worldly man was touched with pity and remorse. But he turned from Edith's grave to his own bridal and in the festivities of that gay scene soon forgot her who, after a life spent in the service of others, had fallen a victim to that chronic heart-break which destroys many a victim never numbered in the records of mortality.

Gentle reader, I have told you a simple story, but one so like the truth, that you will be tempted to conjecture that the real heroine has been actually known to you. Will not the circle of your own acquaintance furnish an Edith Pemberton?—a gentle, lovely and loveable woman, who leads a life of quiet benevolence, and whose obscure and peaceful existence is marked by deeds of kindness, even as the windings of a summer brook are traced by the freshness of the verdure and flowers that adorn its banks? Have you never met with one of those persons on whose gravestone might be inscribed the beautiful and touching lines of the poet Delille.

"Joyless I lived yet joy to others gave!"

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And when you have listened to the bitter jest, the keen sarcasm and the thoughtless ridicule which the young and gay are apt to utter against "*the old maid*," has it never occurred to you that each of these solitary and useful beings may have her own true tale of young and disappointed affection?

TO AN ANTIQUE VASE.

BY N. C. BROOKS.

In the cabinet of M. Villanen is an antique vase of elegant proportions and beautiful workmanship that was fished up from the sea. It is wreathed with coral and madripore, in the most grotesque manner. The play of imagination I hope will not be considered too free in supposing it had been used in ancient sacrifices, at the founding of cities, and the revels of royalty.

Ages have passed since, amid the gale,
A votive gift to the god of the sea
Thou wert cast where the Tyrian's broidered sail
O'er the Adrian wave swept wildly free:
And we muse, as we gaze on thy tarnished gleam,
On the vanished past in a quiet dream.

Where ancient temples once flashed with gold
Thou hast stood with the priest at the holy shrine—
Where in amber wreaths the incense rolled,
Thou hast shed thy treasure of votive wine:
Now the temples are fallen—the altars lone,
And the white-robed priest and his gods are gone.

Where the augur waved and the monarch prayed
Thy font has the full libation poured;
And when the city walls were laid
The palace rose and the castle towered:
But they sunk by the engine and Time's dark flood.
And the wild grass waves where the columns stood.

In the festal halls where eyes grew bright,
And pulses leaped at the viol's sound,
Thou hast winged the hours with mystic flight,
As the feast and the mazy dance went round;
Now mosses the mouldering walls encrust,
And the pulseless hearts of the guests are dust.

Yes creeds have changed, and forms have grown old—
Empires and nations have faded away
Since the grape last purpled thy shining gold;
And grandeur and greatness have met decay
Since the beaded bubbles of old did swim,
Like rubies, around thy jewelled brim.

THE OLD WORLD.

BY GEORGE LUNT.

There was once a world and a brave old world,
Away in the ancient time,
When the men were brave and the women fair,
And the world was in its prime;
And the priest he had his book,
And the scholar had his gown,
And the old knight stout, he walked about
With his broadsword hanging down.

Ye may see this world was a brave old world,
In the days long past and gone,
And the sun it shone, and the rain it rained,
And the world went merrily on.
The shepherd kept his sheep,
And the milkmaid milked the kine,
And the serving-man was a sturdy loon
In a cap and doublet fine.

And I've been told in this brave old world,
There were jolly times and free,
And they danced and sung, till the welkin rung,
All under the greenwood tree.
The sexton chimed his sweet sweet bells,
And the huntsman blew his horn,
And the hunt went out, with a merry shout,
Beneath the jovial morn.

Oh, the golden days of the brave old world
Made hall and cottage shine;
The squire he sat in his oaken chair,
And quaff'd the good red wine;
The lovely village maiden,
She was the village queen,
And, by the mass, tript through the grass
To the May-pole on the green.

When trumpets roused this brave old world,
And banners flaunted wide,
The knight bestrode the stalwart steed,
And the page rode by his side.
And plumes and pennons tossing bright
Dash'd through the wild mêlée,
And he who prest amid them best
Was lord of all, that day.

And ladies fair, in the brave old world,
They ruled with wondrous sway;
But the stoutest knight he was lord of right,
As the strongest is to-day.
The baron bold he kept his hold,
Her bower his bright ladye,
But the forester kept the good greenwood,
All under the forest tree.

Oh, how they laugh'd in the brave old world,
And flung grim care away!
And when they were tired of working
They held it time to play.
The bookman was a reverend wight,
With a studious face so pale,
And the curfew bell, with its sullen swell,
Broke duly on the gale.

And so passed on, in the brave old world,
Those merry days and free;
The king drank wine and the clown drank ale,
Each man in his degree.
And some ruled well and some ruled ill,
And thus passed on the time,
With jolly ways in those brave old days
When the world was in its prime.

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THOUGHTS ON MUSIC.

BY HENRY COOD WATSON.

From whence does the Musician draw his inspiration? This question is often asked, but seldom correctly answered. Music, as a science, is but little understood. The importance of its detail is not considered, because its effects are not examined, by the appreciating eye of knowledge. To common observers, music possesses no feature worthy of consideration, beyond an accidental succession of notes, which gives a pleasing sensation to the ear, without intention or design. Most persons believe that they could write music, if they only knew their notes. To "turn" a melody is the easiest thing in life, and all the adjuncts, harmony and instrumentation, are merely mechanical parts of the art, which every one might learn. This is a popular and very gross error. Music is either a simple succession of relative intervals, which form a melody, or an aggregate of consonant or dissonant sounds, which produces a harmony. These two combined, form a vehicle for the expression of the passions of the human heart, more forcible and more truthful, than the noblest works of either the painter or the poet.

It would require too much space, and would lead me too far from my original subject, to enquire into, and to trace out, the means by which simple sounds, produced by vibration, percussion or detonation, affect the mind and imagination of the hearer. It will be sufficient to say, that the individual experience of every one, will bear witness to the existence of this most powerful agency.

The music of a low sweet voice, how it penetrates and vibrates through the whole being! The music of the small birds, though limited in its scale, how it fills up the measure of the imagination, by giving a voice of harmony to the silent beauties of nature. The pealing organ with its various tones, breathes out religious strains, and moves the heart to penitence and prayer. This instrument is suited above all others, to display the imagination of a master hand, from the vast extent of its compass, and the almost endless variety of its powers by combinations. It affects the imagination more than any individual instrument, or any combination of instruments. How deep and varied the emotions of the heart of him, whose "spirit is attentive," while listening to one of the sublime masses of Mozart, Haydn or Beethoven. With what a thrilling and awful feeling, the dark, mysterious and wailing miserere falls upon the soul; and with what a happy contrast, does the beautiful and comforting benedictus, pour "oil upon the bruised spirit."

The shrill fife, the hollow drum and the clangourous trumpet, speak to other and wilder passions of our hearts. They breathe an inspiration into the mind; they nerve the arm, make firm the tread, and give an animated existence to slumbering ambition, or wavering courage. The soft toned flute, the plaintive oboe, the mellow clarionette, with the other various harmonious instruments, under the influence of the creative mind, affect to smiles or tears, discourse of love, or breathe of hate, according to the shades of feeling pourtrayed by the composition.

But by what means is the imitation of these non-tangible things, transferred to a medium, which is not visible to the eye, nor distinguishable to the touch? From whence does the musician draw, to enable him to affect his hearers, by the means of sound, with the very feelings which he attempts to imitate? We will proceed to answer these inquiries.

The task of the poet is one of less difficulty, than the task of the musician, for he treats of real or imaginary subjects, with the aid of a medium that is universally understood and appreciated, according to the various degrees, and powers of the peruser's intellect. This medium is language. Words embody and define ideas; a word can express a passion, and other words can describe its rise and progress, and follow it in all its secret channels, and through all its numerous ramifications. The power of language is unbounded. Every thing that is, has a name, which name becomes associated with it in the mind, and inseparable from it, always presenting to the mental vision the object that it represents. The most subtle emotions of the human mind, feelings which lie deep in the recesses of the heart, can be torn from their lair, and displayed before the world by means of this mighty agent. Even nature with her ten thousand hoarded secrets, is over mastered, and bares her bosom to the force of thought, and stands revealed to the world, yea, even to her innermost core, by the power of language. To aid him in the task, the poet hath a million adjuncts. He moves amidst the human world, and gathers from its denizens, unending food for thought and observation. —their joys and their sorrows; their pursuits and their ends; their passions and their vices, their virtues and their charities. The life of a single being in that living mass, would form a subject of varied and startling interest, and leave but little for the imagination to fill up, or to heighten. He looks up into the heavens, and finds a space of boundless immensity, in which his restless speculation may run riot. He looks abroad upon the face of nature, and there are endless stores of bright and beautiful things, to feed his fancy, to stimulate his imagination and refresh his thoughts.

How few of these fruitful themes, are available to the musician!

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The painter in all his beautiful creations, pourtrays his subjects by the means of the actual. From the living loveliness which he daily sees, he hoards up rich stores of beauty, for some happy thought. But to aid him in his labors, he has the actual, form and color, light and shade. The forms of beauty that glow and breathe upon the canvass; the quiet landscape, so full of harmony and peacefulness; the rolling ocean, the strife of the elements, the wild commingling of warring men, are but the transcripts of the actual things.

The sculptor as he hews from the rough block, some form of exquisite loveliness, whose charms shall throw a spell over men's souls for ages, does but compress into one fair creation, the beauties of a thousand livings models.

But the resources of the musician are in his own soul. From that alone can he forge the chain of melody, that shall bind the senses in a wordless ecstasy. Tangibilities to him are useless. Comparisons are of no avail. He individualises, but does not reflect. He feels but does not think. He deals with action and emotion, but form and substance are beyond his imitation. He is a metaphysician, but not a philosopher. But the depth of the music, will depend entirely upon the man. From a close study of the works of Mozart and Beethoven, a correct and metaphysical analysis of their characters can be obtained. In the early works of Mozart will be found a continuous chain of tender and impassioned sentiment; an overflowing of soul, an exuberance of love, and his early life will be found to be a counterpart of these emotions. In him the passions were developed at an age, when in ordinary children their germ would be scarcely observed. Loved almost to idolatry by his family, and loving them as fondly in return, his life was passed in one unceasing round of the tenderest endearments. All that was beautiful in his nature was brought into action, and gave that tone of exquisite tenderness, that pervades all his imperishable works. But as the passing years brought with them an increase of thought and reflection, a change is to be found equally in the character of the music and the man. This change can be traced in his later operas, Le Nozze de Figaro, Don Giovanni, Cosi Fan Tutti, La Clemenza di Tito, Die Zauberflöte, and Die Entführung aus dem Serail. In these works there is the evidence of deeper and more comprehensive thought; the metaphysical identity of character is as strictly maintained, and as closely developed, as it could be pourtrayed by words. His Il Don Giovanni, stands now, and will forever stand, an unapproachable model of musical perfection.

The character of Beethoven exhibits no decided change through life, excepting, that in his later years the characteristics of his youth and manhood, increased to a degree of morbid acuteness. From his earliest childhood he was of a retiring, studious, and reflective nature. The conscious possession of great genius, made him wilful and unyielding in his opinions. Too high minded to court favours, he at various times suffered the severest privations that poverty could inflict; and, taking deeply to heart the total want of public appreciation, he became morose, distrustful and dissatisfied. These feelings were rendered morbid in the highest degree, by the melancholy affliction that assailed him in his later years. He became nearly deaf, and was consequently deprived of the dearest enjoyment of a musician's life. These feelings were developed, in a marked degree, in all his purely ideal compositions. Dark and mysterious strains of harmony would be succeeded by a burst of wild and melancholy fancy. Anon a tender, but broad and flowing melody, would melt the soul by its passionate pathos, but only of sufficient duration to render the cadence of heart-rending despair, which succeeds it, the more striking. Rapid and abrupt modulations, strange and startling combinations, bore evidence of his wild imagination, and the uncontrolable impulse of his feelings. The opera of Fidelio, the only dramatic work that he ever wrote, ranks only second to Don Giovanni. In Fidelio each person has a distinct musical character, so clearly and forcibly marked, that the aid of words is not necessary to distinguish them. It would be impossible to transpose them without losing their identity, and destroying the sense of the music. Mozart's genius was tender yet sublime: Beethoven's was melancholy, mysterious, yet gigantic. Each painted himself; each drew from his own bosom all the inspiration his works exhibited. They required no outward influence; they needed no adventitious circumstances to rouse their imagination, or to cause their thoughts to flow, for in their own souls was an ever gushing spring of divine melody, that could not be controlled. They *thought music*, and, as light flows from the sun, gladdening the creation, so their music came from them, irradiating the hearts of men, and throwing over them a delicious spell, whose charm is everlasting.

Music is so ethereal, and deals so little in realities, that its followers, partaking of its characteristics, are in most instances, impulsive, impassioned and unworldly. Careless of the excitements and mutations of the times; unambitious of place or power; indifferent to the struggles and heart-burnings of party politicians, from the utter uncongeniality of the feelings and emotions they engender, with their own, they live secluded, shut up within their own hearts, and seldom appear to the world in their true colors, from the utter impossibility of making it comprehend or sympathise with their refined and mysterious feelings. The world has no conception of the exquisite delight that music confers upon musicians. It is not mere pleasure; it is not a mere gratification that can be experienced and forgotten! Oh, no! It is a blending of the physical with the intellectual; it softens the nature; it heightens the imagination; it throws a delicious languor over the whole organization; it isolates the thoughts, concentrating them only to listen and receive; it elevates the soul to a region of its own, until it is faint with breathing the melodious atmosphere.

Music is the offspring of these feelings. The inspiration is the gift of God alone, and cannot be added to or diminished.

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EUROCLYDON.

BY CHARLES LANMAN, AUTHOR OF "ESSAYS FOR SUMMER HOURS."

At one stride came the dark, and it is now night. Cold and loud is the raging storm. Rain snow and sleet are dashing most furiously against the windows,—actually dampening the curtains within. There—there goes a shutter, torn from its hinges by the wind! Another gust,—and how desolate its moan! It is the voice of the Winter Storm Spirit, who comes from beyond the ice-plains of the North. I can interpret his cry, which is dismal as the howl of wolves.

"Mortal crouch—crouch like a worm beside thy hearth-stone and acknowledge thy insignificance. When the skies are bright, and thou art surrounded by the comforts of life, thou goest forth among thy fellows boasting of thine intellect and greatness. But when the elements arise, shaking the very earth to its foundation, thou dost tremble with fear, and thy boasting is forgotten. Approach the window, and as thou lookest upon the gloom of this stormy night, learn a lesson of humility. Thou art in thyself as frail and helpless as the icicle depending from yonder bough.

"O, this is a glorious night for me! I have broken the chains which have bound me in the Arctic Sea, and fearful elements follow in my path to execute my bidding. Listen, while I picture to your mind a few of the countless scenes I have witnessed, which are terrible to man, but to me a delight.

"An hundred miles away, there is a lonely cottage on the border of an inland lake. An hour ago I passed by there, and a mingled sound of woe came from its inmates, for they were poor and sick, and had no wood. A miserable starving dog was whining at their door. I laughed with joy and left them to their suffering.

"I came to a broad river, where two ferrymen were toiling painfully at their work. I loosened the ice that had been formed farther up, and it crushed them to death in its mad career.

"Beside a mountain, a solitary foot-traveller, of three score years and ten, was ascending a road heavily and slow. I chilled the crimson current in his veins, and the pure white snow became his winding sheet. What matter! It was his time to die.

"On yonder rock-bound coast, a fisherman was startled from his fireside by a signal of distress. He looked through the darkness and discovered a noble ship hastening toward a dangerous reef. I brought her there, regardless of the costly merchandize and freight of human life. She struck,—and three hundred hardy men went down into that black roaring element which gives not back its dead. The morrow will dawn, and the child at home will lisp its father's name, unconscious of his fate, and the wife will smile and press her infant to her bosom, not doubting but that her husband will soon return to bless her with his love. I have no sympathy with the widow and the fatherless.

"Hark! did you not hear it?—that dismal shout! Alas! the deed is done,—the touch of the incendiary hath kindled a fire such as this city has never beheld. What rich and glowing color in those clouds of smoke rising so heavily from yonder turrets! Already they are changed into an ocean of flame, hissing and roaring. Unheard, save at intervals, is the cry of the watchman, and the ringing bells; and muffled are the hasty footsteps of the thronging multitude, for the snow is deep. Slowly do the engines rumble along, while strained to their utmost are the sinews of those hardy firemen. But useless is all this noise and labor, for the receptacles of water are blocked with ice. Fire! fire!! fire!!!"

And here endeth the song of Euroclydon, which was listened to on the 16th of December, 1835. It will be recollected, that when the sun rose in unclouded beauty on the following morning, six hundred buildings had been consumed, many lives lost and twenty millions of property destroyed.

MYSTERY.

All things are dark! A mystery shrouds the same
 Yon gorgeous sun or twilight's feeble star.
We feel, but who can analyze the flame
 That wanders calmly from those realms afar?
 Science may soar, but soon she finds a bar
Against her wing; and so she spends a life
Of sleepless doubt and agonizing strife,
 Like some mad mind with its own self at war:
And many will repine, repine in vain,
 And in their impious frenzy almost curse
This all-encircling, adamantine chain
 That binds the portal of the Universe.
Not so the wise! for they delight to see
His might and glory in this mystery.

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HARRY CAVENDISH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CRUIZING IN THE LAST WAR," "THE REEFER OF '76," ETC. ETC

THE EXPEDITION.

It was a melancholy day when the body of the murdered Mr. Neville was deposited in the burial ground of the port of——; and if strangers shed tears at his funeral what must have been the emotions of his orphaned daughter! All that kindness could do, however, was done to alleviate her grief; her friends crowded around her to offer consolation; and even our hardy tars showed their sympathy for her by more than one act. It was a fortunate occurrence that she had a near relative in town, and in his family accordingly she took up her residence, where she could indulge her sorrow on the bosoms of those who were united to her by natural ties, and could sympathize with her the more sincerely because they knew the worth of which she had been deprived. It is one of the wisest dispensations of Providence that our grief should be shared, and as it were soothed, by those we love.

The pirates had no sooner been committed to prison than endeavors were made, on the part of the authorities, to ascertain the haunt of the gang; for its depredations had been carried on during the past year to an extent that left no doubt that the prisoners formed only a detachment of a larger body, which, dividing into different parties, preyed on the commerce of the surrounding islands, from as many different points. Where the head quarters of the pirates were held was however unknown; as every attempt to discover them, or even to capture any of the gang had hitherto proved abortive. The authorities were, therefore, anxious to get one or more of the prisoners to reveal the retreat of their messmates on a promise of pardon; but for some time their efforts were unavailing, as each prisoner knew, that if any of the gang escaped, the life of the traitor would not be worth a moment's purchase. At length, however, the temptations held out to two of the prisoners proved irresistible, and they revealed the secret which the governor-general was so anxious to know. The head-quarters of the pirates proved to be on a small island, some leagues north of the spot where we captured the prisoners. The place was said to be admirably fortified by nature, and there was no doubt, from the prisoners' confession, that art had been called in to render the retreat impregnable.

The number of the pirates usually left behind to protect their head-quarters was said to amount to a considerable force. Notwithstanding these things, the governor-general resolved on sending a secret expedition to carry the place and, if possible, make prisoners of the whole nest of freebooters. As, however, the spies of the gang were known to infest the town, it was necessary to carry on the preparations for the expedition with the utmost caution, so that no intelligence of the contemplated attack should reach the pirates to warn them of their danger. While, therefore, the authorities were apparently occupied with the approaching trial to the exclusion of everything else, they were, in fact, secretly making the most active exertions to fit out an expedition for the purpose of breaking up the haunts of the gang. Several vessels were purchased, ostensibly for private purposes; and soldiers drafted into them, under the cloud of night. The vessels then left the harbor, cleared for various ports, with the understanding, however, that they should all rendezvous on an appointed day at a cape a few leagues distant from the retreat of the pirates. So adroitly was the affair managed, that the various vessels composing the expedition left the port unsuspected—even high officers of government who were not admitted to the secret, regarding them merely as common merchantmen departing on their several voyages. Indeed, had an attack been contemplated on a hostile power the preparations could not have been more secret or comprehensive. The almost incredible strength of the piratical force rendered such preparations, however, not only desirable but necessary.

I was one among the few admitted to the secret, for the governor-general did me the honor to consult me on several important particulars respecting the expedition. Tired of the life of inactivity I was leading, and anxious to see the end of the adventure, I offered to accompany the enterprise as a volunteer—an offer which his excellency gladly accepted.

We set sail in a trim little brig, disguised as a merchantman; but as soon as morning dawned and we had gained an offing, we threw off our disguise, and presented an armament of six guns on a side, with a proportionable number of men. Our craft, indeed, was the heaviest one belonging to the expedition, and all on board acquainted with her destination were sanguine of success.

The wind proved favorable, and in less than forty-eight hours we made Capo del Istri, where the four vessels composing the expedition were to rendezvous. As we approached the promontory, we discovered one after another of the little fleet, for as we had been the last to leave port, our consorts had naturally first reached the rendezvous, and in a few minutes we hove to in the centre of the squadron

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hoisting a signal for the respective captains to come aboard, in order to consult respecting the attack.

The den of the pirates was situated at the head of a narrow strait, communicating with a lagoon of some extent, formed by the waters of a river collecting in the hollow of three hills, before they discharged themselves into the sea. Across the mouth of this lagoon was moored the hull of a dismasted ship, in such a position that her broadside commanded the entrance to the lake. Behind, the huts of the piratical settlement stretched along the shore, while the various vessels of the freebooters lay anchored in different positions in the lagoon. Such, at least, we were told, was the appearance of the place when the pirates were not absent on their expeditions.

Our plan of attack was soon arranged. It was determined to divide our forces into two divisions, so that while one party should attack the pirates in front the other should take a more circuitous path, and penetrating by land to the back of the settlement, take the enemy in the rear. As night was already closing in, it was determined to disembark the latter party at once, so that it might proceed, under the guidance of one of the prisoners, to the position behind the enemy, and reach there, as near as possible, at the first dawn of day. It was arranged that the attack by water should commence an hour or two before day. By this means each party could reach its point of attack almost simultaneously. The onset however was to be first made from the water side, and the ambuscade in the rear of the foe was not to show itself until the fight had made some progress on our side.

The men destined for the land service were accordingly mustered and set ashore, under the guidance of one of the prisoners. We watched their receding forms through the twilight until they were lost to view, when we sought our hammocks for a few hours repose preparatory to what might be our last conflict.

The night was yet young, however, when we entered the mouth of the strait, and with a favorable breeze sailed along up towards the lagoon. The shallowness of the water in the channel had compelled us to leave our two larger craft behind and our forces were consequently crowded into the remaining vessels. Neither of these carried a broadside of weight sufficient to cope with that of the hull moored across the mouth of the lagoon.

As we advanced up the strait a death-like stillness reigned on its shadowy shores; and we had nearly reached the mouth of the lagoon before any sign betokened that the pirates were aware of our approach. We could just catch sight of the tall rakish masts of a schooner over the low tree tops on the right, when a gun was heard in the direction of the lagoon, whether accidently fired or not we could not tell. We listened attentively for a repetition of the sound; but it came not. Could it have been a careless discharge from our own friends in the rear of the foe, or was it a warning fired by one of the pirates' sentinels. Five or ten minutes elapsed, however, and all was silent. Meantime our vessels, with a wind free over the taffrail, were stealing almost noiselessly along the smooth surface of the strait; while the men lying close at their quarters, fully armed for the combat, breathlessly awaited the moment of attack, the intenseness of their excitement increasing as the period approached.

My own emotions I will not attempt to pourtray. We were already within a cable's length of the end of the strait, and in rounding-to into the lagoon we would if our approach had been detected, have to run the gauntlet of the broadside of the craft guarding this approach to the pirates' den—a broadside which if well delivered would in all probability send us to the bottom. Our peril was indeed imminent. And the uncertainty whether our approach had been detected or not created a feeling of nervous suspense which increased our sensation of our peril.

"A minute more and we shall shoot by the pirate," said I to the captain of our craft.

"Ay!" said he, "I have just passed the word for the men to lie down under the shelter of the bulwarks, so that if they pour a fire of musketry into us, we shall escape it as much as possible. Let us follow their example."

We sheltered ourselves just forward of the wheel-house, so that as the vessel came around on the starboard tack, no living individual was left standing on the deck, except the helmsman. The next moment, leaving the shelter of the high bank, we swept into the lagoon, and saw the dark hull of the opposing vessel moored directly across our way.

Our suspense however was soon brought to a close. We had scarcely come abreast of the enemy's broadside when, as if by magic, her port-holes were thrown open, and as the blaze of the battle lanterns streamed across the night, her guns were run out and instantaneously her fire was poured out from stem to stern in one continuous sheet of flame. Our mainmast went at once by the board; our hull was fearfully cut up; and the shrieks of the wounded of our crew rose up in terrible discord as the roar of the broadside died away. But we still had headway. Springing to his feet the captain shouted to cut away the hamper that dragged the mainmast by our side. His orders were instantly obeyed. The schooner was once more headed for the hulk, and with a loud cheer our men sprang to their guns, while our consort behind opened her fire at the same moment. Our light armament however was almost wholly inefficient. But happily we had not relied on it.

"Lay her aboard!" shouted the captain, "boarders away!"

At the word, amid the fire of a renewed broadside we dashed up to the foe, and running her afoul just abaft of the mizzen-chains, poured our exasperated men like a torrent upon her decks. I was one of the first to mount her bulwarks. Attacked thus at their very guns the pirates rallied desperately to the defence, and a furious combat ensued. I remember striking eagerly for a moment or two in the very thickest of the fight, and then feeling a sharp pain in my side, as a pistol went off beside me. I have a faint recollection of sinking to the deck, but after that all is a void.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF WEST POINT.

BY MISS LESLIE.

(Continued from page 209.)

PART II.

The two winters that I spent at West Point, though long and cold, were by no means tedious. Secluded as we were from the rest of the world, while the river was locked up in ice, still we contrived amusements for ourselves, and had much enjoyment in our own way. The society of the place, though not large, was excellent. And in the evening (the best time for social intercourse) almost every member of our little circle was either out visiting, or at home entertaining visiters. There were reading-parties that assembled every Thursday night at the respective houses—the ladies bringing their work, and the gentlemen their books. The gentlemen had also weekly chess-parties, of ten or twelve chess-players and five or six chess-boards. They met at an early hour, and no ladies being present, they seriously set to work at this absorbing game—the solemnities being interrupted only by a *petit souper* at ten o'clock,—after which they resumed their chess, and frequently took no note of time till near midnight.

On the second winter of my abode at West Point, we had a series of regular subscription-balls, held in the large up-stairs room of the mess hall—the expense being defrayed by the officers and professors. On the first of these evenings the ground was hard frozen, but as yet no snow had fallen. The managers had notified that the ladies were all to ride to the ball. We were at a loss to conjecture where they would find conveyances for us—and we were not Cinderellas with convenient fairy-godmothers to transform pumpkins into coaches. An omnibus would have been a glorious acquisition—but at that time there was nothing on West Point in the shape of a wheeled carriage, with the exception of the doctor's gig. This vehicle was pressed into the service—and having great duty to perform, it commenced its trips at a very early hour, actually calling for the first lady at five o'clock in the afternoon—and from that time it was continually coming and going like a short stage. At last, by way of expediting the business, they thought proper to adopt, as an auxiliary to the gig, another conveyance not of the most dignified character. But then nobody saw us but ourselves—and newspaper correspondents had not yet begun to come up to West Point to forage among us in quest of food for their columns.

My sister-in-law and myself had not quite finished dressing, when we heard my brother down stairs calling to our man to know why he had thrown open the large gate?—"To let in the cart, sir, to take the ladies to the ball"—was Richard's reply. And, true enough, we found at the door a real *bonâ fide* open cart, having its flooring covered with straw. In it were some rather inelegant chairs, upon which my sister and I seated ourselves, like a couple of market-women. My brother having assisted us in, seemed to think it unofficer-like conduct to ride in a cart, and therefore, preferred walking—which, however, was no great fatigue, the distance being only a few furlongs from the house in which we then lived to the mess hall. The driver perched himself on the edge of the front board—and after a few steps of the horse, each accompanied by one jolt and two creaks, we were safely transported to the ball.

Fortunately, before the next *soirée de danse* the ground was covered with a deep snow; and the sleighing was excellent during the remainder of the winter. As sleighs were singularly plenty on West Point, and as a sleigh has the faculty of holding ladies *ad libitum*, the company was conveyed very expeditiously to the subsequent balls. This mode of transportation was found so convenient, that at the close of the season, (which was not till late in March,) though the snow had all disappeared and the ground was clear, the sleighs were still kept in requisition; and we went to the last ball sleighing upon nothing.

I well remember being at a New Year's ball given by the cadets. This also took place in the large upper room of the mess hall. The decorations (which were the best the place and the season could furnish) were planned and executed entirely by those young gentlemen. For several previous days they had devoted their leisure time to cutting and bringing in an immense quantity of evergreens, with which they festooned the walls, and converted every one of the numerous windows into a sort of bower, by arching it from the top to the floor with an impervious mass of thickly-woven foliage. The pillars that supported the ceiling were each encircled by muskets with very bright bayonets. The orchestra for the music was constructed of the national flag that belonged to the post. This flag, which, when flying out from the top of its lofty staff, looks at that height scarcely more than a yard or two in length, is, in reality, so large, that when taken down two men are required to carry it away in its voluminous folds. On this occasion the drapery of the stars and stripes was

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ingeniously disposed, so as to form something like a stage-box with a canopy over it. The two elegant standards that had been presented to the corps of cadets by the hands of ladies, were fancifully and gracefully suspended between the central pillars, and waved over the heads of the dancers. Affixed to the walls were numerous lights in sconces, decorated with wreaths of the mountain-laurel whose leaves are green all winter. These sconces were merely of tin, made very bright for the occasion; but they were the same that had been used at the ball given, while our army lay at West Point, by the American to the French officers, in honor of the birth of the dauphin. For this camp-like entertainment, the soldiers erected on the plain, a sort of pavilion or arbor of immense length covered in with laurel branches, and illuminated by these simple lamps, which afterwards became valuable as revolutionary relics. They have ever since been taken care of, in the military storehouse belonging to West Point.

At this memorable ball whose courtesies were emblematic of the national feeling, and which was intended to assist in strengthening the bonds of alliance between the regal government of France and the first congress of America, the ladies of many of our continental officers were present: having travelled to West Point for the purpose—and in the dance that commenced the festivities of the evening, the lady of General Knox led off as the partner of Washington. In all probability the commander-in-chief, with his fine figure and always graceful deportment, was in early life an excellent dancer, according to the fashion of those times.

Undoubtedly the intelligence of this complimentary entertainment was received with pleasure by Louis the Sixteenth and his beautiful Antoinette. Little did these unfortunate sovereigns surmise that those of their own subjects who participated in the festivities of that night, would return to France so imbued with republican principles as to lend their aid in overturning the throne;—that throne whose foundation had already been undermined by the crimes and vices of the two preceding monarchs. Few were the years that intervened between the emancipation of America, and that tremendous period when the brilliant court of Versailles was swept away by the hands of an infuriated people; its "princes and lords" either flying into exile or perishing on the scaffold. And, idolized as they had been at the commencement of their eventful reign, the son of St. Louis and the daughter of the Cæsars were relentlessly consigned to a dreary captivity terminated by a bloody death.

> "How short, how gay, how bright the smile
> That cheered their morning ray;
> How dark, how cold, how loud the storm
> That raging closed their day!"

The dauphin, whose birth was thus honored in the far-off land which his royal father was assisting in her contest for liberty, died, happily for himself, in early childhood; thus, escaping the miseries that were heaped upon the unfortunate boy who succeeded him.

The West Point balls seem to have peculiar charms for strangers, particularly if these strangers are young ladies, and it is a pleasure to the residents of the place to see them enjoy the novelty of the scene. The fair visiters are always delighted with the decorations of the room, with the chivalric gallantry of the officers and cadets, and still more with the circumstance of all their partners being in uniform. To those who are not "to the manner born," there is something very dazzling in the shine of a military costume.

At the New Year's ball to which I have alluded, among other invited guests was a party that came over in an open boat from the opposite side of the Hudson, notwithstanding that the weather was intensely cold, the sky threatening a snow-storm, and the river almost impassable from the accumulating ice. The young ladies belonging to this party were certainly valuable acquisitions to the company, as they were handsome, sprightly, beautifully drest, and excellent dancers. I particularly recollect one of them—a tall, fair, fine-looking girl, attired in white satin with an upper dress of transparent pink zephyr, the skirt and sleeves looped up with small white roses. Her figure was set off to great advantage by an extremely well-fitting boddice of pale pink satin, laced in front with white silk cord and tassels—and a spray of white roses looked out among the plats that were enwreathed at the back of her finely-formed head. This young lady and her friends seemed to enter *con amore* into the enjoyment of the scene and the dance. But their pleasure was dearly purchased. As they had made arrangements to return home that night, after twelve o'clock, when the ball was over, they could not be persuaded to remain at West Point till the following day. They embarked with the gentlemen who belonged to their party. At daylight their boat was descried in the middle of the river. It was completely blocked up by the ice that had gathered round it, and in this manner they had passed the cold and dreary remainder of the night whose first part had afforded them so much enjoyment. A boat was immediately sent out from West Point to their rescue, and the ladies were found benumbed with cold, and indeed nearly dead. The ice was cut away with axes brought for the purpose, they were released from their perilous condition, and with much difficulty the passage to the other side of the river was finally achieved. After the ladies had recovered from the effects of so many hours severe suffering, they were said to have declared that they would willingly go through a repetition of the same for the sake of another such ball.

My compassion was much excited by a *contre-tems* that happened to certain fair young strangers from New York, whom I found in the dressing-room at the close of one of the summer balls annually given by the cadets about the last of August, on the eve of the day in which they break up their encampment, and return to their usual residence in the barracks. The above-mentioned young ladies had come up from the city that evening, in consequence of invitations sent down to them a week before. By some unaccountable oversight either of themselves or of the

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gentlemen that escorted them, the trunks or boxes containing their ball-room paraphernalia, instead of being landed on the wharf at West Point had been left on board the steam-boat, and had gone up to Albany. As it was a rainy evening, these young ladies (four or five in number) had embarked in their very worst dresses, which they considered quite good enough for the crowd and damp and heat of the ladies' cabin, in whose uncomfortable precincts the bad weather would compel them to seclude themselves during their voyage of three or four hours. They did not discover that their baggage was missing till after their arrival at the dressing-room, supposing that the trunks were coming after them up-stairs. Here they had remained the whole evening, and all they knew of the ball and its anticipated pleasures was the sound of the music from below as it imperfectly reached them; the shaking of the windows as the floor vibrated under the feet of the dancers; and a glance at the dresses of the ladies as they came up when the ball was over, to muffle themselves in their shawls and calashes. None of the distressed damsels had sufficient courage to go down to the ball-room in their dishabille, and sit there as spectators: though much importuned to do so by their unlucky beaux. I give this little anecdote as an admonition to my youthful readers to take especial care that their baggage does not give them the slip when they are travelling to a ball.

The cadets are remarkably clever at getting up fancy-balls, and in dressing and sustaining whatever characters they then assume. The corps being composed of miscellaneous young gentlemen from every section of the Union, each is *au fait* to the peculiar characteristics of the common people that he has seen in his native place—and they represent them with much truth and humor. There will be, for instance, a hunter from the far west; a Yankee pedlar with his tins and other "notions;" an assortment of Tuckahoes, Buckeyes, Hooshers, Wolverines, &c.; and also a good proportion of Indians.

At one of these fancy-balls the squeak of a bad fife (or perhaps of a good fife badly played on) and the tuck of an ill-braced drum, was heard ascending the stair-case followed by an irregular tramp of feet and the chatter of many voices. The door (which had been recently closed) was now thrown open with a bang, and a militia company, personated by a number of the choicest cadets, came marching in, with a step that set all time and tune at defiance; some trudging, some ambling, and some striding. They were headed by a captain who, compared to Uncle Sam's officers, certainly wore his regimentals "with a difference." Having "marshalled his clan," whom he arranged with a picturesque intermixture of tall and short, and in a line partaking of the serpentine, he put them through their exercise in a manner so laughably bad as could only have been enacted by persons who knew perfectly well what it ought to be. Their firelocks were rough sticks, corn-stalks, and shut umbrellas—and when the captain was calling the muster-roll, the names to which his men answered were ludicrous in the extreme.

I have before alluded to the West Point Band, which must always be classed among the most agreeable recollections connected with that place; particularly by those who were familiar with its excellence when Willis was the instructor in military music. He was an Irishman, and had belonged to the lord lieutenant's band at Dublin Castle. His own exquisite performance on the Kent bugle can never be forgotten by any one who has been so fortunate as to hear it; and he taught all the members of the West Point Band to play on their respective instruments in the most admirable manner. One of them, named Ford, excelled on the octave flute. Sometimes when, on a moonlight summer evening, they were playing under the beautiful elms that are clustered in front of the mess house, and delighting us with a charming composition called the Nightingale, Ford would ascend one of the trees, and seated amidst its branches, perform solo on his flute those passages that imitated the warbling of the bird.

Occasionally a distinguished vocalist came to West Point for the purpose of having a concert; and these concerts were always well attended. On one of the concert nights, Willis accompanied Keene (a celebrated singer of that time) in the fine martial air of the Last Bugle—a beautiful song beginning,

"When the muffled drum sounds the last march of the brave."

As each verse finished with, "When he hears the last bugle," Willis sounded the bugle in a manner which seemed almost a foretaste of the music of another world. "When he hears the last bugle"—is again repeated, and the bugle accompaniment is lower and still sweeter. But at the concluding words, "When he hears the last bugle he'll stand to his arms"—the loud, exulting and melodious tones of the noble instrument came out in all their fulness of sound, with an effect that elicited the most rapturous applause, and which words cannot describe nor imagination conceive.

How much is the beauty of music assisted by the beauty of poetry. Shame on selfish composers and conceited performers who, "wishing all the interest to centre in themselves," assert that the words of a song are of no consequence, and that if good, they only divert the attention of the hearers from the music—Milton thought otherwise when (himself a fine musician) he speaks of the double charms of "music married to immortal verse." As well might we say that it was a disadvantage for a handsome woman to possess a fine figure, lest it should render the beauty of her face less conspicuous.

Music affords additional delight when, it accompanies the recollection of some interesting fact; or of some fanciful and vivid allusion connected with romance, that idol of the young and enthusiastic. Among the numerous accounts of the peninsular war which have been given to the world by English officers, I was much struck by a little incident that I once read in a description of the entrance of Wellington's army into France while expelling the French

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from Spain and following them into their own land beyond the Pyrenees. The first division of the English troops had at length reached the frontier. After a day of toilsome march the regiment to which our author belonged encamped for the night in the far-famed valley of Roncevalles, where a thousand years before the army of Charlemagne in attempting the invasion of Spain, had been driven back by the Spanish Moors and defeated with great slaughter, and the loss of his best and noblest paladins, including "Roland brave, and Olivier." The mind of our narrater was carried back to the chivalrous days of the dark ages, and he might almost have listened for

——"The blast of that dread horn
On Fontarabian echoes borne
The dying hero's call."——

It was a clear cool evening—the sun had sunk behind the hills—the roll had been called, the centinels posted, and the band of the regiment was playing. The English officer, imbued with the subject of his reverie, advanced to request of its leader that beautiful air

"Sad and fearful is the story
Of the Roncevalles fight,"——

when he was unexpectedly anticipated by one of his companions in arms, another young officer whose thoughts had been running in the same channel, and who had stepped forward before him with the same request. The wild and melancholy notes of Lewis's popular song now rose upon the still evening air, on the very same spot where ten centuries ago the battle that it lamented, had been fought.

On the West Point band I have frequently heard music of a soft and touching character played with a taste and pathos that almost drew tears from the hearers—for instance, the sad but charming Scottish air,

"Oh! Mary when the wild wind blows."

I have heard Willis say, that after the publication of the Irish melodies was planned, he was engaged by Moore and Sir John Stevenson, to travel in bye roads and remote places among the peasantry, for the purpose of collecting from them all the songs and tunes peculiar to their country. He frequently passed the night in their cabins, were he was always hospitably received, and where he was liked the better for making himself at home among the people; singing new songs for *them*, (he was a good singer) and inducing them to sing him old ones in return. So that in this way he caught a great number of national airs, which were then new to him, and which he afterwards put in score. It was for these melodies that the minstrel of Ireland wrote those exquisite songs, on which he may rest his fairest claim to immortality.

Willis was himself an excellent composer of military music. While at West Point he produced a number of very fine marches and quick steps, usually calling them after the officers. Those denominated General Swift's March, and Lieutenant Blaney's Quickstep, were perhaps the best. To some he did not even take the trouble to affix a title, but distinguished them by numbers. Sometimes when we sent out to ask the name of "that fine new march or quickstep that the band had just played," he would reply that it was No. 12 or No. 16. The officers often suggested to him the publication of these admirable pieces as a source of profit to himself, and of pleasure to the community; but with his habitual carelessness of his own interest, he always neglected taking any steps for the purpose. There is reason to fear that few or no copies of them are now in existence: and therefore they will be lost for ever to the admirers of martial music. Willis lived about twelve years at West Point, and died there of a lingering illness in 1830.

When the manager of the Park Theatre was getting up a new musical piece or reviving an old one, he generally borrowed Willis, for a few of the first evenings, to play in the orchestra. On one of these occasions he took down with him to New York his two little boys, neither of whom had ever been in a theatre. Mr. Simpson, the manager, allotted them seats in his private box over one of the stage doors. Both the children had been instructed by their father, and sung very well. The after piece was O'Keefe's little opera of Sprigs of Laurel. In the duett between the two rival soldiers, in which each in his turn celebrates the charms of Mary, the major's daughter, one of the boys on hearing the symphony, exclaimed to his brother—"Why Jem! that's our duett—the very last we've been practising." "So it is," replied Jem, "let's join in and sing it with them." Unconscious of such a proceeding being the least out of rule, they united their voices to those of the two actors, and went through the song with them in perfect time and tune. The soldiers were amazed at this unexpected addition to their duett, but looking up, soon found from whence the sound proceeded. Willis (who was in the orchestra) became greatly disconcerted, and in vain made signs to his children to cease. Their attention was too much engaged to perceive his displeasure. The audience were not long in discovering the young singers, and loudly applauded them, equally pleased with the *näiveté* of the boys and their proficiency in vocalism.

It was formerly customary for the West Point band to play sacred music every Sunday morning, in the camp, after the guard, was marched off.

"Sweet as the shepherd's tuneful reed,"

was performed by them delightfully.

Before the erection of the present edifice as a church, public worship was held in the large room designated as the chapel. The chaplains of the United States Military Academy, like the chaplain of congress, may be chosen from the clergy of any denomination. But as their congregation consists of persons from every part of the union, and of every religious denomination, according to the faith in which they have been educated by their parents, it is understood that the

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pastor will have sufficient good taste, or rather good sense, to refrain from all attempts to advance the peculiar doctrines of his own immediate sect. After the officers and professors have all come in and taken their appropriate seats, the cadets make their entrance in a body, and occupy the benches allotted to them. I was one Sunday at the chapel, when five graduates, or ex-cadets, all of whom had recently been honored with commissions in the engineers, came in together, habited in their new uniforms, (that of the engineers is the handsomest in the army,) and for the first time took their seats with the officers. I could have said with Sterne—"Oh! how I envied them their feelings!" One of these young gentlemen was a Jew; and as I looked at him that day, I hoped he was grateful to the God of Abraham for having cast his lot in a country where the Hebrew faith can be no impediment to advancement in any profession either civil or military. Are "the wanderers of Israel," who still have so much to contend with in the old world, sufficiently aware of the advantages they would derive from changing their residence to the new?

It is a custom among the cadets, after they have completed their course of study, obtained their commissions as lieutenants, and received orders for repairing to their respective posts, to have a farewell-meeting previous to their departure from West Point. At this meeting it is understood that all offences, bickerings and animosities, which may have arisen among them during their four years intercourse as fellow-students, are to be consigned to oblivion. The hand of friendship is given all round, and before their separation they exchange rings which have been made for this express purpose, all of the same pattern. These rings they are to retain through life, as mementoes of "Auld lang syne," and as pledges of kind feelings under whatever circumstances, and in whatever part of the world they may meet hereafter.

Among the numerous benefits which this noble institution has conferred on the community, is that of creating attachment and diffusing friendship among so many young men from different sections of our widely-extended country, and belonging to different classes in society. The military academy has made gentlemen of many intelligent youths, sprung from the humbler grades of our people. It has made *men* of many scions of high estate, whose talents would otherwise have been smothered under the follies of fashion and the enervations of luxury.

In that kindness and consideration for females, which is one of the brightest gems in the American character, none can exceed the cadets and officers of the American army. Were I to relate all that I know on this subject I could fill a volume. For instance, I could tell of a young gentleman from Albany who out of his pay as a cadet, (twenty-eight dollars a month,) saved enough to defray the expenses of his sister's education, during four years of economy and self-denial to himself.

On the southern bank of the river, beyond the picturesque spot designated as Kosciusko's garden, the shore for some miles continues woody and precipitous, down to the Kinsley farm house, a mile or two below. The path along these rocks was narrow, rugged, dark and dangerous. In some places it was impeded by trees growing so close together, and so near the verge of the precipice that it was expedient in passing along to cling to their trunks, or to catch hold of their lower branches, as a support against the danger of falling down the rocks that impended over the river. Yet with all its perils and difficulties this was an interesting walk to any lover of nature in her rudest aspects. There were wild vines and wild roses, and the trees were so old and lofty, and their shade so solemn and impervious. And at their roots grew clusters of ephemeral plants, of the fungus tribe it is true, but glowing with the most brilliant colors, yellow, orange, scarlet and crimson, often diversified with a group that was white as snow. Sometimes we saw a lizard of the finest verditer-green, gliding among the blocks of granite; and sometimes on hearing a slight chattering above our heads, we looked up and saw the squirrel as he

——"leap'd from tree to tree
And shell'd his nuts at liberty."

In the decline of a beautiful afternoon when "the sun was hasting to the west," and the sweet notes of the wood-thrush had already began "to hymn the fading fires of day," I set out on a walk accompanied by two young ladies from Philadelphia, whom in our daily rambles I had already guided to some of the most popular places on West Point. Having found that my youthful friends were fearless scramblers "over bush and over brier," I proposed that our walk to-day should be in this narrow pathway through these rocky woods, or rather along these woody rocks.

We proceeded accordingly—and our dangers and difficulties seemed to increase the enjoyment of my young companions. At length we suddenly emerged into a spot where the open sunshine denoted that, since my last walk in this direction, many of the trees had been cut away. About this little clearing we found eight or ten men busily at work with spades and pick-axes. I was struck at once with the excellent aspect of their habiliments, though their coats were off and hanging on the bushes and low rocks around them. We stopped, and I turned to one of my companions, and was about remarking to her, "what a happiness it was to live in a country where the common laboring men were enabled to make so respectable an appearance, and even while engaged at their work to wear clothes that were perfectly whole, and as clean as if put on fresh that day." While I was making this observation in a low voice, the men perceived us; and they all ceased work, and several stood leaning on their spades, looking much disconcerted. They consulted a little together and then one of the foresters advanced, as if to speak to us. The two young ladies, seized with a sudden panic, hastily ran back into the woods. He came up and addressed me by name, and I immediately recognised an officer who visited intimately at

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my brother's house. On looking at his comrades, I found that I knew them every one; and that they were all gentlemen belonging to West Point. They seemed much, though needlessly, confused at being detected by ladies in their present occupation.

The gentleman who had come forward made some remarks on the inconveniences we must have encountered during our rugged walk, and he directed us to a way of going home that, though longer and more circuitous, would be less difficult. My young friends now ventured out from their retreat; I introduced them to the officer who had been talking to me, and leaving him with his comrades to pursue their work, we found our way home by the road that he indicated.

In the evening the same gentleman made one of his accustomed visits at my brother's, and explained to us the scene of the afternoon.

Captain H——, was the only surviving child of an aged and widowed mother, the sister of a distinguished general-officer in the revolutionary army. Her son, a graduate of the Military Academy, was afterwards stationed at West Point; and he then went to Vermont and brought his mother that they might live near each other. His own apartments being in one of the barracks, he took lodgings for Mrs. H——, at a quiet farm-house in the vicinity: and devoted nearly all his leisure-time to her society. The old lady sometimes came up to visit her son in his rooms at the barracks, to see that he was comfortable there, and keep his ward-robe in order. The nearest way from her residence to the plain, was along the dark and rugged forest path on the edge of the rocks; and this was the road she always came. The captain wishing to make it more easy and less dangerous for his mother, set about doing so with his own hands. He had already made some progress in this work of filial affection, when he was discovered by several of his brother officers; they mentioned it to others, and they all immediately volunteered to assist him in his praise-worthy undertaking. They assembled of afternoons for this purpose, (which they endeavored to keep as secret as possible) and it was now about half accomplished; having been commenced at the end nearest to Mrs. H——'s residence. In consequence of this explanation, by the captain's friend, we took care not to interrupt them by walking in that direction, till after the work was completed.

They cut down trees, cleared away bushes, removed masses of stone, levelled banks, filled up hollows, and paved quagmires: leading the path to a safe distance from the ledge of rocks. A fine convenient road was soon completed, and the old lady was enabled to visit the captain without difficulty or danger.

The grave has long since closed over that mother, and the military station of her son has been changed to a place far distant from West Point. But the pathway commenced by filial affection, and finished with the assistance of friendship is still there, forming a convenient and beautiful walk through the woods to the farm-house and its vicinity.

It is known by all the inhabitants of West Point as the Officer's Road; and long may it continue to bear that title.

L'ENVOY TO E——.

BY G. HILL, AUTHOR OF "TITANIA'S BANQUET," ETC., ETC.

The nights are o'er when, by the shore,
We strayed—thy arm in mine,
And our hearts were like the full cup ere
The sparkle leaves the wine.
But the sparkle flies, the cup is drained,
And the nights return no more
When our hearts were warm and, arm in arm,
We strayed by the moonlit shore.

The nights are o'er when, by the shore,
We strayed—thy arm in mine,
And thy eye was like the star whose beam
We saw on the still wave shine.
But the bright star-beam has left the stream,
And the nights return no more
When our hearts were warm and, arm in arm,
We strayed by the moonlit shore.

The nights are o'er when, by the shore,
We strayed—thy arm in mine,
And thy tones were heard where the wind-harp's chord
In the bough that the June-flowers twine.
But my boat rocks lone where the palm-trees moan*
And the nights return no more
When our hearts were warm and, arm in arm,
We strayed by the moonlit shore.

* Of the Nile.

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THE ORPHAN BALLAD SINGERS.

BALLAD.

COMPOSED BY

HENRY RUSSELL.

Philadelphia: John F. Nunns, 184 *Chesnut Street.*

Andante Moderato.

Oh wea-ry, wea-ry are our feet, And wea-ry weary is our way, —— Thro' ma-ny a long and

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con espress

crowd - ed streets We've wan-dered mournfully to - day; My lit - tle sis - ter she is

pp pp

ad lib

pale, —— —— She is too ten-der and too young —— —— To

ad lib : rall.

hear the autumn's sullen gale, —— —— And all day long the child has

pp

sung.

She was our mother's favorite chilld,
  Who loved her for her eyes of blue,
And she is delicate and mild,
  She cannot do what I can do.
She never met her father's eyes,
  Although they were so like her own;
In some far distant sea he lies,
  A father to his child unknown.

The first time that she lisped his name,
  A little playful thing was she;
How proud we were,—yet that night came
  The tale how he had sunk at sea.
My mother never raised her head;
  How strange how white how cold she grew!
It was a broken heart they said—
  I wish our hearts were broken too.

We have no home—we have no friends
  They said our home no more was ours—
Our cottage where the ash-tree bends,
  The garden we had filled with flowers.
The sounding shells our father brought,
  That we might hear the sea at home;
Our bees, that in the summer wrought
  The winter's golden honeycomb.

We wandered forth mid wind and rain,
  No shelter from the open sky;
I only wish to see again
  My mother's grave and rest and die,
Alas, it is a weary thing
  To sing our ballads o'er and o'er:
The songs we used at home to sing—
  Alas we have a home no more!

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Twice-Told Tales. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Two Volumes. Boston: James Munroe and Co:

We said a few hurried words about Mr. Hawthorne in our last number, with the design of speaking more fully in the present. We are still, however, pressed for room, and must necessarily discuss his volumes more briefly and more at random than their high merits deserve.

The book professes to be a collection of *tales*, yet is, in two respects, misnamed. These pieces are now in their third republication, and, of course, are thrice-told. Moreover, they are by no means *all* tales, either in the ordinary or in the legitimate understanding of the term. Many of them are pure essays, for example, "Sights from a Steeple," "Sunday at Home," "Little Annie's Ramble," "A Rill from the Town-Pump," "The Toll-Gatherer's Day," "The Haunted Mind," "The Sister Years," "Snow-Flakes," "Night Sketches," and "Foot-Prints on the Sea-Shore." We mention these matters chiefly on account of their discrepancy with that marked precision and finish by which the body of the work is distinguished.

Of the Essays just named, we must be content to speak in brief. They are each and all beautiful, without being characterised by the polish and adaptation so visible in the tales proper. A painter would at once note their leading or predominant feature, and style it *repose*. There is no attempt at effect. All is quiet, thoughtful, subdued. Yet this repose may exist simultaneously with high originality of thought; and Mr. Hawthorne has demonstrated the fact. At every turn we meet with novel combinations; yet these combinations never surpass the limits of the quiet. We are soothed as we read; and withal is a calm astonishment that ideas so apparently obvious have never occurred or been presented to us before. Herein our author differs materially from Lamb or Hunt or Hazlitt—who, with vivid originality of manner and expression, have less of the true novelty of thought than is generally supposed, and whose originality, at best, has an uneasy and meretricious quaintness, replete with startling effects unfounded in nature, and inducing trains of reflection which lead to no satisfactory result. The Essays of Hawthorne have much of the character of Irving, with more of originality, and less of finish; while, compared with the Spectator, they have a vast superiority at all points. The Spectator, Mr. Irving, and Mr. Hawthorne have in common that tranquil and subdued manner which we have chosen to denominate *repose;* but, in the case of the two former, this repose is attained rather by the absence of novel combination, or of originality, than otherwise, and consists chiefly in the calm, quiet, unostentatious expression of commonplace thoughts, in an unambitious unadulterated Saxon. In them, by strong effort, we are made to conceive the absence of all. In the essays before us the absence of effort is too obvious to be mistaken, and a strong under-current of *suggestion* runs continuously beneath the upper stream of the tranquil thesis. In short, these effusions of Mr. Hawthorne are the product of a truly imaginative intellect, restrained, and in some measure repressed, by fastidiousness of taste, by constitutional melancholy and by indolence.

But it is of his tales that we desire principally to speak. The tale proper, in our opinion, affords unquestionably the fairest field for the exercise of the loftiest talent, which can be afforded by the wide domains of mere prose. Were we bidden to say how the highest genius could be most advantageously employed for the best display of its own powers, we should answer, without hesitation—in the composition of a rhymed poem, not to exceed in length what might be perused in an hour. Within this limit alone can the highest order of true poetry exist. We need only here say, upon this topic, that, in almost all classes of composition, the unity of effect or impression is a point of the greatest importance. It is clear, moreover, that this unity cannot be thoroughly preserved in productions whose perusal cannot be completed at one sitting. We may continue the reading of a prose composition, from the very nature of prose itself, much longer than we can persevere, to any good purpose, in the perusal of a poem. This latter, if truly fulfilling the demands of the poetic sentiment, induces an exaltation of the soul which cannot be long sustained. All high excitements are necessarily transient. Thus a long poem is a paradox. And, without unity of impression, the deepest effects cannot be brought about. Epics were the offspring of an imperfect sense of Art, and their reign is no more. A poem *too* brief may produce a vivid, but never an intense or enduring impression. Without a certain continuity of effort—without a certain duration or repetition of purpose—the soul is never deeply moved. There must be the dropping of the water upon the rock. De Béranger has wrought brilliant things—pungent and spirit-stirring—but, like all immassive bodies, they lack *momentum*, and thus fail to satisfy the Poetic Sentiment. They sparkle and excite, but, from want of continuity, fail deeply to impress. Extreme brevity will degenerate into epigrammatism; but the sin of extreme length is even more unpardonable. *In medio tutissimus ibis.*

Were we called upon however to designate that class of composition which, next to such a poem as we have suggested, should best fulfil the demands of high genius—should offer it the most advantageous field of exertion—we should unhesitatingly speak of the prose tale, as Mr. Hawthorne has here exemplified it. We allude to the short prose narrative, requiring from a half-hour to one or two hours in its perusal. The ordinary novel is objectionable, from its length, for reasons already stated in substance. As it cannot be read at one sitting, it deprives itself, of course, of the immense force derivable from *totality*. Worldly interests intervening during the pauses of perusal, modify, annul, or counteract, in a greater or less degree, the impressions of the book. But simple cessation in reading would, of itself, be sufficient to destroy the true unity. In the brief tale, however, the author is enabled to carry out the fulness of his intention, be it what it may. During the hour of perusal the soul of the reader is at the writer's control. There are no external or extrinsic influences—resulting from weariness or interruption.

A skilful literary artist has constructed a tale. If wise, he has not fashioned his thoughts to accommodate his incidents; but having conceived, with deliberate care, a cer-

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tain unique or single *effect* to be wrought out, he then invents such incidents—he then combines such events as may best aid him in establishing this preconceived effect. If his very initial sentence tend not to the outbringing of this effect, then he has failed in his first step. In the whole composition there should be no word written, of which the tendency, direct or indirect, is not to the one pre-established design. And by such means, with such care and skill, a picture is at length painted which leaves in the mind of him who contemplates it with a kindred art, a sense of the fullest satisfaction. The idea of the tale has been presented unblemished, because undisturbed; and this is an end unattainable by the novel. Undue brevity is just as exceptionable here as in the poem; but undue length is yet more to be avoided.

We have said that the tale has a point of superiority even over the poem. In fact, while the *rhythm* of this latter is an essential aid in the development of the poem's highest idea—the idea of the Beautiful—the artificialities of this rhythm are an inseparable bar to the development of all points of thought or expression which have their basis in *Truth*. But Truth is often, and in very great degree, the aim of the tale. Some of the finest tales are tales of ratiocination. Thus the field of this species of composition, if not in so elevated a region on the mountain of Mind, is a table-land of far vaster extent than the domain of the mere poem. Its products are never so rich, but infinitely more numerous, and more appreciable by the mass of mankind. The writer of the prose tale, in short, may bring to his theme a vast variety of modes or inflections of thought and expression—(the ratiocinative, for example, the sarcastic or the humorous) which are not only antagonistical to the nature of the poem, but absolutely forbidden by one of its most peculiar and indispensable adjuncts; we allude of course, to rhythm. It may be added, here, *par parenthèse*, that the author who aims at the purely beautiful in a prose tale is laboring at great disadvantage. For Beauty can be better treated in the poem. Not so with terror, or passion, or horror, or a multitude of such other points. And here it will be seen how full of prejudice are the usual animadversions against those *tales of effect* many fine examples of which were found in the earlier numbers of Blackwood. The impressions produced were wrought in a legitimate sphere of action, and constituted a legitimate although sometimes an exaggerated interest. They were relished by every man of genius: although there were found many men of genius who condemned them without just ground. The true critic will but demand that the design intended be accomplished, to the fullest extent, by the means most advantageously applicable.

We have very few American tales of real merit—we may say, indeed, none, with the exception of "The Tales of a Traveller" of Washington Irving, and these "Twice-Told Tales" of Mr. Hawthorne. Some of the pieces of Mr. John Neal abound in vigor and originality; but in general, his compositions of this class are excessively diffuse, extravagant, and indicative of an imperfect sentiment of Art. Articles at random are, now and then, met with in our periodicals which might be advantageously compared with the best effusions of the British Magazines; but, upon the whole, we are far behind our progenitors in this department of literature.

Of Mr. Hawthorne's Tales we would say, emphatically, that they belong to the highest region of Art—an Art subservient to genius of a very lofty order. We had supposed, with good reason for so supposing, that he had been thrust into his present position by one of the impudent *cliques* which beset our literature, and whose pretensions it is our full purpose to expose at the earliest opportunity; but we have been most agreeably mistaken. We know of few compositions which the critic can more honestly commend than these "Twice-Told Tales." As Americans, we feel proud of the book.

Mr. Hawthorne's distinctive trait is invention, creation, imagination, originality—a trait which, in the literature of fiction, is positively worth all the rest. But the nature of originality, so far as regards its manifestation in letters, is but imperfectly understood. The inventive or original mind as frequently displays itself in novelty of *tone* as in novelty of matter. Mr. Hawthorne is original at *all* points.

It would be a matter of some difficulty to designate the best of these tales; we repeat that, without exception, they are beautiful. "Wakefield" is remarkable for the skill with which an old idea—a well-known incident—is worked up or discussed. A man of whims conceives the purpose of quitting his wife and residing *incognito*, for twenty years, in her immediate neighborhood. Something of this kind actually happened in London. The force of Mr. Hawthorne's tale lies in the analysis of the motives which must or might have impelled the husband to such folly, in the first instance, with the possible causes of his perseverance. Upon this thesis a sketch of singular power has been constructed.

"The Wedding Knell" is full of the boldest imagination—an imagination fully controlled by taste. The most captious critic could find no flaw in this production.

"The Minister's Black Veil" is a masterly composition of which the sole defect is that to the rabble its exquisite skill will be *caviare*. The *obvious* meaning of this article will be found to smother its insinuated one. The *moral* put into the mouth of the dying minister will be supposed to convey the *true* import of the narrative; and that a crime of dark dye, (having reference to the "young lady") has been committed, is a point which only minds congenial with that of the author will perceive.

"Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe" is vividly original and managed most dexterously.

"Dr. Heidegger's Experiment" is exceedingly well imagined, and executed with surpassing ability. The artist breathes in every line of it.

"The White Old Maid" is objectionable, even more than the "Minister's Black Veil," on the score of its mysticism. Even with the thoughtful and analytic, there will be much trouble in penetrating its entire import.

"The Hollow of the Three Hills" we would quote in full, had we space;—not as evincing higher talent than any of the other pieces, but as affording an excellent example of the author's peculiar ability. The subject is commonplace. A witch subjects the Distant and the Past to the view of a mourner. It has been the fashion to describe, in such cases, a mirror in which the images of the absent appear; or a cloud of smoke is made to arise, and thence the figures are gradually unfolded. Mr. Hawthorne has wonderfully heightened his effect by making the ear, in place of the eye, the medium by which the fantasy is conveyed. The head of the mourner is enveloped in the cloak of the witch, and within its magic folds there arise sounds which have an all-sufficient intelligence. Throughout this article also, the artist is conspicuous—not more in positive than in negative merits. Not only is all done that should be done, but (what perhaps is an end with more difficulty attained) there is nothing done which should not be. Every word *tells*, and there is not a word which does *not* tell.

In "Howe's Masquerade" we observe something which resembles a plagiarism—but which *may be* a very flattering coincidence of thought. We quote the passage in question.

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"*With a dark flush of wrath* upon his brow they saw the general *draw his sword* and *advance to meet* the figure *in the cloak* before the latter had stepped one pace upon the floor.

'*Villain, unmuffle yourself*,' cried he, 'you pass no farther!'

"The figure, without blenching a hair's breadth from the sword which was pointed at his breast, made a solemn pause, and *lowered the cape of the cloak* from his face, yet not sufficiently for the spectators to catch a glimpse of it. But Sir William Howe had evidently seen enough. The sternness of his countenance gave place to a look of wild amazement, if not horror, while he recoiled several steps from the figure, *and let fall his sword* upon the floor."—See vol. 2, page 20.

The idea here is, that the figure in the cloak is the phantom or reduplication of Sir William Howe; but in an article called "William Wilson," one of the "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque," we have not only the same idea, but the same idea similarly presented in several respects. We quote two paragraphs, which our readers may compare with what has been already given. We have italicized, above, the immediate particulars of resemblance.

"The brief moment in which I averted my eyes had been sufficient to produce, apparently, a material change in the arrangement at the upper or farther end of the room. A large mirror, it appeared to me, now stood where none had been perceptible before: and as I stepped up to it in extremity of terror, mine own image, but with features all pale and dabbled in blood, *advanced* with a feeble and tottering gait to meet me.

"Thus it appeared I say, but was not. It was Wilson, who then stood before me in the agonies of dissolution. Not a line in all the marked and singular lineaments of that face which was not even identically mine own. *His mask and cloak lay where he had thrown them, upon the floor.*"—Vol. 2. p. 57.

Here it will be observed that, not only are the two general conceptions identical, but there are various *points* of similarity. In each case the figure seen is the wraith or duplication of the beholder. In each case the scene is a masquerade. In each case the figure is cloaked. In each, there is a quarrel—that is to say, angry words pass between the parties. In each the beholder is enraged. In each the cloak and sword fall upon the floor. The "villain, unmuffle yourself," of Mr. H. is precisely paralleled by a passage at page 56 of "William Wilson."

In the way of objection we have scarcely a word to say of these tales. There is, perhaps, a somewhat too general or prevalent *tone*—a tone of melancholy and mysticism. The subjects are insufficiently varied. There is not so much of *versatility* evinced as we might well be warranted in expecting from the high powers of Mr. Hawthorne. But beyond these trivial exceptions we have really none to make. The style is purity itself. Force abounds. High imagination gleams from every page. Mr. Hawthorne is a man of the truest genius. We only regret that the limits of our Magazine will not permit us to pay him that full tribute of commendation, which, under other circumstances, we should be so eager to pay.

The Vigil of Faith, and Other Poems. By C. F. Hoffman, Author of "Greyslaer," &c. S. Coleman: New York.

Mr. Charles Fenno Hoffman is well known as the author of several popular novels, and as the quondam editor of the "American Monthly Magazine;" but his poetical abilities have not as yet attracted that attention which is indubitably their due.

"The Vigil of Faith," a poem of fifty-two irregular stanzas, embodies a deeply interesting narrative supposed to be related by an Indian encountered by the author in a hunting excursion amid the Highlands of the Hudson. It bears the impress of the true spirit upon every line; but appears to be carelessly written.

The occasional Poems are scarcely more beautiful, but, in general, are more complete and polished. Now and then, however, we observe, even in these, an inaccurate rhythm. Here, for example, in "Moonlight on the Hudson," page 63, we note a foot too much—

"Or cradle-freighted Ganges, the reproach of mothers."

This line is not used as an Alexandrine, but occurs in the body of a stanza. Mr. Hoffman is, also, somewhat too fond of a double rhyme, which, unduly employed, never fails to give a flippant air to a serious poem. It is not improbable that we shall speak more fully of this really beautiful volume hereafter. Its external or mechanical appearance excels that of any book we have seen for a long time.

The Life of Lorenzo de' Medici, called the Magnificent. By William Roscoe. From the London Edition. Corrected. In Two Volumes. Carey & Hart: Philadelphia.

The genius of Lorenzo de' Medici has never, perhaps, been so highly estimated, as his exertions on behalf of Italian literature. Yet he was not only an author unsurpassed by any of his illustrious contemporaries, but, as a statesman, gave evidence of profound ability. A work illustrating the value of his character and discussing his vast influence upon his age, has been long wanting, and no man lives who could better supply the *desideratum* than Mr. Roscoe. In republishing these volumes Messieurs Carey & Hart have rendered a service of the highest importance to the reading public of America.

The Poets and Poetry of America. With an Historical Introduction. By Rufus W. Griswold. Carey & Hart: Philadelphia.

This is a volume of remarkable beauty externally, and of very high merit internally. It embraces selections from the poetical works of every true poet in America without exception; and these selections are prefaced, in each instance, with a brief memoir, for whose accuracy we can vouch. We know that no pains or expense have been spared in this compilation, which is, by very much indeed, the best of its class—affording, at one view, the justest idea of our poetical literature. Mr. Griswold is remarkably well qualified for the task he has undertaken. We shall speak at length of this book in our next.

Beauchampe, or The Kentucky Tragedy. A Tale of Passion. By the Author of "Richard Hurdis," "Border Beagles," etc. Two Volumes. Lea & Blanchard: Philadelphia.

The events upon which this novel is based are but too real. No more thrilling, no more romantic tragedy did ever the brain of poet conceive than was the tragedy of Sharpe and Beauchampe. We are not sure that the author of "Border Beagles" has done right in the selection of his theme. Too little has been left for invention. We are sure, however, that the theme is skilfully handled. The author of "Richard Hurdis" is one among the best of our native novelists—pure, bold, vigorous, original.

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The Proffered Kiss

Graham's Magazine

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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THE WIRE SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

This elegant structure is thrown across the Schuylkill, on the site once occupied by an airy and graceful wooden erection, for years the pride of our city, and celebrated as being the longest bridge of a single arch in the known world. The boldness of the architect in thus spanning a river three hundred and fifty feet wide, was the theme of universal admiration. Few will forget Fanny Kemble's poetic comparison, when she said the bridge looked like a white scarf flung across the water. The destruction of this favorite fabric, by fire, in the fall of 1838, was regarded as an irreparable loss.

The conflagration presented a grand picture. The flames were first seen towards the western entrance of the bridge, and in a very few minutes the whole fabric was a mass of fire. The wind was down the stream, and catching the flames as they broke from the flooring of the bridge, it swept them far away under, until a fiery cataract, reaching from shore to shore, seemed pouring horizontally down the river. By this time spectators began to throng around, and before the bridge fell, thousands lined the adjacent shores and covered the side of the overhanging hill, looking down on the scene below, as from the seats in an amphitheatre.

This splendid sight continued for some time, the gazers looking on in a rapt silence, until suddenly a low murmur, followed by an involuntary shiver, ran through the crowd, as the bridge, with a graceful curtesy, descended a few feet, hesitated, and then, with a gentle, swan-like motion, sank, like a dream, down on the waters. But the moment the fabric touched the wave, a simmering, hissing sound was heard, while ten thousand sparkles shot up into the air and sailed away to leeward. The fire still, however, burned fiercely in the upper works, which had not reached the water; while volumes of smoke rolled down the river, blending the earth, the wave, and the sky into one dark, indistinct mass, so that the burning timbers, occasionally detached from the bridge, and borne along by the current, seemed, almost without the aid of fancy, to be lurid stars floating through the firmament. The moon, which was just rising, and which occasionally burst through the dense veil of smoke, appeared almost side by side with these wild meteors, and added to the illusion. The effect was picturesque; at times even sublime.

More than two years elapsed before the bridge was replaced by the present elegant structure, whose airiness and grace more than reconcile us to the loss of its predecessor.

This new fabric is, we believe, the finest, if not the only, specimen of its kind in the United States. The plan is simple. Two square towers of solid granite, thirty-two feet in height, are built on either abutment. Over each of these towers, on iron rollers, pass five wire cables, each cable being composed of two hundred and sixty strands, each strand being an eighth of an inch thick. The length of each cable is six hundred and fifty feet. These cables are secured, on each shore, in pits, distant from the towers one hundred feet, and continuing under ground fifty feet further, to a point where they are securely fastened at the depth of thirty feet. These pits are built over so as to exclude the rain, but not the air; and the cables, being painted, are thus preserved from rust. The cables, in stretching from tower to tower, form a curve, the lowest point of which is at the centre of the bridge. The causeway is of wood, and hangs, by smaller wire cables, from these larger ones. The width of the bridge is twenty-seven feet, and its length, from abutment to abutment, three hundred and forty-three feet. The strength of the bridge has been tested by a weight of seventy tons. The structure is painted white throughout, and has already won the name of the most graceful bridge in the country.

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THE SCIENCE OF KISSING!!

THE AFTER-DINNER TALK OF JEREMY SHORT, ESQ.

What glorious times, Oliver, the old Turks must have, sitting, on a sultry day like this, listening to the cool plashing of their fountains, and smoking their chiboques—egad!—until they fall asleep, and dream of dark-eyed Houris smiling on them, amid the fragrant groves and by the cool rivers of a Musselman Paradise. What a pity we were not born in Turkey, you a Bashaw of three tails, and I the Sultaun of Stamboul! How we would have stroked our beards—and smoked our pipes—and given praise to the prophet as we drank our sherbert, spiced, you know, with a *very* little of the *aqua vitæ*, that comfort of comforts to the inner man! We could then have dressed like gentlemen, and not gone about, as we do now, breeched, coated, and swaddled in broadcloth, like a couple of Egyptian mummies. Just imagine yourself in a dashing Turkish dress, with a turban on your head, and a scimitar all studded with diamonds at your side, with which—the scimitar I mean—you are wont to slice off the heads of infidels as I slice off the top of this pyramid of ice-cream—help yourself, for it's delicious! I think I see us now, charging at the head of our spahis against the rascally Russians, driving their half starved soldier slaves like chaff before a whirlwind, and carrying our horse-tails and shouting "Il Allah!" into the very tents of their chieftains. What magnificent fellows we would have made! Ah!—my dear boy—you and I are out of our element. Take my word for it, a Turk is your finest gentleman, your true philosopher, the only man that understands how to live. He keeps better horses, wears richer clothes, walks with a nobler mien, smokes more luxuriously, drinks more seductive coffee, and kisses his wife or ladye-love with better grace, than any man or set of men, except you and I, "under the broad canopy of heaven" as the town-meeting orators have it. And let me tell you this last accomplishment—this kissing gracefully, "*secundum artem*"—is a point of education most impiously neglected amongst us. Kissing is a science by itself. Let us draw up to the window where we can drink in the perfume of the garden, and while you whiff away at your meerschaum, I will prove the truth of my assertion. One has a knack for talking after dinner—I suppose it is because good steaks and madeira lubricate the tongue.

We are born to kiss and be kissed. It comes natural to us, as marriage does to a woman. Why, sir, I can remember kissing the female babies when I was yet in my cradle, and my friend Sir Thomas Lawrence did himself the honor to paint me at my favorite pursuit, as you know by that exquisite picture in my library. The very first day I went to school I kissed all the sweet little angels there. I wasn't fairly out of my alphabet, when I used to wait behind a pump, for my sweetheart to come out of school, and as soon as I saw her I made a point of kissing her just to see how prettily she blushed. As I grew older I loved to steal in, some summer evening, on her, and kiss her asleep on the sofa—or, if she was awake, and the old folks were by, I'd wait till they both got nodding, and then kiss her all the sweeter for the slyness of the thing. Ah! such stolen draughts are delicious. I would n't give a sous to kiss a girl in company, and I always hated Copenhagen, Pawns, and your other kissing plays, as I hope I hate the devil. They had a shocking custom when I was young, that everybody at a wedding should kiss the bride, just as they all drank, in the same free and easy way, out of the one big china punch-bowl; but the practice always hurt my sensibilities, and I avoided weddings as I would avoid a ghost, a bailiff, or any other fright. No—no—get your little charmer up into a corner by yourselves—watch when everybody's back is turned—then slip your arm around her waist, and kiss her with a long sweet kiss, as if you were a bee sucking honey from a flower. Nor can one kiss every girl. I'd as lief take ipecacuanha as kiss some of your sharp-chinned, icicle-mouthed, lignum-vitæ-faced spinsters—why one couldn't get the taste of the bitters out of his mouth for a week! I go in for your rosy, pouting lips, that seem to challenge everybody so saucily—egad! when we kiss such at our leisure, we think we're in a seventh heaven. I once lived on such a kiss for forty-eight hours, for it took the taste for commoner food out of my mouth "intirely," as poor Power used to say. Oh! how I loved the wide, dark entries one finds in old mansions, where one could catch these saucy little fairies, and, before they were well aware of your presence, kiss them so deliciously. There's kissing for you! Or, to go upon a sleigh ride, and when all, save you and your partner, are busy chatting—while the merry ringing of the bells and the whizzing motion of the vehicle cause your spirits to dance for very joy—to make believe that you wish to arrange the buffalo, or pull her shawl up closer around her, and then slyly stealing your face into her bonnet to kiss her for an instant of ecstasy, while she blushes to the very temples, lest others may catch you at your

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sport. And then, on a summer eve, to row out upon the bosom of a moonlit lake, and while one of the ladies sings and all the rest listen, to snatch a chance and laughingly kiss the pretty girl at your side, all unnoticed except by her. Or to sit beside a charmer on a sofa, before a cozy fire on a bitter winter night, and fill up the pauses of the conversation, you know, by drawing her to you and kissing her. But more than all,—when you have won a blushing confession of love from her you have long and tremblingly worshipped with all a boy's devotion,—is the rapture of the kiss which you press holily to her brow, while her warm heart flutters against your side, and every pulse in your body thrills with an ecstasy that has no rival in after life. Ah! sir, that kiss is THE KISS. It is worth all the rest.

Next to being born a Turk I should choose to have been born an Englishman in the days of Harry the Eighth. Do you remember how Erasmus tells us, in one of his letters, that all the pretty women in London ran up to him and kissed him whenever they met? That's what I call being in clover. I don't wonder people long for the good old times, for, if all their fashions were like this, commend me to the days of the bluff monarch, when

> "thus passed on the time,
> With jolly ways in those brave old days,
> When the world was in its prime."

Did you ever attend a children's party, and see the little dears play Copenhagen? The boys seem to have an instinctive knack at kissing their partners, who always show the same modest repugnance—for modesty is inborn in every woman—aye! and flings a glory about her like the halo around a Madonna's head. The very instant one of the young scapegraces gets into the ring, he looks slyly all around it, and there be sure is one little face that blushes scarlet, and one little heart that beats faster, for well the owner knows that she is in peril. How fast her hands slide to and fro along the rope, and directly the imprisoned youngster makes a dash at her hand, and, missing it, turns away amid the uproarious laughter and clapping of hands of the rest, and essays perchance a feint to tap some other little hand, all the while, however, keeping one corner of his eye fixed on the blushing damsel who has foiled him. And lo! all at once—like an eagle shooting from the skies—he darts upon it. And now begins the struggle. What a shouting—and merry laughing—what cries of encouragement from the lookers on—what a diving under the rope, and over the rope, and among the chairs, mingled with whoopings from the boys, ensues, until the victim has escaped, or else been caught by her pursuer. Sometimes she submits quietly to the forfeit, but at other times she will fight like a young tiger. Then, indeed, comes "the tug of war." If she covers her face in her hands, and is a sturdy little piece beside, young Master Harry will have to give up the game, and be the laughing stock of the boys, or else set all chivalry at defiance and tear away those pretty hands by force. Many a time, you old curmudgeon, have I laughed until the tears ran out of my eyes to see a young scoundrel, scarcely breeched, kissing an unwilling favorite. How sturdily he sticks up to her, one hand around her neck, and the other, perhaps, fast hold of her chin; while she, with face averted, and a frown upon her tiny brow, is all the while pushing him desperately away. But the young rascal knows that he is the strongest, and with him might makes right. With eagerness in every line of his face, he slips his arm around her waist, and, after sundry repulses, wins the kiss at last. And then what a mighty gentleman he thinks he is! In just such a scene has my old friend Lawrence taken me off, in that picture, of THE PROFFERED KISS, in my library, egad!

It is a great grief to me that so few understand how to kiss gracefully. Kissing is an accomplishment, I may be allowed to remark, that should form a part of every gentleman's education. A man that is too bashful to kiss a lady when all is agreeable, as Mrs. Malaprop would say, is a poor good-for-nought, a lost sinner, without hope of mercy! He will never have the courage to pop the question—mark my words—and will remain a bachelor to his dying day, unless some lady kindly takes him in hand and asks him to have her, as my friend Mrs. Desperate did. The women have a sly way of doing these things, even if, like a spinster I once knew, they have to ask a man flatly whether his intentions are serious or not; and they are very apt to do this as soon as the kissing becomes a business on your part. But to return to the *modus operandi* of a kiss. Delicacy in this intellectual amusement is the chief thing. Don't—by the bones of Johannes Secundus!—don't bungle the matter by a five minutes torture, like a cat playing with a mouse. Kiss a girl deliberately, sir—sensible all the time of the great duty you are performing—but remember also that a kiss, to be enjoyed in its full flavor, should be taken fresh, like champaigne just from the flask. Ah! then you get it in all its airy and *spirituelle* raciness. If you wish a sentimental kiss—and after all they are perhaps the spicier—steal your arm around her waist, take her hand softly in your own, and then, tenderly drawing her towards you, kiss her as you might imagine a zephyr to do it! I never exactly timed the manœuvre with a stop-watch, but I've no doubt the affair might be managed very handsomely in ten seconds. The exact point where a lady should be kissed may be determined by the intersection of two imaginary lines, one drawn perpendicularly down the centre of the face, and the other passing at right angles through the line of the mouth. Two such old codgers as you and I may talk of these things without indiscretion; and, it is but doing our duty by the world, to give others the benefits of our experience. Some of these days, when I get leisure, I shall write a book called "KISSING MADE EASY." The title—don't you think?—will make it sell.

Kissing, however, has its evils, for the world, you know, is made up of sweet and sour. One often gets into a way of kissing a pretty girl by way of a flirtation, and ends by tumbling head over ears into love with her. This is taking the disease in its most

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virulent form; but—thank the stars!—it is most apt to attend on cases where the gentlemen has not been used to kissing. I would recommend, as a general rule, that every one should be inoculated to the matter. for, depend upon it, this is the only way to save them from a desperate and perhaps fatal attack. I once knew a fine fellow—talented, rich, in a profession—whose only fault, indeed, was that he had never kissed anybody but his sister. He had the most holy horror of a man who could so insult the dignity of the sex as to kiss a lady—and, I verily believe, the sight of such a thing, in his younger days, would have thrown him into a fit. At length he fell in love; and as sweet a creature was Blanche Merrion as ever trod greensward, or sang from very gaiety of heart on the morning air. Day after day her lover watched her from afar, as a worshipper would watch the countenance of a saint; but months passed by and still he dared not lift his eyes to her face, when her own were shining on him from their calm, holy depths. Other suitors appeared, and if Blanche had fancied them, she would have been lost forever to Howard, through his own timidity; but happily none of them touched her heart, and she went on her way "in maiden meditation fancy free." Often, in her own gay style of raillery, would she torment poor Howard about his bashfulness; and during these moments, I verily believe, he would gladly have exchanged his situation for that of any heretic that ever roasted in an inquisitorial fire. A twelvemonth passed by, and yet Howard could not muster courage to express his devotion, and if, perchance, his eyes sometimes revealed his tale, the confession faded from them as soon as the liquid ones of Blanche were turned upon him. If ever one suffered, he suffered from his love. He worshipped his divinity in awe-struck humility, scarcely deeming she would deign to see his adoration. He might have said with Helena,

> "thus, Indian-like,
> Religious in mine error, I adore
> The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
> But knows of him no more."

At length a friend of Howard asked him to wait on him as a groomsman, and who should be his partner but Blanche! Now, of all places for kissing, commend me to a wedding. The groom kisses the bride—and the groomsmen kiss the bridemaids—and each one of the company kisses his partner, or if any one is destitute of the article he makes a dumb show of kissing somebody behind the door. But the groomsmen have the cream of the business, for it's one of the perquisites of their office that they should kiss their partners, as a sort of recompense for shawling them, and chaperoning them, and paying them those thousand little attentions which are so exquisite to a lady, and which a gentleman can only pay, especially if the lady is grateful, at some peril to his peace of mind. Ah! sir, a bridemaid is a bachelor's worst foe—one plays with edge tools when he waits at a wedding—and though you may dance with an angel or flirt with a Houri, I'd never—heaven bless you—recommend you to wait on a girl unless you were ready to marry. Seeing other folks married is infectious, and, before you know it, you'll find yourself engaged. It was a lucky chance for Howard when he was asked to wait on Blanche, for I would stake my life that nothing else could have cured him of his bashfulness. Nor even then would he have succeeded but for an accident. One lovely afternoon—it was a country wedding—he happened to pass by a little sort of summer-house in a secluded spot in the grounds attached to the mansion, and who should he see within but Blanche, asleep on a garden sofa. I wish I could paint her to you as she then appeared. One arm was thrown negligently back over her head, while the other fell towards the floor, holding the book she had been reading. Her long, soft eye-lashes were drooped on her cheek. Her golden curls fell, like a shower of sunbeams scattered through the forest leaves on a secluded stream, around her brow and down her neck; and one fair tress, stealing across her face and nestling in her bosom, waved in her breath, and rose and fell with the gentle heaving of that spotless bust. A slight color was on her cheek, and her lips were parted in a smile the smallest space imaginable, disclosing the pure teeth beneath, seeming like a line of pearl set betwixt rubies, or a speck of snow within a budding rose. Howard would have retreated, but he could not, and so he stood gazing on her entranced, until, forgetting everything in that sight, he stole towards her, and falling on his knees, hung a moment enraptured over her. As he thus knelt, his eyes glanced an instant on the book. It was the poems of Campbell, and open at a passage which he had the evening before commended. Blanche had pencilled one verse which he had declared especially beautiful. His heart leapt into his mouth. His eyes stole again to that lovely countenance, and instinctively he bent down and pressed his lips softly to those of Blanche. Slight, however, as was the kiss, it broke her slumber, and she started up; but when her eyes met those of Howard the crimson blood rushed over her face, and brow, and down even to her bosom, while the lover stood, even more abashed, rooted to the spot. Poor fellow! he would have given the world if he could have recalled that moment's indiscretion. He stammered out something for an apology, he knew not what, yet without daring to lift his eyes to her face. She made no reply. A minute of silence passed. Could he have offended past forgiveness? He was desperate with agony and terror at the thought—and, in that very desperation, resolved to face the worst, and looked up. The bosom of Blanche heaved violently, her eyes were downcast, her cheek was changing from pale to red and from red to pale. All her usual gaiety had disappeared, and she stood embarrassed and confused, yet without any marks of displeasure, such as the lover had looked for, on her countenance. A sudden light flashed on him, a sudden boldness took possession of him. He lifted the hand of Blanche—that tiny hand which now trembled in his grasp—and said,

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"Blanche! dear Blanche! if you forgive me, be still more merciful, and give me a right to offend thus again. I love you, oh! how deeply and fervently!—I have loved you with an untiring devotion for years. Will you, dearest, be mine?" and in a torrent of burning eloquence—for the long pent-up emotions of years had now found vent—he poured forth the whole history of his love, its doubts and fears, its sensitiveness, its adoration, its final hope. And did Blanche turn away? No—you needn't smile so meaningly, you old villain—she sank sobbing on her lover's shoulder, who, when at length she was soothed, was as good as his word, and sinned by a second kiss. It turned out that Blanche had loved him all along, and it was only his bashfulness that had blinded him, else by a thousand little tokens he might have seen what, in other ways, it would have been unmaidenly for her to reveal. Now, sir, months of mutual sorrow might have been saved to both Blanche and her lover, if he had only possessed a little more assurance—he would have possessed that assurance if he had been less finical—if he had been less finical he would not have been shocked at kissing a pretty girl. Isn't that demonstrated like a problem in the sixth book?

I might multiply instances, egad, for fifty years of experience *will* store one's memory with facts, and by the aid of them I could reel off arguments for this accomplishment faster than a rocket whizzes into the sky. *Kissing*, sir—but there goes the supper bell, and I see your meerschaum's out. We will rejoin the ladies, and after taking our Mocha, set the young folks to dancing, while you and I accompany them on the shovel and tongs!—Ta-ra-la-ra!

FAREWELL.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

FAREWELL! as the bee round the blossom
Doth murmur drowsily,
So murmureth round my bosom
The memory of thee;
Lingering, it seems to go,
When the wind more full doth flow,
Waving the flower to and fro,
But still returneth, Marian!
My hope no longer burneth,
Which did so fiercely burn,
My joy to sorrow turneth,
Although loath, loath to turn,—
I would forget—
And yet—and yet
My heart to thee still yearneth, Marian!

Fair as a single star thou shinest,
And white as lilies are
The slender hands wherewith thou twinest
Thy heavy auburn hair;
Thou art to me
A memory
Of all that is divinest:
Thou art so fair and tall,
Thy looks so queenly are,
Thy very shadow on the wall,
Thy step upon the stair,
The thought that thou art nigh,
The chance look of thine eye
Are more to me than all, Marian,
And will be till I die!

As the last quiver of a bell
Doth fade into the air,
With a subsiding swell
That dies we know not where,
So my hope melted and was gone:
I raised mine eyes to bless the star
That shared its light with me so far
Below its silver throne,
And gloom and chilling vacancy
Were all was left to me,
In the dark, bleak night I was alone!
Alone in the blessed Earth, Marian,
For what were all to me—
Its love, and light, and mirth, Marian,
If I were not with thee?

My heart will not forget thee
More than the moaning brine
Forgets the moon when she is set;
The gush when first I met thee
That thrilled my brain like wine,
Doth thrill as madly yet;
My heart cannot forget thee,
Though it may droop and pine,
Too deeply it had set thee
In every love of mine;
No new moon ever cometh,
No flower ever bloometh,
No twilight ever gloometh
But I'm more only thine.
Oh look not on me, Marian,
Thine eyes are wild and deep,
And they have won me, Marian,
From peacefulness and sleep;
The sunlight doth not sun me,
The meek moonshine doth shun me,
All sweetest voices stun me,—
There is no rest
Within my breast
And I can only weep, Marian!

As a landbird far at sea
Doth wander through the sleet
And drooping downward wearily
Finds no rest for her feet,
So wandereth my memory

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O'er the years when we did meet:
I used to say that everything
Partook a share of thee,
That not a little bird could sing,
Or green leaf flutter on a tree.
That nothing could be beautiful
Save part of thee were there,
That from thy soul so clear and full
All bright and blessed things did cull
The charm to make them fair;
And now I know
That it was so,
Thy spirit through the earth doth flow
And face me wheresoe'er I go,—
What right hath perfectness to give
Such weary weight of wo
Unto the soul which cannot live
On anything more low?
Oh leave me, leave me, Marian,
There 's no fair thing I see
But doth deceive me, Marian,
Into sad dreams of thee!

A cold snake gnaws my heart
And crushes round my brain,
And I should glory but to part
So bitterly again,
Feeling the slow tears start
And fall in fiery rain:
There 's a wide ring round the moon,
The ghost-like clouds glide by,
And I hear the sad winds croon
A dirge to the lowering sky;
There 's nothing soft or mild
In the pale moon's sickly light,
But all looks strange and wild
Through the dim, foreboding night:
I think thou must be dead
In some dark and lonely place,
With candles at thy head,
And a pall above thee spread
To hide thy dead, cold face;
But I can see thee underneath
So pale, and still, and fair,
Thine eyes closed smoothly and a wreath
Of flowers in thy hair;
I never saw thy face so clear
When thou wast with the living,
As now beneath the pall, so drear,
And stiff, and unforgiving;
I cannot flee thee, Marian,
I cannot turn away,
Mine eyes must see thee, Marian,
Through salt tears night and day.

THE PEWEE.

BY DILL A. SMITH.

In hedges where the wild brier-rose,
  Woos to its breast the sweets of June;
When soft the balmy south-wind blows,
  The Pewee trills its simple tune.
And when on glade and upland hill
  Shines out the sultrier July's sun;
And forest shade and bubbling rill
  The red-bird's shriller notes have won,

Oh then along the dull road side—
  (As if the deepening gloom to cheer)
The Pewee loves to wander wide—
  There still its airy lay you hear.
Or now, when more familiar grown,
  It seeks the busier haunts of men;
And to the welcome barn roof flown,
  Renews its joyous song again.

And thus throughout the livelong day,
  (Tho' showery pearl-drops damp its wings;
And heedless who may pass its way,)
  The modest Pewee sits and sings.

Bird of the heart—meek Virtue's child!
  Emblem of sweet simplicity;
An thou 'd 'st a pleasant hour have whiled,
  Go list the Pewee's minstrelsy!

The eagle's wing it may not boast,
  Nor yet his plume of golden sheen;
But not in garb of regal cost
  Are Virtue's children always seen.
Ah, no, sweet bird! in lowly guise
  Her fairest child is oftenest met;
And seldom knows thy cloudless skies,
  Or path with flowers so richly set.

When summer buds are bright and gay
  I fly the city's dull confines,
And love to sport the hours away
  By sedgy streams and leafy shrines.
Nor least among the happy sounds
  Which then salute my raptur'd ear,
I hail, from hedge and meadow grounds,
  The Pewee, with its song so clear.

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HARRY CAVENDISH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR," "THE REEFER OF '76," ETC. ETC.

ELLEN NEVILLE.

When I recovered my senses, after the events narrated in the last chapter, I found that I was lying in the cabin of the schooner on board which I had been serving, while a group composed of the three surgeons and several officers of the expedition stood around me. As I opened my eyes and glanced around, scarce conscious as yet of the objects that met my gaze, one of the medical men bent over me and said that my safety depended on my quiet. Gradually I imbibed the full meaning of his words, and called to mind the events immediately preceding my fall; but, in spite of his charge, I felt an uncontrollable desire to learn the extent of my injury. In a low whisper—so low indeed that I was startled at its faintness—I asked if I was seriously wounded and whether we had conquered. But he smiled as he replied,

"Not now, at least not in full, for your weakness forbids it. But the danger is over. The ball has been extracted. Quiet is all you now require."

"But," said I again, "how of our expedition? Have we conquered?"

"We have, but not a word more now. To-morrow you shall hear all. Gentlemen," he continued, turning to the group, "we had best withdraw now that our friend is past the crisis. He needs repose."

I felt the wisdom of this advice, for my brain was already whirling from the attempt to control my thoughts, even for the mere purpose of asking the questions necessary to satisfy my curiosity; so when the group left the cabin I sank back on my couch, and closing my eyes with a sense of relief, soon lost all recollection in a deep sleep, the effect, no doubt, of the opiate which had been administered to me.

When I awoke, the morning breeze was blowing freshly through the cabin, bringing with it the odors of thousands of aromatic plants from the shores of the neighboring islands, and as it wantoned across my forehead, dallying with my hair and imparting a delicious coolness to the skin, I felt an invigorating, pleasurable sensation—a sensation of the most exquisite delight—such as no one can imagine who has not felt the cool breath of morning after an illness in the close cabin of a small schooner.

My curiosity to hear the events of the combat that occurred after my fall, would not suffer me to rest, and I gave my attendants no peace until I had learnt the whole.

It will be recollected that when I sank to the deck in a state of insensibility, we were engaged in a warm contest with the piratical hulk which had been moored across the mouth of the outlet from the lagoon. The fight was maintained for some time on board of the enemy, and at first with varying success; but the daring of our men at last overcame the desperate resistance of the pirates, and the enemy were either driven below, cut down, or forced overboard. This outwork, as it were, having thus been carried, we pushed on to the settlement itself, for the other vessels moored in the lagoon were by this time deserted, the pirates having retreated to a fortification on the shore, where their whole force could act together, and where they had entrenched themselves, as they vainly imagined, in an impregnable position. But our brave fellows were not intimidated. Flushed with success, and burning to revenge those of their comrades who had already fallen, they cried out to be led against the desperadoes. Accordingly, under cover of the guns of our little fleet, the men were landed, and, while a brisk fire was kept up from the vessels, the assault was made. At first the pirates stood manfully to their posts, pouring in a deadly and unremitting fire on the assailants. In vain did the officers lead on their men three several times to the assault, for three several times were they driven back by the rattling fire of the now desperate pirates. To increase the peril of their situation, no sign of their companions in the rear had as yet appeared. The ruffians were already cheering in anticipation of a speedy victory, and our men, although still burning for vengeance, were beginning to lose all hope of victory, when the long expected rocket, announcing the arrival of the other party, shot up from the dense thicket in the rear of the fort, and instantaneously a crashing volley burst from the same quarter, followed by a long, loud cheer in which was recognised the battle shout of our comrades. The sounds shivered to the very hearts of our almost dispirited men, and added new energy to their souls and fresh vigor to their arms. Again they demanded to be led to the assault, and, with fixed bayonets, following their leader, they dashed up to the very embrasures of the fort. Then began a slaughter so terrific that the oldest veterans assured me they had never witnessed the like. Through an impervious veil of smoke, amid plunging balls and rattling grape shot, our gallant fellows

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swept over the plain, through the ditch, up the embankment, and into the very heart of the fortification. At the mouths of their guns they met the pirates, bearing them bodily backwards at the point of the bayonet. But if the onslaught was determined the resistance was desperate. Every step we advanced was over the dead bodies of the foeman. Throwing away their muskets, they betook themselves to their pikes and cutlasses, and though forced to retreat by our overwhelming numbers, retreating sullenly, like a lion at bay, they marked their path with the blood of the assailants. Meanwhile the detachment of our troops in the rear, finding the defences in that quarter weaker than those in front, soon carried the entrenchments, and driving before it as well the immediate defenders of the walls, as the desperadoes who had hurried to reinforce them, it advanced with loud cheers to meet us in the centre of the fortification. Hemmed in thus on every side, the pirates saw that further resistance was useless, and were seized with a sudden panic. Some threw down their arms and cried for quarter, others cast themselves in despair on our bayonets, while a few, managing to escape by cutting their way through a part of our line, took to the swamps in the rear of the fort, whither they defied pursuit. In less than an hour from the first assault, not a pirate was left at large within the precincts of the settlement. The huts were given to the flames, and the hulk at the outlet of the lagoon scuttled and sunk. The other vessels were manned by our own forces and carried away as trophies. Thus was destroyed one of the most noted piratical haunts since the days of the Bucaneers.

We learned from the prisoners that the approach of the expedition had been detected while it was yet an hour's sail from the settlement, and that preparations had instantly been made for our repulse. Had we not been under a misapprehension as to the strength of these desperadoes, and thus been induced to take with us more than double the force we should otherwise have employed, their efforts would no doubt have been successful, since the almost impregnable nature of their defences enabled them to withstand the assault of a force four times the number of their own. It was only the opportune arrival of our comrades, and the surprise which they effected in their quarter of attack, that gave us the victory after all. As it was, our loss was terrible. We had extirpated this curse of society, but at what a price!

The wound which I had received was at first thought to be mortal, but after the extraction of the ball my case assumed a more favorable aspect. The crisis of my fate was looked for with anxiety by my comrades in arms. My return to consciousness found them, as I have described, watching that event at my bedside.

Our voyage was soon completed, and we entered the port of —— amid the salvos of the batteries and the merry peals of the various convent bells. The governor came off to our fleet, almost before we had dropped our anchors, and bestowed rewards on the spot on those of his troops who had peculiarly distinguished themselves. He came at once to my cot, and would have carried me home to the government-house, but Mr. Neville, the uncle of the fair girl whom I had saved from the desperadoes, having attended his excellency on board, insisted that I should accept the hospitalities of his home.

"Well," said his excellency, with a meaning smile, "I must give him up, for, as you say, mine is but a bachelor establishment, and hired nurses, however good, do not equal those who are actuated by gratitude. But I must insist that my own physician shall attend him."

I was still too weak to take any part in this controversy, and although I made at first a feeble objection to trespassing on Mr. Neville's kindness, he only smiled in reply, and I found myself, in less than an hour, borne to his residence, without having an opportunity to expostulate.

What a relief it is, when suffering with illness, to be transported from a close, dirty cabin to a large room and tidy accommodations! How soothing to a sick man are those thousand little conveniencies and delicacies which only the hand of woman can supply, and from which the sufferer on shipboard is debarred! The well-aired bed linen; the clean and tidy apartment; the flowers placed on the stand opposite the bed; the green jalousies left half open to admit the cooling breeze; the delicious rose-water sprinkled around the room, and giving it an aromatic fragrance; and the orange, or tamarind, or other delicacy ever ready within reach to cool the fevered mouth, and remind you of the ceaseless care which thus anticipates your every want. All these, and even more, attested the kindness of my host's family. Yet everything was done in so unobtrusive a manner that, for a long while, I was ignorant to whom I was indebted for this care. I saw no one but the nurse, the physician, and Mr. and Mrs. Neville. But I could not help fancying that there were others who sometimes visited my sick chamber, although as yet I had never been able to detect them, except by the fresh flowers which they left every morning as evidences of their presence. More than once, on suddenly awaking from sleep, I fancied I heard a light footstep retreating behind my bed, and once I distinguished the tone of a low sweet voice which sounded on my ear, tired as it was of the grating accents of the nurse, like music from Paradise. Often, too, I heard, through the half open blinds that concealed the entrance to a neighboring room, the sounds of a harp accompanied by a female voice; and, at such times, keeping my eyes closed lest I should be thought awake and the singer thus be induced to stop, I have listened until my soul seemed fairly "lapped into Elysium." The memory of that ample apartment, with its spotless curtains and counterpanes, and the wind blowing freshly through its open jalousies, is as vivid in my memory to-day as it was in the hour when I lay there, listening to what seemed the seraphic music of that unseen performer. I hear yet that voice, so soft and yet so silvery, now rising clear as the note of a lark, and now sinking into a melody as liquid as that of flowing water, yet ever, in all its variations, sweet, and full, and enrapturing.

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Such a voice I used to dream of in childhood as belonging to the angels in heaven. Our dreams are not always wrong!

At length I was sufficiently recruited in strength to be able to sit up, and I shall ever remember the delicious emotions of the hour when I first took a seat by the casement and looked out into the garden, then fragrant with the dew of the early morning. I saw the blue sky smiling overhead, I heard the low plashing of a fountain in front of my window, I inhaled the delicate perfume wafted to me by the refreshing breeze, and as I sat there my soul ran over, as it were, with its exceeding gladness, and I almost joined my voice, from very ecstasy, with that of the birds who hopped from twig to twig, carolling their morning songs. As I sat thus looking out, I heard a light footstep on the gravel walk without, and directly the light, airy form of a young girl emerged from a secluded walk of the garden, full in my view. As she came opposite my window she looked up as if inadvertently, for, catching my eye, she blushed deeply and cast her gaze on the ground. In a moment, however, she recovered herself, and advanced in the direction she had been pursuing. The first glance at the face had revealed to me the countenance of her I had been instrumental in rescuing from the pirates. My apartment, like all those on the island, was on the ground floor, and when Miss Neville appeared she was already within a few feet of me. I rose and bowed, and noticing that she held a bunch of newly gathered flowers in her hands, I said,

"It is your taste, then, Miss Neville, which has filled the vase in my room every morning with its flowers. You cannot know how thankful I am. Ah! would that all knew with what delight a sick person gazes on flowers!"

She blushed again, and extending the bouquet to me, said with something of gaiety,

"I little thought you would be up to-day, much less at so early an hour, or perhaps I might not have gathered your flowers. Since you can gaze on them from your window they will be less attractive to you when severed, like these, from their parent stem."

"No—never," I answered warmly, "indeed your undeserved kindness, and that of your uncle and aunt, I can never forget."

She looked at me in silence with her large, full eye a moment ere she replied, and I could see that they grew humid as she gazed. Her voice, too, softened and sank almost to a whisper when at length she spoke.

"Undeserved kindness! And can we ever forget," she said, "what we owe to you?"

The words, as well as the gentle tone of reproof in which they were spoken, embarrassed me for a moment, and my eyes fell beneath her gaze. As if unwilling further to trust her emotions, she turned hastily away as she finished. When I looked up she was gone.

We met daily after this. The *ennui* of a convalescent made me look forward to the time she spent with me as if it constituted my whole day. Certainly the room seemed less cheerful after her departure. Often would I read while she sat sewing. At other times we indulged in conversation, and I found Miss Neville's information on general subjects so extensive as sometimes to put me to the blush. She had read not only the best authors of our own language, but also those of France, and her remarks proved that she had thought while she read. She was a passionate admirer of music, and herself a finished performer. For all that was beautiful in nature she had an eye and soul. There was a dash of gaiety in her disposition, although, perhaps, her general character was sedate, and late events had if anything increased its prominent trait. Her tendency to a gentle melancholy—if I may use the phrase—was perceptible in her choice of favorite songs. More than once, when listening to the simple ballads she delighted to sing, have I caught the tears rolling down my cheeks, so unconsciously had I been subdued by the pathos of her voice and song.

In a few days I was sufficiently convalescent to leave my room, and thenceforth I established myself in the one from which I had heard the mysterious music. This apartment proved to be a sort of boudoir appropriated to the use of Miss Neville, and it was her performance on the harp that I had heard during my sickness. Hers too had been the figure which I had seen once or twice flitting out of sight on my awaking from a fevered sleep.

It is a dangerous thing when two young persons, of different sexes, are thrown together in daily intercourse, especially when one, from his very situation, is forced to depend on the other for the amusement of hours that would otherwise hang heavily on him. The peril is increased when either party is bound to the other by any real or fancied ties of gratitude. But during the first delicious fortnight of convalescence I was unconscious of this danger, and without taking any thought of the future I gave myself wholly up to the enjoyment of the hour. For Miss Neville I soon came to entertain a warm sentiment of regard, yet my feelings for her were of a far different nature from those I entertained for Annette. I did not, however, stop to analyze them, for I saw, or thought I saw, that the pleasure I felt in Ellen's society was mutual, and I inquired no further. Alas! it never entered into my thoughts to ask whether, while I contented myself with friendship, she might not be yielding to a warmer sentiment. Had I been more vain perhaps this thought might have occurred to me. But I never imagined—blind fool that I was—that this constant intercourse betwixt us could endanger the peace of either. If I could, I would have coined my heart's blood sooner than have won the love which I could not return. Yet such was my destiny. My eyes were opened at length to the consequences of my indiscretion.

We had been conversing one day of the expected arrival of THE ARROW, and I had spoken enthusiastically of my profession, and, perhaps, expressed some restlessness at the inactive life I was leading, when I noticed that Ellen sighed, looked more closely

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at her work, and remained silent for some time. At length she raised her eyes, however, and said,

"How can you explain the passion which a seaman entertains for his ship? One would think that your hearts indulged in no other sentiment than this engrossing one."

"You wrong us, indeed, Ellen," I said, "for no one has a warmer heart than the sailor. But we have shared so many dangers with our ship, and it has been to us so long almost our only world, that we learn to entertain a sort of passion for it, which, I confess, seems a miracle to others, but which to us is perfectly natural. I love the old ARROW with a sentiment approaching to monomania, and yet I have many and dear friends whom I love none the less for this passion."

I saw that her bosom heaved quicker than usual at these words, and she plied her needle with increased velocity. Had I looked more narrowly, I might have seen the color faintly coming and going in her cheek, and almost heard her heart beating in the audible silence. But I still was blind to the cause of this emotion. By some unaccountable impulse I was led to speak of a subject which I had always avoided, though not intentionally—my early intimacy with Annette, and her subsequent rescue from the brig. Secure, as I thought, of the sympathy of my listener, and carried away by my engrossing love for Annette, I dwelt on her story for some time, totally unconscious of the effect my words were producing on Ellen. My infatuation on that morning seems now incredible. As I became more earnest with my subject, I noticed still less the growing agitation of my listener, and it was not until I was in the midst of a sentence in which I paused for words to express the loveliness of Annette's character, that I saw that Ellen was in tears. She was bending low over her work so as to conceal her agitation from my eye, but as I hesitated in my glowing description, a bright tear-drop fell on her lap. The truth broke on me like a flash of lightning. I saw it all as clear as by a noonday sun, and I wondered at my former blindness. I was stung to the heart by what I had just been saying, for what agony it must have inflicted on my hearer! I felt my situation to be deeply embarrassing, and broke short off in my sentence. After a moment, however, feeling that silence was more oppressive than anything else, I made a desperate effort and said,

"Ellen!"

It was a single word, and one which I had addressed to her a hundred times before; but perhaps there was something in the tone in which I spoke it, that revealed what was passing in my mind, for, as she heard her name, the poor girl burst into a flood of tears, and covering her face with her hands she rushed from the room. She felt that her secret was disclosed. She loved one whose heart was given to another.

That day I saw her no more. But her agony of mind could not have been greater than my own. There is no feeling more acute to a sensitive mind than the consciousness that we are beloved by one whom we esteem, but whose affection it is impossible for us to requite. Oh! the bitter torture to reflect that by this inability to return another's love, we are inflicting on them the sharpest of all disappointments, and perhaps embittering their life. Point me out a being who is callous to such a feeling, and I will point you out a wretch who is unworthy of the name of man. He who can triumph in the petty vanity of being loved by one for whom he entertains no return of affection, is worse than a fop or a fool—he is a scoundrel of the worst stamp. He deserves that his home should be uncheered by a WOMAN'S smiles, that his dying hour should be a stranger to her tender care. God knows! to her we are indebted for all the richest blessings and holiest emotions of our life. While we remember that we drank in our life from a mother's breast—that we owed that life a thousand times afterwards to a mother's care—that the love of a sister or the deeper affection of a wife has cheered us through many a dark hour of despair, we can never join that flippant school which makes light of a woman's truth, or follow those impious revilers who would sneer at a woman's love. The green sod grows to-day over many a lovely, fragile being, who might still have been living but for the perfidy of our sex. There is no fiction in the oft-told story of a broken heart. It is, perhaps, a consumption that finally destroys the victim, but alas! the barb that infused the poison first into the frame was—a hopeless love. How many fair faces have paled, how many hearts have grown cold, how many seraphic forms have passed, like angel visitants, from the earth, and few have known the secret of the blight that so mysteriously and suddenly withered them away. Alas! there is scarcely a village churchyard in the land, in which some broken hearted one does not sleep all forgotten in her lonely bed. The grave is a melancholy home; but it has hope for the distressed: there, at least, the weary are at rest.

It is years since I have visited the grave of ELLEN, and I never think of her fate without tears coming into my eyes.

I said I saw her no more that day. When I descended to the breakfast table on the following morning, I looked around, and, not beholding her, was on the point of inquiring if she was ill; but, at the instant, the door opened and one of my old messmates appeared, announcing to me that THE ARROW was in the offing, where she awaited me—he having been despatched with a boat to bring me on board. As I had been expecting her arrival for several days, there was little preparation necessary before I was ready to set forth. My traps had been already despatched when I stood in the hall to take leave of the family. My thoughts, at this moment, recurred again to Ellen, and I was, a second time, on the point of asking for her, when she appeared. I noticed that she looked pale, and I thought seemed as if she had been weeping. Her aunt said,

"I knew Ellen had a violent headach, but when I found that you were going, Mr. Cavendish, I thought she could come down for a last adieu."

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I bowed, and taking Miss Neville's hand raised it to my lips. None there were acquainted with our secret but ourselves, yet I felt as if every eye was on me, and from the nervous trembling of Ellen's fingers, I knew that her agitation was greater than my own.

"God bless you, dear Miss Neville," I said, and, in spite of my efforts, my voice quivered, "and may your days be long and happy."

As I dropped her hand, I raised my eyes a moment to her face. That look of mute thankfulness, and yet of mournful sorrow, I never shall forget. I felt that she saw and appreciated my situation, and that even thus her love was made evident. If I had doubted, her words would have relieved me.

"Farewell!" she said, in a voice so low that no one heard it but myself. "I do not blame you. God be with you!"

The tears gushed to her eyes, and my own heart was full to overflowing. I hastily waved my hand—for I had already taken leave of the rest—sprang into the carriage, rode in silence to the quay, and throwing myself into the stern sheets of the barge, sat, wrapt in my own emotions and without speaking a word, until we reached the ship. That night I early sought my hammock; and there prayed long and earnestly for Ellen.

The memory of that long past time crowds on me to-night, and I feel it would be a relief to me to disburthen my full heart of its feelings. I will finish this melancholy story

It was a short six months after my departure from Mr. Neville's hospitable mansion, when we came to anchor again in the port, with a couple of rich prizes, which we had taken a short time before, in the Gulf Stream. The first intelligence I heard, on landing, was that Miss Neville was said to be dying of a consumption. Need I say that a pang of keenest agony shot through my heart? A something whispered to me that I was the cause, at least partially, of all this. With a faltering tongue I inquired the particulars. They were soon told. I subsequently learned more, and shall conceal nothing.

From the day when I left ——, the health of Ellen had begun gradually to droop. At first her friends noticed only that she was less gay than usual, and once or twice they alluded jestingly to me as the secret of her loss of spirits. But when the expression of agony, which at such times would flit across her face, was noticed, her friends ceased their allusions. Meanwhile her health began sensibly to be affected. She ate little. She slept in fitful dozes. No amusement could drive away the settled depression which seemed to brood upon her spirits. Her friends resorted to everything to divert her mind, but all was in vain. With a sad, sweet smile, she shook her head at their efforts, as if she felt that they could do nothing to reach her malady.

At length she caught a slight cold. She was of a northern constitution, and when this cold was followed by a permanent cough, her friends trembled lest it foreboded the presence of that disease, which annually sweeps off its thousands of the beautiful and gay. Nor were they long in doubt. Their worst fears were realized. CONSUMPTION had fixed its iron clutch on her heart, and was already tugging at its life-strings. The worm was gnawing at the core of the flower, and the next rough blast would sweep it from the stalk. As day by day passed, she drew nearer to the grave. Her eye grew sunken, but an unnatural lustre gleamed from its depths—the hectic flush blazed on her cheek—and that dry hacking cough, which so tortures the consumptive, while it snaps chord after chord of life, hourly grew worse.

At an early period of Ellen's illness, Mrs. Neville, who had been to the orphan girl a second mother, divined the secret of her niece's malady. She did not, however, urge her confidence on her charge, but Ellen soon saw that her aunt knew all. There was a meaning in her studied avoidance of my name, which could not be mistaken. Ellen's heart was won by this delicacy, until, one day, she revealed everything. Mrs. Neville pressed her to her bosom at the close of the confession, and, though nothing was said, Ellen felt that the heart of her second mother bled for her.

As death drew nearer, Ellen's thoughts became gradually freed from this world. But she had still one earthly desire—she wished to see me before she died. Only to Mrs. Neville, however, was this desire confided, and even then without any expectation that it could be gratified. When, however, THE ARROW stopped so opportunely in ——, her petitions became so urgent, that Mrs. Neville sent for me. With a sad heart I obeyed her summons.

"The dear girl," she said, when she met me in the ante-room, "would not be denied, and, indeed, I had not the heart to refuse her. Oh! Mr. Cavendish, you will find her sadly changed. These are fearful trials which God, in his good providence, has called us to undergo," and tears choked her further utterance. I was scarcely less affected.

It would be a fruitless task in me to attempt to describe my emotions on entering the chamber of the dying girl. I have no recollection of the furniture of the room, save that it was distinguished by the exquisite neatness and taste which always characterized Ellen. My eyes rested only on one object—the sufferer herself.

She was reclining on a couch, her head propped up with pillows, and her right hand lying listlessly on the snowy counterpane. How transparent that hand seemed, with the blue veins so distinctly seen through the skin that you could almost mark the pulsation of the blood beneath. But it was her countenance which most startled me. When I last saw her—save at that one parting interview—her mild blue orbs smiled with a sunniness that spoke the joy of a young and happy heart. Now the wild hectic of consumption blazed on her cheek, and her eyes had a brilliancy and lustre that were not of earth. Then, her rich golden tresses floated in wavy curls across her shoulders—now, that beautiful hair was gathered up under the close-fitting cap which she wore. Then her face was bright with the glow of

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health—alas! now it was pale and attenuated. But in place of her faded loveliness had come a more glorious beauty; and the glad smile of old had given way to one of seraphic sweetness. When she extended her wan hand toward me, and spoke in that unrivalled voice which, though feeble, was like the symphony of an Æolian harp, it seemed, to my excited fancy, as if an angel from heaven had welcomed me to her side.

"This is a sad meeting," she said; for my emotions, at the sight of her changed aspect, would not permit me to speak—"but why grieve? It is all for the best. It might seem unmaidenly to some," she continued, with a partial hesitation, while, if possible, a brighter glow deepened on her cheek, "for me thus to send for you; but I trust we know each other's hearts, and this is no time to bow to the formalities of life. I feel that I am dying."

"Say not so, dear Ellen," I gasped, while my frame shook with agony at the ruin I had brought about—"oh! say not so. You will yet recover. God has many happy years in store for you."

"No, no," she said touchingly, "this world is not for me; I am but a poor bruised reed—it were better I were cast aside. But weep not, for oh! I meant not to upbraid you. No, never, even in my first agony, have I blamed *you*—and it was to tell you this that I prayed I might survive. Yes! dearest—for it cannot be wrong now to confess my love—I would not that you should suppose I condemned you even in thought. You saved my life—and I loved you before I knew it myself. You weep—I know you do not despise me—had we met under better auspices, the result might have been—" here her voice choked with emotion—"might have been different." I could only press her hand. "Oh! this is bliss," she murmured, after a pause. "But it was not so to be," she added, in a moment, with a saddened tone, which cut me to the heart. "I should love to see her of whom you speak—she is very beautiful, is she not? In heaven the angels are all beautiful." Her mind wandered. "I have heard their music for days, and every day it is clearer and lovelier. Hear!" and with her finger raised, her eye fixed on the air, and a rapt smile on her radiant countenance, she remained a moment silent.

Tears fell from us like rain. But by and bye, her wandering senses returned; and a look of unutterable wo passed over her face. Oh! how my heart bled. I know not what I said; I only know that I strove to soothe the dying moments of that sweet saint, so suffering, yet so forgiving. A look of happiness once more lightened up her face, and, with a sweet smile, she talked of happiness and heaven. As we thus communed, our hearts were melted. Gradually her voice assumed a different tone, becoming sweeter and more liquid at every word, while her eyes shone no longer with that fitful lustre, but beamed on me the full effulgence of her soul once more.

"Raise me up," she said. I passed my arm around her, and gently lifted her up. Her head reposed on my shoulder, while her hand was still clasped in mine. She turned her blue eyes on me with a seraphic expression, such as only the sainted soul in its parting moment can embody, and whispered—

"Oh! to die thus is sweet! Henry, dear Henry—God bless you! In heaven there is no sorrow," and then, in incoherent sentences, she murmured of bright faces, and strange music, and glorious visions that were in the air. The dying musician said that he then knew more of God and nature than he ever knew before, and it may be, that, as the soul leaves the body, we are gifted with a power to see things of which no mortal here can tell. Who knows? In our dying hour we shall learn.

The grave of Ellen is now forgotten by all, save me. The grass has grown over it for long years. But often, in the still watches of the night, I think I hear a celestial voice whispering in my ear: and sometimes, in my dreams, I behold a face looking, as it were, from amid the stars: and that face, all glorious in light, is as the face of that sainted girl. I cannot believe that the dead return no more.

THE RETURN HOME.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

I'm with you once again, my friends—
  No more my footsteps roam—
Where it began my journey ends,
  Amid the scenes of home.
No other clime has skies so blue,
  Or streams so broad and clear,
And earth no hearts so warm and true,
  As those that meet me here.

Since last, with spirits wild and free,
  I pressed my native strand,
I've wandered many miles at sea,
  And many miles on land;
I've seen all nations of the earth,
  Of every hue and tongue,
Which taught me how to prize the worth
  Of that from whence I sprung.

In distant countries when I heard
  The music of my own,
Oh how my echoing heart was stirred!—
  It bounded at the tone!
But when a brother's hand I grasp'd
  Beneath a foreign sky,
With joy convulsively I gasp'd,
  Like one about to die.

My native land, I come to you
  With blessings and with prayer,
Where man is brave, and woman true,
  And free as mountain air.
Long may our flag in triumph wave,
  Against the world combined,
And friends a welcome, foes a grave,
  On land and ocean find.

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MISS THOMPSON.

A TALE OF A VILLAGE INN.

BY MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN.

It may be out of keeping with our subject to apply the homely epithet of a "fish out of water" to Mr. Bromwell Sutton in the rural village of G——, but as no periphrasis suggests itself which would express his position as well, we must fain eschew elegance for the occasion, and let it stand. It was a sultry afternoon, in the middle of summer, when he arrived at the Eagle Inn, and after changing his dress, stepped to the door to see what could be seen. He looked up the street, and down and across, and not a living thing was visible besides himself, except a few sheep dozing in the market-house, and two or three cows silently ruminating in the shade of the town hall, both of which edifices were near at hand. Then having decided that there was nothing in the architectural aspect of the straggling village worth a second look, he concentred his scrutiny upon himself.

The result of his investigation stood thus:—that he was a very charming young man, was Mr. Bromwell Sutton. He had a slender, well formed figure, which was encased in a fresh suit of the finest texture and most unexceptionable make. His features were regular, and of that accommodating order which allows the spectator to assign them any character he may choose. His complexion was fair and clear, his teeth were very white and his eyes very blue. His hair was dark, daintily glossed and perfumed with oil, and of a length, which, on so warm a day, would have made a silver arrow or a gilded bodkin a judicious application; and he had two elongated tufts on his upper lip, and a round one on his chin corresponding to the space between them. He wore a Panama hat of the most extensive circumference, and carried a pair of white gloves, either to be drawn on his hands or slapped on his knees, whichever circumstances might require; and the corner of a hem-stitched handkerchief of transparent cambrick stuck out of his pocket.

A handbill pasted on the sign-post next caught his eye, and, though it was a favorite saying with him that he "never read," to be understood of course, not that he never *had* read, but that he knew enough already; he so far conquered his disdain of literature as to step forward and ascertain its purport. This, set forth in the interesting typographical variety which veteran advertisers so well comprehend, of large and small Romans, and Italics leaning some to the right and some to the left, and some standing perpendicular, was as follows:

"Mr. Azariah Chowders, celebrated throughout the Union for his eloquent, entertaining and instructive discourses on miscellaneous subjects, proposes delivering a lecture on the evening of the present instant, in the town hall of G——. The theme selected is, the Genius of the American People, one, which, from its intrinsic importance, requires no comment," &c. &c.

He was interrupted by the rattle of a distant vehicle, and looking up the street, saw a chaise approaching which contained a single "individual," as he mentally pronounced him. He drove a fine horse, and drew him up before the door of the inn. The chaise was a plain, common looking concern, full of travel-worn trunks and boxes, and its occupant was dressed in a light summer suit, rather neat, but entirely too coarse for gentility.

"It's only a Yankee pedlar," said Mr. Sutton to the landlord who was coming out, and entirely careless of being overheard by the stranger; and he walked up to his chamber, where he awakened a diminutive poodle, his travelling companion, from the siesta with which it was recruiting after its journey, and occupied himself in cracking his handkerchief at it, until an additional stir in the house indicated the approach of tea-time. He then came down, carrying Cupidon, for so was the animal appellated; and found in the bar-room a young gentleman, a law-student, to whom he had delivered a letter on his arrival, and who was a boarder in the house. The other stranger had, meanwhile, entered the room, and was cooling himself at an open window, with his short curling hair pushed back from a forehead remarkable in its whiteness and intellectual development, and crowning a face of strikingly handsome lineaments and prepossessing expression.

"How do you contrive to exist in this stupid place?" asked our dandy of his new acquaintance, whose name was Wallis; "they say there are some genteel people about,—have you any pretty girls among them to flirt with?"

"We have some pretty young ladies, but don't use them for that purpose exactly," replied Wallis; "we admire them, and wait on them and try to please them, and then, when we can afford it, we marry them, if they don't object."

"Have you seen anything of a lady vagabondizing in this region,—a Miss Valeria North?"

"Miss Valeria North, the fashionable heiress of B——? the niece of the celebrated Judge North? what should she be doing here?"

"Oh, I don't know,—it's beginning to be genteel for people to get tired of society, and to go hunting

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up out-of-the-way places that one knows nothing about except from the maps; I heard in the rail-road cars that she was making a tour along the river here, and was in hopes that I might fall in with her. What do you know of her?"

"I heard a great deal about her at Saratoga last summer, where I happened to stop for a few days. Every body was talking about her beauty, talents and accomplishments, and in particular about her plain and simple manners, so singular in an heiress and a belle. The young men, mostly, seemed to have been afraid of her; regarding her as a female Caligula who would have rejoiced in the power of decapitating all the silliness, stupidity and puppyism in the world with one stroke of her wit."

"Indeed!" said Sutton, with a weak laugh that proved him not to apprehend what he was laughing at; "I hope she'll soon come along; I'm prepared for a dead set at her. Girls of two or three hundred thousands are worth that trouble; it's a much pleasanter way to get pocket money than to be playing the dutiful son for it."

Wallis elevated his eyebrows, but made no other reply.

"That, I suppose, is one of your village beauties,—that one walking in the garden with the pink dress on and the black apron," resumed Sutton.

"No; she is a stranger boarding here,—a Miss Thompson."

"Miss Thompson!—it might as well be Miss Blank for all the idea that conveys. Who, or what is she?"

"She does not say;—there is the name in the register beside you,—'*Mrs. Thompson and daughter*'—so she entered it. She and her mother stopped here a week or two ago, on account of the lady's health."

"Thompsons!—they oughtn't to be found at out-of-the-way places; all the genteel Thompsons that I ever heard of go to springs and places of decided fashion; it is absolutely necessary, that they may not be confounded with the mere Thompsons,—the ten thousand of the name. But that is a pretty looking girl,—and rather ladyish."

"She is a lady—a well-bred, sensible girl, as ever I met with, and very highly educated."

They were interrupted by the bell for tea, and, on entering the eating-room, they found the young lady in the pink dress at the table, with an elderly, delicate looking woman (Mrs. Thompson, of course,) beside her. Mr. Sutton advanced to the place immediately opposite to her, and a nearer view suggested that she might be one of the genteel Thompsons after all. She was a spirited looking girl, rather under the middle height, with a clear and brillant, though not very fair complexion; large black eyes, surmounted by wide and distinctly marked eye-brows, and a broad, smooth forehead; a nose, (that most *difficult* of features, if we may judge by the innumerable failures,) a nose beautifully straight in its outline and with the most delicately cut nostrils possible; and the most charmingly curved lips, and the whitest teeth in the world. Having made these discoveries, Mr. Sutton decided that if her station should forbid his admiring her, he would not allow it to prevent her from admiring him. To afford her the benefit of this privilege, it was necessary that he should first attract her notice, for she had bestowed but a single glance at him on his entrance, as had her mother, the latter drawing up her eyelids as if she had been very near-sighted; and to affect this, he called, in a peremptory voice to the servant attending,

"Waiter, I wish you would give my dog something to eat."

"Your dog, sir?—where is it?" asked the colored man, looking around the room, and then giving a loud whistle to call the invisible animal forth.

"Here," replied Sutton, sharply; "or you may bring me a plate and I'll feed him myself;" and he pointed to the miniature specimen, lying like a little lump of floss-silk, on his foot.

"That! I-I-I—he! he! ha! ha!" exclaimed the waiter, attempting at first to restrain himself, and then bursting into a chuckling laugh; "is it—really—a dog, sir?—a live dog!"

Cupidon, as if outraged by the suspicion, hereupon sprang into the middle of the room, barking at the height of his feeble voice, and showing his tiny white teeth, while his wicked little eyes sparkled with anger. The cachinnations of the amused and astonished servant increased at every bark, and drew a laugh from Wallis, and a smile from each of the ladies. Sutton with difficulty silenced his favorite, and finding that the desired impression of his consequence had not been made, he proceeded to another essay. "Waiter," he slowly enunciated, with a look of disgust at the steel implement in his hand; "have you no silver forks?"

"Sir?" said the attendant with a puzzled expression.

"Any silver forks?" he repeated emphatically.

"No, sir; we don't keep the article."

"Then you should not put fish on the table; they ought properly to be inseparable," he returned, magisterially, and rising from his seat, he approached the stranger of the chaise, who had quietly placed himself some distance below them, and asked, "Have you any such things as silver forks among your commodities?—I believe that persons in your vocation sometimes deal in articles of that description."

The stranger looked up in surprise, and, after scanning him from head to foot, a frown which was gathering on his face gave way to a look of humorous complacency—"I am sorry I can't accommodate you, sir," said he; "but I might probably suggest a substitute;—how would a tea-spoon do?"

He returned to his seat, rather dubious about the smiles he detected, and, as a third effort, addressed himself, somewhat in the following manner, to Wallis, whose interlocutions are unnecessary. "How far did you say it was to the Sutton Mills?—only four miles, isn't it? I shall have to apply to you to show me the way. I have a curiosity to see them, as they are one of my father's favorite hobbies. I often

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laugh at him for christening them with his own name. Calling a villa, a fashionable country seat, after one's self, is well enough, but mills or manufactories—it is rather out of taste. Is the fourth finished yet? I believe it is to be the finest of all; indeed, it seems to me a little injudicious in the old gentleman to have invested so much in a country property—there are at least half a dozen farms, are there not? but I suppose he was afraid to trust his funds to stocks, and he has already more real estate in the city than he can well attend to. However, if he had handed over the amount to me, I think I could have disposed of it with a much better grace. He did offer me a title to them, some time ago, but it was on condition that I should come here and manage them myself, but I begged to be excused, and it was only on agreement that I should have a hundred per cent. of the revenue this year, that I consented to undergo the trouble of visiting them, or the sacrifice, rather—there are so many delightful places to go to in the summer," and so forth.

Having, from these indirect explanations, made a clear case that his society was entitled to a welcome from the best Thompson in the world, and to that with thanks, if his fair neighbor was only a crockery Thompson, he arose and returned to the front of the house. The village had, by this time, awakened from its nap, and the larger proportion of its inhabitants were bending their steps to the town hall. Numerous well appointed carriages were also coming in from the surrounding neighborhood, whose passengers were all bound to the same point. "Where are all these people going?" asked Sutton.

"To the lecture announced in that handbill," replied Wallis—and Miss Thompson presenting herself at the door, ready bonnetted, he walked with her in a neighborly sort of a way across the street. After a while the throng ceased, and from some impatient expressions of the loungers about the tavern, Sutton ascertained that the lecturer had not yet appeared.

"Why, that man I mistook for a Yankee pedlar must be he, I should judge," said he to the landlord.

"Who?—where?" said a young man, who had not heard the last clause.

"That tall fellow, in the garden, there, drest in the brown-holland pantaloons and Kentucky jean coat."

"Indeed!—I thought he was to stop at the other house;" and he hastened down the street, while Sutton, finding that every body was going to the hall, strolled there also.

Meanwhile, the stranger in the coarse jeans was enjoying himself in a saunter through the quiet and pretty garden of the inn, which was so hedged and enclosed as to admit of no view of the street, when a consequential personage presented himself, and saluting him stiffly, introduced himself as "Mr. Smith, the proprietor of the G—— Hotel."

"I am happy to make your acquaintance, sir," said the young stranger, courteously.

"I have taken the liberty to call, sir, and inform you that the audience has been waiting for some time. It is full fifteen minutes past the time announced in the handbills;" pulling one from his pocket—"I felt a reluctance to intrude, but, putting the best construction upon your conduct, in not informing me of your arrival, after I had been at the pains to prepare for you, I presumed it proceeded from a mistake; you are at the opposition establishment."

"There certainly is a mistake," interrupted the stranger.

"Very well, very well, sir, as an entire stranger you can be excused," hastily proceeded Mr. Smith; "but there is no time to talk about it now—we can settle it after a while. Be good enough to hurry over; the people are getting impatient. You will have a large audience, sir; they were afraid they would be disappointed, which would have been a bad business, as we very seldom have lecturers from a distance. It was lucky that you happened to be found out by one of my boarders, for some of the gentlemen were talking about dispersing, and if that had occurred, we would all have been up in arms against you;—we are pretty fiery, some of us!"

"Then you would not be willing to wait another evening?"

"To wait! certainly not; I hope you have no such idea!—let me beg you to hurry, sir!"

"Well, but—"

"My dear sir!—let me insist—you have announced a very interesting subject—'The Genius of the American People;' the very thing for our audience—American through and through—very patriotic!"

"Very well, sir—I'll try to do my best—let me change my dress a little, and I'll attend you."

To the surprise of the inmates of the Eagle, excepting, indeed, Mr. Sutton, who paid a mental tribute to his own sagacity—in a few minutes their fellow lodger entered and mounted the rostrum. A figure as graceful and commanding would have struck the fastidious assemblage of a fashionable city lecture-room. He showed some embarrassment after casting his eyes over the really large audience, but a round of applause gave him time to collect himself, and he commenced a modest preface, stating that he had not had time to arrange his ideas on the subject proposed, in such a form as he could have wished, yet as it was one that ought to be familiar to all good citizens, he hoped he should not entirely fail.

We regret that our space will not permit us to edify our readers with the critique on his performance which duly appeared in the village newspaper. Suffice it, that after an elaborate eulogium on his fine person, captivating voice, and expressive gestures; his sparkling wit, elevated imagination, and extensive reading, he was pronounced *ex cathedrâ*, "a patriot, a scholar and a gentleman."

The next morning, when they met in the breakfast room, Miss Thompson and Wallis were fluent in commendation of the lecture. "I was most agreeably disappointed," said the lady; "having been prepared for nothing more than the flippant inanities we usually hear from itinerant lecturers. This gen-

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tleman is an orator—one that would draw crowds among the most intellectual communities in the country. The subject was so hackneyed, that to announce it appeared ridiculous; but he treated it like a statesmen, and made it really imposing by evidences of original thought and profound information."

She was interrupted by the object of her remarks entering the room—and after he had taken his seat at the table, she turned and remarked to him, with respectful complaisance, "you had a large and very attentive auditory last night, sir."

The stranger bowed and returned, "I was surprised to find an assemblage so numerous and respectable, and had every reason to be flattered by their reception."

"I have no doubt you entertained them exceedingly," interposed Sutton; "you did very well, very well, indeed; for a plain country audience, nothing could have suited them better. I suppose you consider yourself as having made quite a speculation; at fifty cents a head the receipts must have been considerable."

Miss Thompson glanced at him with a look of irritation, which, however, changed to one of merriment at the comic stare of the itinerant, his only answer.

Just then there was a bustle in the entry, and the landlord was heard saying in a tone of expostulation—"The gentleman is at his breakfast, sir; have a little patience, and, no doubt, he will satisfy you afterwards. The other boarders are all at the table, and it would only cause a confusion."

"So much the better," returned a stentorian voice; "let me in, sir, or you shall be exposed for harboring a swindler;" and a formidable-looking person, large of size and exceeding fierce of countenance, entered. He was accompanied by Mr. Smith of the rival house, who designated the lecturer, and striding up to him, he exclaimed, in a strong Connecticut accent, "So, sir! you are the gentleman that entertained this community last evening with a lecture on the 'Genius of the American People;' you are Azariah Chowders, are you?"

"I sir?—by no means! I rejoice in quite a different appellation."

"No sir,—I myself am Azariah Chowders, and I hereby pronounce you an impudent imposter. I demand to know, sir, how you could dare to avail yourself of my name and well-earned reputation to deliver a spurious lecture and rob the pockets of a large audience?"

"From several reasons, sir. In the first place, to relieve the solicitude of that gentleman, Mr. Smith."

"That shall not serve you! your flagitious conduct,—"

"Pray hear me out, sir! secondly, as he assured me a number of persons would be disappointed if they should not hear a lecture—common philanthropy—"

"A benevolent youth, upon my word!" laughed Mr. Chowders in derision; "I'll not listen."

"Then for my third and last reason,—how could I resist such a capital opportunity for showing off! A gentleman of your aspiring disposition should not be too severe upon the ambition of others. I had no fame of my own to procure me a welcome, and as there was no claimant for yours,—"

"Young man, you had better confess the truth at once! you could not resist the temptation of pocketing the dollars which you know would be collected on my credit. I shall have redress, sir—there are such things as indictments for swindling."

"My good sir! you certainly would not menace me with anything so terrific! remember how much labor I have taken off your hand,—the exertion of your brain and lungs, besides securing for you every cent of the admittance fees. Landlord, oblige me by bringing here the handkerchief which I requested you last night to deposit in your desk."

The host of the Eagle complied with alacrity, and the young stranger unrolling his handkerchief, displayed a collection of notes and silver, particularly inviting in these hard times. The sight of it mollified the assailant at once. "Here, sir," said the other, "you have the emoluments of the lecture just as they were placed in my hands by the gentleman beside you, Mr. Smith. My worthy host will be my voucher that I have not seen it since; and I think I may be equally confident that it has lost nothing by being in his possession. I beg pardon if I have incommoded you by presuming to supply your place; but I hope your friend, Mr. Smith, will do me the justice of attributing it in part to his mistake and solicitations."

"Willingly," said Mr. Smith; "and in explanation of my share of the business, it originated from a remark made by that gentleman," nodding towards Mr. Sutton.

Mr. Chowder, with some accession of graciousness, remarked that an accident to his carriage had caused the delay on his part, and he condescended to add, that it was well enough some one had been found to entertain the company in his stead.

"You are lenient, sir," said the offender, "and, in return, I give you my word that I shall never again attempt to win a laurel leaf in your name. The audience shall be undeceived, and all the opprobrium of my presuming to represent your oratorical abilities shall rest on myself. At present, I have no other security to offer than my name, which, however, I hope will prevent similar mistakes for the future," and he glanced at Sutton; "it is Norman Oakley, and my occupation is that of an artist,—a painter," and the visiters retired.

"Rather a ferocious gentleman, that Mr. Azariah Chowders," said Wallis who, with Miss Thompson had witnessed the scene, much to their amusement.

"Quite," returned the painter, resuming his natural manner; "though I had prepared myself for a much stronger demonstration of it;—perhaps, because I felt that I deserved it. He could not have been more surprised at finding himself counterfeited than I was on presenting myself in your lecture-room. I had expected to meet with some little literary society, or association for mutual improvement,

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such as are common in your villages, and assented to the importunity of the committee-man without explaining the mistake, in expectation that I might have some diversion of my own from it. When I found an assemblage of the whole community, I felt inclined, through respect for them, to make an explanation and withdraw; but, on second thought, concluded that as I had gone so far, I might as well remain and do my best to afford them a little entertainment."

"Why, that brown-holland chap seemed to think he would elevate himself a peg by letting us know that he is a painter;—I should like to know how much more elegant it is to stroll about painting than peddling or lecturing," said Mr. Sutton to Wallis, when they had left the table; "but that Miss Thompson is an astonishingly handsome girl; what a complexion she has!—what eyes and what teeth!—what a sensation she would make in society—that is, if she had a fortune and somebody to show her off!"

"You had better offer her yours, and engage in the service yourself," said Wallis.

"Money for money,—'like loves like;' it is a generally received opinion among *us* that a good-looking fellow, fashionable and well connected, is an equivalent for a woman with fifty thousand dollars any day. If he has a fortune, she should be worth dollar for dollar besides. I don't know what this Miss Thompson is, so I believe I'll wait till Valeria North comes along."

"Valeria North! why, my dear fellow, she would annihilate you!" returned Wallis, and he thought to himself, "this is the most ridiculous jackanapes I have ever met with; if I must be bored with his acquaintance, I'll have a little fun with him;" and he added in a significant tone, "I thought there was some sort of magnetism by which you people of fashion found each other out. Is it possible you have not seen into Miss Thompson yet? Between ourselves she is as great an heiress as Miss North."

"You don't say so!—well, she looks as if she deserved to be. Come, Wallis, introduce me, and Miss North may go to the dickens."

"I am sorry I can't oblige you; but as I have merely talked to Miss Thompson, myself, as a fellow-boarder, I am not privileged to introduce a stranger."

"No matter, we men of the world can manage such things. They are in that room, aren't they? and by good luck Cupidon has sneaked in. I'll go after him."

"I beg pardon, ladies, if I intrude," said he bowing; "but my dog—"

"Not at all, sir, this is the common parlor of the house," returned Mrs. Thompson, quietly, and scarcely looking up from her work.

Thus happily possessed of the freedom of the room, Mr. Sutton turned over some books on a table, and at length remarked, when he had caught the eye of Miss Thompson, "These country villages are monstrously tiresome to persons accustomed to a city life."

"Are they?" said she, and looked again on her book.

"They say that Saratoga is unusually thronged this year," he resumed after a pause; "I had the pleasure of meeting with a young lady of your name there last summer;—indeed, I had quite a flirtation with her; perhaps she was a relation of yours—the daughter of old General Thompson of Virginia."

"Not in the least;" said the young lady.

"Judge Thompson, of one of the New England states, was there, at the same time, with his daughters. Very elegant girls all of them,—quite belles. They are of a different family,—perhaps of yours?

"No sir, they are not;" returned Miss Thompson, impatiently giving her reticule a swing, which raised Cupidon off his feet, that important character having laid siege to the tassels.

"*Laissez aller*, Cupidon! a thorough-bred Parisian animal, Miss,—he does not understand a word of English. He was a keepsake from a particular friend of mine, Baron Mont Tonnére. You may have met with the baron; he was quite a lion among our *élite*? By the by, a Miss Thompson came very near being the baroness,—she was one of the Thomas Thompsons of New York."

No reply.

"One of the best families in the country,—the same as the B. B. Thompsons of Philadelphia, the Brown Thompsons of Charleston, and the Thoroughgood Thompsons of Boston."

"You seem quite *au fait* to the Thompsons;" said the elder lady, and turning to her daughter, they resumed a conversation, which he had interrupted, about the lecture and the lecturer, Miss Thompson expressing a wish to see some of his productions, and her confidence that a person of his evidently cultivated taste must possess merit as a painter. Mr. Sutton, as is common with vain people, drawing his conclusions from his own practice, presumed, of course, that all their fine talking was specially aimed at his favor, and when the younger lady, in return for his occasional interpositions, gave him a disdainful glance of her full black eyes, he admired her art in displaying their brilliancy.

The garden of the inn commanded one of the loveliest views among the finest river scenery in our country, an exquisite combination of glassy water, little green islets, hills of every variety of form, and mountains, rising one behind another till their outlines grew almost imperceptible in the distance. This, in the light of a magnificent sunset caught the eye of the young painter from a little summer-house in which he had been reading, and he hastened to his room for his portfolio. On his return he commenced sketching with such intentness that he did not perceive that Miss Thompson had taken possession of his former post, until she addressed him with the remark, "You have a most admirable subject for your pencil before you, sir."

"Beautiful, beautiful!" returned he, warmly; "I never have beheld anything in this order of scenery to surpass it, though, indeed, this glorious river pre-

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sents, in its whole course, a panorama of views so varied and each so perfect, that it is difficult to decide upon any one as claiming the strongest admiration. I have been tracing it for several months, my store of sketches accumulating every day, and the larger number of them such as would require the hand of a master to do them justice. I sometimes almost despair, and feel inclined to abandon my art from the difficulties I find in attempting not to disgrace my subjects,—such as these for instance,—they may be familiar to you."

He laid before her several sketches, and, observing, with evident pleasure, her expression of admiration he continued,—"This and this I have finished in oil, if it will afford you any amusement, I shall bring them down."

She assented with thanks and the pictures were produced. She scanned them over and over again, as if not new to connoisseurship, and when she turned her eyes to the painter from his work, they sparkled with delight that brought a flush to his face. "There is a view which you cannot yet have found;" said she, "one but a few minutes walk from here. I would rather see it on canvass, if executed in the spirit of these, than any Claude I have ever heard of! —when you have seen it I am confident you will undertake it. Will you let me point it out to you?"

The painter cast upon her one of those quick, searching looks that belong to the profession, and was so struck with the intellectual beauty of her glowing and earnest face, that he forgot to reply.

"In this gorgeous sunset it must be magnificent beyond imagination," she continued, catching up a bonnet beside her; "if we hurry we shall yet have time to see it. Will you go now?" He merely bowed, without any common-places about "the pleasure" or the "happiness," and laying down his portfolio, he closed the door of the edifice to secure his property, and set off beside her.

"Well, what did you think of Miss Thompson?" asked Wallis of Mr Sutton the next morning.

"She has splendid black eyes, and how well she knows it too! but she is quite too shy,—I could n't draw her out."

"She was talking fast enough to Mr. Oakley, last evening,— I saw them walking together."

"Did you!", exclaimed Sutton, in surprise.

"Yes, and if you don't take care, he'll spoil your flirtation before you get it rightly underweigh. He is as handsome a fellow as ever I saw, and as gentlemanlike."

Sutton glanced down at himself. "Oh, I don't mind such things;" said he magnanimously; "indeed, I should rather give her credit for encouraging the young man. It is fashionable now to patronise such people. I intend to give him something to do myself, particularly as it will gratify the young lady. She expressed a wish yesterday to see some of his work, and I promised her to employ him on myself. Do you paint portraits, Mr. O-Oakton?—that I believe is the province of country artists;" he added to the painter who had presented himself.

"Sometimes I do,—when I find a face worth painting."

"Of course, of course;—I have just been saying that I intend to get you to take mine. It may be of some service in getting you into business here. I hope you will not bore me by making me sit often. When can you begin?"

"Any time,—now if you choose,—it won't require long to take *you* off. I have my portfolio at hand, and can do it at once. Take this seat."

"My father," pursued the dandy; "is noted as a patron of the fine arts. He, however, seldom employs young artists, as they don't yield him the worth of his money. He says that after a painter gets up to a hundred dollars a head for portraits, or for a square yard of other things, he thinks he may trust him, as his productions may then be supposed to be good. He had the ceilings of his drawing-rooms frescoed by Monachisi, which was very expensive, and besides, he has employed several other of the popular artists;" giving an enumeration which, in accuracy, scarcely fell short of that by the erudite hero of Fielding—"Ammyconni, Paul Varnish, Cannibal Scratchi, and Hogarthi."

"Please to shut your mouth, sir;" said the Painter.

"Now, don't make a fright of me;" resumed Mr. Sutton; "try your best, and I may, very probably, give you another job. How would you like to paint Miss Thompson for me?—when she gets over her shyness I'll propose it to her, if you succeed in this. She is a confounded pretty girl, don't you think so? —quite as handsome as some of the portraits in the Book of Beauty,"—

"Keep your mouth shut, if you please."

The picture proposed by Miss Thompson was commenced, and whether it was from the excellence of the subject, or the eloquence of her suggestions, the painter exerted upon it his best ability. Their mutual interest in it was a bond of acquaintance which strengthened as the work proceeded, and every day developed some new qualities in each, which could not have failed to endow their intercourse with attraction. He was a noble young man, altogether,—full of talent, generous feelings and high-toned principles; and of a buoyant, mirthful spirit and powers of adapting himself to circumstances so rarely found with lofty intellect and so delightful when they accompany it. His fair companion was not less richly endowed by nature and education, but it was only by those who could appreciate the stronger points of her character that she would have been equally admired. These perpetually exhibiting themselves in an ardent enjoyment of every thing beautiful in thought, sentiment or the external world, and in an intrepid scorn of any thing like vanity, selfishness or insincerity, gave her manners a cast that among the conventional world would have denounced her as "odd," yet there was a grace in her energy, that, to those who understood her, made it an additional charm. In short, they might have had a multiplicity of excuses, if they had chosen to fall in love with each other, but of this there were

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no indications. They walked together with perfect freedom, entirely careless or unconscious of remark; and they talked together, appearing pleased if they agreed in opinions, or if they differed, opposing each other with equal firmness and politeness. Their deportment was without coquetry on her part and without gallantry on his. All they knew of each other was that he was a painter and a very gifted one, and that she was a very fascinating Miss Thompson.

Meanwhile, Mr. Sutton's flirtation with, or rather at our heroine, for he had it all to himself, was in active progress. He made himself intolerable by the airs and graces he assumed, to recommend himself to her favor. He never tied his cravat, nor wrapped a *papillote* without a design upon her heart. He followed her about the garden, paying the most vapid compliments, or, intruding into the parlor, while she and her mother were reading, amused them with "easie sighs which men do breathe in love." She attempted at first to repel him with witty sarcasms, but that, as Wallis remarked, "was like Queen Christina shooting at a fly—his apprehension was so small it could scarcely be hit." She darted contempt at him from her bright black eyes, and curled her lip in the most unequivocal fashion, but that only made her look prettier, and he could see no deeper. She essayed a plain rebuff, but he thought it a capital joke. It never entered his head that Mr. Bromwell Sutton could be any thing but irresistible to a Miss Thompson. To get rid of him, she at last found entirely out of the question, and wearied of her efforts, she concluded to let him take his own course. This passiveness seemed to him so encouraging, that one day he was on the point of making a declaration and was only prevented by the dinner-bell.

Towards the artist he continued his patronizing condescension, with a not unfrequent interlude of actual incivility, which, to the surprise even of Miss Thompson, that gentleman passed over with unresisting composure. On the present occasion the latter variation predominated, and after they had left the table, Miss Thompson remarked "I wonder Mr. Oakley, at your patience in submitting to the impertinences of that popinjay!"

"You would not have me challenge him?" said the painter.

"That would be rather too heroic,—your position is as defenceless as my own. These "gentlemen's sons!"—if I were a man, there is no reproach I should dread, more than being called one of them!"

"Rather a sweeping condemnation," said the artist, smiling; "but I think I have prepared a revenge that will reach the specimen before us;" and having perceived the subject of their remarks approaching from the summer-house, he called to him, "Will you step here, for a moment, Mr. Sutton?"

"I can't—I haven't time;" said Sutton, hurrying on, and they both noticed in him marks of much perturbation.

"Your portrait is finished, and I wish you to see it;" persisted Oakley.

His portrait was too closely connected with himself, not to have influenced him under any circumstances, and, accordingly, he stopped while the painter left the room for it, calling, as he did so, "Mr. Wallis—landlord—gentlemen,—I wish to have your opinion of Mr. Sutton's portrait; oblige me by coming into the parlor."

They complied and the picture, which was of a miniature size, was placed in the proper light. Miss Thompson gave it a single glance, and burst into an apparently irrepressible laugh. Mrs. Thompson, regarding her with much surprise, drew up her eyes, and stooped forward to examine it, and then, though she gave her daughter and the artist a deprecating look, she also turned away to conceal a smile. Wallis turned first to the picture, then to Sutton, and then to Cupidon, and made no effort to restrain his mirth, in which he was joined by the party of spectators who had accompanied him. Every one perceived that it was a correct likeness of Sutton in features, while the expression was strikingly that of the little poodle. The dandy himself could not fail to recognize it, and looked around him, pale with wrath and mortification, bestowing the fiercest of his looks on Miss Thompson.

"You don't tell me what you think of my performance, Mr. Sutton," said Oakley, with much gravity.

"I'll not bear your insults, sir!" exclaimed Sutton at length; "I'll not tolerate your libellous insolence!—what do you mean, sir?—what do you mean?"

"Insults! I'll leave it to this company if I have not succeeded admirably! it reflects you as a mirror!"

"I'll not put up with it! I'll not pay you a cent; I'll leave it on your hands, and we'll see who'll have the best of the joke!"

"Do sir!" said the artist; "it will be then my property, and I can do what I please with it! I'll put it up in some exhibition labelled with your name!"

"Your station protects you sir!" he resumed; "if you were not beneath my vengeance, you should answer for this, but a gentleman can, with honor, only demand satisfaction of his equals,—therefore you are safe! Landlord," he added with an assumption of dignified composure; "make out my bill; I'll go instantly to the other house;—you must be taught that a gentleman cannot patronize an establishment where he is liable to be insulted by any scrub that frequents it!" and again looking daggers at Miss Thompson, who had not ceased laughing, he left the room.

In truth, had it not been for the almost insupportable ridicule that accompanied it, Mr. Sutton would have rejoiced in the excuse to leave the house, from a discovery that he had just made. After dinner, while in quest of Miss Thompson, who was at that time in conversation with Oakley, he had strolled into the summer house, and found a letter on the floor. It was without direction, and though closed, not sealed, and more through blindness than curiosity he opened it. To his dismay it commenced thus:

"*My dear, dear Miss North*—How can I give you any idea of the gratitude I feel for the last and greatest of your many kindnesses; you have made me so happy that I have not words to express myself, and

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not only me, but my dear mother, who says that you have done her more good than could have been effected by a whole college of physicians, for her health, at the prospect of a pleasant home, and freedom from incessant mental labour, begins already to come back again. We have given up our school, and are preparing to act upon the arrangements you have made for us. I have received a delightfully kind letter from your uncle,—he begs me to consider him as *mine*; in which he says he will come for us very soon, and requests me to enclose any communication for you to him. He speaks flatteringly of the satisfaction our company will give him while you are on your travels beyond the Atlantic. He little knows how impossible it will be to supply *your* place!" etc. etc.

Sutton read no more. It was signed L. Thompson, and that was sufficient. He unconsciously thrust the letter into his pocket, and hurried to the house. How was he to back out?—it now struck him that less importance could be attached to his actions by others than himself, and he grew nervous at the thought of how he had committed himself:—that he had paid the most unequivocal attentions to —a schoolmistress! The artist's triumph indeed relieved him on that score, but a new sting was planted, and a more miserable dandy was, perhaps, not that day in existence, than Bromwell Sutton when he applied for lodgings at the G— Hotel.

"Our work is finished at last!" said the painter, a few days after this happy riddance, bringing down the piece, which had afforded them so much enjoyment, for the inspection of Miss Thompson. She was gathering up some books from the parlor tables with a thoughtful and pensive countenance.

"Then I must take a 'last lingering look' at it," returned she; "I may never see it nor its original again."

Oakley looked at her anxious and inquiringly, and she continued, "We leave here to-day; an unexpected letter reached us this morning, urging us to be ready at any hour."

"And what am I to do without you?" asked the artist, in a very natural and love-like way, and he followed the question with a short oration, unnecessary to repeat. But before he had finished it, a carriage stopped at the door, and in half a minute an elderly gentleman presented himself in the entry.

"My uncle!" exclaimed Miss Thompson, running forward to conceal her confusion, and the old gentleman, after kissing her heartily, said quickly, "Are you ready, my dear? Where's your mamma? I hope you have your trunks packed, as I have hardly a minute to allow you. I have urgent business awaiting me at home, and have only been able to fulfil my engagement to come for you, by travelling with all the speed possible. Quick—tell your mother, and put on your things."

To the disappointment of her suitor, she ran up stairs, while the old gentleman busied himself in seeing the trunks secured behind the carriage. But immediately, with her mother, she came down, fully equipped, and while the old lady was shaking hands with the uncle, she had an opportunity to give him a single look, which one was sufficient: "Good bye, Mr. Wallis," said she holding out her hand in passing him, "we have been such good friends, that I feel very sorry to part with you."

"Where shall I find you?" asked Oakley, in a low voice. She slipped a card into his hand as he assisted her into the carriage, and was driven away. He looked at the card. "VALERIA NORTH, B—," he exclaimed; "Is it possible!"

"Yes—didn't you know that before?" said Wallis "and that old gentleman is the celebrated jurist Judge North. When Sutton finds it out, he'll be more fretted than he was at the portrait. She is a charming girl, isn't she? I recognized her the minute she arrived, having had a glimpse of her before she left the Springs last summer, but as she seemed to wish to be quiet, and to escape attention, it was not my business to blab. I'll go up to Smith's and have some fun with Sutton." He walked up street, and the artist commenced preparations for an immediate departure.

"Why Sutton," said Wallis, when he reached the room of that personage; "what possessed you to fly off, the other day, with such terrible frowns at the pretty girl you had been courting so long? It was outrageous, and what is the worst, you can't have a chance to make it up,—she left town to-day, for good."

"Did she?—a pleasant journey to her!" said Sutton, brightening up astonishingly.

"What!—she jilted you, did she?"

"She! I found her out in good time for that!—though if it had not been for a lucky accident, I might have got myself into a confounded scrape; it would have been a fine mess, if I had been deceived into proposing to a schoolmistress!"

"Schoolmistress!—what do you mean?"

"Why, look here—you were a pretty sap to suppose her an heiress, and to make me believe it:—read this—I found it by chance, and, somehow, it got into my pocket."

He handed the letter to Wallis, who, after looking over it, remarked, "I see nothing to the contrary in that. I suppose it came enclosed in an envelope from her uncle. Can it be possible that you presumed she had written instead of received it! ha! ha!"

The mystified dandy gave him a stare.

"And you never suspected that it was Miss North whose acquaintance you cut so cavalierly! It was, positively;—she gave her card to Mr. Oakley before she went away."

"I don't believe it!—why would she call herself Thompson?"

"She didn't call herself Thompson—that was inferred to be her name, as it was her mother's. I recollect very well of hearing at Saratoga that the old lady had had two husbands. The last was a Mr. Thompson. What an opportunity you have lost of making one of the greatest matches in the country!"

"It was all the fault of that rascally painter," said Sutton, in much vexation; "I had commenced declaring myself the very day he excited me by his

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abominable caricature, and if it had not been for that I would have had an explanation."

"I would make him repent it, if I were you—I'd challenge him."

"But, you know that's out of the question—a gentleman degrades himself by challenging an inferior," and he walked up and down the room in great agitation.

"And then about that letter—does she know you found it?"

"No, no—I'm perfectly safe there—you won't tell, will you? After all, it is not yet too late to make it up. I can go after her to B———; she will, no doubt, take it as a compliment to be followed, and, you know, it will be in my favor that I was so devoted before I knew who she was, won't it? You might be of great service to me, my dear fellow," he added, thinking to prevent Wallis from informing on him by making him his ally; "you have been in my confidence and knew how much I was smitten with her. She is, perhaps, offended by my desertion, and if you would go along, as she has a particular regard for you, you might help to effect a reconciliation. If you'll go, I'll pay your expenses."

Wallis, who had no objection to take a trip and see the end of the comedy, on such easy terms, replied, "Anything to oblige you, if you can wait two or three weeks. I have particular business on hands now, but when I am through with it, I'll go with pleasure."

Sutton was obliged to submit to the delay, and in due time they arrived at B———. After arranging their dress, they sallied out to make inquiry about Miss North, when an acquaintance of Sutton encountered them, and stopped them for a talk. While they stood in the street, an elegantly dressed young man passed them, and looking back, in a familiar voice saluted Wallis. It was Oakley. "How do you do, Mr. Sutton—happy to see you," said he, turning towards them, and saluting Sutton with a very low bow. The dandy returned a nod, and the painter having ascertained their lodgings, proceeded on his way.

"What a remarkably fine looking fellow that is," said Sutton's acquaintance; "I should have been pleased if you had introduced me."

"Oh he is not such an acquaintance as one introduces—I have merely patronized him a little as a strolling painter."

"Norman Oakley!—are you not under a mistake? He is the son of one of the wealthiest gentlemen in New England—a very highly gifted young man—a finished orator—a fine amateur painter—in every respect an admirable and enviable fellow. By the by, it is said there is a recent engagement between him and our belle *par excellence*, Miss North. She has been travelling through different parts of the country, preparatory to making a tour in Europe, and, this summer, they met accidentally somewhere and fell in love, quite ignorant of anything relating to each other but mutual personal attractions—so the story goes. They are to be married shortly, so that the lady may have the pleasure of a legal protector for her Atlantic trip."

Sutton could bear no more, and, excusing himself, he hurried back to the hotel at such a rate that Wallis, finding it difficult to keep up with him, strolled off in another direction. When they met again the disappointed lover was prepared for a retreat homeward.

"Come, Sutton, that would be outrageous!" said Wallis; "you ought to have a settlement with Oakley, now that you find he is fully on a level with yourself?"

"I wouldn't dirty my fingers with him—I wouldn't let the mynx know that I thought her worth fighting about; for they would be sure to attribute it to that, instead of to the picture. I am off, forthwith. Do you go back to G———?"

"Yes, in a few days—but, the fact is, I met Oakley again, after you had left me, and got an invitation to the wedding. He said he would take me to see Miss North this evening if I wished it, but I declined, on the plea that I would be only in the way. But he said there was a charming little girl there, Miss Thompson—a relative of Valeria's stepfather, who would appropriate my company, if I pleased. From his remarking that she is to remain with the judge after the departure of his niece, I presumed her to be the writer of the letter in your possession. *Apropos* of that letter—he questioned me as to whether you had found it, and hinted that Miss North intended it for your hands, knowing the effect it would have on you, from your aversion to poverty, low caste, &c., that she even tore off the date to mislead you the more easily—hand it here till we see if that is true."

Sutton deigned no reply, and before Wallis was ready for his evening visit, he had travelled the first fifty miles of his journey homeward.

OLDEN DEITIES.

Open thy gate, oh, Past!—

A mighty train
Comes sweeping onward from its spectral clime,
August and king-like! Lo! from out the Main
One rears aloft a port and brows sublime,
Yet faded much with tearful wo and time;
And one with lightnings quivering in his hand,
And eye that speaks the thunder of command,
Walks steadfastly, and, seeming as in ire,
He lists attentively a harper, who,
Bending above the bright chords of a lyre,
Tells how neglect from certain era grew
In mortal breasts t'wards the Olympian Sire.
I hail ye Gods! Your reign, though haply brief,
Showed that poor man at least had *some* belief.

RUSSIAN REVENGE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY ESTHER WETHERALD.

A TRAGICAL occurrence, which, from its singular and romantic circumstances, would lead one to believe that the men of northern Russia are as susceptible of the tender passion, and as revengeful when disappointed, as those of more southern climes, recently caused a great sensation at Novogorod.

Instead of giving a cold recital of facts, we will place before the reader the depositions of those concerned; thus making him acquainted with the details of the crime, and also with the judicial forms of that country in criminal cases. There, all is decided from the depositions without pleading. These we are about to lay before you are remarkable for their simplicity and precision, having been taken by a man of uncommon ability, Mr. Polechko, Captain Isprawnik of the District, Oustiaje. He is an old officer of dragoons, but having lost a limb in the battle of Smolensk, he entered into the civil service, and has since acquired a handsome fortune.

Report addressed to M. Polechko, Captain Isprawnik, of the District of Oustiaje, by Mikita Muranow, Mayor of the village of Trehmiria.

"On the 20th of April, 1839, Nadiejda Yakovlevna, daughter of Yakov Osipovitch, fisherman of Trehmiria, came to my house in tears: she was in such great distress that I could only learn from her, that an assassination had been committed at the village. I went with her to her father's, and there I found extended upon a bed, a man, pale and livid, nearly cold, but still breathing. Yakov and his wife were endeavoring to staunch the blood which flowed from his wounds. On the floor beside the bed were his garments soaked with water. The young girl could not attend to my questions, so great was her emotions; but Yakov told me that his daughter had gone out before daylight to withdraw the sweep-nets which at this season are placed along the isles and shores of the Volga. The fisherman himself was engaged in spreading nets by the light of a lantern, when he heard cries, and recognized the voice of his daughter. He ran along the shore, and thought he saw in the dim twilight, a large boat passing down the river with all the rapidity of the current. A moment afterwards his daughter's boat approached the shore, and in it was a man, whom she had taken from the water in a state of insensibility. After having carried him to his cabin, he recognized in him, Ivan Semenov, cornet in the regiment of the lancers of Archanguelk, who, two years before, had been quartered in this village.—This is what I have learned from the fisherman.

"Ivan Semenov's wounds are so numerous and deep, that I can scarcely dare to hope he will be alive when you reach this place.—Please to bring a physician with you."

Report of Nicolas Peterowitch Polechko, Captain Isprawnik of the District of Oustiaje, to the chancery of the Governor of Novogorod.

"I arrived on the night of the 20th of April, at the village of Trehmiria, with the physician of the district, M. Frants Frantsovitch, Mayor; we found in the cabin of the fisherman, Yakov Osipovitch, M. Ivan Prokovitch Semenov, lately a cornet in the regiment of Archanguelk. He had received fifteen wounds, but the physician assured me they were not mortal, and that he would certainly recover. The wounded man told me that his assassins were Paul Ivanovitch Hortinja, quartermaster, and Pierre Alexicievitch Tsaryna, soldier in the regiment of the lancers of Archanguelk. At the time he was wounded, the Cornet Semenov was on his way to Rybinsk, in a boat which belonged to his father, and which was loaded with linen.

"I left the physician with the wounded man, and without losing a moment, hastened to Rybinsk. There, aided by the police, I sought out the assassins, one of whom, the quartermaster, Hortinja, was known to me. At the wharf I learned that a boat, laden with linen, and having two men on board, arrived that morning, the 21st of April; and that the cargo was shortly afterwards sold to an Armenian merchant of Astracan. I then proceeded to the residence of the buyer, Jerome Smilabeg, who confessed that he had bought the linen, which was worth 20,000 roubles, for 10,000—that he had this day paid 4,000 and was to pay the other 6,000 on the 1st of May at Astracan. I did not place much confidence in what he told me, for I knew this race of merchants were liars, and that they encouraged and protected crime when they expected to profit by it. Besides, I observed considerable embarrassment on his countenance. I then asked him where the linen was? He said he had despatched it to Astracan.

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"'Impossible!' observed I. 'You bought it this morning, and the steamboat does not go until to-morrow.'

"He said he had sent it on in the same boat, having bought it with the cargo.

"'And what rowers did you employ?' asked I.

"He turned pale, and stammered, 'I employed the same who brought it here.'

"At this reply, I seized him by the collar, threatening to conduct him to the police office, when, suddenly, the door of the room in which we were, opened, and a man rushed upon me, poignard in hand. I recognized Hortinja, and drew my sword to parry his blows. I also placed myself between him and the door, crying a 'murderer! an assassin!' Fortunately for me, the Armenian, instead of trying to aid Hortinja, hid himself under the bed. The men of the house soon came to my assistance, but it was some time before we could disarm and bind the assassin. In the struggle he wounded three men besides myself. I bear three marks of his steel upon my breast.

"After securing Hortinja, we drew the Armenian from under the bed, and he then confessed that the other accomplice was half a league from Rybinsk with the boat, waiting for his comrade. I immediately sent for some of the police, and Tsaryna was arrested without offering any resistance."

INQUIRY.

"In consequence of an order from the Imperial Attorney, I, Nicolas Petrovitch Polechko, Captain Isprawnik of the District Oustiaje, went on the 26th of the month to the village of Trehmiria, where I proceeded to the inquiry in the following order:

"The first person I examined was Ivan Prokovitch Semenov, who declared himself to be 28 years of age, son of Prokop Karlovitch Semenov, a merchant of Kostroma, who possessed a factory in that neighborhood, where he manufactured much linen, which formed the principal part of his commerce.

"Semenov entered the military service in 1830, in the regiment of the Lancers of Archanguelk. He was appointed cornet of the said regiment in 1836. He commanded the second division of the third squadron, in which Hortinja was quarter-master, and Tsaryna a common soldier. In 1836, the division of Cornet Semenov was cantoned in the village of Trehmiria. In 1837, he handed in his resignation that he might return home to his father. On the 12th of November, 1838, Hortinja and Tsaryna came to Kostroma, to the house of Prokop Semenov. The former said he had left the army, the latter that he had obtained a six months' leave of absence. The Cornet Semenov welcomed them as old comrades. He engaged Hortinja in the service of his father, and gave Tsaryna a handsome present to enable him to pass the six months amongst his relations. Hortinja behaved so well that he gained the confidence of old Semenov, who sent him twice in the spring to Rybinsk with linen. After having sold the cargo and the boat, he brought back the money with the greatest exactness. On the 15th of April, another cargo of linen was ready to go to Rybinsk, and this time young Semenov was to go with him to that city, and from there make a voyage to Astracan. On the evening before their departure Tsaryna arrived, and as he had been a sailor before he entered the army, he begged the Cornet Semenov to employ him instead of engaging another sailor, telling him that it was time he was on his way to rejoin his regiment, which he said was cantoned at Novogorod-la-Grande. Semenov consented, and set out next day in the boat with Hortinja, Tsaryna, a peasant sailor, and a servant. On the second day the sailor and servant were both taken so violently ill with the cholic, that they were obliged to leave the boat and remain behind at the village of Bahorka.

On the 19th, Semenov remarked that Hortinja and Tsaryna had secret conferences, and seemed to be concerting something. At night, after having in vain tried to sleep, he left the cabin and took a seat on the prow of the vessel. He had scarcely done so when he saw a light at some distance, and said to his companions, "My friends, we are near Trebmiria, and I bet that is old Yakov spreading his nets." The two men did not reply, and Semenov continued "By God, if the old fisherman's nets attracted fishes as well as the eyes of Nadiejda did the lancers of Archanguelk, he would be rich in a short time." Hardly had he spoken these words when he was struck in the back with a knife. He tried to turn round, but was knocked down by his assassins. He still struggled, but was wounded repeatedly. He called for assistance, and thought he heard a voice which replied. He was then thrown into the river. This was all he remembered, he could not tell how he got into the bark of Nadiejda. After the wounded man had given the above deposition, I put to him the following questions:

Q. "Have you inflicted military punishment on Hortinja and Tsaryna?"

R. "You know captain, it is impossible to get along in the army without making use of the baton; during the year of my command, Hortinja was beaten nine or ten times, and Tsaryna from forty to fifty, but I never ordered more than a hundred blows of the baton at once; so that the officers of the regiment laughed at my moderation, and called me scholar, and French officer."

Q. "Have you not excited the jealousy of some comrade?"

R. "Not that I am aware of."

Q. "Were you not acquainted with this Nadiejda who saved your life?"

R. "I knew her to be the most beautiful girl of Trehmiria, and of irreproachable virtue; my lancers told me this, Hortinja one of the first. I could not hope to have her for a mistress—and for a wife.—"

Q. "That is sufficient. Knew you not that Hortinja paid his court to her?"

R. "I did not; all the lancers found her beautiful and attractive;"

Q. "Do you suffer much from your wounds?"

R. "No, captain, I feel much better, and hope I

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shall soon be well; the guilty man's hand struck feebly, therefore I hope he will not be punished severely."

Thus closed the examination of Semenov. I then proceeded to that of the quarter-master Hortinja.

Paul Ivanovitch Hortinja was born in 1787 in the city of Smolensk—entered the army in 1806 in which he remained thirty-two years and a half—was quartermaster 15 years and four months. He has made eighteen campaigns, been engaged in forty-nine battles, and a hundred and thirty-seven combats—has received the cross of Saint George, and five medals. He left the service in the month of October 1838. His discharge and certificates give him a very high character.

Q. "What cause had you for disliking Cornet Semenov?"

R. "Not any. I always found him good and kind as a father. I have said so to my soldiers. We had no better officer."

Q. "And what then caused you to commit so abominable a crime?"

R. "O father! (a common expression of the Russian soldier) my crime is abominab e, but harken, I will tell you every thing. I, an old man—having attained my fiftieth year, I loved for the first time—a child—this Nadiejda; I loved her as our fathers loved the glorious empress Catharine (here he made the sign of the cross.) I was quarter-master, and had saved something—she was a poor peasant slave, I wished to marry her, and offered to buy her of her master Count Strogonof—I was to pay him 500 roubles. Her father consented to it, but she refused me disdainfully, without my being able to comprehend why. In the mean time Tsaryna came to see me, and said, thou art sorrowful comrade, but thou should'st not be so. Nadiejda is the mistress of the cornet; she is almost always at the house where he lodges; this is well known—thou only appearest to doubt it. My heart died within me at these words—my head turned round, but I said nothing, for the Cornet Semenov was my officer. I began to watch Nadiejda closely, and I saw that she did often go to the house where he lodged. I thought not then of revenge. It was at this time that the cornet gave in his resignation, and returned to Kostroma. I then saw the tears of Nadiejda. I saw that grief undermined her health and tarnished the lustre of her cheek, but I loved her still. A year passed thus—I repeated my offer of marriage, she refused me again, and this time she told me she loved young Semenov, and swore she would never marry any one.

At this time Tsaryna became my friend and confidant; he represented the cornet as the seducer of this young girl, and I resolved to avenge her. I obtained my discharge—he, his leave of absence, and we went to Kostroma.

The kind reception the cornet gave us, joined to his confidence and frankness, disarmed me, and I determined to abandon my criminal project. Things were in this state, when young Semenov resolved to go to Astracan. Tsaryna requested that he might fill the place of the second sailor, and his request was complied with. The evening before our departure he spoke to me of our old project—I was angry—he praised the beauty of Nadiejda—spoke to me of her misfortune—of my shame; I said nothing, but God only knows what infernal tortures my poor heart sustained; (here he paused a moment in great emotion) we set out; on the second day of our navigation, the first sailor and the servant were taken sick, but as truly as I pray God to save my soul and pardon my crime, I am ignorant of the cause of their malady. I advised the cornet to employ another sailor, but he thought it unnecessary, for the navigation was easy and the current rapid.

Tsaryna was constantly speaking to me of Nadiejda; when we came in sight of the village of Trehmria I was moved, troubled, and when the cornet spoke of her I was no longer master of myself, I drew my knife and struck him."

Q. "Did you strike him once, or several times?"

R. "I do not know, I had lost my reason."

Q. "Did Tsaryna aid you to commit the crime?"

R. "I cannot tell, I only remember that he cried out. Some one is coming! a bark, a bark!"

Q. "And what did you do then?"

R. "I was furious, desperate, distracted. When the day dawned, I saw the shores, the river, but I saw neither the cornet, nor the village of Trehmria. I wished to throw myself into the water, but had not sufficient energy, and suffered myself to be persuaded to live, and seek my safety in flight."

Q. "When you arrived at Rybinsk, how did you manage to sell your cargo so quickly?"

R. "I knew Jerome Smilabej, and to him I confided my crime. He consented to save us, provided we abandoned the cargo to him, and he promised to arrange every thing for us, and conduct us to a place of safety."

Q. "Why didst thou attack me?"

R. "I had promised the Armenian in case of unforseen danger to defend his life as my own. The moment of danger had come, and I fulfilled my promise."

Q. "Thou sayest that Tsaryna urged thee to commit crime, and aided thee to execute it—that the Armenian protected criminals, and appropriated to himself wealth which did not belong to him?"

R. "I neither denounce nor accuse any one. I have spoken the truth. I seek not to deny my crime nor to cast the consequences upon others. I am a great criminal!"

EXAMINATION OF PIERRE ALEXIECIVITCH TSARYNA, SON OF A CITIZEN OF KOSTROMA.

He is thirty-two years of age; entered the military service in 1828 as a recruit in the lancers of Archangelsk. He denies any participation in the crime.

Q. "Yet you were the first to tell the quarter-master Hortinja that a great intimacy existed between the Cornet Semenov and the girl Nadiejda."

R. "I was joking when I said Semenov and Nadiejda were too intimate. The quarter-master was wicked as the devil; he pounded our very bones with the baton. I revenged myself by con-

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tradicting his ridiculous passion for a girl young enough to be his grand-daughter."

Q. "Why did you rejoin Hortinja at Kostroma?"

R. "I met him there by chance."

Q. "And why did you choose to return at the time that Semenov was going to Rybinsk?"

R. "In order to save my money."

Q. "Why did you give to the servant of Semenov, and to the first sailor, a poison, which produced cholic and vomiting?"

R. "They were very fond of brandy—they were like a cask without bottom; to play them a trick I put snuff into the liquor: is it my fault they have such delicate stomachs?"

Q. "Why did you provoke Hortinja to assassinate the cornet?"

R. "I did not. The quarter-master is subject to visions, he dreams so many other things, that he may have dreamed that also."

Q. "Why, then, did you not defend him?"

R. "The cornet was in citizen's dress, the quartermaster in uniform, and I am a soldier."

Q. "What do you mean by that?"

R. "That the soldier must respect the uniform more than the citizen's dress.

Q. "Why did you throw the cornet into the water?"

R. "To save him from the fury of the quartermaster. I also saw a boat coming towards us."

Q. "Why did you apprize Hortinja of its coming?"

R. "From joy that I could save the cornet."

Q. "And why did you not denounce the crime of Hortinja when you arrived at Rybinsk?"

R. "Because I am a soldier, and he is a quartermaster."

All my questions, all my expedients, the bastinado included, drew no other confession from him. Confronted with Hortinja, he replied to his indignation by sneers; in the presence of soldiers who had heard his provocations he denied them: only at the sight of Nadiejda did he turn pale, grind his teeth, and reply nothing, absolutely nothing!

DEPOSITION OF NADIEJDA YAKOVLEVNA.

Nadiejda Yakovlevna is twenty-one years of age. She confessed frankly that she had loved, and still loved passionately the cornet Semenov, but assured me that no intimacy had existed between them, and that the cornet was even ignorant of the passion he had inspired. She said the soldier Tsaryna had paid his court to her, and not being able to obtain her love had sworn to her that he would revenge himself upon the one who had obtained it. At first his suspicions rested on Hortinja, and he said he would soon get rid of the old rascal. Some time after he came to her and said, "Hearken, Nadiejda! be mine, or I swear by St. Nicholas thou shalt witness the death of Semenov." She cared little for his threats, knowing him to be a coward. About this time the cornet left Trehmiria. Tsaryna renewed his declarations, but still without success. Before setting out for Kostroma, he said, "The old one will do what I have threatened; before I return I will be revenged, I swear it by St. Nicholas." She had never heard Hortinja threaten the life of the cornet; he was sad and melancholy—he even wept, but he was a man incapable of committing a crime unless provoked to it.

This is her account of the night in which she saved the cornet:

"I had a presentiment which oppressed my heart; before I lay down I found a cat upon my bed. A bad sign! As soon as I fell asleep I had horrible dreams. I awoke and cried out, 'Wo to me!' My father then ordered me to go upon the Volga and draw away the nets; there I heard cries, and thought I recognised the voice of Semenov. It was more than a year since I had seen him, and I knew him in spite of the obscurity. I rowed towards his boat, and as I neared it, I heard the splash of a body thrown into the water. Fortunately, I was close by and succeeded in drawing him out of the river. It was Semenov."

The inquiry was completed by a few other declarations of less consequence.

The Armenian merchant tried to excuse himself, and said that he endeavored to save the two men in order that they might have time for repentance. In other things he confirmed what Hortinja had said.

The fisherman Yakov gave an account of the manner in which Tsaryna had threatened him, because he would not give him his daughter.

The inquiry terminated on the thirteenth of May, and the depositions were on the same day laid before the criminal tribunal of Novogorod by the captain Isprawnik.

On the twenty-ninth of May the tribunal pronounced the decree which condemns:

Paul Ivanovitch Hortinja to perpetual banishment in Siberia, and ten years labor in the mines.

Jerome Smilabej, Armenian merchant, to one year and six days imprisonment, a fine of one thousand rubles, and the costs.

Pierre A. Tsaryna, being a soldier, was sent before the military tribunal.

On the fourth of June, the military tribunal of the first corps of the army, assembled at Novogorod, condemned Pierre A. Tsaryna to pass three times through the rods of a squadron, and afterwards to be transported to Siberia, where he must labor in the mines for the rest of his life.

These decrees have been submitted to the emperor, and confirmed by him with this change: Hortinja is perpetually banished, but will not be obliged to labor in the mines.

On the third of June, the decree was executed on Pierre A. Tsaryna, who was so severely beaten that there is little hope of his recovery; he has been taken to the hospital of Novogorod.

L'Abeille du Nord, a Russian journal of St. Petersburg, reached us at the same time with the letter of our correspondent. It gives an account of this affair, and also adds that the emperor has deigned to decorate the girl Nadiejda with a medal of gold on the ribbon of Saint Waldimir.

The Cornet Semenov married Nadiejda Yakovlevna as soon as the trial was concluded.

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PERDITI.

PART SECOND.

BY WM. WALLACE, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "BATTLE OF TIPPECANOE," "MARCHES FOR THE DEAD," ETC., ETC.

AMERICAN BATTLE SHIP.

I.

Out on the sounding sea,
With a flag of stars and a row of steel,
'Mid the tempest scowl and the battle peal—
The great ship of the free!

Away from her moorings—away o'er the wave—
How proudly she bears the glad hearts of the brave!
In the sun-burst of morning, the darkness of night,
Like a goddess she strives with the gales:
Behold her alone in her glorious might,
With her banners of beauty and streamers of light,
Like a condor when out on his terrible flight,
Where the breath of the tempest prevails.
Hark, hark! 'tis her thunder! her flags are all out,
And the lightning 's the wreath she will wear;
Now it shines on her mast—now 'tis hurried about,
'Mid the ring of the sword and the rapturous shout,
By the breath of the sulphury air.

Why thus is she wrapt in the black-curling smoke?
Why thus have her thunders tumultously broke
O'er the halls of the dark-rolling wave?
Why thus have her star-crested flags been unfurl'd
Like the wings of some god from the sky to the world?
She battles abroad for the brave!

Proud hope of our land! we have given thy form
To the lord of the breeze and the god of the storm;
We have hung from the top of the high soaring mast
A broad sheet of stripes with the bird
Who cradles his wing in the home of the blast,
When the cloud-troops are angrily hurrying past,
And the voice of the thunder is heard;
We have wet thy scarred decks with the hallowèd blood
Of those who have battled for us on the flood,
And blessed thee with hearts, which the freemen alone
Can possess, when we saw thee sit firm on thy throne
Of the dark-rolling waters.

Go forth, gallant one!—
Go forth in thy glory and pomp o'er the main,
And burst with the might of thy sure-pointed gun
The palace, the cell and the tyrannous chain.
The breezes shall kiss thee: the stars shall illume
Thy pathway when dangers are there,
And around thee the laurels of triumph shall bloom,
Like the plumage of angels abroad on the gloom
Of the battle's tempestuous air.
Aye! the great god of freedom who holds in his hand
This universe blazing around,
Who walks on the billows which hear his command,
And straight in deep quiet are found:
Aye! he who has yoked, in the ether afar,
The lightning-maned steeds of the storm to his car,
Shall guide thee all safe o'er the foam,
And at last, by the torch of his bright beacon-star,
Restore thee once more to thy home!

II.

But such! ah! such is not my theme—
Illumined by a grosser fire
Than that which some will truly deem
Befitting well the patriot's lyre.
And yet how could I pass thee by—
Thou of the fearless soul and eye?—
Thou who hast watched my boyhood's hours
Amid thy sacred rocks and rills,
Where liberty with glory towers
Unshaken on her thousand hills!

Genius of freedom! let me stand
With thee upon my native land;
Still let me hear thy thunder-voice
Bid every child of thine rejoice;
Still let me see on yonder mast
The banner of the heart unfurl'd—
The playmate of the ocean-blast,
The hope or terror of the world.
And when the minstrel's form is cold,
His brightest meed of praise shall be,
As o'er his grave yon starry fold
By wind and tempest is unroll'd,
"Freedom! thy minstrel sang of thee!"

'Tis dark around! yet darker still
Within that melancholy clime,
Where tireless, sleepless vulture-ill
Sits blackly brooding over crime;
The tempest has a deeper moan;
The night-wind has a wilder tone;
The thunder glares his troubled eye
Amid the hollows of the sky;
And sheeted lightnings swiftly stream
From yonder cloud's tremendous rack,
And then with swifter stride they seem
In pallid horror hurrying back.

Groans in the dark tide of the air:
Groans in the withered space around:
Groans in the tempest's sickly glare:
Groans struggling under ground!
And look! Lo! blacker clouds are swelling
Around the thunder's opened dwelling,

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Which with a Vulcan-torch illumes
This realm of everlasting glooms;
Set in the distance—see it stand
Above that melancholy land—
Wild, gloomy, solitary, grand!
Heckla of spirits—placed afar,
The lamp of ghastly heath and rill,
As if like some malignant star
'T would make them all more ghastly still.

ROSANI.

"Fit time!"—he cried with quivering brow,
"Tale such as mine was uttered now;
When all the elements are stirred
To hear a spirit's fearful word.
Let lightnings flash—let thunders roll,
What terrors have they for the soul
That flees the golden eye of day,
And hates its beams e'en more than they!
I've revell'd in their light before
In many a sea, on many a shore—
On many a rock—on many a deck—
Yes! challenged them amid the wreck—
When they and the remorseless sea
Seem'd smiling on my agony.

Yet! have I loved a milder glow
Than yonder lurid fires bestow:
There was a moment! glorious time!
When I, amid my native bow'rs,
Unmoved by care—unsoiled by crime—
Would watch the sunshine beam for hours;
It glowed of my own self a part,
For all was sunshine in the heart,
Which seemed an angel who had left,
He knew not how, the stainless blue,
And smiled, so long of light bereft,
To find an angel wandering, too.

But when I saw the bannered storm—
Like giant rousing from his sleep—
Uplift o'er heaven his awful form,
And from the thunder-chamber sweep
To his dread bridal with the flame
Before their altar of the cloud,
While all his minstrel-tempests came
Around the shrine, in terror bowed,—
I've smiled with other smile than this,
For then, I, leaping from the sod,
Saw, in their rude but meaning bliss,
The wondrous glory of a God:—
Yes! e'en when others quailed to see
The red volcano light our clime,
I've joyed, for in its ministry
I only saw a torch sublime,
Lighting with its tremendous glare
The glorious pages of His book,
Which men might read if they would dare
Upon those awful leaves to look.

Like thee I joyed alone to range
Amid the beautiful and bright,
A thing like them of love and light—
Like thee my spirit had its change.
The spell was wove! It thundered out
In many a wild and bitter curse—
And thenceforth I was hurl'd about
Hopeless amid the universe.

Long years! oh! how your shadows press
My brow in very weariness:
Here! here ye stretch and ever gloom
Like funeral-foliage of the tomb,
Whose leaves—the favorites of pain
Must ever life from sorrow gain.
Long years! long years! I feel again
Your star-eyed hopes around me glow
Bright as the plumage of a train
Of pilgrim-angels furled below.

We are together: Ila, see
The light of heaven's own heraldry—
And hark!—the evening breeze is here;
His silver lips no longer mute,—
He breathes—a minstrel-worshipper—
An avè from his leafy lute:
Shall we not join him? Dearest, press
Thy lip to mine, while, as of old,
We hear with love's sweet tenderness
That glorious vesper music rolled.
We are together in those bowers
Glad as the rosy-footed hours
And all as pure.—I see her now
A creature less of earth than skies,
With day's pure sunshine on her brow
And heaven's own midnight in her eyes.
And thus we trod the path of life,
Without nor cloud, nor grief, nor strife—
Like pensile stars whose golden light
Meets on the sable bridge of night
And glows with such a wedded beam
In calm or stormy weather,
That men when looking upwards deem
They are but one, for thus they seem,
So close they shine together.

Ha! whence this change? My Ila! why
That icy mien and tearful eye?
No more for me thou cullest the flow'r;—
No more with me thou seekest the bow'r;—
No more thy sweet lips press my own;—
No more thy warm hands link with mine,
When Daylight, stooping from his throne,
Has furl'd his wing by evening's shrine.

She answered not! yet sorrow there
Has held a bridal with despair,
And pale her cheek as if with wo
Which none but she must ever know.
In vain I questioned—her reply
A sad reproachfulness of eye,
So firm yet tender in its look,
It ever, sorrowing, seemed to say
"Why torture me!"—I could not brook
Such gaze, but gladly turned away,
Leaving my Ila to her mood
In our old castle's solitude.
Days rolled away!—And who art thou
With princely step and lofty brow?
What dost thou here within our halls,
Sir knight! unwelcome to these walls?
Days roll'd away!—I sought my sire;
He met me but with glance of ire,
And freezing mystery of air,
Which seemed to say—"Ila?—beware!"
And then he cried, "away! away!
Mad boy, she weds the knight to day!"
I spoke not; slowly round me came
A wavering sheet of cloud and flame,

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Which seem'd to sear my very brain:
  How long 'twas thus I cannot say,
Nor when I woke to life again.
They called me mad: I heard the chain
Clanking around my limbs, and near
The hum of voices meet my ear,
And eyes amid the darkness shone
So bright, so angry and so lone—
Methought they were the eyes of those
Whom men have named their demon-foes,
Drawing a life from human woes.
Yes! I was mad, and in my strength
  I spurned the dungeon's hated ground,
Hurled from my limbs the chain, at length,
  And thus my birth-right freedom found.
I saw the glorious stars again—
Once more I gazed upon the main
Whose billows e'en in boyhood were
  My playmates, when their crested forms
Rushed up like ministers of Fear
  Amid their temple of the storms.
Once more I heard the Ocean's shock
Against the castellated rock;
And saw, oh! gallant, blessed sight!
  My barque along the heaving tide,
Like lover resting through the night
  Upon the bosom of his bride.
The sail 's unfurl'd! How free! How brave!
On! on my vessel, o'er the wave!
The night-winds kiss thee, as in joy
To meet once more their ocean-boy.
Oh! I had loved thee, glorious sea,
  And oft thy waters laved my brow,
But never have I gazed on thee
  With such a bounding heart as now.
Roll on! Roll on! thy dark blue foam
Shall henceforth be to me a home.
For days I skimmed the ocean blue,
And deeper still my gladness grew;
And oft my joy was uttered out
To heaven in that delirious shout
Which only he can swell whose life
Is passed amid the ocean's strife.
And others soon around me came;
And men soon shook before my name.
What trophies glittered on our deck,
How foemen sunk with many a wreck,
Let that old ocean's caverns tell.—
In sooth our spirits loved them well—
They lay beneath us like a spell.

A sail! How looks she in the dark?
"Bravely! She is a royal barque!"
Give thanks! Hurrah! I ween the wave
Before the morn shall be her grave!
Out with the guns!—"Ho, sir! she veers!—
Again! again! Hurrah! she nears!"
She came so nigh, that we could see
The pilot's lonely ministry.
Sudden as lightning from its lair
  Fire glowed around her deck;—
Ha! ship, that rode so proudly there—
  Thou art a very wreck!
Once more the frowning guns were out;
Their thunder told in shriek and shout!
"The barque 's on fire!"—with one wild cry!
That pierced the very wave and sky,
  Her crew leaped in the tide;
But as she heavily floated by—

Oh! God what met my startled eye?
  The chieftain and his bride!
Yes, he and Ila shrined in flame
Were wildly calling on my name:—
At one mad bound I cleared my deck,
And stood upon that burning wreck:
Through flame and smoke I fearless flew!
A moment—I have reached the two!
I grasped him! and the lurid wave
Revenged me well—it was his grave.
I bore her in my arms—the smoke
And flame in vain around me broke,—
I felt them curling o'er my brow,
As fierce they swept from stern to prow;—
I struggled on!—one effort more—
  I leaped upon my vessel's side!
Thank God! the final strife was o'er,
  And I had won my ocean-bride!
In one dread shock the crackling mast
Came thundering down beneath the blast:—
The flaming wreck slow drives away—
Dim and more dim we marked the ray;
  And now unloosing every sail—
We feel our vessel, like a steed
Gladdening to serve his rider's need,
  Dart out before the gale.

Slowly the thrill of feeling came
Along my Ila's pallid frame;
I marked the rising crimson swell
Upon the cheek I loved too well,
And heard, how joyously! the sigh
Which told me that she could not die,
At least not then:—she rose at last;
One piercing look around she cast,
And shrieked!—her memory, ah! too soon
  Had lighted up those scenes of old,
When I, beneath far different moon
Than that which brightly rose aboon,
  My love so passionately told.
She spake not still; but day by day
I saw her calmly sink away
Like some sweet flower or rainbow-form
Whose life is withered by the storm.
But when I saw her pallid lips
Darkling beneath the death-eclipse,
She waved me to her side and said—
I cannot speak her words—the dead
Would stir within their very tomb
  To hear such tale!—Enough! she died,
And I beheld in that sea-room
  A sister in my ocean-bride.
Oh! how I blessed the God above,
That she went down unsoiled by love
Whose reckless and unholy fire
Springs from the heart of low desire.
My sire had framed a cunning tale
—To shroud his crime, and this the bail!
He brought her to our castle's hall—
  Saying she was a homeless child,
Whom he had found beneath the wall
  In all her orphan-freedom wild.
Of that she told me, on the day
She died, thus much I dared to say.

And Ila sleeps within the wave,
  And round her peaceful ocean-tomb
The pale flowers of the coral-grave
  In all their quiet beauty bloom.
Sleep on! sleep on in that deep rest—

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Thou of the stainless brow and breast,—
Oh! holy as the stars that shine
In all their seraph splendor set,
Like torches of a templed-shrine
In midnight's azure coronet.
She was avenged! That very hour
In which the tide received her form,
The deep-blue sky began to lour
Beneath the scowling of the storm;
And soon the thunder, vast and dark,
Shook his red arm above our barque,
Whose deck deserted—sails all rent
And loose around the shivered mast,
Like reeling clouds were blindly sent
Before the fury of the blast.
"The boats! the boats!"
They're riding well
Along that billow's crested swell.
"Save! save yourselves," I sternly cried,
Undaunted on the plunging deck,
"I go to seek my ocean-bride,
But comrades ye must leave the wreck!"
An instant—they were safe! and I
Alone stood challenging the sky
And rolling waves.
With fearless form
I dared the spirit of the storm:
His red lips answered me—the flame
Leaped burning through my blackened frame!—
And I was here.—
"No more! No more!"
He cried, "that agony was o'er:—
But this!"
He darkly gazed around,
Then quivering sank upon the ground;
And Lorro on his dread distress
Gazed sorrowing—mute and motionless.

The tempest with his train has fled,
And yet no moon hath lit her fire;
Nought lights the darkness, deep and dread,
Save that dim-burning Vulcan-pyre.
With its drear, wavering, ghastly light,
Still heavier than the heavy night:
Most terrible!
The task is done!
How gladly mounts the trembling soul,
Like light returning to its sun,
When Heaven's own streams of glory roll!
Joy, spirit! joy! I've broke the spell;
Land of the lost! dread land, farewell.

Soul of that shadowy realm, where Time
Hath thrown his last-expiring wave,
When the Immortal glooms sublime
And terrible above the grave,—
Dread image o'er whose phantasm we
Have hung a shroud of mystery,
And then for countless ages shook
Before its dark, eternal look.
Bold scorner of the groan or tear—
Swaying between the star and storm—
Thou art a mighty thing of fear,
Yet glory crowns thy mystic form.
Vast, potent, melancholy, dim,
Past ruler of the cherubim,
And king-like in thy ruin still,
Thou livest despite of sleepless ill.
Oh! once all splendid in that time,
Ere thy great banners were unfurl'd
Like thunder flashes in the clime
From which the rebel hosts were hurl'd,
How art thou fallen—fallen now!—
The burning seal upon thy brow
Which towered in its own glory bright—
A mighty pyramid of light.
And battling still? Thine essence gleams
Like the dim flashing of a cloud;
Oh! how unlike its heavenly beams
Ere sin that angel-beauty bowed,
And changed thee to a giant curse
Breathed through the shuddering universe—
A deathless, hopeless agony—
An aching immortality.

THE HEAVENLY VISION.

BY THOMAS HOLLEY CHIVERS, M. D.

If I be sure I am not dreaming now,
I should not doubt to say it was a dream.—*Shelley.*

I met her in the spring-time of my years,
When suns set golden in the azure west;
The sight of her dissolved my heart to tears—
It seemed she came from heaven to make me blest.

A golden harp was in her snow-white hand,
And when she touched the strings, so softly prest,
The music seemed as from some heavenly band,
As though she came from heaven to make me blest.

Her eyes were of that soft, celestial hue,
Which heaven puts on when Day is in the west;
Whose words were soft as drops of evening dew—
It seemed she came from heaven to make me blest.

Long had we parted—long had she been dead—
When late one night, when all had gone to rest,
Her spirit stood before me—near my bed—
She came from heaven to tell me she was blest.

As some fond dove unto her own mate sings,
So sang she unto me, in my unrest—
Who lay beneath the shadow of her wings—
Of heaven, wherein she told me she was blest.

My spirit had been longing here for years
To know if that dear creature was at rest;
When, just as my poor heart lost all its tears,
She came from heaven to tell me she was blest.

I then grew happy—for with mine own eyes
I had beheld that being whom my breast
Had pillowed here for years—fresh from the skies—
Who came from heaven to tell me she was blest.

I wept no more—from that sad day to this,
I have been longing for the same sweet rest,
When my fond soul shall dwell with her in bliss,
Who came from heaven to tell me she was blest.

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MRS. WARE'S POEMS.*

Averse, as we have declared ourselves, to any severe criticisms upon the productions of female poets, we are constrained, in the case before us, to speak with a plainness, savoring less of gallantry than truth. If only "*some* female errors" fell to the lot of Mrs. Katharine Augusta Ware, we might, perhaps, "look in her face" and "forget them all;" but so many are the faults of which she is guilty, that she must have a face as beautiful as Raphael's Fornarina, to cause us to forget or forgive a tithe of the number. The lady, however, is neither beautiful nor juvenile; she goes so far in her preface as to confess that she cannot plead "*youthful* diffidence" for her indiscretion in writing and publishing a volume of verses. That she is not beautiful, we state on positive intelligence. On this score, therefore, her sins of metrical commission cannot be pardoned any more than because of her juvenility—an excuse which she so magnanimously disclaims.

On the second leaf of Mrs. Ware's book, which is not really as well as figuratively *blank*, we perceive, paraded in capital letters, the words "Copyright secured in America." Now, if the copyright has in fact been secured in America; if it has been entered at the office of the District Clerk of New York or of any other State, as the law directs, it strikes us that the dollar, charged as a fee in such cases, has been absurdly and ridiculously thrown away. The proceeding was altogether supererogatory. Booksellers are not particularly partial to publishing collections of poetry at the best; but that any one of them should be so insane as to re-publish a farrago like this, to enter into rivalry and competition for such a cause, is an hypothesis which never could have been engendered, except in the brain of a rhymster, dizzy with self-conceit. From the fact, however, of a copyright having been secured in America, we are well assured that the author is an American; even this was unnecessary, because Mrs. Katharine Augusta Ware has, in times past, written her name to so many patches of poetry, that it is not unfamiliar to pains-taking readers, at least on our side of the water. She first made herself known to the literary world here as the Editor of a monthly magazine, exquisitely christened "The Bower of Taste." That any work, with so Rosa-Matildaish a title, could have existed for a year was marvellous; still more marvellous was it, that it survived the merciless visitings of the Muse of Mrs. Ware. With the failure of this undertaking, her literary biography, brief as the posy of a ring, would terminate, were it not for the fact that, during some four years past, she has resided in England, and manufactured, to order, occasional lyrics for the Liverpool Newspapers. By some fatuity, which she has provokingly left unexplained, in a preface written in the worst possible taste, she has been impelled to the perpetration of the volume before us. But, previous to exemplifications of its component properties, let us give the preface entire, by way of showing how very unlike ladies, and how very foolishly, feminine bards can behave on paper. If our readers of both sexes do not laugh at the following outbreak of egotism and vanity, they are less easily amused than we conjecture.

COURTEOUS READER,

I should like to write a Preface, if I could.—Such an ample field is afforded, for appealing to the sympathy and generosity of the "Liberal Public." Such emphatic words as "youthful diffidence," "consciousness of errors," "request of friends," "leisure hours," "relief in solitude,"—all these once attracted my delighted attention, and I resolved, if *I* ever should write a book, to present therewith a very sentimental Preface. But upon this subject my opinions are changed. Negatively speaking of my volume—"youthful diffidence" I cannot plead: "consciousness of errors," I might, which I own I have had time to correct. I do not publish at the "request of friends," for no friends, to my knowledge, were ever particularly anxious for such an event. Nor for the amusement of my "leisure hours," for, since my remembrance, I never had any. Nor as a "relief in solitude," for I am never alone. And permit me to add, not for gold, for my muse will never become a Crœsus. Lastly, not for Fame, for light is my regard for her vain breath.

A Preface is an article which I am by no means prepared to attempt, being apprehensive that my labors might terminate like those of a certain venerable individual, of spelling-book celebrity, who, in companionship with his son, and a long-eared fellow-traveller, by his anxiety to please everybody, found, to his mortification, that he could please nobody. Now, with the very moderate desire of pleasing somebody, I have determined to write no preface to my book, because I am not prepared to make a single fashionable apology for its publication. At the present era of book-making, all prefatory introductions seem to be disregarded as superfluous by the reading community, except to works of deep erudition, or on subjects which may require preliminary elucidations from the author. All others are merely glanced over like the "programme of an entertainment," or a "bill of the play," and obtain no further notice. Scarcely one reader out of ten has the least interest or curiosity to learn what motive induced the author to write the volume, which he has either bought or borrowed for his entertainment. He certainly has a right to expect it will contain some matter either to improve, inform, or amuse the mind. If disappointed, no apology, however gracefully made, will effect a change in his opinion; and the author may expect to receive the same compliment which a certain learned doctor (more famed for candor than politeness) once paid to his delinquent

* Power of the Passions and other Poems. By Mrs. Katharine Augusta Ware. London: William Pickering, 1842. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 148.

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pupil, who made an elaborate apology for his errors, that he who was good at making "a handsome apology, was generally good for nothing else."

Thine respectfully,
K. A. W.

Since we have suffered our author to speak for herself, nobody can accuse us of unfairness, since that captious gentleman, Nobody, is not obliged to think as we do, but can, if he so pleases, pronounce Mrs. Katharine Augusta Ware to be the most modest, unassuming, charming pilgrim, that ever journeyed to the fountain of Helicon, or toiled up the steeps of Parnassus.

We have, in our time, been constrained by our vocation, to spell out a good many pieces of bombast; but we can safely say that, in our serious belief, no rhetorician was ever better furnished with an illustration for that not very rare quality of style, than in the effusion with which we begin to be overwhelmed on page one, under the imposing title "The Power of the Passions." We had thought of turning the whole into prose, but as we have not the space to spare, and the readers can easily do it for themselves, whenever we shall have occasion to cite a passage, we content ourselves with a cursory description, and no very acute analysis, since the philosophy is quite as incomprehensible as the lines are vapid, and the ideas commonplace. *Imprimis*, we are favored with the strikingly novel information that there was a time, a good while ago, when man stood in God's own image communing with angels in a bower,

"When first creation dawned upon his view."

This fair world, we are next agreeably astonished to learn, was given to man by high Omnipotence. At this interesting period, Creation owned her Lord, and all that moved confessed his reign, and the forest monarch bowed down before him, beside the young lamb; (bah!) moreover, birds hailed the rising day, and there were flowers and trees and fruits *cum multis aliis* of the sort.

Such was fair PARADISE! When WOMAN smiled,
All EDEN brightened with a richer glow!
Led by the hand of DEITY, she came
To dwell in kind companionship with man,
A sharer of his pleasures and his toils,
Which nature's genial bosom richly paid:
Love, joy, and harmony, and peace, were there—
God saw his glorious work, and it was good.

These lines are cited, because they are the only good ones in the poem, and because it occurs to us that we have seen something rather like them in the works of a respectable poet of the middle ages—one Milton. In the remainder of the effusion, Mrs. Ware is unquestionably original.

Brief hour of human purity and truth!
Malignant ENVY, in the bland disguise
Of friendship, stole, yea, twined his serpent folds
Around their Wisdom's consecrated Tree.
"Eat, woman, eat—ye shall *not* surely die!"
Thus spake the tempter of mankind. *They ate*—
A sudden darkness gathered o'er the sky.
Wild raged the storm, earth's firm foundations shook,
While ocean trembled from her deepest cells;
Blue, livid lightnings flashed with lurid glare,
Wreathing in flames the blackened arch of heaven;
While the loud thunder's deep, continuous roar
Proclaimed, in GOD's *own voice*, that Man was *lost!*

The four verses we have italicised are fiercely grand; more terrible than any we ever saw, except those by which they are succeeded. After the thunder-clap, lions roared, tigers yelled, hyenas cried, wolves howled, leviathans drifted ashore, birds of ill omen shrieked, and there was a dreadful rumpus in general among beasts, such as are usually to be seen in a Zoological Garden. The Arch-Enemy chuckles over this sport, rives his chain, and stalks over the globe, taking the precaution, however, to veil his hideous form and smile demoniac, (why, we cannot well perceive,) and finally speaks. His observations are left to the ingenuity of the reader; but he had no sooner "concluded his remarks," than

"Wild spirits filled the air, the earth,
The sea."

These we suppose are the Passions, mentioned in the title. Taking them as they are introduced, they are the most outrageous set of ill-behaved monsters that ever were seen, and are as dissimilar to those polite entities, classified under the same names, and said by the Fourrierists to be easily subjected to the domination of reason and the affections, as can well be imagined. It must be noted, however, that Mrs. Ware is more original in the individuals she recommends to our attention as the Passions, than she is in her figures of speech.

First, MURDER came, his right hand red
With the pure blood of his young brother's heart,
For which his own, in every clime and age,
Hath deeply paid. "*Cursed art thou!*" said GOD,
And set his mark upon the murderer's brow.

We were not, until now, aware that *Murder* was a Passion, considering it rather as a deed, consequent upon some one of the Passions. Next in order comes Remorse, "whose step is followed by Despair." "Next comes Revenge." And what *Passion*, reader, do you imagine follows next? "'Tis WAR, insatiate WAR." Another new Passion. Afterwards "pale Jealousy is seen," in an awful taking because "the treasured ideal of his soul is false;" accordingly, he rushes *blindly* forth, meets his haughty foe, and, though he is blind, "their *eyes* have met," and

The fierce volcano's flame
Ne'er flashed more wildly than his furious glance!
No more. 'Tis done—the double deed of death.
The reeking steel, red from his rival's heart,
Is quivering now within her heaving breast.

Here is murder in the first degree once more. Now some people may call this strong writing; we call it fustian run mad. Next come Riot and Folly and Theft and Love and Misery and Guilt, of which we do not recognise any one but Love as belonging to the Passions. Just here there occurs a passage, which is so clearly applicable to the "divine Fanny Elssler," that, "in the opinion of this court," an action on the case for heavy damages will lie. Although the *danseuse* alluded to figures under no name whatsoever, and is merely described as "Another," we beg leave to put it to the immense jury, consisting of the subscribers to this Magazine, what other than the "splendiferous Madam," above named, can possibly be signified? Read the remarkable passage, and record your verdicts.

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Another, too, in tinselled garb, is near,
'Mid scenic splendor, like a thing of light—
With limbs scarce veiled, and gestures wild and strange,
She gaily bounds in the lascivious dance,
Moving as if her element were air,
And music was the echo of her step.
Around her bold, unblushing brow are twined
The deadly nightshade and the curling vine,
Enwreathed with flowers luxuriant and fair,
Yet poisonous as the Upas in their breath.
Her sparkling eye, keen as the basilisk's,
Who marks his prey, beams with a flashing light—
False as the flame which hovers o'er the gulf
Of dark oblivion—tempting to destroy.
Mysterious power! men shudder while they gaze—
Despise, yet own her fascinating spell.

As bursts the "deafening thunder of applause,"
'Mid showers of votive wreaths, and *parfum vif*—
Descending like bright Juno from her cloud,
With glance erratic round th' enchanted ring—
She smiles on all above, and all below,
With regal condescension, and accepts
The worthless homage offered at her shrine.

Let not the reader hastily conclude that he has yet ascended with Mrs. Katharine A. Ware to the cloud-capped summit of turgidity. In the concluding passages of her perfectly ferocious poem, she excels herself. A higher Alp of nonsense towers above the smaller Alps we have already passed. To change the metaphor, all the former passages are mere rattling musket shot, compared to this concentrated, thundering discharge of the artillery of bombast:—

Last in the train of human misery,
Unconscious Madness rushed. The storm that beat
On his unsheltered head and naked breast,
Was calm to that which wildly raged within:
All the dark passions that deform the soul
By turns usurped departed Reason's throne.

His rolling eye, red as the meteor's flash,
In fierce defiance wildly glanced around;
While his Herculean frame dilated rose,
As if exulting in its giant strength!
Uprooted trees were strewn across his path—
The remnants of his sanguinary meal,
Still warm with life, lay quivering at his feet;
They caught his eye. Not Etna's wildest roar
E'er came more deep than his demoniac laugh!
As rolls the distant thunder on—it ceased.

And we cease; but not altogether. Cry not, oh reader, with king-killing Macbeth, "hold, enough!" till we shall have at least ferreted out some stanzas worth commendation, in the one hundred and forty "mortal pages," which drag their slow length after "The Power of the Passions"—which title, we beg leave to suggest, should be changed to the somewhat Hibernian one of "A Power of Passions," which would be more expressive of the number of new ones "making their first appearance on any stage."

All the gross errors of persons who deem themselves poets, but are not—who make verses, to which neither gods, men nor columns can yield applause—are displayed, not only in the effusion which we have too tenderly handled, but in most of the remaining rubbish of metre, which this mistaken lady has raked together and piled up for the diversion of the public in England. It is said of those, who make constant efforts to utter happy repartees and smart jokes, that it would be a wonder if they did not now and then stumble upon a clever hit. The remark may with truth be applied to the indefatigable concoctor of rhymes. Desperate must be his condition, if, at large intervals, good couplets did not slip from his pen. Poor as most of Mrs. Ware's poems are, stanzas are scattered through them which are really beautiful, and have the air of being in their present position by mistake. Occasionally, also, when the subject is dictated by feeling; when the thoughts well from the heart, and are like those which are entertained by the author in common with other people of sensibility; when she does not strive to be very fine, very grand and very fascinating, her lines run smoothly and gracefully along. Take as a favorable example of her versification one stanza, from a poem called "Diamond Island," which, as we are told, is a delightful little island, situated in Lake George, and well known to the Northern tourists for its picturesque beauty, and the brilliant crystals to be found on its shores:—

How sweet to stray along thy flowery shore,
Where crystals sparkle in the sunny ray;
While the red boatman plies his silvery oar
To the wild measure of some rustic lay.

As a specimen of the sometimes able and sometimes slovenly mode in which Mrs. Ware poetizes, take the following couplets as an example. In describing what scenes are beheld by "The Genius of Grœcia," she finely writes:—

"Views the broad Stadium, where the Gymnic art
Nerved the young arm and energized the heart."

A little further on, our ears are tortured with—

"Where Scio's isle blushes with Christian gore,
And hostile fiends still yell around the shore."

Well nigh tired of animadversion, let us employ the remainder of this article with selections that will be read with satisfaction, and which may strike some sympathetic and responsive chords. We need not bestow any higher praise upon the following pieces, chosen with care, as by far the best in the volume, (though we will venture to assert that the author considers them the poorest,) than to remark that we consider them worthy of the space they occupy in this magazine.

LOSS OF THE FIRST BORN.

"A grief that passeth show."

I saw a pale young mother, bending o'er
Her first-born hope. Its soft blue eyes were closed—
Not in the balmy dream of downy rest;
In Death's embrace the shrouded babe reposed,
It slept the dreamless sleep that wakes no more!
A low sigh struggled in her heaving breast,
But yet she wept not—hers was the deep grief
The heart in its dark desolation feels;
Which breathes not in impassioned accents wild,
But slowly the warm pulse of life congeals:
A grief, which from the world seeks no relief—
A mother's sorrow o'er her first-born child!

She gazed upon it with a steadfast eye,
Which seemed to say—Oh! would I were with thee.
As if her every earthly hope were fled
With that departed cherub. Even he—
Her young heart's choice, who breathed a father's sigh
Of bitter anguish o'er the unconscious dead—
Felt not, while weeping by its funeral bier,
One pang so deep as hers, who shed *no tear!*

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THE HEBREW MOTHER.

(A PAINTING.)

Bright glowed the sun on Nile's resplendent tide,
Reflecting the rich landscape far and wide;
The verdant hills, with lofty cedars crowned,
Those heights sublime, where, in stern glory, frowned
Egypt's proud battlements, stretched forth on high,
Like a dark cloud athwart the summer sky!
But softer shadows claimed a birth-place there;
The pensile willow, and the lotus fair,
And flowers of richest bloom, their perfume gave,
To wreathe the margin of the azure wave.

'T was to this calm and beautiful retreat,
With wildly throbbing heart and trembling feet,
The Hebrew Mother came. To her sad breast,
Her youngest hope, a lovely boy, she prest.—
He whom a tyrant's voice had doomed to die!
With anguish-riven soul and tearful eye,
She looked on his bright cheek and cherub smile,
Then gently hushed him to repose; and while
Within his fragile barque she laid him, gazed
Her last upon the sleeping babe! then raised
To the Almighty one a fervent prayer,
Confiding her soul's treasure to his care:
Then, as with firmer step she homeward trod,
With faith renewed, she left him to his God!

BLOWING BUBBLES.

It was a lovely picture! A young boy,
Of scarce five summers, on a terrace stood,
Which overlooked a region of sweet flowers,
As fresh and blooming as his own bright cheeks;
While from a pipe, wiled from his ancient nurse
With many a kiss, the rosy urchin blew
Those air-created globes, which, as they soared
Through the blue space, caught the gay tints of morn.
Buoyant and bright as youthful hopes they seemed,
And radiant as those visioned forms of bliss
That hover in the dreams of innocence.

I watched the rapturous gaze of that young boy,
And heard his joyous shout, as rising high
Upon the breeze, those fragile orbs were borne.
But when they sank, and vanished from his view,
A cloud of sadness came o'er his fair brow.

This picture read a lesson to my heart.
Oh—how like these, thought I, are half the hopes
And pleasures of this life. No sooner do
They smile upon our view—than they are gone!

NEW YEAR WISH.

TO ANNA MARIA, AGED FIVE YEARS.

Dear one, while bending o'er thy couch of rest,
I've looked on thee as thou wert calmly sleeping,
And wished—Oh! couldst thou ever be as blest
As now—when haply all thy cause of weeping
Is, for a truant bird, or faded rose;
Though these light griefs call forth the ready tear,
They cast no shadow o'er thy soft repose,
No trace of care, or sorrow, lingers here.

With rosy cheek, upon the pillow prest,
To me thou seemest a cherub, pure and fair,
With thy sweet smile, and gently heaving breast,
And the bright ringlets of thy clustering hair;
What shall I wish thee, little one? Smile on
Through childhood's morn—through life's gay spring—
For oh—too soon will those bright hours be gone!
In youth time flies upon a silken wing.

May thy young mind, beneath the bland control
Of education, lasting worth acquire;
May virtue stamp her signet on thy soul,
Direct thy steps, and every thought inspire!
Thy parents' earliest hope—be it their care
To guide thee through youth's path of shade and flowers,
And teach thee to avoid false pleasure's snare;
Be thine—to smile upon their evening hours.

There are some graceful translations from the French; but, besides the above, we should find it difficult to quote an original poem, good as a whole. We have now and then some spirited lines, and frequently some weak ones; but the latter outnumber the former.

Strange as it may seem, the same hand wrote both of the following passages—the one, with the exception of its concluding verse, vigorous, free, correct—the other, puerile, silly, commonplace.

Sculpture! oh what a triumph o'er the grave
Hath thy proud Art!—thy powerful hand can save
From the destroyer's grasp the noble form,
As if the spirit dwelt, still thrilling warm,
In every line and feature of the face;
The air majestic, and the simple grace
Of flowing robes, which shade, but not conceal,
All that the classic chisel would reveal.
In thy supremacy thou stand'st sublime,
Bidding defiance to the scythe of time!

The thought of thee is like the breath of morn,
Which whispers gently through the blooming trees;
Like music o'er the sparkling waters borne,
When the blue waves heave in the summer breeze.

We have faithfully performed our unpleasant duty in the foregoing criticism. A high standard has been set up by us, and it must be defended. Censure is far less agreeable to us than commendation; but the last would be wholly valueless, when flowing from our pen, were we always to withhold the first. Poetry, to be acceptable, must have higher qualities than those which the mere habit and practice of writing confers. A man may play very well on the piano and not be a musician; he may sketch very well and not be a painter; he may model very well and have no just claim to be called a sculptor. The maker of graceful stanzas is not a poet; he is at best entitled only to be called a person of accomplishments. He is inexcusable when he brings himself prominently before the public and claims to be ranked among artists. Women, more than men, cultivate their powers of taste. We know many of the sex who not only sing and sketch, but write very nice verses. They would, however, shrink from publicity with a sensitive dread of ridicule. For the sake of a pure literature this apprehension should be kept alive by an occasional article, like the one which we have felt ourselves impelled to present on the effusions of Mrs. KATHARINE AUGUSTA WARE.

B.

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LOVE AND PIQUE;

OR, SCENES AT A WATERING PLACE.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

THE VENTILATOR.

It was one of the most sultry days of an intensely hot summer, the thermometer stood at eighty-five in the shade, every thing was parched with fervent heat, and, as if to show their powers of endurance, half the world, leaving the quiet comfort of luxurious homes, were inhaling the close and unhealthful atmosphere of a crowded watering-place. Cecil Forrester had mingled with the throng, and, bidding adieu to his father's beautiful country-seat, where the murmur of a rushing stream mingled its cool refreshing sound with the whisper of the summer breeze, had obtained, for a certain consideration, the privilege of occupying an apartment, some eight feet by ten, in the great hotel which stretches its huge length along the sands at ——. But Cecil had other motives than simple obedience to the dictates of fashion. He was in love, deeply and earnestly in love, and the lady on whom he had bestowed his affections seemed to him one of those exquisite creatures, equally well fitted to be the gem of a ball-room or the ornament of domestic life. He had met her in the sequestered village of Norwood, whither he repaired every summer to visit a favorite sister, and where the lovely Miss Oriel had come to repair the ravages which a winter's dissipation had made in her fresh complexion. They had enjoyed a flirtation of the most delightful kind, because it had been purely sentimental, and such is, after all, the most agreeable variety of that very common species of amusement. Laura Oriel had laid aside all her usual gaiety of apparel, her dress was the very perfection of elegant simplicity; her raven hair was braided, without a single ringlet, around her well turned head, and, in short, nothing could be more attractive than the city belle so suddenly transformed into *la jolie paysanne* of a country village. Many a moonlit walk had Cecil Forrester enjoyed with her, many a beautiful fancy had been pictured out during their rambles in the summer woods, many a noble sentiment had been uttered beneath the deep shadow of the rocky cliff, many a delicate thought had been evolved amid the beauty and sublimity of nature. The time passed like a dream. The genial breezes of flowery June had been exchanged for the fervent heats of July, and these had again been forgotten in the more oppressive sultriness of August before their happiness was disturbed by a single thought of the future. But Miss Oriel was then obliged to accompany her mother to ——. It was a most disagreeable necessity, for she did not love a crowd, and though her fortune and station in society compelled her to appear among the multitude, yet she was only happy in the seclusion of domestic life. But duty to her only parent was the ruling principle of her existence. Her mother's wishes had forced her into society during the past winter, and now the same irresistible power drew her to the turbulent scenes of a fashionable watering-place. Poor thing! she was certainly to be pitied, and so thought Cecil Forrester. He was upon the point of expressing his ardent admiration, and offering his heart and hand to her whose tender friendship had made him bankrupt in all that was worthy of her acceptance. But, somehow or other, no opportunity occurred for any such explanation. The lady rather avoided those delicious walks which, though favorable to the growth of affection, might afford chances for an unseasonable declaration. So Cecil was only able to inform her of his intention to meet her at ——, and contented himself, for the present, with offering her a splendid copy of Rogers' Poems, in which he had inscribed her name in the most delicate of Italian writing, and where she found, on further examination, the words "To her who will understand me," written over the pretty pastoral poem entitled "The Wish."

> Mine be a cot beside a hill;
> A beehive's hum shall soothe mine ear;
> A willowy brook that turns a mill,
> With many a fall shall linger near.
>
> The swallow oft, beneath my thatch,
> Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
> Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
> To share my meal, a welcome guest.
>
> Around my ivied porch shall spring
> Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
> And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing,
> In russet gown and apron blue.
>
> The village church, amid the trees,
> Where first our marriage vows were given,
> With merry peals shall swell the breeze
> And point, with taper spire, to Heaven."

It was certainly a most appropriate and delicately

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expressed choice for such a lover of natural beauty and quiet happiness as Miss Laura Oriel.

But to return to ——. Mr. Forrester knew that Miss Oriel was expected to arrive there on a certain morning, and, as he had gone down several days previous, he was, of course, on the watch for her. Most impassioned admirers would have rushed out to welcome the object of their thoughts at the very first glimpse of her green veil. But Cecil was no vulgar lover, his taste was excessively refined, and for his own sake, no less than out of regard to the lady's feelings, he did not choose to behold her in travelling dishabille after a long and dusty ride. He therefore contented himself with watching from an upper window her descent from the stage coach, and then retired to his apartment until the preparatory dinner-bell should summon the *élite* to the saloon. As I have said before, the day was excessively warm, and all the ventilators (which had been mercifully placed over each door to prevent suffocation) stood wide open, as if the rooms, like their heated occupants, were gasping for breath. Cecil, who had a tolerably correct notion of comfort, had loosed his boot-straps, unbraced his stays, and flung himself upon the bed to indulge a pleasant reverie before he commenced his toilet, when he was suddenly recalled to the scenes of actual life by the sound of a well-known voice.

The apartments to which Miss Oriel and her mother had been conducted (the privilege of selection would be a most unheard-of innovation of the rights of hotel-keepers at such a season) happened to be immediately opposite to the one already occupied by Mr. Forrester. The ventilators of both were open, and, as he heard her voice, he felt a sweet satisfaction in the thought, that the soft southern breeze which was cooling his brow also fanned the ringlets of his beautiful mistress. But really there was no excuse for his listening to her conversation; it was most ungentlemanlike, but at the same time, I am sorry to say, most natural; and though heartily ashamed of him for so doing, I am obliged to confess that he paid the closest attention to every word of their discourse.

"How long do you want to stay here, Laura?" said the mother, in that wheezing sort of voice which belongs to fat, pursy old ladies when over-fatigued.

"That will depend upon circumstances," was the short and rather crusty reply.

"Do you know they charge twelve dollars a week, and every bath is an extra expense?"

"What of that? We must risk something in all speculations, and mine is a pretty safe venture."

"I wish we had left Ellen Grey at home."

"I don't agree with you; we owe her some return for staying nearly three months with her at Norwood, and I cannot bear to be under an obligation to such mighty good sort of people, for they never forget it."

"But her board will be expensive, and I do not see why it would not have been as well to invite her to our house in the winter."

"You don't seem to understand my plans, Mamma. Ellen Grey is pretty, and modest, and sentimental, and all that; she is just the kind of person to be very attractive to gentlemen when seen in domestic life, but she is too timid to appear well in a place like this. She will scarcely dare to raise her eyes in such a crowd, and therefore there can be no rivalry between us. Besides, she has a great deal of taste, and her assistance at my toilet enables me to dispense with a dressing maid."

"I cannot see much force in your argument."

"Perhaps not; what would you say if I tell you I want her as a foil?"

"She is too pretty to serve such a purpose."

"You are greatly mistaken; any body would look well beside an ugly girl, but one must be exceedingly beautiful to bear a comparison with as pretty a creature as Ellen Grey. Her delicate complexion, which is continually suffused with blushes, her fair hair and blue eyes would appear lovelier any where else than they will beside me."

"Such beauty as yours requires no foil, Laura."

"I choose to employ one, notwithstanding; I have come here for the express purpose of attracting Fitzroy Beauchamp, and I mean to neglect nothing, however trifling, to compass my schemes."

"What will Cecil Forrester say?"

"If I succeed, he may say what he pleases. I mean to play off my present lover against the future one; and Cecil will be of use to me by exciting the jealousy of Beauchamp."

"I declare you are too bad, Laura."

"I only mean to study your interest and my own, Mamma. Cecil Forrester was a delightful companion in the country, his enthusiasm was so well adapted to the time and place, that it seemed to give charms to the dull and stupid village, which it could not otherwise have possessed. I certainly played my part to perfection, indeed, I almost began to fancy that there was really some feeling in my acting; at any rate he has the most implicit faith in my sensibility. How often I have laughed over the love-sick youth's rural wish! I think I see myself as

> 'Lucy at her spinning-wheel,
> In russet gown and apron blue.'"

"I wonder how you kept up the farce so long, Laura; even Ellen thinks you a most exemplary sentimentalist."

"Oh, it was a pleasant mode of getting rid of time; nothing sharpens one's wits like a flirtation with a real lover—I have learned twenty new stratagems from my '*country practice*.'"

"Are you sure Mr. Beauchamp is rich?"

"He drives blood-horses, sports a tiger in livery, lives at the Astor, drinks wine at $8 a bottle, and, what is more, pays his bills."

"How did you learn this?"

"From very good authority; he is said to have $200,000 in bank stocks besides a sugar plantation worth 12,000 per annum, and slaves enough to stock a colony; so you see he is a prize worth winning. As for Cecil Forrester, I am sorry he is here, but I must manage to turn him over to the unsophisticated little rustic for the present. I do not wish to give

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him a downright dismissal, because if I should fail to secure the millionaire it would be as well to fall back upon Forrester's $30,000. The game will be a difficult one, but the glory of success will be the greater."

"I hope you will reap some of the spoils of victory, Laura, for our legacy is rapidly diminishing, and when it is gone you know there will be no further chance."

"Never fear, Mamma; my stock in trade is very good—beauty, tact, and five thousand dollars form a very excellent capital, and I think I can afford to speculate rather largely."

"But more than half of the most essential part of your capital is already gone, and you have not as yet succeeded.

"You forget that I have gained a footing in society by its expenditure; leave every thing to me, and if I am not married before next season, then write me down a fool."

Cecil Forrester heard every word of this dialogue. At its commencement he had started to his feet, and if any one could have witnessed his gestures and contortions he would have been deemed a madman. His face flushed and paled, his eyes dilated with anger and flashed with contempt, his lip curled in bitter scorn, and narrowly escaped being bitten through as he gnashed his teeth in impotent rage; he clenched his hands, he tore off the turquoise ring which he had hitherto worn on his little finger as a *gage d'amitié* from the false beauty, and finally, after exhausting his angry emotions, he flung himself into a seat, with a calm and determined expression of countenance which augured ill for some of the schemes of Miss Laura Oriel.

THE DINING-ROOM.

Is there any thing more musical to the ear of the time-sick lounger at a fashionable watering-place than the dinner bell? Talk of the melody of running streams, the sighing of summer winds, the carol of forest birds! they may be all very pleasant sounds in certain moods of the mind, but for a music which never fails to please, a sound which never falls wearily upon the senses, a voice which is never uttered to a listless ear, commend me to that dinner bell. The dullest face brightens into something like intelligence, the most confirmed valetudinarian forgets all elegant debility, the most intellectual remember the pressing claims of the physical man, and the most refined of women venture to look somewhat interested in the vulgar duty of dining. The saloon was crowded with company all eager for the summons which was to transform them into eating animals.

"Pray why," said a gentleman who was somewhat famous for puns, conundrums and such little witticisms, preferring as it seemed to shoot the "rats and mice and such small deer" of literature, because he could draw a *long* rather than a *strong* bow; "Pray," said he in that half suppressed voice which, like a theatrical aside, is sure to be distinctly heard in a crowd, "why is this saloon like the President's levee? do ye give it up? why it is filled with a crowd of *hungry expectants*! ha! ha! ha!"

The joke would have been excellent as an after dinner speech, but the audacity of uttering an idle jest while so many persons were keenly alive to one of the sufferings of frail humanity, was very properly punished. No body laughed, and, to his infinite regret, the great Mr. ——— saw that he had wasted his wit. The first stroke of the second bell brought all to their feet, as suddenly as if they had been subjected to the power of a galvanic battery. Cecil Forrester, attired with unusual care, all the lurking dandyism of his character fully but not offensively displayed, had been one of the first in the saloon, determined to give Miss Oriel a lesson in indifference. But she did not appear, and, as the band struck up a march, the usual signal for deploying into the dining-room, he took the hand of his neighbor, who happened to be a very pretty woman, and followed the somewhat rapid pace of the procession.

The important business of the dinner-table was half finished: the soup, the fish, even the joints had disappeared, and the voracity of the *élégants* had given place to fastidiousness as they amused themselves with a bit of *ris de veau glacé* or a *petit pâte de Périgord*, when a slight bustle at the door attracted universal attention. A dumpy, over-dressed old lady, leaning on the arm of a delicate, fair-haired girl, entered with that fussy manner so characteristic of an out-of-place feeling, while, immediately following her, with a complexion as cool and fresh as marble, if one could only imagine marble tinged with the rose-tint of youth and health—a complexion such as nothing but a morning bath can give—came the elegant Miss Oriel. There was the very perfection of art in her whole appearance. She had chosen for her entrance the moment when the fierce appetites of those who eat to kill time (and sometimes end by killing themselves) were sufficiently appeased to enable them to admire something else beside the reeking dishes. Among the heated and flushed beauties who sat around the table, with relaxed ringlets and moistened brows, she appeared like some fairy of the fountain, some water nymph fresh from her sub-marine grotto, diffusing about her a cool and refreshing atmosphere as she moved gracefully onward. Her dress was white transparent muslin, which displayed rather than veiled the fine form of her arms, while her neck and shoulders, actually dazzling in their snowy hue and polish, were only shadowed by a single jet-black ringlet, which seemed to have accidentally fallen from the clustering mass gathered at the back of her head. A pale, pearl-like japonica was her only ornament. As she slowly paced the length of the hall to a seat near the head of the table, reserved for her by a well-bribed waiter, a murmur of admiration ran through the apartment. All eyes were fixed upon her, and she knew better than to break the spell of her fascinations by condescending to the vulgar taste

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for eating; (a brace of woodcock had been sent to her room only an hour previous.) Mrs. Oriel, who seemed determined to make amends for past delay by present haste, sent her plate to be filled and re-filled; but her daughter only trifled with some delicate French combination of odor and tastelessness, and finished the meal by a morsel of *Charlotte au russe* and Vanilla cream. A glass of iced *eau sacré* was her only beverage, and she was thus enabled to retain her cool fresh tint even in the heated atmosphere so redolent of spices, and gravies, and vinous distillations.

It was not until just before quitting the table that Miss Oriel allowed herself to see any one in the room. She raised her large soft eyes languidly and beheld, what she had for some time known, that her young friend Ellen was familiarly chatting with Cecil Forrester. A graceful bend of her fair neck and a most lovely smile marked her consciousness of his presence, while Cecil, with a polite but rather careless bow continued his conversation with Miss Grey; being incited to show her peculiar attention by his consciousness that she, as well as himself, was designed to be the tool of the selfish beauty. Miss Oriel was too well schooled to exhibit any surprise at his cool manner, and as her principal object was to attract the attention of Mr. Beauchamp, she gave herself no further thought about the matter at that time.

Mr. Fitzroy Beauchamp, by a kind of "*gramerye*" which some ignorant people might call *impudence*, had early established himself at the head of the table, and assumed the manners of a host upon all occasions. He was in fact that most admired, and courted, and flattered of men—the Beau (*par excellence*) of a watering-place. Reader, if you have ever seen such a person in such circumstances you will be able to imagine his appearance, for he was only one of a rather numerous tribe of ephemera, who appear every summer and waste their little lives in some fashionable resort, whence they vanish with the first northeast wind, and if they do not die, at least evaporate in something like empty air. Mr. Fitzroy Beauchamp (he was very proud of his name, and was known to have refused to dance in the same cotillion with Miss Phebe Pipkin, until his refined taste was soothed by the intelligence that she was the heiress of half a million) was rather diminutive in size, with a remarkably trim figure, and very small feet. He had flaxen hair, elaborately curled, which no one would have suspected to be a wig; and he wore the softest and silkiest of whiskers, which nobody dreamed were an appendage of the self same wig, ingeniously contrived to clasp with springs beneath his chin. His cheek had that delicate peach bloom which rarely outlasts extreme youth, and, in this case, certainly owed much of its richness to a judicious touch of the hare's foot. His hands were very white and loaded with rings, the gifts, as he asserted, of various fair ladies; so that he might be said to have the history of his conquests at his fingers' ends. He wore a black dress coat lined with white silk, snow-white inexpressibles, embroidered silk stockings, and pumps diminutive enough to have served for a lady's slippers. Mr. Fitzroy Beauchamp was what ladies call "a love of a man," and he was duly grateful for their partiality. To conceal the ravages of time (alas! he had already numbered half a century) and to decorate himself in the most pleasing manner he considered a compliment due to the fair sex, while the proper display of his wealth and luxury was a duty he owed to himself.

He had been wonderfully attracted by the grace and beauty of Miss Oriel. Absorbed in admiration of her easy and modest self-possession, he forgot to ask his former favorite, the pretty and *spirituelle* Mrs. Dale, to take wine with him, and the lady was quick-sighted enough to discover, and wise enough to smile at the discovery that henceforth her reign over the tilbury was at an end. She was quite right. Soon after dinner Mr. Beauchamp solicited from Cecil Forrester the honor of an introduction to Miss Oriel, and though Cecil would have been ready to fight a duel with a fellow who should thus have presumed after a three days' acquaintance, had the lady been one whom he really respected, yet he now cordially acquiesced in the wishes of both parties, and with a degree of magnanimity quite surprising to Laura, afforded her exactly the opportunity she had desired. About twenty minutes before sunset—the hour Mr. Beauchamp usually selected for his daily drive—Miss Oriel was handed into the elegant vehicle, and they drove off, leaving several gentlemen in ecstasies at her beauty as she playfully kissed her hand to her dear old fat Mamma, who had bustled out with "my sweet Laura's cashmere, lest the evening air should injure her delicate health." Her fears were quite unnecessary. Mr. Beauchamp never drove his horses more than three miles at a time, and had no fancy for hardening his white hands by curbing their impetuosity. He was seldom absent more than half an hour, as his ambition was fully gratified by being envied as he drove off, or dashed up to the door with the best horses before his carriage and the most admired woman at his side.

THE PIAZZA.

Two weeks passed away, during which time Miss Oriel had shown her skill in female tactics by managing to secure the attentions of Mr. Beauchamp, while she had transferred Cecil to Ellen Grey until she should be able to decide upon his future fate. One evening, Cecil, who had long known and admired Mrs. Dale, invited her to walk with him on the piazza, that they might witness the effect of moonlight upon the distant sea.

"I am indebted to Miss Grey's headach for this invitation," said Mrs. Dale, laughing, as she took his arm; "had she been in the saloon my eyes would never have been thus favored with a moonlight scene."

Forrester entered a disclaimer against the lady's

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assertion, and a playful conversation ensued, when Mrs. Dale, suddenly changing the topic, said:

"Pray tell me, Mr. Forrester, if Mr. Beauchamp is so immensely rich?"

"I really cannot take it upon me to determine that delicate question, Madam," was the reply, "but, as a firm believer in the doctrine of *compensations*, I am bound to suppose he must be very wealthy."

"Not understanding your premises I cannot clearly comprehend your deductions," said Mrs. Dale playfully.

"Why, Providence always bestows something to compensate for great deficiencies, and as Mr. Beauchamp cannot boast either mental or physical gifts, I take it for granted that he must have money."

"Really, Mr. Forrester, I did not think you were so ill-natured. I am sure Mr. Beauchamp has the prettiest hands and feet in the world, and his ardent admiration of the ladies proves him to possess a good heart."

"To your last argument I can offer no opposition, Madam," was the gallant reply; "but as to his hands and feet, I can only say that it is not the first time that ladies have been driven to extremities in their search for his good qualities."

"Well, I suppose," responded Mrs. Dale, laughing heartily, "that I must allow your wit to atone for your severity, but how long is it since you turned satirist?"

"Ever since I made the discovery which all the experience of others cannot teach us—that 'all is not gold which glitters.' I have almost come to the conclusion that nature, like an over-careful housewife, hides her true gold and silver in least suspected places."

"In that case Dame Nature might be in the predicament of a queer old lady I once knew who hid her rich plate under the rafters in the garret, and when she wanted it upon occasion of a dinner-party, was obliged to borrow of a neighbor because she had forgotten where she had deposited her treasure."

"I believe if we want to find a really virtuous and true-hearted woman we must look elsewhere than among the beautiful," said Forrester bitterly.

"Fie! fie! if I had the slightest claim to beauty I should banish you from my presence for that ungallant speech."

"You ought rather to consider it a compliment, for there is not another woman here to whom I would have uttered it, or who would have understood me, perhaps, if I had."

"Ah! now you flatter my intellect at the expense of my person, and no woman ever relished such a compliment. But to return to your assertion: how can you venture to despise the allurements of beauty after feasting daily on such a banquet of loveliness as Miss Oriel offers to our eyes. I look at her, woman as I am, with delight, for I never saw so fresh, so pure, so marble-like a complexion."

"Your comparison is more correct than you imagine, Madam; her beauty is indeed like that of the marble statue, carved by a right cunning and skilful hand, but wanting the Promethean touch of soul."

"While Ellen Grey is the delicate alabaster vase, beautifully and finely wrought, and with all its exquisite loveliness brought out in rich relief by the lamp which lights it from within; is it not thus you would have continued the comparison?" said Mrs. Dale mischievously.

"Your illustration is a beautiful one, and perfectly true," was the reply; "Ellen Grey is full of gentle and womanly feeling."

"Perhaps you are prejudiced against Miss Oriel, Mr. Forrester; can it be possible that there is no soul shining in those soft dark eyes?"

"There is mental power enough, if that were all, but there is no soul—no heart; the lofty impulses of pure intellect, the tender affections of feminine nature never yet lighted up those eyes or suffused that marble brow with the blush of genuine feeling."

"Well, as you have known the lady longer than I have, it would be idle to dispute your assertions; indeed, I must confess, when I watch her sweet, unruffled look and manner, I am irresistibly reminded of the old Norse legend of the Snow-Woman—so dazzlingly beautiful, so fatally cold."

"Yet I have seen her under circumstances which would have given you a very different impression of her. Imagine that beautiful woman attired in the simplest manner, all fashionable airs laid aside, and apparently the very creature of romantic feeling: imagine such perfection of loveliness, with eyes of softness and voice all tenderness, apparently yielding up her whole soul to the sweet impressions of nature, amid the loveliest scenery that even our beautiful land can produce; imagine the effect of such beauty seen beneath the soft light of the summer moon, or gazed upon in the silent sanctuary of the forest glades, or mingling its fascinating influence with the lovely sights and sounds which charm the senses in the sunset dell, when the voice of the singing rivulet makes music on its way."

"Upon my word, Mr. Forrester, you are almost a poet; you must be in love."

"Perhaps I am, but Miss Oriel is not the object."

"How could you resist the fascinations you so enthusiastically describe?"

"Why, to tell the truth, I narrowly escaped the fate of the silly moth; I came very near singeing my wings in the blaze of her beauty, but I soon discovered that she possessed none but personal attractions. To be sure we had quite a sentimental flirtation, and I remember many very fine sentiments which she uttered, but I early found how thin and poor was the soil in which they had taken root. You know the most luxuriant growth of wild flowers is always to be found in a morass—or perhaps a more graphic illustration of my meaning might be found in the fact that the pestilential Maremma, whose atmosphere is so fatal to life, displays the richest and most gorgeous array of Flora's favorites. Laura Oriel might be loved for a week or two, but any man with common sense would soon see through her false character. For my own part, I confess that I amused myself with her very pleasantly during the early part of the summer. Indeed, I believe she

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fancied I was really caught in her snares, and no doubt considers that 'Cecil Forrester's $30,000 will do very well to fall back upon in case nothing better offer.'"

"Hark!" exclaimed Mrs. Dale, as a slight sound, like a half-suppressed exclamation, struck upon their ears, "I really believe some one has been listening to our conversation."

"When we first came out here," said Forrester coolly, "I saw a lady take her seat within the recess of yonder window; she dropped the drapery of the curtain behind her, so as not to be observed from within, and she has been sitting in the deep shadow flung by this heavy column. She has heard every word we said; at least she has heard all I said, because I purposely deferred my most severe remarks until we passed within ear-shot."

"For Heaven's sake, what do you mean? you seem agitated; who was the lady?" asked Mrs. Dale.

"Do you not imagine? It was Miss Oriel."

"Oh, Mr. Forrester, how could you do so? and to make me a party in such cruelty too;" exclaimed the lady, much vexed.

"Now that there are really no listeners, dear Madam, I will tell you the whole story, and you shall decide whether I am so very wrong; at all events I have had my revenge."

And Cecil Forrester related to his warm-hearted friend the story of his love and its sudden extinction, not omitting a single word of the dialogue which he had overheard between the mother and daughter.

When they re-entered the saloon Miss Oriel had disappeared, but if Cecil could have known the tumult of her feelings he would, perhaps, have regretted his own vindictiveness. All the little feeling which she possessed, all that she had of heart, was bestowed on Cecil Forrester. She did not know how much she had valued him until she compared him with the object of her present pursuit; and, interested, selfish and ambitious as she was, she half determined to turn from the allurements of wealth if she could win back Cecil to his allegiance. To be thus outwitted, made the plaything of his idle hours, foiled at her own weapons, was a bitter mortification, and this, coupled as it was with a sense of unrequited tenderness, aroused her almost to madness. The cold, proud beauty shed tears of vexation and regret. She almost hated Cecil, and yet she was conscious that the most bitter drop, in the cup which had thus been returned to her own lips, was the assurance that he had never loved her. His quotation of her own remark about his fortune convinced her that he had overheard her plans, and she was now stimulated by pride to urge their speedy fulfilment.

THE LAST SCENE.

"Have you heard the news, Mr. Forrester," exclaimed Mrs. Dale, as, two days after the confidential disclosure of the piazza, he entered the saloon; "Ah, I see by your look of innocent surprise, you are still in blissful ignorance."

"What has happened?" asked Cecil carelessly, "any thing which serves to break the monotony of a seaside existence must be a blessing."

"I do not know whether you will think it so," said the lady laughing, "Miss Oriel has eloped with Mr. Beauchamp."

"I am glad of it—from my very soul I rejoice at it," exclaimed Cecil Forrester, while a dark, vindictive smile gave a most disagreeable expression to his usually fine face.

"Why, how strangely you look at me," replied Mrs. Dale, "what is the matter?"

"Nothing—nothing—when did it all happen?"

"Did you not see her go out with him to ride last evening? Well, it seems Mr. Beauchamp's servant had been privately despatched to the city with their baggage, and instead of returning the lovers rode directly to the next town and were married."

"Why did they give themselves so much trouble? If Beauchamp had asked the old woman she would have dropped a curtsy and thanked him for the offer."

"There is the mystery of the whole affair; Mrs. Oriel pretends to be very indignant, but it is easy to see she is secretly pleased. Miss Oriel has written a letter to Miss Grey in which she entreats her to 'break the tidings tenderly to poor Mamma;' excuses herself on the plea of irresistible affection; talks of Mr. Beauchamp's ardor and her fear of maternal opposition, and finishes by requesting Ellen to 'allow his favorite Mrs. Dale to acquaint Mr. Forrester with her regret at having been the cause of disappointment and sorrow to him.'"

"What the devil does she mean by that?"

"Why to make Ellen jealous of me and distrustful of you, and thus disappoint both your love and revenge," said Mrs. Dale.

"She shall not attain her ends," exclaimed Forrester impetuously, "I will tell Ellen the whole story. I am glad she is actually married to Beauchamp, and I know the reason he did not want to ask her mother; he was afraid of inconvenient inquiries."

"What do you know about him?"

"Only this morning I met here a person who knows him well. His history is soon told. He was originally bred a tailor, but, having a soul above buttons, he cut the shop, and has since been hanging on the skirts of society in a manner very different from that intended by his honest old father. His bank stock and sugar plantation may exist in the regions of the moon, where all things which unaccountably disappear from earth are said to be collected, his negroes are still on the coast of Guinea, and he really lives by his wits. A run of luck at the gaming-table or a lucky bet on the race-course enables him every now and then to pay old debts, and live for a time like a gentleman until his funds are exhausted, when he again betakes himself to his vocation."

"Can this be possible?"

"There is no doubt of it; he is a mere adventurer,

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and as Miss Oriel is something very similar, they are 'matched as well as paired.'"

Cecil Forrester afforded another proof of the truth of the poet's line,

> "Full many a heart is caught in the rebound."

The following winter saw him the happy husband of Ellen Grey; while all trace of Mr. and Mrs. Beauchamp was lost to their view. About two years later, when business had compelled Mr. Forrester to visit one of our southern cities, he strolled into the theatre to get rid of an idle evening, and as he gazed with listless curiosity on the gorgeous spectacle of Indian life which occupied the stage, he was suddenly struck with a familiar tone in the voice and a familiar expression in the countenance of the stately queen of the Zenana. He looked again, the resemblance seemed to grow upon him; he went round to the stage box, and in that near proximity to the actress all doubt vanished. He looked upon the still resplendent beauty of Laura Oriel.

SIGHTS FROM MY WINDOW—ALICE.

BY RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.

I sit beside my window,
And see the crowds go by,
With joy on every countenance,
And hope in every eye,
And hear their blended voices,
In many a shout and song,
Borne by the spring's soft breezes
Through all the streets along.

And peering through a lattice
Of a humble cottage near,
I see a face of beauty,
Adown which glides a tear,—
A rose amid her tresses
Tells that she would be gay,
But a thought of some deep sorrow
Drives every smile away.

She whom I see there weeping,
Few save myself do know,—
A flower in blooming blighted
By blasts of keenest wo.
She has a soul so gentle,
That as a harp it seems,
Which the light airs wake to music
Like that we hear in dreams.

A common fate is that poor girl's,
Which many yet must share,—
In the crowd how little know they
What griefs its members bear!
One year ago a radiance
Like sunlight round her played,
Heart felt, eyes spoke of gladness,—
She was not then betrayed.

There was one of gentle manners,
Who e'er met her with a smile,
And a voice so full of kindness.
That she could not deem it guile,
And her trusting heart she gave him,—
She could give to him no more,—
Oh! daughter of the poor man,
Soon thy dream of bliss was o'er!

'T were vain to tell the story
Of fear, hope, and joyous passion;
She forgot her father's station,
He forsook the halls of fashion;
She loved him well—he knew it,—
'T was a pleasing interlude,
Fitting to enjoy more keenly
Scenes the poor might ne'er intrude.

Hark! the sound of music swelling!—
Now the crowd are rushing by,
Horses prancing, banners flying,
Shouts ascending to the sky!—
There's a sea of life beneath me,
And *his* form is there,—
For his fearful sin who spurns him?
On his brow what sign of care?

I see *her* now—she trembles—
There is phrensy in her eye;
Her blanchéd lip is quivering;
There is no good angel nigh;—
She falls,—the deep-toned bugle
Breaks on the quiet air;
Look to the calm blue heaven—
That sound—her soul—are there!

In the cavalcade she saw him,
In his plumes and armor drest,
And more closely to her bosom
His treasured gifts she prest;
Her eye met his—'t was finished—
Not a word by tongue was spoken;
A cold glance—a look of passion—
And her heart was broken!

How common are such histories,
In the cottage and the hall;
From prison bars how many eyes
Look on life's carnival!
The joys we seek are phantoms
That fade ere closed the hand
In the dark reached forth to grasp them,
But the brain receives their brand.

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THE TWO DUKES.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

(Concluded from page 245.)

The duke saw his wife, and at first seemed willing to avoid her, but after moving forward a step or two, he turned back, took her hand in his with an energy that startled her, and pressing his lips to it, turned away and hurried on with the guard still surrounding him.

The duchess stood gazing after him, filled with strange apprehension. The force with which he had wrung her hand was still painful, and there was an expression in his face which made her heart sink with sad forebodings. What had befallen him? Where was her daughter—and why did he, who so seldom forgot the etiquette of his high station, take leave of her thus, when only going forth for a morning? As the gentle and yet proud lady stood pondering these things in her mind, the old counsellor, whom we have mentioned, returned slowly up the corridor, and approaching her with touching reverence, told her all. She thanked him, tried to smile as she extended her hand—but in the effort her strength gave way, and she fell pale and helpless on the stone floor. The old man lifted her in his arms, and carrying her to the Lady Jane Seymour's room, placed her on the bed, and bathed her temples with water, which he laved from a silver basin with his hand, till at last he went forth in despair to call assistance, for she lay upon the glowing counterpane pale and still, like a draped statue reposing in the purple gloom which filled the chamber; and for many long hours the lady who had always seemed so quiet, proud, and almost void of feeling, remained as one dead.

It was half an hour before Lady Jane was informed of her mother's condition. She was still in her father's closet, with her hand locked in that of Lord Dudley, and her large troubled eyes bent earnestly upon him, as he spoke to her in a voice so deep, so earnest and impassioned, that every tone thrilled through her heart with a power that made it tremble.

"Do not look at me thus. In the name of heaven, speak to me, Jane. I have not done this; it is no fault of mine. Do I not love you?—ay, and will forever! I will follow my father, beseech him, kneel to him if needs be, and put an end to this dreadful contest; but speak to me first—my own—my dearest—say that you will struggle for power to aid me that—nay, Jane, nay, do not shrink from me; one kiss—one look, to prove you love me as before, and I will go at once. All will terminate well—God bless you!"

As the young man finished his hurried speech, he lifted the young girl from his bosom, where she had fallen in utter abandonment to her tenderness and grief, pressed her forehead with his lips again and again—then folding her to his heart once more, he carried her to the chair her father had just occupied, and placing her within it, was about to leave the room. Lady Jane put back the long ringlets that had fallen over her face with both hands, and looked after him through the tears that almost blinded her. Then rising to her feet, she tottered toward him with outstretched arms, and when he turned for a last look, sprang forward and wound them almost convulsively round his neck. It was but the paroxysm of a moment, for scarcely did she feel his clasp together about her, when she drew gently back, checked the tears that gushed into her eyes afresh, and spoke breathlessly, as one whose very heart was ebbing with the words, as they came laden with pain to her lips—

"It is in vain, Dudley, all in vain. There have been words and deeds, this day, between your father and mine, which must separate us forever. Farewell!"

He would have expostulated, have soothed her with hopes which had no foundation in his own mind, for his thoughts were in confusion, and his heart seemed ready to break with contending feelings; but as he spoke, her slender fingers wreathed themselves convulsively around his hand, her face was uplifted to his for a moment, and she glided swiftly through the door and along the corridor to the chamber where her mother was lying, and left him standing bewildered and in pain, as if a guardian spirit had been frightened from its brooding place in his heart.

—

In an apartment belonging to that portion of the tower occupied by the sovereigns of England sat a pale, slender boy reading. The room was furnished in a style of magnificence, befitting one of high rank and of habits more elegant and studious than were usual to the court of Henry the Eighth during his reign. The books which it contained were richly bound, and some of them encrusted with jewels; all had clasps either of silver or of gold, and a portion were entirely filled with manuscript in the handwriting of the late King Henry.

Tall windows cut deep into the massive walls in one side of the room filled it with light. The massive stone sills were cushioned with velvet, and

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upon the cushions, musical instruments of the most precious wood and inlaid with gold, had been flung down, as if their owner had become weary of one amusement only to seek another. The boy arose from his easy leathern chair, and moving toward the window, ran his fingers thoughtfully over the strings of a lute that lay on the cushion, gazing idly through the glass at a court below, as he was thus occupied. After a moment he sauntered back to the chair, took up the volume of manuscript which he had left open on a small and curiously carved table standing near the window, and sinking once more to his seat he began to read again, but the book seemed to fatigue him at last, so allowing it to sink, still open, to his lap, the youth gradually sank to a fit of abstracted musing, and sat with his head resting on his hand, and his large eyes fixed dreamily on the face of a great ebony clock which stood opposite the window, its burnished face glittering through a whole bower of carved wood, and its huge pendulum swaying to and fro with a dull, sleepy motion, well calculated to continue the state of languid thoughtfulness into which the youth had fallen.

As King Edward the Sixth—for the boy was no less a personage—sat musing, thus languid from ill health, and rendered somewhat more sad than usual from the manuscript and book which he had been reading, a page entered, and before he had time to speak, Lord Dudley, son of the reigning protector, followed him into the room. The young nobleman looked pale and much agitated, and Edward himself seemed a little startled by his abrupt entrance, for he was so little accustomed to being consulted on matters regarding the welfare of his kingdom, that any person thus nearly connected with the Lord Protector became an object of nervous dread to him; for such persons seldom interrupted his retirement except to counsel some change of residence, or dictate regarding his personal habits, which to a person naturally shy, and rendered sensitive by illness, was always a subject to be dreaded, but never opposed. It was therefore with something of dismay in his pale features, that Edward received his visiter.

Dudley advanced close to the king's chair, and sinking to one knee, pressed his lips reverently to the slender hand which the royal youth extended with habitual courtsey, though a languid and deprecatory smile, rather than one of welcome, stole over his lip.

"My lord," he said in a voice low and almost femininely sweet, "I am not well to day, but if your good father recommends that we remove to Windsor, let the household be prepared; he is the best judge, though in his strong health and great energy he does sometimes tax our weakness a thought too far with these sudden removals."

Edward motioned the young nobleman to arise as he spoke, and when he still retained a kneeling posture, looked in his face with something of astonishment.

"My liege," said Dudley in a respectful and low voice, "I did not come from my father. Alas, since he became Duke of Northumberland and Protector of this realm, there has been little of confidence between us. I have come to you, my liege, on a subject dear as my own life, one which I dare not again intrude upon him, though every feeling of friendship and honor should make him listen to my prayer."

"Of what speak you?" said Edward apprehensively, while his large eyes wandered from the young nobleman's face to other objects in the room, as if he would gladly have avoided any subject of interest, "of whom speak you—and of what?"

"I would speak, my liege, of the duke, your highness' uncle, of his suffering wife and daughter, who now lie with him, prisoned within these very walls; I would claim that justice and clemency at your hands, which I have sought and knelt for in vain, at the feet of my own father."

The king sank back into his chair, and passed his pale hand across his forehead, as if the subject were not only a painful one but not entirely comprehended in its full import.

"We know," he said at length, "that our uncle has been found or thought guilty of many evil practices against the good people of our realm, and that our present able protector has seen it best to imprison him for a season; but we did not know that our noble aunt and sweet cousin Jane were the companions of his captivity. Pray, can you inform us, my good lord, how this all happened? Of what wrong has our sweet playmate and cousin been accused, that she too must be drawn from her home? His Grace of Northumberland forgets that the same blood which fills the veins of his king fills hers also; pray explain, my lord. We have no power to sift all the evil practices of our government, but even his grace, your father, must be careful how he deals with one of our mother's house."

The feeble youth became animated with a spirit which surprised Lord Dudley, as he uttered these words. A bright flush spread over his cheeks, and his eyes sparkled with the excitement which sprang both from disease and a resentful feeling, perhaps the most violent that ever visited his gentle heart. Naturally kind and most affectionate in his nature, he had always clung with fondness to those members of his family connected with his mother, and, since her birth, the Lady Jane had been his especial favorite. It therefore aroused all the strong feelings of royal pride in his heart to hear that a creature so pure and delicate had been, through an abuse of power, made the inmate of a prison. Nor was he better reconciled to the fact when Dudley informed him that it was through her own affectionate desire to mitigate the confinement of her persecuted parent that she had abandoned all to follow him. The youthful monarch was touched by an act of devotion such as his own heart would have prompted, and he questioned Lord Dudley regarding the arbitrary power by which the fallen protector had been imprisoned, with a degree of energy, and an evident determination to know the exact position of affairs, which astonished as much as it pleased the anxious nobleman.

Lord Dudley's was a difficult and painful explanation. It was scarcely possible to place the proceed-

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ings against the Duke of Somerset in a favorable light before the young king, without in some degree exposing the conduct of his own parent to condemnation. Still he had entered the presence of his sovereign with a firm resolve to explain all, and throw himself and his hopes on the generosity of a mere boy, and an invalid, who had ever been completely controlled by his guardians, those guardians the very men whom he was called upon to brave. It was with faint hopes, that Dudley undertook this last appeal, when all other efforts to assist his friends failed, and when he had done speaking, when he saw the feeble youth lying back in his chair, pale and exhausted from the emotions which his narrative had excited, he felt almost condemned, that any motive could have induced him to disturb the repose of a being so fragile and sensitive.

"My liege, my kind, gracious master," said the young man, starting to his feet as the overpowered monarch sank back to his chair, faint, pale, and with his golden lashes quivering upon his thin cheeks as they closed his eyes; "my gracious king, forgive me that I have thus intruded—that for any reason I have disturbed a repose which should be sacred to the whole nation; but the persecution of a being so fair—so good—one whom I have long looked upon as my future wife—who is now suffering and in prison"—

Dudley broke off abruptly, for all at once the hectic color rushed back into the king's face, and his languid blue eyes kindled with the brilliancy of a spirit, for the first time, thoroughly aroused.

"Were we indeed a king," he said, "a true, free king as our father was, and not the invalid child which men see in us, these things could not happen. No man would dare to enter the councils of a nation and cast their leaders into prison without the sanction, nay, command of his monarch. But, alas! there is not in the kingdom a being more completely held in thrall than ourself! Until now, we were scarcely made aware of the persecution which has been so ruthlessly urged against our uncle—but it shall not be! The new duke, thy father, must not thus abuse the authority with which the council, rather than ourself, has invested him!"

Edward arose, excited to some degree of strength by the indignation of his generous heart, and walked up and down the room once or twice, as if to tranquilize his spirit, then seating himself once more, he requested Lord Dudley to explain the cause and all the particulars of Somerset's arrest.

It was a difficult task which the young monarch imposed on his visiter; for Dudley loved his father, and it was impossible to enter into the desired explanation without, in some degree, implicating him; but a sense of justice, and that true love which brought him to Edward's presence, urged him to obedience, and while he so guarded each word as to cast as little blame as possible on his own parent, he pleaded the cause of his friends with a degree of enthusiasm that aroused all the love of justice and family affection, which were strong and predominating qualities in the heart of the youthful monarch.

Edward sat perfectly still, shading his eyes with his small, thin hand, till Dudley had finished speaking; and even for several moments after, he remained motionless, and as if lost in thought. At last, he allowed the hand to drop from his eyes, and looked up.

"My lord," he said, in a firm, clear voice, "you have acted rightly and well in laying this subject before us. Our reign may be a brief one, but it shall be marked, at least, by one act of justice. Come hither again after nightfall. Meantime we will consider the subject and decide what can best be done."

Dudley bent his knee reverently, kissed the pale hand extended toward him, and left the presence. As his fine, healthy form disappeared through the door, and the vigorous footfall of youth and firm health sounded back from the corridor, Edward looked after him, smiled very sadly, and sinking down to his chair, exhausted with the scene, murmured:

"How well he is! how full of life and hope! and I—" He covered his face with both hands, and tears trickled through his fingers, till they fell like rain amid the sables that lined his robe. "And yet," he added at last, removing his hands and wiping away the tears, while a brighter expression stole over his face, "and yet I have the power to make him happy—and Jane, my sweet cousin. Let me act while I have yet strength!"

Edward arose once more, unlocked a miniature cabinet which stood upon the table, and taking out a small golden flask, drank off its contents. The potion seemed to compose and strengthen him; a color came to his lips, and his eyes had within them that strange, glittering fire which springs from artificial excitement. A small branch of twisted ebony, hung with a cluster of tiny bells, lay upon the table. The king took it up, and rang the bells till the apartment seemed haunted in every nook and corner with a gush of fairy music. As the sound died away, the door was opened, and a page presented himself, evidently much astonished at the energy with which his summons had been rung.

"Go to the lieutenant of the tower," said Edward, promptly, as the page advanced to receive his orders. "Tell him that the king desires his presence without delay."

The boy disappeared instantly; and when his companions in the ante-room crowded near to know why it was that a sound so full and bold had summoned him, in place of the faint, silvery tinkle which usually came from the king's apartment, he put on a look of profound mystery, and, after describing the change which had come upon his royal master, gave it as his decided opinion, that something very tremendous and extraordinary was about to happen, but what the event might be he was not at liberty to inform them. This much he would, perhaps, venture to say. The lieutenant of the tower would soon be ordered to present himself before the king, and after that something might transpire to surprise them all. With these profound sayings, the boy departed from the ante-room, putting on his plumed cap with an

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important air, and placing a finger to his saucy red lips, in token of secrecy, as he looked back in passing through the door.

After an absence of half an hour, the page returned, following the lieutenant of the tower, for whom he ceremoniously held the door opening to King Edward's chamber. The lieutenant passed in to the royal apartment, while his young escort closed the door after him, dexterously managing to leave it unlatched, and sufficiently ajar to command, for himself, a view of all that was passing within, while he stood toying with his cap, and, as his companions supposed, retaining his station merely to be within hearing of the king's bell.

So little had Edward mingled in the affairs of his nation, that, for the first time in his life, he addressed an officer of his kingdom in the man who stood before him, who stood lost in astonishment at a summons so strange and unexpected.

Though a little restrained and shy in his manner, from almost constant illness and seclusion, there was a degree of quiet dignity about the young king's bearing as he extended his hand to raise the lieutenant from his kneeling posture, that well became his station and his royal nature.

"We have sent to command your presence, sir lieutenant, somewhat against our usual habit; having been informed, to-day, that our uncle, the Duke of Somerset, with the gentle ladies of his household, have been placed prisoners under your care. Our desire is, that they be discharged the tower, at once, and sent, with all due honor in our own royal barge, to the duke's palace on the Strand. You are commanded to see to this; retaining only, in pledge, the solemn word of our uncle, that he present himself before us, his king, in three days, to be confronted with his accusers, and to answer the charges brought against him."

Edward slightly waved his hand, when he finished speaking, as if he deemed farther conversation or ceremony unnecessary; and, after thus quietly expressing his wishes, desired to be alone.

The lieutenant was a shrewd man, who held his station under favor of Northumberland, and who had been taught, like most of his fellow subjects, to regard the king as a mere shadow in his own realm. He was taken by surprise—so completely deprived of all presence of mind, by a command totally unexpected, and most important in its nature, that for a moment he stood gazing hard upon the floor, completely at a loss how to act, or what to say. At last, he cast a furtive look on the young monarch, who stood tranquilly regarding him, but instantly turning his eyes away, again bowed almost to the ground, and said, in a soft, deprecating voice, that he would mention the king's desire to the Lord Protector forthwith, and that he would, doubtless, sign the order necessary for a release of the noble prisoner.

A fire, like that in the eye of an angry falcon, shot into the large, blue orbs which Edward fixed upon his officer. A streak of crimson flashed across his forehead; his slight figure was drawn proudly up, and, as his velvet robe, with its heavy facings of sables, fell back and swept the floor, there was a majesty in his look which well became a son of Henry the Eighth. After regarding the confused lieutenant a second, with a glance, which made that personage more desirous to leave the room than he had even been to enter it, the young monarch turned away, saying, in the same calm and tranquil tone in which his first command had been given—

"The King of England will write his own orders —wait."

Seating himself by the table, Edward took up a pen, and though his fingers trembled with weakness upon the parchment, wrote and signed an order for his uncle's release, the first and last legal document that his own free will ever originated. After it was written, he took up a small agate cup, perforated in the side, and after shaking a quantity of gold dust over the damp ink, he folded the parchment and held it toward the still irresolute lieutenant. There was something in the manner with which all this was done; so quiet, so firm and full of dignity, that, in spite of himself, the officer was awed by a feeling of respect which could not be resisted. Bending his knee, he reverently took the parchment, pressed his lips to the hand which extended it, and left the presence, irresolute how to act, and yet deprived of sufficient courage to resist the command of his sovereign.

As the page ran forward to open a door which led from the ante-room to a corridor, through which the lieutenant was obliged to pass, he saw, at the farther extremity, the Duke of Northumberland, now Lord Protector, moving toward the king's apartments, followed by some half dozen retainers whom he left near the entrance, while he advanced to meet the lieutenant with a look of surprise and displeasure at seeing him there. The page observed that when the duke and his officer met, they conversed earnestly and with considerable animation together, but in low voices, and all the time looking suspiciously around to be certain that no person was within hearing. They were thus engaged for more than ten minutes, while the restless page stood, with the door in his hand, regarding them through a crevice thus conveniently created to gratify his curiosity.

"Now," said he, muttering to himself as he softly swung back the door a little to increase his opportunity of survey—"now, if I could but steal through without making these rusty hinges sound an alarm, it would be rare pastime to creep along the wall and hear what treason those lofty old fellows are plotting. It is no light matter, I'll warrant—see, how the tall old duke clutches his fingers and bends his dark forehead over his eyes till one can scarcely see them, beneath the hoary brows—see, his lips are pressing hard upon each other like a vice—now is his turn to speak—nay, if I were master lieutenant now, beshrew me! but I should get away from that beautiful old gentleman without waiting to say 'by your leave!' There he stands, looking the king a thousand times more than my young master yonder, and I doubt not berating that poor lieutenant, as if he were a hound. See, how slowly, and with what a

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manner he lifts that right hand, holding the finger up, and shaking it before the poor lieutenant as if it were the blade of a dagger. Beshrew me! but I must learn more of this game—the corridor is half in shadow, and they can but kick me out, like a troublesome dog, if I am discovered—so be quiet, latch and hinge, if you can, for once."

As the boy half muttered, half thought these words, he gently pushed back the door, and was about forcing himself through the opening, but a noise, created by the rusty hinges, was not the only means of betraying his attempt. A space large enough to admit his body also served to fling a line of light far into the dim corridor, which startled the two persons he was regarding more than a noise could have done. They both turned and looked keenly toward the door. The duke uttered a brief sentence and moved on, waving his hand imperatively to the lieutenant. He also went down the passage, and passing the group of attendants in a hurried manner, disappeared through a door at the opposite extremity, through which the duke had entered the corridor.

Meantime the page, finding himself in danger of detection, had escaped to his post near the king's chamber. When Northumberland approached, he arose from the bench on which he had flung himself, looked up from beneath the feathers of his cap, with a sleepy yawn, and moved forward to announce the Lord Protector, rubbing his eyes as he went, and laughing with silent mischief beneath the concealment of his drooping plumes. As the duke passed him at the door, he paused an instant and fixed a keen glance on his face, which the boy returned by taking off his cap, and bending his curly head almost to the ground, while, with the most frank and cheerful of all voices, he prayed for long life to the noble Lord Protector.

If Northumberland had any suspicion of the boy at first, it was half disarmed by that clear voice and the handsome face sparkling with intelligence lifted to his. There was something mischievous and yet affectionate and pleasing in it, which brought a smile to his own face as, with careless munificence, he flung a piece of gold into the boy's cap and entered the king's chamber.

The page was not so much elated by the gift but that he would have been at his old trick of listening once more; but after advancing a pace into the chamber, Northumberland turned back, looked at the urchin with a half smile, and closed the door himself.

A laugh from his companions, who witnessed his defeat from another end of the room, sent a flood of crimson over the boy's face, but shaking his curls with an air of good-natured bravado, he gave the golden coin a triumphant toss, which sent it flashing like a star up into the sunshine which poured through a neighboring window, and catching it in his hand again, sprang forward and joined the laugh merrily as the most gleeful among them. Instantly, the noisy troop were silenced by a sharp bell-tone from the king's chamber.

"Hush!" said the page, balancing the coin on his finger and eyeing it with a roguish look as he bent his head to listen. "That was the crusty old duke! such fellows hate an honest laugh as King Harry did holy water! they would keep us cooped up here like a flock of pigeons without the privilege of a coo. Hark! again, I must keep quiet till the old one is away, and then we will try a game of chuck farthing in the corridor, if we can get this shiner changed into half crowns and farthings." So, grasping his fingers over the gold, the page nodded to his companions, leaving them half terrified by the thoughts that their merriment had reached—not the king, he was too good and lenient to chide them for harmless mirth—but the stern duke, whom they all feared beyond measure. The page looked back upon them, as he entered the chamber, tried to smile and seem courageous, though he was half frightened out of his wits—and the next instant stood in the presence of his sovereign, with his bright, black eyes—half concealed by their long lashes—bent to the floor, and a brilliant red burning through the ringlets that fell over his cheek. He seemed the very picture of a living and healthy Cupid in disgrace.

"What noise was it that reached us but now from the ante-room?" said the Lord Protector, sternly, as the boy appeared before him. "Is it with this rudeness and riot you surround the chamber of our invalid king? Begone, sirrah! strip off the royal livery at once and return to your mother, if you have one."

The boy lifted his face to that of the stern duke and his cheek dimpled even while it turned white with fear, a smile was so natural to it. But when the last cruel words were spoken, the long lashes drooped over his eyes again and grew heavy with moisture. He turned away from the face frowning upon him, and, kneeling at the king's feet, lifted his eyes—now full of tears—to those of his master and said,

"I have no mother."

Edward's kind heart was deeply touched by the sadness with which this was said. He was but a youth himself, and forgetful of his dignity and of all but the sweet, pleading face lifted to his, he laid his thin hand upon the curls which fell back from it, and would have kissed the forehead, but an exclamation from Northumberland warned him of the impropriety. Still the page had seen the impulse and the generous tears which filled the mild eyes of his master. His young heart swelled with grateful affection, and, burying his head in Edward's robe, he sobbed aloud.

"Poor boy! he is an orphan like ourself. You will not send him hence, my lord duke," said the young king, turning his face with an anxious and almost pleading look upon his guardian. "The offence was not heavy; and see how penitent he is."

"The offence not heavy, my liege?" replied the duke harshly, "have I not given orders that no sound shall disturb your highness' repose, and notwithstanding this, am I not distracted almost in my first private audience by the riotous mirth of this urchin and his mates."

"Nay, we have ourself somewhat to blame in this —having little cause for merriment in our own heart,

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and pining here day after day—for, alas! kings have no companions—it has sometimes been a comfort to hear the merry laugh of these thoughtless boys—to know that cheerfulness is not shut out from our presence forever. That health and laughter—which is its music—is yet a thing of earth; though, alas! a blessing which we may witness, but never enjoy. Shut out the sunshine which smiles through these windows, the stars which at night time glimmer through that narrow line of glass, and which we have learned to read when pain has made our couch sleepless, till they have become as old friends; break you lute, whose music is to this faint heart like the voice of a good child to its parent, and, above all, send away the cheerful voices which sometimes fill the next room, and you have wrested from the King of England the only fragment of his inheritance that was ever his."

The page looked up as his master was speaking, the tears were checked in his eyes, and he knelt breathlessly, as one who listened to the voice of an angel. The proud Northumberland turned his eyes from the pale, spiritual face of his royal ward, and bent them on the floor. There was a look of patient suffering in those features which touched his better nature; something in the sad, broken-hearted feelings which filled that voice, which found a passage to his soul, even through the selfishness and ambition that encased it. Other thoughts, too, were busy in his mind. He had a point to carry with the young monarch—a difficult and doubtful one. His animosity against the page only arose from resentment, excited by his conversation with the lieutenant, and some faint suspicion that he had played the listener while that conversation was held. A moment's reflection convinced him that to have heard any part of his conference, from the distance at which he had caught a glimpse of the boy in the corridor, was impossible; so, resolving to make his concession the means of obtaining a much greater one from the king, Northumberland determined to seem won to mercy by sympathy and regard for his ward.

While these thoughts were passing through the mind of that crafty man, Edward remained in his chair, supporting his head with one hand, while the other still lay caressingly, and half buried amid the bright ringlets of the kneeling culprit, who gathered the royal robe between his small hands, and kissed the glowing velvet with grateful eagerness, while his bright face was again deluged with tears—such tears as can only know their birth in a warm, wayward, and affectionate nature.

"Forgive the pain my zeal in behalf of a health so precarious has occasioned," said the duke, advancing graciously to the king, while his face relapsed into one of those bland smiles which sometimes beamed like magic over his proud features. "Heaven forbid that anything which is dear to your highness, however faulty, should be condemned by one whose first aim is to render his king happy! Let the boy go at once! Far be it from me to desire his chastisement. Go, sirrah," he added, taking hold of the boy's arm and lifting him from his knees, but still giving to the action and words a tone of good-natured encouragement, "go to the ante-room; here is another piece of gold to repay the fright we have given you."

The page stood up; his cheeks flushed once more beneath the tears that stained them. He looked upon the proffered gold, and, with a motion of the head, betraying both pride and boyish petulance, seemed about to refuse it, but a glance from his master, and something in the duke's eye which awed him, checked the resentful impulse, and taking the gold, with half muttered thanks, he knelt once more at Edward's feet, kissed the hand which was kindly extended, and bursting into tears again, left the chamber.

The moment he reached the ante-room, our page flung himself on a bench, and burying his face in the tapestry that cushioned it, sobbed aloud. His companions gathered about him in dismay, anxious to learn the cause of his tears; but it was a long time before he would reply to their questions. At last he started up, dashed the two pieces of gold on the stone floor till they rang again, and told his friends to take them up—fling them into the court below—toss them for farthings—do anything with them—but protested that he would never touch them again. After this ebullition of boyish wrath, he gave a glowing description of the tyranny which had been practised upon him by the duke; of the goodness of his royal master; and of the great danger which had threatened them all. Whereupon, they jointly and severally entered into a contract never to laugh again during the whole course of their lives—a resolution they persisted in keeping for a full half hour, when our young hero set them all into convulsions by a most ludicrous imitation of the protector's manner as he took leave of the lieutenant. When this new burst of merriment died away, the group of youngsters stood for a while frightened by their own boldness, and expecting each moment to hear another summons to the royal chamber; but instead of the sound they feared, came another which overwhelmed them with surprise. It was the voice of their royal master, louder than any one had ever heard it before, and powerful with strong feeling. The duke's voice was also heard, sometimes stern and almost disrespectfully harsh, again soothing and persuasive, with something of that cajolery in its tone which one might expect from the hired nurse of a wayward child.

While these unusual sounds were continued in the king's apartment, the pages gradually drew nearer to the door, till they could command some broken sentences of what was passing within. At length the king's voice grew fainter and less distinct. Northumberland now and then uttered a brief sentence, and his heavy footsteps were plainly heard as he strode up and down the room. At last a sharp ringing of the bells sent the listeners to a distant part of the room, where they stood gazing in each other's faces, uncertain whether they ought to obey the summons or not. Their doubts were speedily relieved, for the door was flung open and the Duke

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of Northumberland appeared, looking pale and much agitated. He beckoned with his hand, and the page that we have mentioned so often entered the chamber. He found the king lying back in his chair, faint and pale as death; his lips were perfectly bloodless, and though he seemed insensible, the silken vest worn beneath his robe was agitated by the quick and terrible beating of the heart it covered.

With instinctive affection, the page untied the silken fastenings of his master's dress, and exposing the delicate neck and chest, which heaved and throbbed as if the heart were forcing a passage through, he commenced chafing it with his hands, till the agitation became less painful and apparent.

At length, Edward unclosed his eyes and drawing his doublet together with a trembling hand, tried to sit up. Northumberland advanced and seemed about to address him, but he shrank back with a nervous shudder. After a moment, he got up again and would have spoken, but his lips only trembled; he had no strength to utter a word. Northumberland walked to a window, where he stood some time with his arms folded, gazing gloomily through the thick glass. Still the page knelt by his master, chafing his hands, and folding the robe over his feet with that kind assiduity which bespoke an affectionate nature.

At length Edward spoke, and the duke turned eagerly from the window, evidently relieved by this proof that his late attack would not be immediately fatal.

"My lord," said the king, faintly, "you see how impossible it is that this subject can be discussed farther. I beseech your grace, have my wishes obeyed, both regarding your son and all the parties concerned."

Again Northumberland's brow darkened, and he seemed about to expostulate, but Edward looked him gravely in the face and added,

"It *must* be so, my lord duke, or England will not brook the imprisonment of a protector who, with all his faults, knew how to respect the rights of his king."

The color forsook Northumberland's face, but still he frowned and looked unyielding. Edward arose feebly from his chair, and leaning upon the shoulder of his page, moved toward an inner bedchamber. The duke saw by this movement that all hope of further conference was cut off, and feeling himself baffled and forced to act against his wishes by a mere youth, he once more forgot his usual crafty composure and the respect due to his sovereign.

"My liege," he said, almost imperatively, "this is requiring too much; I cannot grant it."

Edward turned so as to face the angry noble, and while still supported by the page, answered mildly, but with the same steady will as before,

"My Lord of Northumberland," he said, "either our uncle, the Duke of Somerset, returns to his palace to-morrow as we have directed, or on the next day he goes there Lord Protector of England."

With a slight wave of the hand, and with his features contracted with the pain which his effort to speak occasioned, Edward turned away and passed into his bedchamber without waiting for a reply, which, in truth, Northumberland was unable to give, so completely was he astounded by what had already been said.

The page would have called other assistance when Edward reached his bedchamber, but the invalid prevented him, and after having the points of his dress untied, lay down upon the bed, faint and exhausted. The boy moved about him with that soft, gentle tread so grateful in the chamber of an invalid. He smoothed the pillows, drew the counterpane of embossed velvet over the recumbent monarch, and, taking some scented woods from a closet, flung them into a brasier that stood in the fire-place, and nursed the flame beneath till the chamber was filled with a soft, drowsy atmosphere, grateful to the sense, and almost certain to produce tranquil sleep. Then he would steal once more to the bed, pull back the voluminous curtains, and bend over the pale form resting there till his dimpled cheek, so damask and healthy, almost touched that of the monarch, and the wreath of his bright curls fell amid the damp masses of hair which swept over the pillow, in a contrast that was lovely and yet painful to behold. When satisfied that his master was asleep, the boy stole softly from the chamber, as had always been his habit, to await the time of his waking in the next room. He started with surprise on seeing it still occupied by the Duke of Northumberland, who stood before the window gazing sternly into the court below, and evidently lost in a train of most unpleasant thoughts. When the boy entered he started impatiently, and, clearing the frown from his face with an effort, crossed the room.

"Tell your master," he said, addressing the page, "tell your master that his wishes shall be obeyed—say that all shall be in readiness by eight this evening;" and with these words Northumberland left the royal apartments.

Either the protector's voice aroused Edward, or he had not slept, for scarcely was the door closed when his voice summoned the page to his bedside. When the duke's message was repeated to him, a smile of satisfaction settled on his face, and he sank into a tranquil slumber. After awhile those usually quiet apartments were full of bustle and preparation. Attendants passed in and out; pages were seen running to and fro with mysterious faces. More than one laden wherry untied its contents at the tower stairs, and everything bespoke the approach of some uncommon event.

One little month had scarcely passed when the Duke of Somerset, bereft of wealth and station, sat in a gloomy prison room of the tower, expecting each moment to be dragged forth to trial, and, perhaps, an ignominious death. It was a large room, but so dimly lighted that persons sitting together looked sallow and careworn in the dusky atmosphere that filled it. The very sunbeams forced themselves sluggishly through the high window, as if rusted by the masses of old iron which blocked their passage,

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and were lost, long before they reached the floor, in a web of ragged and dusty cobwebs, which covered the ceiling like mouldering tapestry, moth-eaten and turning to dust where it hung. There, on the gloomy floor of this desolate place, sat the prisoner, striving to read by the unhealthy light, which was only sufficient to make the effort a painful one. He lifted his eyes to the grating with an impatient exclamation, and, flinging his book on the floor, began pacing up and down the stone flags. Instantly a figure started forward from an inner room and lifted the book; while the sweet, pale face of Lady Jane Seymour was raised for a moment to that of her suffering parent, as he moved rapidly up and down the room. She laid the book once more upon the flags, and exerted all her frail strength to move the chair her father had occupied to a station nearer the window. This done, she again lifted the ponderous volume with her two fair hands, smoothed out the dark letter page which had been doubled in the fall, and bearing it to the duke, besought him to sit down, while she read aloud to him.

Somerset paused a moment in his walk, impelled by the persuasive but sad tones of his child; but confinement had made him irritable; so, extricating his disordered cloak from the slight grasp which she had fixed upon it, he pushed the book from him with a violence which sent it crashing to the floor again, and resumed his restless occupation. The book had fallen upon the flags, with its broad leaves downward, and crushed beneath the heavy binding, that, with the ringing of the heavy clasps, as they struck the stones, brought another person into the room, but so changed, so thin, and broken-hearted in appearance, that few persons who had seen the dignified, proud, and lovely Duchess of Somerset, in her high estate, could have recognised her as she stood within the sickly atmosphere of her husband's dungeon.

The gentle lady moved across the room, her rich, but now soiled, vestments sweeping the dusty floor as she passed; while her daughter was patiently occupied in smoothing the pages which had been injured in their fall, and in brushing away the dust which they had gathered, she approached her husband, placed a hand upon his arm, and looked with a sad smile into his face.

"The apartment within is less gloomy than this," she said; "come and sit with us; you, who never failed to share the sunshine of life with us, should not thus brood alone, now that sorrow has befallen us. Come!"

Somerset turned abruptly from his noble wife, and to conceal the emotions her sweet, patient manner had awakened, rather than from continued moodiness of spirit, he still paced up and down the darkest part of his dungeon, with all the appearance of continued irritation, for he was ashamed of the tears which, in spite of himself, sprang to his eyes on witnessing his gentle and yet proud wife so fallen and so patient in her ruin.

The duchess was rendered quick-sighted by affection, and, speaking in a low voice to her daughter, the two left the fallen man to the liberty of grief. The room which they entered was scarcely superior to the other, but more light was admitted to it; and where is the spot so dark, or so full of discomfort, that a loving and intelligent woman cannot give some domestic charm to it? When the unfortunate lady and her still more unfortunate child left their palace home, and besought permission to share the confinement of a husband and a father, they had been permitted to bring a few objects of comfort to cheer the desolation which surrounded him. Several leathern chairs, and a stool or two, cushioned and embroidered by the fair beings who selected them for that reason, stood within the room. Lady Jane had swept and garnished the stone floor with her own delicate hands, all unused as they had been to such menial service. A rude table was there, a few favorite books lay upon it, and a lute, the companion of many a happy, childhood hour, was now taken up by that gentle girl, that its sweet tones might soothe the moody spirit of the proud man, who seemed scarcely conscious of her effort to tranquilize him.

Lady Jane knew that it but mocks a broken spirit to see anything it loves over-cheerful; so her strain, though not gloomy, was touching, and a sad one, so sad that her father, as he walked in the adjoining room, forgot the selfishness of his sorrow and wept like a child, that two creatures so gently nurtured should thus inhabit a prison, and, for his sake, exert their broken spirits to render it cheerful. After a while he entered the apartment where they were, and going up to the duchess he bent down and kissed her, while his right hand rested on the head of the young girl sitting at her feet. Lady Jane lifted her grateful eyes to his face and smiled. When her father kissed her forehead also fondly, and with the affection of former times, a swarm of kindly feelings sprang to her heart; her light fingers touched the lute again, and a gush of music, not gay, and yet scarcely sad, filled the dungeon room. It was a home song, such as they had loved in better days, and it awoke many pleasant memories; so, amid all their sorrows, these three persecuted beings sat together in domestic companionship, almost happy. If chains were upon them, their love of each other twisted a few golden links amid the iron which no human power could wrest away.

The memories which the song awakened gradually led the conversation to brighter themes, and for awhile the inmates of that dungeon almost forgot their present condition. They talked of former days, and, as they talked, an expression amounting almost to a smile rose to the face of the father. The sunshine, too, seemed to partake of their joy, streaming in more gaily through the narrow window, and playing, like a wilful but merry child, fitfully across the floor; while a bird—a wanderer from green fields far away—pausing a moment outside the casement, poured forth such a gush of music that it thrilled the inmost hearts of the listeners with joy. Could the duke have seen them then how would he have envied them.

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But, as the day wore on, their thoughts once more were brought back to the full consciousness of their present situation, and again a shadow came over the souls of the members of that little family, typical of the sunshine which but just before had been shining so merrily through the casement, but which now had vanished, leaving the dungeon room dark and forbidding.

The gloom of coming night at last gathered thickly in the dungeon, rendering it still more cold, desolate and prison-like. The duke still retained his sombre mood and gazed gloomily on the stone flags at his feet, while his patient wife sat by his side, her hand resting in his, and her sweet, low voice now and then whispering words of endearment, such as her proud and modest nature had considered too bold at any time save when the beloved one was in affliction, or in any place except that miserable dungeon room. Hers was the love of a true and delicate nature. And, like the flame of a lamp which, scarcely seen amid the glare of sunshine, grows brighter and more vivid when surrounded by darkness, it seemed the only faithful or bright possession left to the fallen man. Nay, there was yet another, scarcely less wretched than himself, or less clinging and affectionate than the woman who would have comforted him. That gentle girl, still tireless in her wish to please, crouched at his feet, and the soft notes of her lute stole up tremblingly and thrilled amid the darkness which shrouded them all. She felt that her father's thoughts were far from her, that the melody which sprang from her weary fingers was all unheeded, and yet she played on, glad that in the darkness she could weep without being seen. So, as her hand wandered over the strings, tears streamed down her pale cheeks, unchecked, and fell upon it till the fingers were damp as if they had been laved in a fountain. Sometimes a sob would escape with the tears, but then came a gush of wilder music and the voice of her sorrow was concealed by it.

The wife still wound her fingers lovingly in the prisoner's hand, grieved that no answering clasp was given back, and yet chiding herself for selfishness that she could expect to be thought of at such a time. The daughter wept on, and still coined her tears into music. But the husband and father had become almost unconscious of these efforts; he was like a caged lion indignant with his keepers, and with his heart full of the forest where he had once prowled a king. At last there was a sound of feet mustering at the prison door. It was about the hour when their evening meal might be expected. The little group looked listlessly up when the bolts were withdrawn, and the glare of a torch fell bright and crimson through the door. Somerset started to his feet, while the duchess withdrew her hand, and resuming her usual air of gentle dignity moved back a pace, where she stood pale and composed, ready to receive the lieutenant who, for the first time, entered their dungeon in person.

"My lord duke," said the lieutenant, addressing his prisoner with some embarrassment, but throwing into his voice and manner that respectful homage which the fallen protector had scarcely hoped to witness again; "my lord duke, I am sorry to intrude on your privacy, or to interrupt the music with which this gentle lady soothes your prison hours, but I have orders for your removal to another room."

"To another room!" exclaimed the duchess, while her cheek blanched whiter and her voice was changed with apprehension, "and we, his daughter Lady Jane and myself, surely, surely, we go also!"

"Not yet, noble lady; the protector has ordered it otherwise; but I beseech you take it not to heart, the separation will be a brief one," said the lieutenant, bending before the terrified duchess as he spoke. "Nay, sweet lady, do not weep," he continued, turning to Lady Jane, who had dropped her lute to the floor, and stood directly in the light, with her hands clasped firmly together and her tearful face exposed; "it pains me to witness such sorrow for a cause so groundless. It is but a change of apartments! A short time and you will doubtless receive the Lord Protector's sanction to cheer the noble duke's apartments once more; meantime, my orders are imperative! My lord duke, I trust that you will not be displeased with the change. Permit me to lead the way!"

"I will be ready to attend you in a moment," replied the duke, "but first grant me a moment's privacy. As my return is uncertain, I would take leave of the duchess and my child without so many witnesses!"

The lieutenant bowed, and withdrawing from the dungeon, closed the door. Then all the strong affections of his nature rushed back upon the wretched duke, for he believed that they were separating him from his family forever. He tried to speak, but could not; a rush of feelings, that had weighed down his heart to apathy before, choked his utterance; a silent embrace and the clinging arms of his wife were forced from his neck; another embrace, a blessing on his child, and before they could cry out or strive to detain him, the door swung to with a sharp crash, the light disappeared, and those suffering and helpless creatures were left alone.

"Mother!" That word arose amid the darkness faint and broken with tears.

"My child, we are alone!" replied a second voice, made strong by the agony of parting.

"No, not alone, mother, God is with us!" And, as she spoke, that noble girl stretched forth her hands and groped the way to her mother in the darkness. As she passed the lute, which still remained on the floor, her garments brushed the strings and a tone of music stole through the room—a pleasant tone—and it seemed that an angel had answered to those trustful words.

The duchess, who had sunk down in agony of heart, began to weep when she heard the sound, and so, in that dark and lonesome prison room, those two helpless beings clung together and comforted each other.

An hour went by, and once more a sound of heavy feet was heard outside their dungeon. The bolts sho back and a flood of light revealed the duchess sitting

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in the chair left vacant by her husband. Kneeling upon the floor, and half lying in her mother's lap, was the Lady Jane; her face had been buried in the vestments of her parent, and she had been praying, but, as the door opened, her head was thrown back and a joyful expression filled the soft brown eyes turned eagerly upon the entrance. It was crowded with people, and an exclamation of pleasant surprise burst from the duchess and her daughter when two females entered the dungeon, each with a heavy bundle under her arm. In the foremost Lady Jane recognised her old nurse, and the other had long been chief tyring-woman to the duchess. Never were human beings so welcome, never two beings "so happy without knowing why," as these old warm-hearted women.

"There," said the nurse, holding the Lady Jane in her arms, and kissing her fondly between the words; "there, I say, you with the crusty face, roll in the coffer—that will do!" she added, as one of the men brought in a good sized coffer, which the duchess recognised as her own.

"Now," continued the old woman, still with her arms around her astonished foster-child, "place that mirror on the table; softly, man, softly, you are not wielding your iron bolts now, and that silver frame is easily bruised if you knock the fillagree work about after that fashion!—there, set it down, for a bungler as you are; place the lamp in front; be careful, knave, you are treading on my lady's lute—pick it up!" The man pushed the lute aside with his foot, and set the lamp down without regard to the old woman's order.

"So, you cannot pick up the lute which a noble lady has fingered, forsooth! Wait a few days, and we shall see you creeping on your knees for the honor, instead of standing there with a look as stubborn as your own iron bars. Go, bring in the case of essence bottles, if that does not prove too heavy a task, and then take yourself off, for a clumsy cur; a pretty serving-man you would make, I trow!"

The man, on whom the old woman's eloquence was exercised, seemed very willing to obey her last command. He brought in the case which she had desired, and, placing it on the table, left the dungeon and was about to lock the door, but just as he was closing it a clear cheerful voice was heard in conversation with him. After a moment's delay, the half-closed door was swung open again to admit a handsome boy in the king's livery, who carried a casket under his arm.

"That was well thought of, my pretty page," said the nurse, approaching to take the casket, "but who has found courage to break the new protector's seal? If it was you, boy, I only hope that handsome head may be firm on your shoulders six weeks hence. I would as soon have touched a red-hot coal as the bit of wax sticking to the smallest cabinet in the palace, and I saw all my lady's jewels counted and locked up weeks ago."

As she spoke, the old nurse allowed the Lady Jane to escape from her embrace, while she advanced to the page, and would have taken the casket from under his arm, but he stepped aside, with a roguish toss of the head, and dropping on his knee before the young lady, placed the casket in her hand. Bewildered, and as one in a dream, she gazed first upon the casket, then, wonderingly, on the handsome boy at her feet.

"What means this?" she said at last, looking doubtfully toward the duchess, who sat gazing upon the scene with equal wonder. "Our crest is upon the lid, but underneath are the royal arms of England."

The duchess arose, and, taking the casket from her daughter's hand, touched a spring. The lid flew open, and, with an exclamation of surprise, the ladies saw, not their own jewels, but a magnificent suite of diamonds which had once belonged to Jane Seymour, the Queen of Henry the Eighth; a young creature who had perished in giving birth to the present king—fortunate, perhaps, in being taken from her earthly state before she had learned how terrible a thing it was to "outlive her husband's liking."

"What means this—whence came the jewels?" exclaimed both ladies at once, turning their eyes from the gems that flashed and glowed in the lamp-light, to the boy who had risen from his knees, and, with his plumed cap, was brushing away the dust which his vestments had caught from the floor.

"They were entrusted to me by my royal master, the king," replied the boy, who paused in his occupation and gazed upon the casket, as he spoke, fascinated by the rich hues that played and quivered about it. "I was bade to deliver them to the Lady Jane Seymour—to say that the king desired that she would mingle them with the adornments of her fair person before she placed herself under the escort of the lieutenant, who will be here anon to bring farther orders from the Lord Protector."

Before the astonished ladies could question him farther, he had obeyed some signal given him from the door, and left the dungeon.

It was in vain the noble duchess questioned the nurse and the tyring-woman. They were too much elated to gratify the anxiety of their mistress, even if they had not been as much mystified as herself. All they could say was, that a messenger had been sent from the Duke of Northumberland with orders to convey them to the tower; that they were commanded to take from the wardrobe, in the palace, every thing necessary for the toilet of their ladies. Though scarcely half an hour was allowed them for a choice, they had filled a coffer, and, with a few things hastily collected, were hurried into a barge and so to the dungeon of their mistress, scarcely realizing how it had all been brought about.

This unsatisfactory information only served to increase the excitement already produced in the minds of the prisoners; while their attendants were busily searching for keys, and smoothing the rich vestments that had been somewhat roughly crowded into the coffer, they looked on as people in a dream. The glare of lights which filled every gloomy angle of their dungeon; the velvet robes flung in glossy robes over the armed chair; the jewels, twinkling and

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flashing like a cluster of stars, on the table—all seemed like enchantment, and they looked on with a strange emotion of hope mingled with foreboding and almost with affright. Still there was something in all that had transpired, calculated to encourage more than to depress. So after a few brief words of consultation, the mother and daughter sat down and permitted the two women to adorn their persons without farther question. The duchess was speedily arrayed. In spite of her fears, a ray of hope had been awakened, and her face, before so pale and care-worn, became almost happy in its expression, save that a color, far more vivid than was natural to her cheek, betrayed the anxious fears that struggled against the more hopeful feeling that had sprung to life in her heart. She stood by as they wreathed the diamond tiara amid the tresses of her daughter's hair, and, with her own fair hand, put back two or three of the brown curls where they fell over the young cheek, which gradually became warm and damask from the influence of anticipations which she could not entirely control, and yet which she trembled to encourage. How beautiful she looked in her robe of glowing velvet, with the tiara which had once adorned a queen, shedding its starry brightness amid her hair and over that pure forehead. Her neck, always beautiful, now gleamed out with more pearly whiteness beneath the string of brilliants that shed a rich light upon it; and, as the old nurse busied herself with the point lace which draped her rounded arms, she looked up to her mother, and a sweet, natural smile came faintly over her face. The mother did not smile, but a brighter expression lighted up her eyes, and the two looked almost happy making their strange toilet in a dungeon. The nurse had taken that little hand, which trembled in her clasp with conflicting emotions, and after pressing her lips upon the rosy palm, was drawing on the snowy glove with its embroidery of seed pearls, when there was a sound at the door, as of some person knocking against it with his knuckles, and, after a moment, the lieutenant of the tower once more presented himself. When the duchess advanced eagerly toward him, demanding a reason for all that had transpired, he answered with the calm politeness which usually marked his demeanor, that the Lord Protector had given orders that they should be removed to another room.

"But, tell me," said the lady, almost beside herself with anxiety, "tell me, is it to the duke—is it to my husband you conduct us?"

A smile stole up to the lieutenant's face. It might be one of irony aroused by the keen anxiety which she displayed: it might be a sign of admiration for the two beings that could look so lovely amid the gloom of a dungeon; but they could not read its meaning, and he would give no other reply to their question.

The Lady Jane began to tremble, but she placed her arm within that of the duchess, and was supported from the dungeon. Her heart died within her bosom as she found herself in a long, damp passage, surrounded by strange faces, and going, she could scarcely dream where. She looked in her mother's face; it had become very pale again, and the arm on which she leaned shook beneath the weight of hers. All at once, she felt that the train of her dress had been lifted from the floor. She looked round, and there was that handsome little page grasping the folds of velvet in his small hand, while his bright face was lifted smilingly to hers. He seemed to comprehend and pity the anxiety betrayed by the troubled expression of her face, for drawing close to her side, he whispered—

"Have no fear, sweet lady, there is nothing of harm to dread."

"Sirrah, fall back to your place," said the lieutenant, looking sternly over his shoulder.

The boy shrank back, but not till his words had brought comfort to the heart of Lady Jane, and were whispered in the ear of her mother.

On they went, through dark passages and gloomy chambers;—the flambeau carried by their guard, crimsoning the walls as they passed on, and their shadows changing, and seeming to dance in fantastic groups around them as the lights were tossed upwards and flared in the chill currents of air that drew down the corridors. At last, they entered a large room, lighted up and surrounded by a range of cushioned benches, from which some half dozen pages arose with great show of respect as the party entered. The lieutenant and his officers remained standing at the entrance to the room, while two of the pages ran forward to an opposite door, which they held open as if the ladies were expected to pass through. The duchess turned her eyes on the lieutenant, uncertain how to act; he bent his head, and drawing respectfully back, answered her appeal in a low voice.

"Lady," he said, "my charge ends here; pass on to the next room, where the king awaits you."

The duchess started as she heard this, and grasping the hand which rested on her arm, whispered—

"Courage, my child, all will be well!"

Though taken by surprise, the noble lady had been so long accustomed to courts that, in crossing the ante-chamber, she resumed the quiet and dignified manner which anxiety had previously disturbed, but the quick feelings of youth could not be so readily controlled, and when the duchess presented herself in King Edward's apartments, the young creature leaning on her arm was pale as death beneath all the warm glow of her jewels, and trembled visibly with suppressed agitation. The duchess cast a quick glance over the room. Her husband was there, not in his prison garments but robed as became his station, and by his side stood the Duke of Northumberland—though her heart leaped at the sight, she remained to all appearance composed and ready to sustain the dignity of her noble house before the man who had been its bitter enemy. Lady Jane also looked up, and recognised her father with a thrill of joy such as she had seldom known before, but instantly the happy glow died from her face, and almost gasping for breath she clung to the duchess for support. She had seen another face, that made

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her heart tremble as she gazed—a face which had haunted her soul with a memory which would not be shaken off, but which in darkness and in sorrow had clung there as "the scent of roses hangs forever around the vase which once preserved them." It was the face of Lord Dudley—the son of her father's enemy. The man whom she had loved with all the truth and fervency of a pure and most affectionate heart, but from whom she was separated forever. Was it strange that her cheek and lips grew white or that those heavy lashes drooped sorrowfully beneath the look with which he regarded her? a look which made her heart turn faint with the memories which crowded upon it. She could not meet that glance again. Her father, the highborn and persecuted, was there, and yet that one look had made her almost forgetful of his wrongs.

Before these thoughts could fairly pass through her mind, and while the duchess hesitated at the door that she might have time to gain something of composure, the duke of Northumberland arose from his seat with that air of graceful and proud courtesy which no man could adopt with so much ease, and crossing the room, gave his hand to the duchess, inquired kindly after her health, and requested permission to lead her before the king, who sat in his large easy chair looking almost healthful, and made quite happy in the newly aroused power of conferring happiness upon others. Edward stood up to receive the duchess, and when she would have knelt, he took her hand in his and pressed it affectionately to his lips.

"His Grace of Northumberland will bear witness for us," he said, "how ignorant we have been of all that you have suffered, and how deeply the knowledge grieved us when it did come. For our sake let all be forgotten; if any power is left to our feeble state, these persecutions shall not happen again."

The lady, thus kindly addressed, made a grateful reply, which was somewhat restrained by the presence of Northumberland. He must have heard all that was passing, though his face wore the same bland and tranquil smile with which he had first approached her.

After pressing his lips once more to the fair hand in his, Edward turned to the Lady Jane, a smile broke over his pale face, and those large eyes, usually so regretful and sad in their expression, now sparkled with pleasant feelings.

"And our sweet cousin," he said, looking down upon her lovely face as she sank to his knees, "methinks the prison fare has added to a beauty which was bright enough before. Nay, fair one, if you must do us homage, another hand must raise you."

As he spoke, Edward had extended his hand as if to raise the young girl from his feet, but instead of this he laid it among the rich tresses of her hair, where it rested pale and caressingly lighted up by his own princely gift of jewels, and sinking to his seat again he bent forward and addressed the wondering girl in a low and earnest voice, smiling as he spoke, and faintly blushing as he saw that his words made the warm color deepen and glow in the cheek that had a moment before looked so cold and pale.

"Nay, do not rise yet," he said, checking the modest impulse which prompted the bewildered girl to seek the shelter of her mother's side, and as he spoke, Edward lifted his eyes from the drooping lashes that began to quiver upon the now red, now pallid cheeks, and looked expressively toward Lord Dudley, still keeping his hand upon the young creature's head. He felt her start and tremble beneath his touch as Lord Dudley came eagerly forward, and though she did not look up, he knew by the trembling of her red lip and the rosy flood that deluged her face and neck, that the music of that familiar footstep had reached her heart.

Dudley returned the young monarch's smile, as his hand was removed from its beautiful resting place, with a look of gratitude, and bending down he whispered a few words to the Lady Jane as he raised her from the king's feet. She cast one timid glance on his face; it was eloquent with happiness, so eloquent that her eyes sought the floor again.

The king looked toward the ante-room and gave a signal with his hand. It was obeyed by our favorite page, who glided across the room and softly opened a door leading to the royal oratory. There, within the gleam of a silver sconce which flooded the little room as with a stream of moonlight, stood the king's chaplain, in his sacerdotal robes, and with a book open in his hand. Upon the marble step at his feet lay two cushions of purple velvet fringed and starred with silver. Lord Dudley led his trembling charge forward, and they knelt down upon these cushions, while King Edward and all within the outer room stood up. A moment, and the deep solemn tones of the chaplain, as he read the marriage ceremony, filled the two apartments. The sweet face of Lady Jane was uplifted, and the pure light fell upon it, as she made her response in a voice rendered low by intense feeling—another response, louder and more firmly uttered—a benediction—and then Lord Dudley led his bride from the oratory.

"Your blessing, my father," murmured the half happy, half terrified young creature, as she knelt with her lord at Somerset's feet.

The Duke of Somerset bent down, kissed the beautiful forehead so bewitchingly uplifted, and gave the blessing which made his child happy. The duchess smiled, and wept amid her smiles.

"Ah, Jane," she murmured, fondly putting back the ringlets her own hand had arranged, "ah, Jane, we little thought this evening would end so happily."

The king stood by, and turned away to conceal the pleasant tears which filled his eyes.

"One thing more," he said, "and our slumber will be sweet to-night;" as he spoke, the royal youth advanced to "The two Dukes," where they stood side by side, and linking their hands together, placed his own upon them.

"Be friends," he said, "the kingdom has need of you both."

Edward felt their hands beneath his clasped together, and was satisfied. He was young, full of generous impulses, and believed that two ambitious men toiling for the same object *could* be friends.

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THE ABSENT WIFE.

BY ROBERT MORRIS.

At twilight's soft and gentle hour
When shadows o'er the dull earth creep,
And nature feels the soothing power
Of coming night and balmy sleep—
When the tired lab'rer hastens home
His wife and little ones to kiss,
And the young beauty anxiously
Awaits love's hour of dream like bliss—
When nest-ward hie both bird and bee,
My fondest thought is still for thee!

Again at midnight's solemn hour,
When eyes are closed and lips are still,
And Silence, like a spirit's form,
Rests sweetly on each vale and hill,
When Love and Grief sit side by side
Around some sinking sufferer's bed,
Or Crime in shadow seeks to hide
A form to every virtue dead,—
E'en then in dreams thy form I see,
Or waking fondly turn to thee!

At rosy morn, when like a gleam
From some far brighter sphere than ours,
The sunlight with its golden sheen
Awakes the world and tints the flowers—
When birds their tuneful numbers raise
And chant a welcome to the dawn,
When Nature lifts her voice in praise,
And day, creation-like, is born—
Then, when are hymns from land and sea,
I bow to Heaven and think of thee!

My lonely room—my quiet hours,
No hand to press—no voice to cheer,
No form to meet in Pleasure's bowers,
No song to melt the soul to tears—
No welcome home with looks of joy,
No gentle song to tell of love,
No day-dreams of our cherished boy,
No child-like eyes to point above—
No hand to soothe the ruffled brow,
Alas! how much I miss thee now!

Pity the wretch, who, doomed to roam
From day to day this lower sphere,
Unloved by any—loving none,
Still wasting on from year to year,
As lonely as some twinkling orb
That trembles in the distant sky,
A watcher mid the hosts of night
With none to share its company—
Unloved while living, and when dead,
With none a heart-wrung tear to shed!

Alas! how cold and desolate
The path of such a one must be,
How dim his hopes—how sad his fate,
How cheerless his lone destiny!
No eye to mark each changing look,
No lip his fever'd brain to press;
No gentle one in whisper low,
With kindly words his ear to bless,—
To point his thoughts from earth to sky,
And paint some bright Futurity!

Why do we live? Affections—ties
That well and form within the breast,
That intertwine our sympathies
With hopes and joys that make us blest—
These point the panting spirit up
To milder realms beyond the skies,
And whisper to the trembling soul
New bliss awaits in paradise!
Oh! what were life with love away,
Where earth its bound—its limit clay!

Then soon return, fond one, return,
Thy greeting shall be kind and true,
Love's lamp again shall brightly burn,
And life its purest joys renew!
Oh! absence, like the clouds that throw
Thick shadows o'er the summer sky,
But, passing, leave a brighter glow,
A deeper, purer blue on high:
So now I wait the passing gloom,
That light again may gladden home!

SONG.

Oh! sing unto my soul, my love,
That all-entrancing lay,
Such as the seraphim above
Are singing far away—
It comes as some familiar strain
Once heard in heaven, now heard again.

For sure—as olden sages tell—
We are not all of earth:
The soul, by some mysterious spell,
Has glimpses of its birth;
And memories of things divine
Thrill o'er me at that voice of thine.

They come as half-forgotten dreams
From that eternal land,
The sounds of its celestial streams,
The shores of silver sand,
The angel faces in the air—
Oh! sing, and waft my spirit there!

A. A. I.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Zanoni, a Novel. By the Author of "Pelham," "Rienzi," &c. Two Volumes. Harper & Brothers.

A FEW years ago, in the first volume of "The Monthly Chronicle," a tale, or rather the fragment of one, appeared, professedly from the pen of Bulwer. But the story defied critical as well as common sense to understand it. It opened abruptly and closed abruptly. It had, properly speaking, neither beginning nor end. It was incomprehensible. By general consent, "Zicci" was regarded as a freak of the author—its only merit was the novelty of having no merit at all. After being the jest of the reviewers for years, this story has been completed, and now lies before us, under the altered name of "Zanoni."

The idea of the novel is borrowed from the dreams of the old Rosicrucians, and of the predecessors of that sect as far back as the Chaldeans. These visionaries imagined that man, by a rigid practice of virtue and the sublimation of every earthly feeling, could attain to a perfect comprehension of the most hidden secrets of nature—could hold communion with, and exercise control over, the unseen powers of the air—and could even preserve human life to an indefinite extent, by acquiring the means by which it might be perpetually renovated. The story opens at Naples, towards the close of the last century. The hero is a noble Chaldean, who, having attained to the knowledge of this last secret of his sect while yet in the prime of youthful manhood, wears now the same aspect as when he gazed on the stars from his home in Assyria, before the temple had been built on Mount Zion—before the Greeks had fought at Marathon—before the builders of the pyramids had died. To an imaginative mind, such a character possesses peculiar charms. He comes before us with all the solemnity of the past, making vivid to us the great deeds of buried ages. He has seen the army of Alexander on the Indus. He was in Egypt when Antony's fleet set sail for Actium. He remembers when Demosthenes thundered for the crown, when Cæsar fell in the Senate House, when Rome was sacked by Attila. For three thousand years he has gazed on mankind with a face as unchanging as that of the weird Sphinx of the desert. For ninety generations, he has survived war, and pestilence, and the slow decay of the system,—a being mysterious in his subtle power, wonderful in his awful and majestic beauty. This exemption from death he has won by the subjugation of every feeling and passion to the mastery of a PURE INTELLECT. But still retaining his *youth*, he retains the capacity to *love*; and though, for such a lapse of ages, he has withstood temptation, he is destined at last to yield to it. He meets with and loves a beautiful Italian girl. He thus endangers his earthly immortality; for the moment he yields to earthly passion, however pure, his intellect becomes clouded, and he loses the prophetic faculty as well as others of his high attributes. Conscious of this, and knowing that he will bring peril and sorrow around the path of Viola by linking her fate with his, he struggles long against his passion, and even after yielding to it, endeavors to avert from her head the dangers which, as consequences of his conduct, thicken around her. In this Titanic conflict betwixt the intellect and the heart—in the alternation of the aspirations of the one and the agonizing throes of the other, lies the *burden*—as the old writers would call it—of the novel.

The idea, as thus stated, is simply grand. It has a unity that overpowers us. Had the author contented himself with merely developing this idea, omitting every thing which had no necessary bearing on the *dénouement*, he would have produced an almost faultless story. But he has, in a great measure, failed in carrying out his conception. He has weakened the effect by diverging from the *burden* of the story. As the novel has been circulated in various cheap forms throughout the country, we shall take it for granted that our readers have perused the book. This will save us the necessity of recapitulating the plot as the basis of our remarks.

The plot is grossly defective in several important particulars. Many even of the leading incidents have no bearing on the *dénouement*. The compact betwixt Zanoni and the EVIL EYE, at Venice, is of this character. The author's original intention was to make the condition exacted from the husband play a prominent part at the crisis; but he subsequently changed his mind, and brought about the *dénouement* by other means, forgetting, however, to rewrite this scene, so as to adapt it to the altered aspect of the story. The EVIL EYE, when he comes to assert his rights, is cavalierly dismissed, in a very inartistical manner. It would have contributed far more to the unity of effect of which we have spoken, if the author had pursued his original design, and made the condition exacted from Zanoni, the sacrifice of his own life, when, at any future period, he should wish again to preserve the life of Viola. By following out this plan, Bulwer would have been saved the necessity of introducing the sanguinary scenes of the French Revolution; and the crisis would have been brought about in a far more natural manner than it is at present. The introduction of Robespierre and his associates is *forced*; it renders involved an otherwise simple and effective plot. We are astonished that an adept in Art, such as Bulwer professes to be, should have committed a blunder for which, if he had been a schoolboy, he should have been soundly whipped. If he intended to enlist and keep up the interest of his readers in his two chief characters, why has he distracted the attention by the introduction of The Reign of Terror, that most real of tragedies, whose horrors exceed anything that romance can imagine, whose thrilling story stops the pulsation of the heart for anything less terrible? The mind should have been left undistracted to contemplate the stern, Doric self-sacrifice of Zanoni! The author should not have sacrificed the unity of effect for the dying struggles of Robespierre, or any other human butcher in the blood-bespattered shambles of Paris. We can see what misled Bulwer. Not satisfied with the grandeur of his original conception of the *dénoument*, he sought to increase the interest by the clap-trap effect of rapidly shifting the perilous incidents in which all the chief actors are involved. This is a trick he has learned behind the foot-lights, and not in the study of the great old masters.

There are numerous minor errors in the plot. Glyndon's *liason* with Fioretta does not advance the story, and the

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only part she plays in evolving the crisis, is the betrayal of Viola at Paris. If the plot had been handled properly, there would have been no necessity for her agency here. But the desire to paint mere sensual love, in this character, induced Bulwer to patch her into the tale. He has been persuaded, from the same reason, to introduce other unimportant characters we might name. In short, his motley array of personages reminds us of Burke's graphic picture of Chatham's last piebald ministry, where he compares it to a piece of mosaic, "here a bit of black stone and there a bit of white," and humorously depicts the consternation of men, who had been all their lives libelling each other, on finding themselves "pigging together in the same truckle-bed." In like manner the robber figures in the scene. So do Mervale and that worthy shrew his wife. These are all gross faults; for the necessity of preserving that oneness and entireness of effect, of which we have spoken so much, exists in peculiar force in a highly imaginative work like this. The introduction of supernal agents is, at all times, a dangerous experiment; and, when they are introduced, the illusion is to be kept up at every sacrifice. This can scarcely be done where the reader listens on one page to the converse of immortal powers, and on the next to the wrangling of a cross, sleepy wife with a drunken husband—when we are hurried from the lofty aspirations of Menjour and Zanoni, to the silly love toying betwixt Glyndon and Floretta. This brings us to another error in the author—an error which lies at the very bottom of all his errors.

The subject is unfit for prose. It properly belongs to the drama. The true province of the imagination is poetry, and although this divine faculty may stoop to prose, it can never truly shine but in the celestial garments of the muse. We do not deny the impossibility of treating an ideal theme in prose—we only assert the superior advantages which poetry affords for the same object. Transitions may be tolerated in the drama which should be anathematized in prose. But, above all, poetry would favor the preservation of the illusion to which we have already referred. The *tone* of a story such as Zanoni is, could be better preserved in poetry. The idea of the tale is inexpressibly grand, and might have been worked out with terrible effect. The struggle in Zanoni's mind betwixt his love for Viola and his longing for an earthly immortality would have produced, if evolved by a master hand, a tragedy equal to Manfred, Faust, we had almost said Prometheus.

But we have said enough under this head. Let us look at the characters.

Of Zanoni we have already spoken. His character belongs to a lofty region of the ideal. The conception of Pisani, also, is highly imaginative. He comes in, at the opening of the tale, with the same effect with which a fine overture precedes an opera. He prepares the mind, by his unearthly music, for the mysteries that are to follow. His barbican, his solitary life, his dreams of wild figures and wilder music in the air, entitle him to a high rank in the ideal. What a grand thought is that which represents him at the theatre, mechanically performing his part, while all the time his soul is thinking of his beloved opera, so that often, unconsciously to himself, he bursts out into its weird and startling music!

Viola, the impersonation of the purest love, unalloyed by any sensual feeling—Glyndon, the weak, vacillating, yet aspiring man—and Menjour, the embodiment of mere intellect, apart from any influence of the heart, good or bad, are well drawn characters—*of their kind*. Their fault is that they have no individuality. All Bulwer's personages partake of this error. There is not, in his numerous novels, a single personage whom we can look back on as on a real individual. Falstaff and Nicol Jarvie are so life-like that it seems as if we had drunk canary with the one, at the Boar's Head, and "had a crack" with the other, on the causeway of Glasgow. Bulwer's characters have none of this personal identity—they are only embodiments of certain passions or peculiarities. His actors are like the knights of Spencer, mere stalking horses for particular vices or virtues—or, like a wigmaker's block, the representative in turn of the heads of all his customers. Every personage in Zanoni, without, as we remember, a *single* exception, is thus ticketed for a particular vice or virtue, like passengers in a railroad car. Now, we do not object to the introduction of these personages if they are necessary to the plot; but, for heaven's sake, Mr. Bulwer, give us something more than mere automatons! Don't ask us in to a second Mrs. Jarley's wax-works!

We have spoken, in terms of high praise, of the character of Zanoni. We have, however, said that the theme was more adapted for poetry than prose. Having chosen prose, the author has erred in calling his book A NOVEL. Let us be understood. Feeble as is the province of prose to do justice to so ideal a character as Zanoni, we do not base our present objection to the book on that ground. It is one of the inalienable rights of man to show his ignorance, to make a blunder, or in any other way to play the fool. This is not the question now. The work before us purports to be a novel, and nothing but a novel. It might have been named a romance, a mystery, or the Lord knows what! But it is put forth as a novel, under the *imprimatur* of the writer of "ART IN FICTION," of the man who sets up to be the high priest of the synagogue! Is it such?

A novel, in the true acceptation of the name, is a picture of real life. The plot may be involved, but it must not transcend probability. The agencies introduced must belong to real life. Such were Gil Blas and Tom Jones, confessedly the two best novels extant. Whether the title was properly applied, in the inception, is not the question. Usage and common sense have affixed a definite meaning to the word. When authors cease to paint real life they cease to write novels. The tales may be very good of their kind, but they are no more novels than a sirloin is a mutton chop, or than Bulwer is the artist he pretends to be. Judged by this standard, Zanoni is not a novel. There are pictures of real life in it; but to paint society, *as it is*, was only collateral to the chief aim of the work.

We say nothing of the moral of the story; for all that is truly noble in Bulwer's imaginary doctrines of the Rosicrucians is stolen from the pure precepts of our holy religion.

The English of the author is neither better nor worse than in his former novels. His language was always inflated, often bombastic. He personifies as desperately as ever. His allegories are as plentiful as Sancho Panza's proverbs, or as an old maid's ailings. The same straining after effect, the same attempts at fine writing which were such glaring defects in his former novels, are here perceptible. Through every line, the author looks out, eager, like Snug the joiner, to tell you he is there.

There are many fine thoughts, nevertheless, in these volumes; and, on the whole, the book is a valuable addition to our imaginative literature.

If we have dwelt longer on the faults than on the merits of "Zanoni," it is because the latter are more apparent to the popular eye. We have dealt out, however, even-handed justice to the book, since the province of a critic is not that of the state advocate, who argues only on one side, but rather that of the judge who sums up the case, and of the jury who are sworn "a true verdict to give according to the evidence." With this remark, we leave "Zanoni" to its fate.

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The Poets and Poetry of America, with an Historical Introduction. By Rufus Willmot Griswold. One vol. Carey & Hart: Philadelphia.

This is the best collection of the American Poets that has yet been made, whether we consider its completeness, its size, or the judgment displayed in its selections. The volume is issued in a style commensurate with its literary worth. The paper, type and printing are unexceptionable. Messrs Carey & Hart have, in "The Poets and Poetry of America," published the finest volume of the season.

The editor begins his selections of American Poets with Frenau, prefacing them, however, with an historical introduction evincing considerable research. In this introduction he shows that, prior to the revolution, the pretenders to the muse in the colonies scarcely rose to the level of versifiers. From Frenau downwards, the chain is kept up to the youngest poet of the day. About eighty-eight authors are embraced in the body of the work. To the selections from each author is prefixed a short but clear biography. The editor has not always been guided, in making his selections, by the relative merit of the various authors, but, in cases where the writers have published editions of their poems, he has been less copious in his extracts, than when the poet has left his works to take care of themselves. Thus we have the whole of Dana's "Buccanier," of Whittier's "Mogg Magone," of Sprague's "Curiosity," and of Drake's "Culprit Fay." Most of C. Fenno Hoffman's songs are also included in the collection. But Pierpoint's "Airs of Palestine," are excluded, as are the longer and best poems of Willis. At the end of the volume is an appendix, in which about fifty writers, whom the editor has not thought worthy of a place in the body of his book, figure under the name of "Various Authors." Such is the plan of the work. A word, in detail, on its merits.

We have said that this volume is superior to any former collection of the American Poets, whether we regard its size, its completeness, or the taste displayed in the selections. This is our *general* opinion of the book. We do not, however, *always* coincide with the judgment of the editor. There are several writers in the Appendix who have as good claims to appear in the body of the work, as others who figure largely in the latter more honorable station. There are many mere versifiers included in the selection who should have been excluded, or else others who have been left out should have been admitted. Perhaps the author, without being aware of it himself, has unduly favored the writers of New England. Instances of all these faults will be noticed by the reader, and we need not further allude to them.

The editor has scarcely done justice to some of our younger poets, either in his estimate of their genius, or in his selections from their poems. A glaring instance of this is the case of LOWELL, a young poet, to whom others than ourselves have assigned a genius of the highest rank. We would have been better pleased to have seen a more liberal notice of his poems. We know that, with the exception of "Rosaline," better selections might have been made from his works. A few years hence, Mr. Griswold himself will be amazed that he assigned no more space to LOWELL than to M'Lellan, Tuckerman, and others of "O. HARE." Holmes is another instance of the injustice done an author by the editor's selections. The author of "Old Ironsides" has written better poems than that, all about the old man, of whom

"My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady! she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow."

And again,

"I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here,
But the old three cornered hat,
And the breeches—and all that,
Are so queer!"

Little more can be said in the way of criticism, unless we should follow up these remarks by further examples in detail. For this we have no inclination, since, after all, the book, as a whole, is one of high merit; and, from the very nature of the work, it is impossible for an editor to produce a faultless volume. A thorough analysis of the book might induce many, whose minds are not comprehensive, to think it a bad, instead of what it really is, a good work.

The Two Admirals, a Tale, by the Author of "The Pilot." "Red Rover," &c, &c. Two Vols. Lea & Blanchard: Philadelphia.

MR. COOPER, in the book before us, has re-asserted his right to the rank of the first living American novelist. The "Two Admirals" is not inferior to the best of his works. The scenes are described with that graphic force for which our author is distinguished above all writers of sea-tales. The two combats betwixt Sir Gervaise Oakes and the French fleet are told with unusual power. But there is nothing like character in the tale, and the plot is shamefully commonplace. Mr. Cooper seems to be aware of his want of ability to write a story, or paint a character, and he therefore wisely expends his whole strength on particular incidents and scenes. In his line he is without a rival here or in Europe.

The Poetical Works of John Sterling. First American Edition. One vol. Herman Hooker: Philadelphia.

Every man of taste will rejoice at this collected edition of the poems of Sterling, the "Archæus" of Blackwood. To Rufus W. Griswold, the editor, and Herman Hooker, the publisher, the American public is indebted for this edition of the works of one of the most pure, delicate, fanciful, and idiomatic, of the poets of the present day.

Essays for Summer Hours. By Charles Lanman. Second Edition. Boston: Hilliard, Grey & Co. London: Wiley & Putnam.

These essays are distinguished by grace, sweetness, and graphic force of language. The author is a devout lover of nature in all her moods, but especially in her more quiet aspects. He has produced a book which will be no discredit to him.

Tecumseh, or the West thirty years since. A Poem. By Geo. H. Colton. Wiley & Putnam: New York & London. Moore & Wiley: Philadelphia.

This book is an elegant specimen of American typography. Of the merits of the poem we shall not speak until July, when we trust to have leisure and space for the task.

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